

PUNCH

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PUNCH



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A HOLESOME IDEA.

*Dulce Domum, Acacia Road,
Upper Tootington.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that all our men and women of light and learning have finished their brilliant suggestions for the erection of a memorial to WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, may I come very humbly forward with a proposal of my own? The great idea has been to collect subscriptions, and with them raise something

in the nature of a monument to our Bard of Avon. Sir, I advocate the exact opposite. With great deference I suggest that the memorial should take the form of a very, very deep hole. In this hole to be buried all SHAKSPEARE-BACON controversial literature, and all those persons who try (for some occult reason known only to themselves) to prove that BACON wrote SHAKSPEARE. The hole then to be covered with a very heavy granite slab, firmly

cemented down round the edges. I do believe the Poet's shade would appreciate this far more than any towering pinnacle. "A CONSTANT READER."

CRICKET NEWS À LA FRANÇAISE.—"À Birmingham les Australiens ont joué un match contre Wanvickshire. Le howling des Australiens était excellent, aussi Wanvickshire fut out pour 167 alors que les Australiens marqu² 162 runs pour quatre crickets."

"INDEPENDENCE DAY."

(A memory of July the Fourth.)

EUPHEMIA! Had the Fates designed
To weave our mortal webs in one;
Had Love, notoriously blind,
Not let his bandage come undone;
I tremble even now to think
How my career, with yours united,
Might have sustained a horrid kink
And been irrevocably blighted.

We met. My callow heart embraced
What I regarded as a sign
Of dawning literary taste
Fit to respond, almost, to mine;
You had the right artistic bump,
The tact (I said), the intuition
That apprehends a poet's hump
During the pangs of composition.

You may have had. I don't suggest
That youthful judgment read you wrong;
You would, no doubt, have done your best
To help me through my throes of song;
Rather my scorn is levelled at
The hollow hopes a lover nurses
Who dreams that such a type as that
Would tend to lubricate his verses.

I'm wiser now. I've come to know
The kind that holds your writing hand
And smooths your brow and murmurs low:
"Poor darling! How I understand!"
They *don't*, of course! They *cannot* see
(Their minds are built with this hiatus)
How one revolts from sympathy
When wrestling with a rhyme-afflatus.

Well, well, EUPHEMIA, I am weaned
From what was once a poignant pain;
And bless his eyes who intervened—
The broker-man from Mincing Lane;
He won your hand, good honest soul,
And if it still persists in stroking
His flabby paw, or polished poll,
I doubt if that disturbs his broking.

"Why have these thoughts just now occurred?"
It is July the Fourth, my dear,
The day on which he spoke the word
Into your pink and willing ear;
And there is not, I dare to say,
A free-born Yank across the tide who
Keeps up his "Independence Day"
With purer, holier joy than I do.

O. S.

We are glad to read in the *Post Office Circular* that the Royal Humane Society "have awarded an Honorary Testimonial, on vellum, to GEORGE HARGREAVES, Auxiliary Town Postman at Lancaster, in recognition of gallant conduct on his part in saving a child from drowning in a mile-race at Sherton." We are not certain whether it was the postman or the child, or both, that was, or were, engaged in the said mile-race at the time, but if the child took part in this aquatic contest, with or without the postman, we think that a mile was too long for it, and that the attention of the S.P.C.C. should be drawn to the episode.

MR. SWINBURNE'S NOVEL.

LITERARY gossip-mongers will not have failed to note the piquant announcement in a recent number of the *Athenæum* that Mr. SWINBURNE is shortly about to publish a prose romance entitled *Love's Cross Currents*, satirising certain characteristics of modern society. By the exercise of that clairvoyant anticipation for which he has long been famous, Mr. Punch is able to present his readers with an extract from an early chapter of this momentous work, supplemented by a brief *scenario* of its enthralling sequel:

"*Basil Windrush*, the most inexpressibly non-respectable Guardsman who had ever established the unequivocal superiority of intrepid self-assertion over moral excellence, was now at the supreme turning-point of his exorbitantly intricate and incomparably fervent career. Of fearless courage and herculean strength, he had also all tender and exquisite qualities of breeding, and all courteous and gracious instincts of kindness. His Apollonian lineaments recalled the superb beauty of his grandfather, *Lord Mimram*. His slender feet and hands were a living proof of his descent on his mother's side from *Lady Sarah Medwin*, the Cinderella of the Restoration. He rode like a Centaur, he swam like an inspired conger eel, his dancing would have driven TAGLIONI delirious with insupportable envy; and his moustache, undulating in an ambrosial curve and diffusing an atmosphere of sustained and aromatic ecstasy, was pronounced by no less distinguished an authority than the German EMPEROR to be amongst the noblest achievements of capillary landscape gardening.

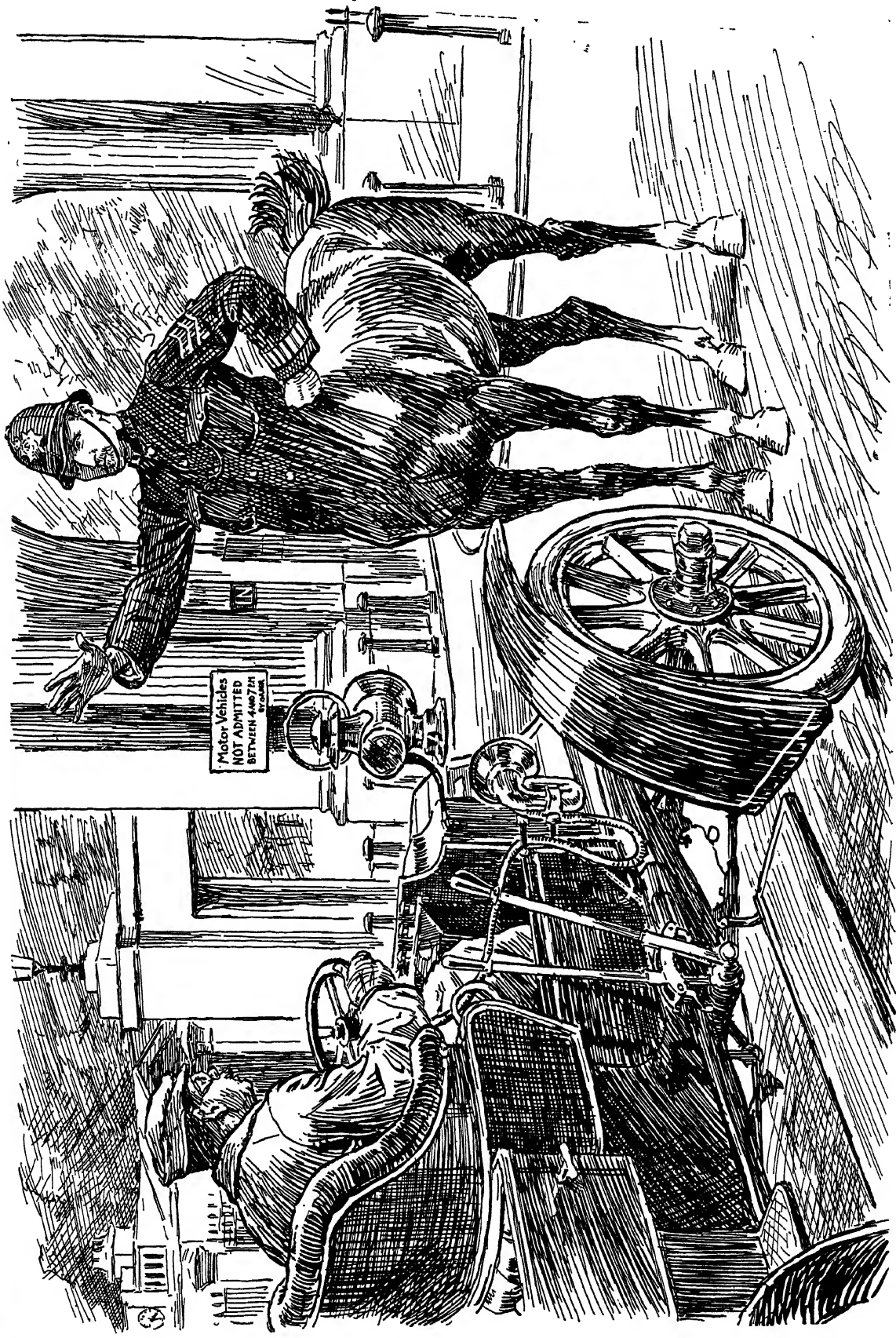
"*Basil* was beautiful and beloved: impervious to the malodorous calumnies exhaled by the porcine public, serenely indifferent to the rancid homage of professional sycophants. But still his lot was not one of unmitigated felicity. The elementary rules of Bridge had always presented to him insuperable difficulties, and now, after a year's uninterrupted and disastrous losses, it was borne in upon him that he was no longer worthy of association with messmates of such infinitely superior skill. With lightning promptitude he took his decision and acted upon it; sent in his papers, composed his will in tetrameter galliambics, and despatched an intimation to the *Morning Post* that the morganatic marriage arranged between *Captain Basil Windrush* of the Grenadier Guards and *Lady Vivien Leyeester* would shortly take place."

So much for Mr. SWINBURNE'S own hand. We may carry on this fascinating romance, one of the gems of the Putney School of Fiction, which began with *Aylwin*, by the following crude summary:—

Exasperated to an incredible pitch of fury by the odious insinuation that she would consent to undergo the ignominy of any matrimonial tie, however lax, *Lady Vivien* seeks refuge in a Vegetarian Sanatorium kept by the notorious bigamist *Dr. Lanthorn Black*. Revived and exhilarated by the treatment which she there receives, *Lady Vivien* elopes with *Dr. Black* to his marine pavilion on the shores of the Great Salt Lake, where on the thirteenth anniversary of their elopement they are married in the Mormon Temple.

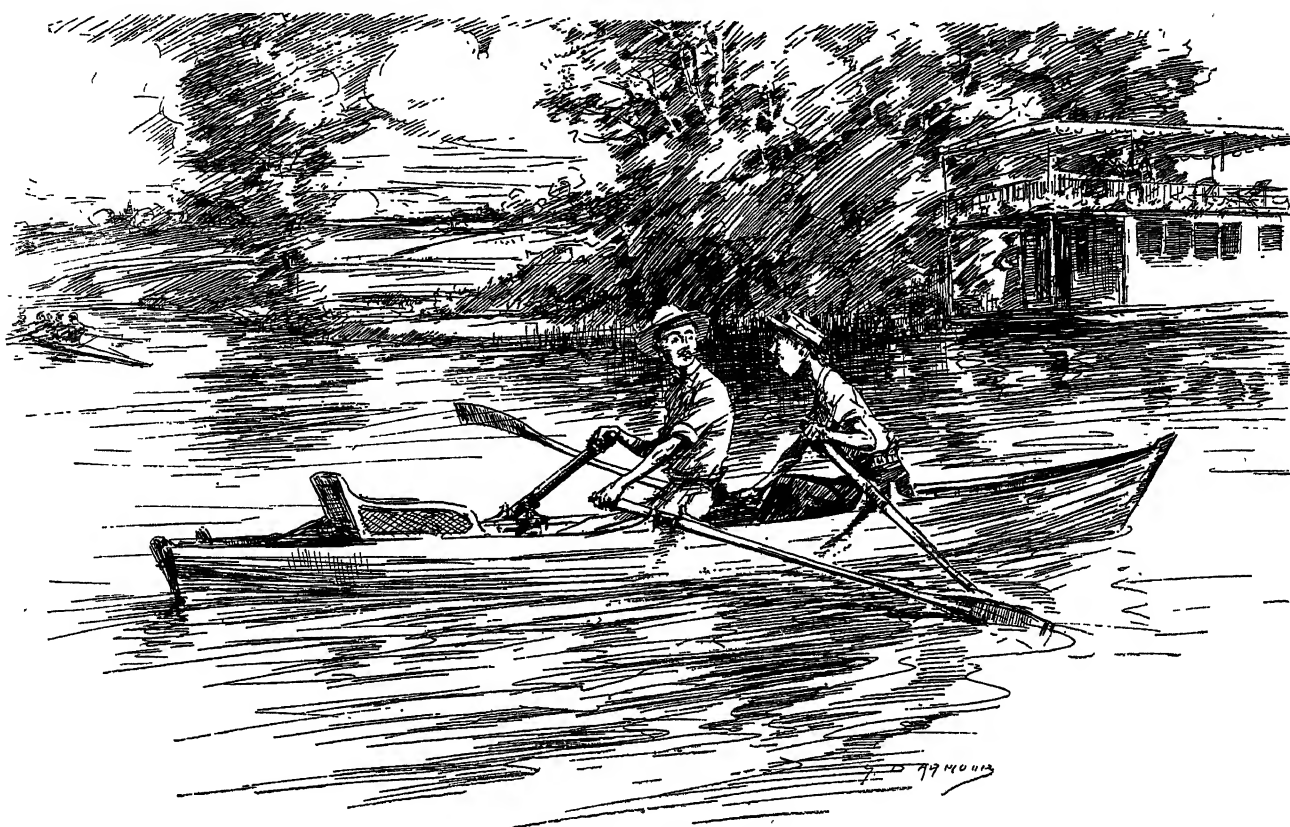
It is doubtful if, even in these days of lurid narrative, anything more convincing and curdling than Mr. SWINBURNE'S romance has seen the light. It will, we need hardly add, be dedicated to Mr. WATTS-DUNTON.

THE *Westminster Gazette*, after giving an account of a collision between a leopard and a small engine on the Victoria Falls Bridge, adds the following statement: "Sir CHARLES METCALFE, Bart., consulting engineer to the Rhodesia Railways, Limited, contemplates the fixing of two medallions, one on each side of the bridge, representing Dr. LIVINGSTONE and Mr. CECIL REEDS." Comment would be invidious.



THE CHAUFFEUR AT THE GATE OF PARADISE.

[Lord Windsor stops the motor traffic in Hyde Park from four to seven p.m.]



"PRIDE IN THEIR PORT, DEFIANCE IN THEIR EYE."

Puny but Patriotic Briton. "I SAY, 'ENRY, 'ERE COME SOME OF THESE FOREIGNERS THAT'S OVER 'ERE FOR 'ENLEY. JUST LET'S PUT OUR BACKS IN IT, AND SHOW 'EM WOT THE BRITISHER CAN DO!"

THE MAGIC H'S.

(A Society Story of Up-to-date Diablerie, in Three Parts.)

PART III.

"You implied just now," said the voluble stranger, as the train glided out of Bond Street Station, "that, even should any further disaster overtake HIPPERHOLME, the talisman given to him by his Guardian Fairy could safely be depended upon to extricate him. That was a very natural assumption on your part, and in the main a perfectly correct one. Under ordinary circumstances, it is a matter of common knowledge that a fairy is fully a match for the average fiend. But such calculations are always liable to be upset by some trivial accident which it is totally impossible to foresee. As HAROLD was soon to discover:

"He was at a brilliant evening party given by a certain peeress who shall be nameless, at her magnificent mansion in Park Lane. The Society craze last season, as I daresay you recollect, took the form of Parlour Games—an intellectual pastime for which HAROLD had a natural aptitude, and in which he easily held his own against the very smartest of the Smart Set. That night he outshone even himself, and Lady IOLIA (who with her father, the Earl, was of course among those invited) was the pleased recipient of many congratulations on the gentlemanly deportment and ready wit displayed by the object of her choice. At last, after repeated triumphs, he was required to submit himself to a test compared with which all previous ones were child's play. He had to leave the room while the rest of the company settled among themselves what celebrated historical character on what particular occasion he was to represent, and it was for him to guess, if he could, from the cryptic remarks

addressed to him by each of the players in turn, whom they supposed him to be. Very possibly you have played this game yourself?" . . .

[I had—and had not found it particularly exhilarating, though I did not consider it necessary to say so.]

"Well, HIPPERHOLME came in, and brought all the powers of his mind to bear on the problem—but for once he found himself completely baffled. Nothing they said afforded him the faintest clue.

"I must admit, my lords, ladies, and gentlemen," he owned at length with a genial frankness, "that I'm rather up the stick this time. I'm really afraid I must ask you to assist me a little by giving me just the slightest 'int!' . . .

"He knew what he had done, but he was not seriously perturbed—the talisman would get him out of it as usual, and instinctively his fingers sought his watch-chain. Judge of his horror when he found that the crystal locket was no longer there! He searched his waistcoat pockets in vain—it was not in either of them; he had lost it somehow!

"Just the slightest 'int,' the wretched man repeated mechanically, amidst a silence so intense that, had any patrician present possessed such a thing as a pin and allowed it to drop, it would assuredly have fallen with a sickening thud. Fortunately, this was not the case.

"HIPPERHOLME gazed round the semi-circle in wild despair, as he wiped the perspiration from his clammy brow—and then he caught sight of a glittering object lying just underneath a gilded sofa. He dived for it frantically; with inexpressible relief he recognised his lost ladybird, and, as he resumed the perpendicular with the talisman in his clutch, the conclusion—'erval for reflection'—fell from his lips, and the intolerable strain was instantly relaxed.

"Immediately afterwards it flashed upon him that he could

be no other personage but King HAROLD on the occasion of being hit in the eye by an arrow at the Battle of Hastings—which proved to be perfectly correct.

"But, even amidst the general applause that greeted this display of penetration, HIPPERHOLME shivered at the recollection of the narrow squeak he had just experienced.

"He had the fastening of the talisman repaired—while he waited—at the earliest opportunity, after which he felt himself once more invulnerable. To be sure there were two more 'wrong 'uns' to be expected—but, even if they did slip out before his marriage with Lady ICILIA, it would not signify so long as he had the charm at hand—and he would take uncommonly good care not to lose sight of it in future.

"When she was once his bride he would be safer still. It would take more than a couple of defective aspirates to sever them then!

"As it happened, during the weeks that remained he was never once under the necessity of employing the talisman, a circumstance which so increased his sense of security that, while arraying himself on his wedding-morn for the ceremony, it occurred to him that he might safely leave the locket on his dressing-table.

"He had always thought it a rather cheap and tawdry ornament for a man of his means to wear; it would be an unsightly blot on the magnificence of his attire on this momentous occasion; it would not be required, since he could hold no conversation with either Lady ICILIA or her parent until after the conclusion of the nuptials.

"Still, he would have to say a few words in the vestry afterwards—and then there was the drive with his bride from the church, and the wedding breakfast. Perhaps it would be wisest to avoid all risks. So, for the present at all events, he decided to allow the locket to remain on his watch-chain.

"The wedding was at St. George's, Hanover Square, which was crowded to suffocation by persons of rank, commoners finding it hopeless to obtain admittance, and the vergers being compelled to turn even Countesses away!

"HAROLD, with Lord NORMAN BEAUCOE as his best man, stood by the altar, awaiting the arrival of the bridal cortège, and, as he heard the Society small talk behind him drowning even the pealing notes of the organ, his bosom swelled with a satisfaction that made him entirely oblivious of the fact that he owed the proud position in which he stood to the instrumentality of a fiend.

"And then—preceded by the choir, and followed by eight bridesmaids, all ladies of title and wearing costly diamond brooches in the form of two interlaced h's, the gift of the bridegroom—Lady ICILIA CHILWELL came slowly up the centre aisle, leaning on the arm of her father, the Earl of STONISTAIRS, and the ceremony commenced:

"It was conducted by the Bishop of MUMBLEBOROUGH, assisted by several of the minor clergy, and, as the venerable prelate, in accents almost inaudible with emotion, dictated the responses, the happy bridegroom repeated them in tones as full as was his heart. 'To have and to hold,' quavered the good old Bishop—and through the sacred edifice HAROLD's resonant voice rang out like a clarion call: 'To 'ave and to 'old!'

"I can only qualify the result as electrical. Never before, perhaps, had that aristocratic fane heard the aspirate treated with such appalling irreverence; the walls seemed to rock, strong men grew pale, the very choristers were visibly concerned, the Bishop was struck dumb, while Lady ICILIA, withdrawing her hand from HAROLD, shrank from him with a movement of uncontrollable repulsion.

"HIPPERHOLME alone preserved his composure. He felt that he could hardly have dropped two h's at a more unpropitious moment—but fortunately the matter could easily be set right. How lucky that he had not followed

his first impulse and left his ladybird at home! He fingered the talisman with confidence.

"To his indescribable dismay it failed him for the first time! He could not believe it at first, could not understand how such a thing could have happened. And then the terrible truth dawned upon him. It was useless to expect the talisman to aid him there. Not even a Fairy could venture to introduce any additions to the Marriage Service. What he had said he had said!

"Lady ICILIA had already collapsed—a mere heap of white satin, Brussels lace and orange blossom—into the arms of her principal bridesmaid, the Earl had stepped forward and held a whispered colloquy with the Bishop, who seemed to agree with him that the ceremony could not proceed, as HAROLD rushed madly from the building, bareheaded, for he had resigned his hat to Lord NORMAN BEAUCOE. And, at the moment he gained the portico, and was descending the steps into George Street, he heard a malicious snigger, which seemed to come from the telephone wires overhead, and a voice he remembered but too well cried out with shrill derision: 'What did I tell you? Six of 'em wrong 'uns!'

"The Fairy knew more about fiends than he did, after all. They were *not* to be trusted!"

"But surely," I said, as we ran into the next station, "that isn't the *end* of the story? The Fairy couldn't possibly leave him in such a fix as that. Or why have a Guardian Fairy at all?"

"You are right," he said, impressively, patting me with approval on the chest; "absolutely right! That is *not* the end. The *finale* is singular, but satisfactory, as you are about to hear. . . . But, bless me, this is Tottenham Court Road! I'm afraid I must bid you farewell, with many thanks for your courteous attention. I get out here."

And he did—so I missed the *finale*. It was not till I reached the British Museum that I missed my pocket-book. It contained a cheque for royalties on the American sales of a certain work of mine for the six months ending December 31, 1904, and was for the amount of three-and-fourpence.

Providentially I had not endorsed it.

F. A.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Oh, little Boy Blue, won't you blow up your horn?
Though we can't see a sheep, or a cow in the corn;
But we're waiting and longing, so blow it up, do,
For these two little sisters, oh little Boy Blue!

You ought to oblige us: we've painted you in
In a full suit of blue, though the colour was thin.
We have painted you often and know you are true,
As true as the Fairies, oh little Boy Blue.

You're as true as the Fairies, and bigger than they;
And we're both of us waiting to hear how you play.
If you come in your suit we shall know that it's you,
With your hat and your feather, oh little Boy Blue.

And your lace and your bows, and your shoes with their tips,
And your hands on the horn and the horn at your lips.
You needn't be bashful, although we are two,
For we'll both be polite to our little Boy Blue.

We have looked for you, Boy dear, and sent you our love,
As you sailed, so they said, on a white cloud above;
But, although we had rather you walked here than flew,
You can come as you like, if you'll only wear blue.

You can slide on a sunbeam, or ride on a stick,
Or drop like a lark, but we beg you'll come quick.
If you don't come to us we shall search the world through
Till we find you and keep you, oh little Boy Blue.

R. C. L.

CHARIVARIA.

SINCE the Odessa Mutiny, the folly of not having included the Black Sea Fleet in ROZHESTVENSKY'S Armada is patent to the Russian Government.

In order to avoid service against the Japanese several officers in the Moscow corps have assaulted peaceable citizens in the streets with the express object of being arrested and imprisoned, thus avoiding being sent to the front. The citizens are now begging that an affidavit by an officer to the effect that he is desirous of committing such an assault may be treated as a sufficient offence.

It is denied that the official report of the CZAR'S speech in favour of a constitution was inaccurate. It was the speech itself which was incorrect.

Lèse-majesté is on the increase in German South-west Africa. The natives have again defeated the KAISER'S troops.

At the Pilgrim Club's banquet to Mr. WHITE-LAW REID, a poem by Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN was read, but we fancy that nothing now can shake the good understanding between England and America.

Many reasons have been suggested for the unpopularity of the Park Royal Agricultural Show. For ourselves we cannot help thinking that the method of announcing the prize-winners is calculated to alienate sympathy. The following, for instance, is an extract from the awards which strikes one as being somewhat carelessly framed :—

PIGS.

Three Boar Pigs farrowed in 1905 :—

1. EARL OF ELLESMERE. 2. T. SIMPSON JAY. 3. DANIEL R. DAYBELL.

Mr. LOUIS WAIN has, on two recent occasions, addressed letters to the public Press on religious and medical topics. This bears out a theory we have long favoured, namely, that there is no reason at all why a Comic Cat Artist should not also have a higher side to his nature.

The wife of a fisherman at Hêve found a gold bracelet inside a cod she was dressing for dinner. We presume it was a female fish, and that she had begun dressing for dinner before she was caught.

The abolition of the Criterion Bar was not, after all, a sign of the times, as we were told by the newspapers. It has only been removed to another part of the building.

At a recent dinner of the Society of Motor Manufacturers, the opinion



RAGS, BONES AND BOTTLES.

(Portrait of a Tradesman, sketched from Nature.)

was expressed by a speaker that pedestrians were the greatest sinners on the road. There is no doubt that they have a way of colliding with the cars, and not infrequently clogging the delicate machinery with pieces of themselves.

"Talking in Theatres. Managers admit inability to stop it," was the heading of a paragraph in a contemporary last week. This is a great pity, for that charming play, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, where nobody talked at all, had a marked success.

Margate has been visited by a French deputation, and it is rumoured that, at a public dinner, a French speaker made a reference to "your beautiful town," which caused great satisfaction.

It is stated that there are now 100,000 children attending elementary schools in England and Wales who are learning

to play the violin. Properly organised these should form an irresistible force for preventing the invasion of their country.

It has not been found possible so to draw the Aliens Bill as to prevent Continental criminals entering this country *via* Folkestone, Dover or Newhaven, but the framers of the Bill trust none the less that this class will make it a point of honour to comply with the spirit of the Act.

The Clyde Vale Electrical Power Company are, it is announced, prepared to furnish motors for rocking cradles. But the millennium will not have arrived, writes a busy father, until an electrical spanking machine is also supplied.

"Pigmies in Parliament." Many Members, amusingly, thought that this was a novelty.

"PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT."

THE magnificent reception and most cordial welcome given to Mr. WHITELAW REID, the recently arrived American Ambassador, on Friday the 23rd June, by "the Pilgrims" and their guests at the banquet (a snug little dinner-party of three hundred *convives*, held at Claridge's) took place too late in that week to be fittingly reported, as the exceptional nature of the occasion demanded, by Mr. *Punch's* special International Representative, who gladly avails himself of the very first opportunity offered of giving, in Mr. *P.*'s immortal pages, some account of this most thoroughly successful gathering.

Claridge's was the humble hostelry chosen by the gentle Pilgrims for their dining-place, and the arrangements for the simple meal were admirably made and carried out. To feed in perfect comfort some three hundred weary Pilgrims (Pilgrims are always weary) and Pilgrims' hungry guests at various dinner-tables, so that every dinner-table should have its own pleasant little party, and all and sundry should eat, drink, and be merry, without slightest cause for grumbling, is a triumph for Mr. HARRY BRITAIN, who, true to his name, is nothing if not "a thorough one" in every way; who, though "with heart and voice" he, and others, may declare a fixed determination "never, never, never to be slaves," yet on this occasion is delighted to become a *servus servorum*, and willingly allows himself to be worried out of his dinner in order to attend to his multifarious duties. The introductory melon is being discussed and approved of; our Secretary does not appear. His chair is vacant. Waiter clears away remnants of melons, and disappears with Secretary's portion of the cool, luscious fruit.

The soup is served. When we are half through this, our Secretary, beamingly cheerful, with a lot of telegrams and papers in his hand; and pencils sticking about him, like 'quills upon the fretful porcupine,' suddenly appears and takes his seat as he gives a sigh of relief.

His Guest (sympathetically). Afraid you weren't coming.

Secretary (cheerfully). Lot o' things to see to—(places a heap of papers and telegrams on table)—but shall be able to get a mouthful now. (Commences mouthful, appears much restored. At about third mouthful, a foreign-looking hotel-manager whispers to him. Secretary pauses, refers to papers.) Eh? Oh, certainly. Yes. (Foreign manager at his right hand disappears. Secretary is about to proceed with third mouthful of soup when sandy-headed man, appearing suddenly on the scene, touches his left elbow. Secretary turns, listens.) Eh?—well—I rather think—(Sandy-headed party whispers with intense eagerness. Secretary considers for a second—then)—Ah! well—perhaps I'd better—I will.

[Decides, evidently, on instant action. Jumps up, nearly overturns sandy-haired man, who disappears among some waiters, rushes off, and is lost to sight for another fifteen minutes or so, during which present course is cleared away; and when the third course is half finished, Secretary hurriedly returns.

Guest (more sympathetically than ever). Can't you get someone to do this for you?

Secretary (almost fiercely). Impossible. (Genially) If you want a thing well done—eh?—you know—ah—lamb?—good! now I can get a snack in comfort! (Drinks a glass of champagne which has been fortunately poured out for him. As he is settling down to the lamb, another hotel-manager, foreign and dapper, approaches him, speaking mysteriously behind a menu-card, as if he were a ventriloquist giving the Secretary a private entertainment. Secretary starts and turns round; then anxiously) Eh? you don't mean that—(Ventriloquist foreign hotel-manager, still behind menu-card, explains what he does mean. Secretary starts up, exclaiming) Certainly; I'll see to it at once.

[Gathers up his papers, rushes off, and is engaged until the

quails have come and gone, leaving behind them but the name on the dainty silken pink riband whereon the menu is printed.

The foregoing will convey some idea of the pleasures of being a Secretary responsible for everything at a banquet of three hundred Pilgrims and Strangers.

The dinner was well chosen, but not quite up to the previous one at either the Savoy or the Hyde Park Hotel, I forget which it was. Intended for a *spécialité*, the "Olio" by any other name would have been a soup. The "*Déllice de Jambon Ambassadrice*" was of course intended as a delicate compliment to the Ambassador, which, on the part of the Ambassadrice, no doubt the Hon. WHITELAW REID thoroughly appreciated. The asparagus was served up with Sauce Divine, but there is only one sauce for hot asparagus (if in themselves they are perfect), and that is two tablespoonfuls of cold water with an eggspoonful of salt in it. This brings out the flavour to perfection. Of course if your asparagus be indifferent, and you depend on sauce for its flavour, then I recommend *Sauce Divine*, or *Sauce au diable*, or *Sauce à la burette mêlée*.

Toast-master commands silence for our Chairman. Hearty cheering, and Lord ROBERTS drinks to KING and PRESIDENT. National melodies. After the first toast Secretary BRITAIN reads out, clearly and distinctly, kindly telegrams from Pilgrims at a distance, including one from Mr. CHOATE which, needless to say, is received with acclamation. Then Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, in dulcet tones and well-balanced periods, proposes the toast of the evening, to which, after the enthusiastic cheering has subsided, Mr. WHITELAW REID replies in an excellent, straightforward speech which makes the whole assembly kin.

Lest our enthusiasm should wax too hilarious and our joviality become excessive, the toast-master's hammer recalls us to attention, with a sharp rap (as it were) on our heads, and informs us that now Sir HENRY IRVING (*loud cheers*) will read a few verses, specially composed for the occasion by the Poet Laureate.

The Dantesque figure of our leading tragedian gradually elongates itself upwards, and but for a slight stoop indicative of the gentle bent of his amiable disposition he stands erect. Our first tragedian, or, as he may be correctly described on this occasion, our rising actor, had but to make a brief speech of his own composition which he intended should serve as an introductory prologue to the verses of his "dear and valued friend the Laureate." No wonder that he stooped, seeing what an almost unspeakable burden had been laid upon his shoulders. But manfully he did it. Printed poem in hand, the author as prompter at his elbow, how could he fail to arouse our enthusiasm? Those who had read the verses wondered how he would deliver the line—

"The April-sent swallow circling round our eaves."

But he did it magnificently! Mounted on the poet's Pegasus he cleared the obstacle by a clear foot. Some irreverent *convives* wished to know what the Adams were doing while the swallows were thus annoying their Eves. But to such silly talk deaf ears were turned. In gratitude "our dear and valued" ALFREDO will no doubt present Sir HENRY with a little trifle of his own in Five Acts, containing a fine part for our leading tragedian.

This being over, nothing remained but for Sir GEORGE WHITE, with all his blushing honours thick upon him, represented by rows of medals, to propose long life and success to our hosts the Pilgrims, to which the names of the Hon. STEWART L. WOODFORD and Sir A. CONAN DOYLE were down for replies. For these gems of oratory I was, alas, unable to remain. And so about 11.30 the proceedings came to an end, and WHITELAW REID's entire company retired to their various domiciles. A Big Success!



STRICT!

Dressmaker. "AND WOULD YOU HAVE LEG OF MUTTON SLEEVES, MADAM?"

Customer. "MOST CERTAINLY NOT. I AM A VEGETARIAN!"

NEX', PLEASE.

ACCORDING to the recent statement of a high medical authority, the human neck—especially the male variety—is gradually lengthening. This is a curious biological fact which requires investigating, and as a result of careful and conscientious observation we have been able to trace a few of the causes underlying the same. We find in the first place that giraffe-like development is due to the masculine habit, so largely on the increase in recent years, of standing five or more deep in the endeavour to watch cricket and football championships and passing spectacles in the streets. Careful measurements have indicated an average elongation of $4\frac{1}{2}$ millimetres among the standing public at Lord's and elsewhere after each Test Match. Every "googly" and leg-glance, therefore, add, however infinitesimally, to the general stature, and the Australians, in thus helping to elevate the Anglo-Saxon race, are bowling and batting better than they know.

The same phenomenon has been noted with regard to the *habitués* of the

theatre, and especially the frequenters of the back rows. It is with pain that we allude once more to the *Matinée Hat* and *Matinée Hair*, but these also have undoubtedly helped to bring about the vertebral prolongation of the pittance. You may at once tell the ardent play-goer by his telescopic neck—the result of the last ten years of "picture" head-gear coupled with the true feminine instinct that uplifts the otherwise grovelling male. In this way even Fashion, too, sings an *Excelsior* to the city clerk that comes after and sits in her wake.

Another contributing cause is the annual invasion of England by Yankee "rubber-necks." The stolid British phlegm has disappeared, and we are now chronically in a condition which may be described as "agog"—ever craning after some fresh excitement, and hustling after novelty of the approved American type. No bullneck can survive that is perpetually twisting itself in order to acquire a "sense of traffic" in a motor-ridden land. Each hoot of the horn startles it still further from its collar-bone.

Mr. CARNEGIE besides has helped on the Extension Movement by presenting the nation with a *Diplodocus* whose head is poised some thirty feet in front of its body. This has caused much envy among the devotees of a long drink. Collars have been worn two inches higher in consequence by the thirstier visitors to the Natural History Museum, while the wayside inns and laundries of the neighbourhood are equally looking up.

Such are, in fine, the causes of the present up-grade tendency, which are patent to every observer with a head upon his shoulders. They were indeed foreshadowed long ago by VIRGIL, when with wonderful insight he penned the prophetic and remarkable passage, "*Nec mora nec requies*," alluding to the restless growth of evolution. We would fain add, "to be continued in our necks," but the prospect gets appalling, and we ring off.

ZIG-ZAG.

CHEAP! A BARONETCY FOR A POUND.—Long life and happiness to Sir JOHN POUND, Bart., "J.P." Chief Magistrate as Lord Mayor of London.



OUR VILLAGE.

Nephew (on a visit to the "Old Country"). "AH, UNCLE, IN CANADA WE DON'T DO OUR HAY-MAKIN' IN THIS 'ERE OLD-FASHIONED WAY."
Uncle. "WHY, YOU BRAN'T NEVER GOIN' TO TELL I AS YOU'VE BIN AN' TURNED TEETOTAL?"

JUMBOMANIA.

(By a Musical Reactionary.)

ONCE, of sheer sonority enamoured,
Steeped in sumptuousness of sound,
Chiefly for immensity I clamoured,
Only in excess enjoyment found.
Music of Gargantuan dimensions,
Music full of diabolic din,
Music of exorbitant pretensions
Could alone my approbation win.

With unceasing ecstasy I revelled
In the blare of trumpets and trombones,
Grieving if the score was not bedevilled
By a group of sixteen saxophones.
On the shrieking piccolo I doated,
Hailed the cornet bleating loud and
long,
O'er the cymbals' brassy clangour gloated,
Welcomed every entry of the gong.

Bands below a hundred in their muster,
Bands that were not doubled in the
brass,
I condemned as lacking life and lustre,
Relegated to the lowest class.

Once, in short, with size infatuated,
I believed the biggest was the best;
Now, with elephantine uproar sated,
Jumbo-worship wholly I detest.

If you ask what, after long immersion
In the joys I've striven to unfold,
Has precipitated my conversion
To the paths and principles of old—
'Twas a new concerto for the tuba
(Written by an enterprising Dane)
Proved, if I may say so, the Majuba
In my megalolatrous campaign.

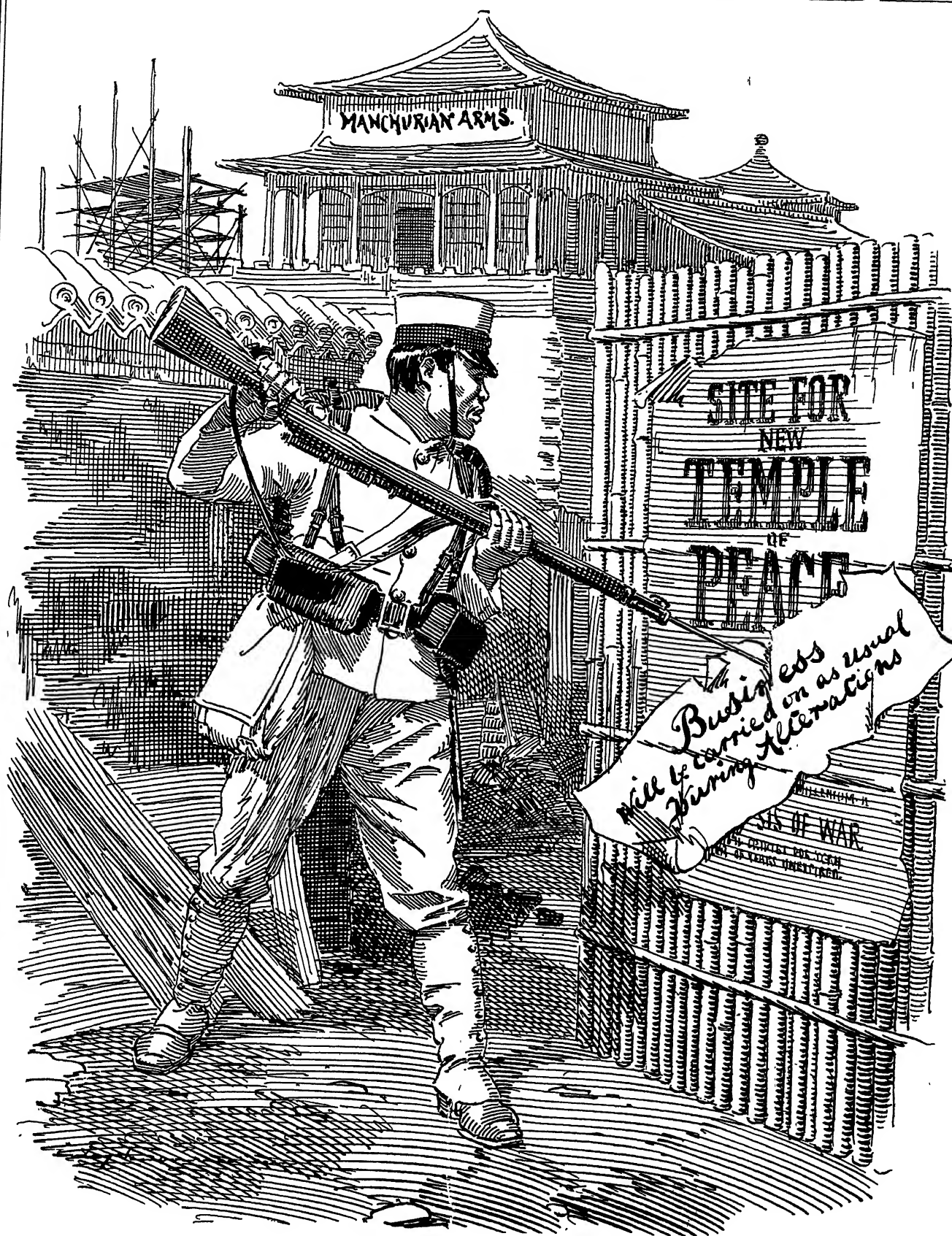
I declared, in my triumphant folly,
That without injurious results
I could stand the most terrific volley
Slung by instrumental catapults.
It was very rash of me to crow so,
As I found when things began to hum,
And the awful *Scherzo strepitoso*
Caused a puncture in my tympanum.

Now, though many reckon me a loony
For rejecting the stentorian style,
I no longer crab MOZART as "tunny,"
Or pronounce BEETHOVEN infantile,

Finding in a single CHOPIN study
More of pure essential delight
Than can be distilled from all the muddy
Sea of transcendental blatherskite.

Musing therefore on my former blind-
ness
In the light and freedom of to-day,
I declare I almost have a kindness
For the guides who tempted me astray.
For the more they drive us to distraction,
Boycotting all beauty as inane,
All the more they foster the reaction
Tow'rds the pure, the lovely and the
sane.

IN a special article entitled "The Clubwoman" in the *Daily Record and Mail*, the author observes that "woman is not a clubable animal." This is not the view accepted by married Hooligans. Later he asks, "What does any married woman, whose husband does not beat her, want with a club?" The answer is obvious. She may want to beat him.

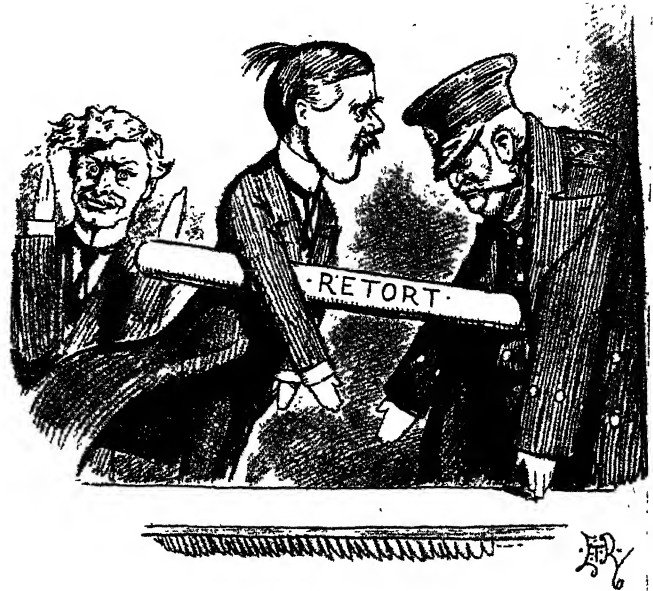


LAST WEEKS ?

JAP. "BETTER STICK THIS UP TO PREVENT MISUNDERSTANDING."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



PUNCH AND (THE SUB) JUDY-(CE) SHOW.

Sir William Butler comes down on the War Office.

The ex-War Minister doubles up Sir William Butler.

House of Commons, Monday, June 26.—Most interesting episode in debate on Vote of Censure based on Butler Committee Report was the companionship on Treasury Bench of the late Minister of War and his successor in the Office. A flush of natural pride mantled the brow of PRINCE ARTHUR as he surveyed them. One of his charms is innate modesty. He is, perhaps, too proud to take pride in himself. But in this episode of his Ministerial career he really thinks he has made his mark. One man of something exceeding average capacity could have discovered ST. JOHN BRODRICK and, at a time of sore peril, put him in charge of the Army. Another might, in moment of inspiration, at a later time have placed ARNOLD-FORSTER in the same supreme position. None but PRINCE ARTHUR could have discovered both and in succession throned them in Pall Mall. No wonder that as his eye fell upon them seated at convenient distance on the same Bench his glance softened, his lips murmured something that sounded like benediction.

As for the young veterans, their pleased reflections on combined effort during the last five years at the War Office were ruffled by contemplation of the Report of the Butler Committee. As ARNOLD-FORSTER said, with a tear in his voice that evoked a roar of laughter from unsympathetic House,

"Sir WILLIAM BUTLER has not produced the Report the Government wished for."

On the contrary he, or rather his

Committee, has been exceedingly rude. They have proved Marplots of a design calculated to produce the fullest measure of comfort to the largest number—excluding of course the British tax-payer, whose hard-earned five millions sterling, of which restitution was two years ago definitely promised by War Office to trustful



COACHING CROOKS IN LATIN ("IN PARI MATERIA").

"These swells, you know, call the place Patee."

(Mr. Keir-Hardie.)

CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, has vanished like snow on the river.

Departmental Committee appointed to take evidence on the matter. It turned out to be of character unprecedented since Crimean War. This awkward; but publication delayed, thing might blow over. Then Public Accounts Committee step on scene and insist on immediate issue of Report and evidence, with consequence of fulfilling OOM PAUL's historic threat to stagger humanity. Opposition insist on debating subject through summer night. So here we are.

Unto the Great Twin Brethren

We keep this solemn feast.

All seems lost, even honour. But, as at the battle of the Lake Regillus,

Swift, swift, the Great Twin Brethren

Came spurring from the East,

CASTOR ST. JOHN BRODRICK from the India Office; POLLUX ARNOLD-FORSTER from the War Office. Whilst POLLUX bemoaned the perversity of BUTLER in not bringing in the Report the Government wished for, CASTOR, with fiercer energy, fuller courage, ready to tear the flesh of captains, to peck the eyes of kings, dashed at his accuser, savagely beating BUTLER about the head.

In the end it turned out that the late Minister for War and his successor, so far from being culprits, were martyrs. The real sinner was Sir WILLIAM BUTLER. He was accordingly held up to reprehension.



All hail to Sir Augustus Helder, Knight.

sion of a scoffing House, to execration of an angry country. The Twin Brethren exceedingly reticent in their references to each other. POLLUX varies the habit by more than once precisely naming the date he succeeded to the War Office. CASTOR and POLLUX were one in denunciation of Sir WILLIAM BUTLER.

"Odd evil fate for PRINCE ARTHUR," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "that in a single Session his blameless Government should find its authority undermined by two officials appointed by as many Departments. But, whereas in Home Rule difficulty ANTONY MACDONNELL was alluded to in debate in almost reverential terms, WILLIAM BUTLER is publicly flogged. Wonder if there can be anything in the personality or position of the two men that makes that attitude safe in one instance, undesirable in another?"

Business done.—Vote of Censure on Government moved in respect of Army Stores Scandals in South Africa. Curious thing happened. Through long debate beginning in afternoon, closing at mid-

night, not a single Ministerialist rose to say a word in extenuation of the Government, but on division gave them a rattling majority of 74, being the full possible poll.

"O Gemini!" said PRINCE ARTHUR, beaming on CASTOR and POLLUX, "and they want me to dissolve. I think not. I am not quite certain we shall come back with a majority of 74. Anyhow, it will do for me to go on with through another year."

Tuesday night.—A little difficult to shut up Mr. CROOKS. In the family circle is understood to have a pretty wit of his own. Likes to air it on larger platform at Westminster. To-day PRINCE ARTHUR, temporarily at least, achieved the apparently impossible.

LAMBERT inquired when Redistribution Resolutions would be brought in. Not Mr. CROOKS's funeral; but opportunity of letting his 'orny-anded brother, engaged in less agreeable circumstances, know that he is around not to be slighted. So he ups and, by way of

supplementary question, asks whether the Unemployed Bill will take precedence over the Redistribution proposals?

"The questions," answered PRINCE ARTHUR dreamily, "are not *in pari materia*."

"What's he givin' us?" growled Mr. CROOKS to DON'T KEIR-HARDIE.

"I fancy," said the hon. Negative, "he means that it's not in Paris. These swells, you know, call the place *Paree*."

"Who's a-talkin' about Paris?" said Mr. CROOKS, increasingly angry. "And what does he mean by *materia*?"

"That's clear enough," said DON'T KEIR decisively. "It's French again. He means 'material,' only they don't pronounce the last letter."

Mr. CROOKS glanced suspiciously in the region of DON'T KEIR-HARDIE's many-hued neck-gear.

"Don't you go a-pullin' my leg," he remarked threateningly.

"Who's a-pullin' your leg?" inquired DON'T KEIR, not for the moment having anything more pointed to say.

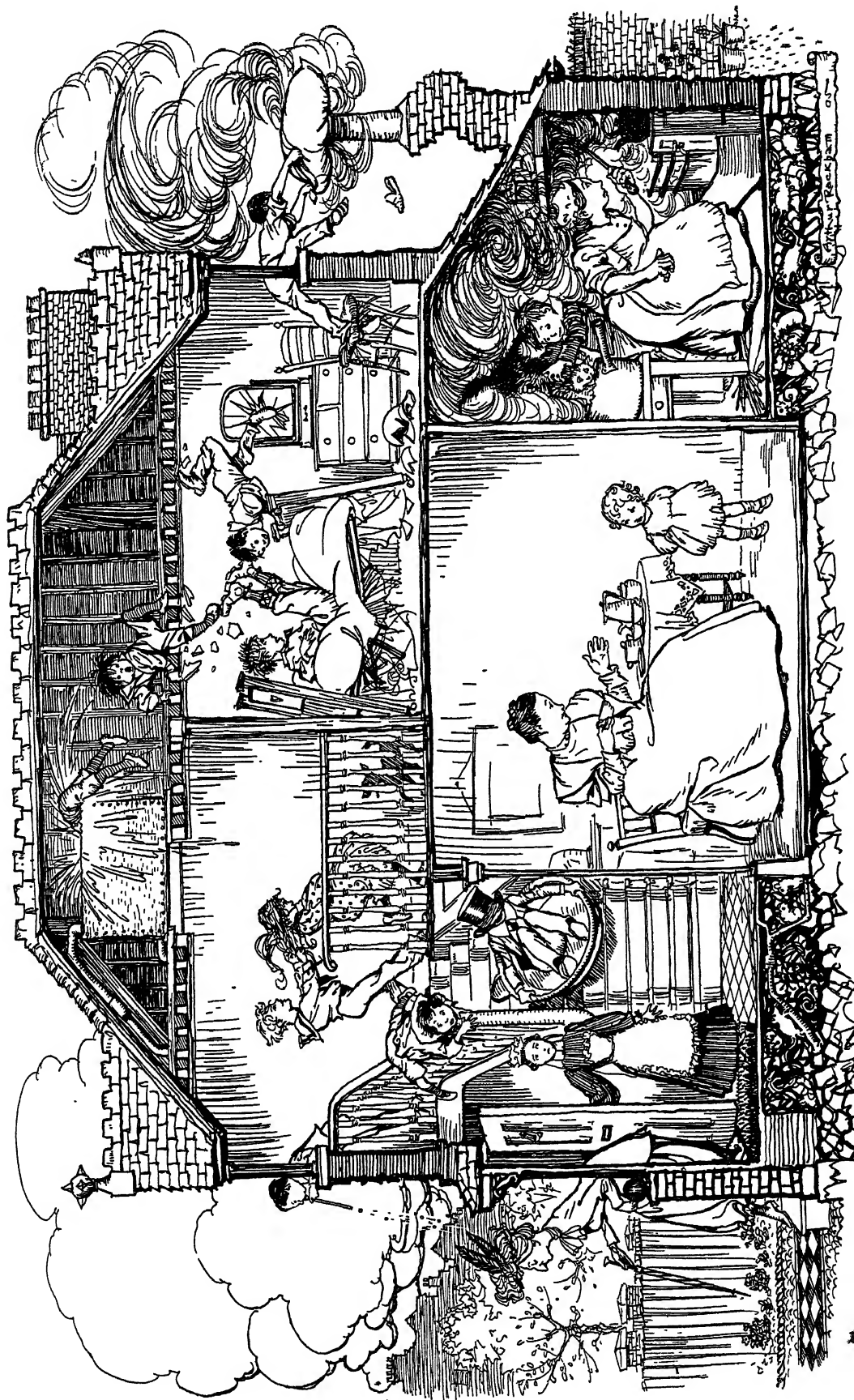
This conversation, audibly conducted below Gangway, attracted pained attention. It is significant of the growing restlessness under the Leadership of PRINCE ARTHUR that disposition was displayed to resent his part leading up to the incident. He has, Members say, been guilty of infringing various House of Commons traditions. He has ostentatiously withdrawn from his place in debate, taking his Party with him. On other occasions he has altogether ignored sittings of the House. Where it was possible he has, in interest of Government business, gagged the Opposition. He has systematically declined to enlighten Parliament with regard to his personal position on Fiscal Question. He has abused the ten minutes' rule; he has sneered at C.-B.; has spoken disrespectfully of CAP'TN TOMMY BOWLES. If he is going to answer questions in the Latin tongue it is time effective protest were made.

"*Quod erat demonstrandum*," says Doctor MACNAMARA, who wasn't at St. Thomas's School, Exeter, for nothing.

Business done.—Aliens Bill in Committee.

Friday night.—Trouble for PRIME MINISTER has broken out in new, unexpected quarter. Nothing to do with the War Office; no connection with DON JOSÉ; does not touch the fringe of Empire in India, where GEORGE CURZON is growing restive under the iron rule of ST. JOHN BRODRICK. It is over the Irish Office the black cloud bursts.

Years ago a witty Irishman, RONAYNE, at the time Member for Cork, scornfully described the Chief Secretary of the day as "circumnavigating Ireland on an outside car." WALTER LONG, going through an analogous process of educa-



SCENE—A Suburban Drawing-room. A Lady Collector for a Home for Incurable Children has just left.

Phyllis (aged three, the youngest of a large family, mostly boys). "WHAT DID THE LADY WANT, MOTHER?"

Mother. "SHE WAS BEGGING FOR POOR CHILDREN, DEAR."

Phyllis. "AND DID YOU GIVE HER THE BOYS?"

tion, has availed himself of the motor car. No objection to that, but, according to testimony brought forward by Irish Members, he has not intermitted his educational (motor car) course on Sundays. A Protestant Bishop has denounced him from the altar steps, forasmuch as his flashing along the highways on motor cars has interfered with the comfort, even threatened the safety, of peaceful congregations wending their way to their parish church.

WALTER LONG says it only happened once, and there is no evidence to show that his destination was not a place of worship in a distant parish. He also hints that his esteemed Chief has himself been fined for riding at a speed in excess of statutory limitation.

"*Abusus non tollit usum*," said PRINCE ARTHUR, abstractedly dropping into the new habit that proved so irritating to Mr. CROOKS.

"*Erin go bragh!*" sharply retorted WALTER LONG, not to be out of the fashion.

Here the conversation ended. But it has left regrettable traces of strained feeling between old colleagues.

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

LAYS OF A LONDONER.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

I LOVE the ornamental lake
That laps St. James's leafy glades,
Where amorous milkmen daily make
Frank overtures to kitchen maids,
And press their individual suits
Entwined in amorous salutes.

There sporting urchins pit themselves
Against the hairy tiddler's might,
Till ROBERT's swart resounding "twelves,"
Approaching, scatter them to flight;
There pregnant poets stand and scowl
Upon the artificial fowl.

I love those green secluded bowers
Adjoining Storey's ample gate,
Paced, it is said, at latish hours
By anxious Ministers of State,
While house-cats from the neighbouring
squares

Improve the night with native airs.

For it was there the thing occurred,
That deepest, earliest romance—
There first this lonely breast was stirred
By LUCY's coy, responsive glance.
Alas! what lustres lie between
Myself and that romantic scene!

She stood, a roguish dimpled maid,
The sunlight playing in her hair;
One slightly swollen cheek betrayed
The brandy ball that lingered there;
One hand retained a pink balloon,
The other held a macaroon.

A hasty word, a melting look,
Our mutual passion thus began;

Her nurse was buried in a book,
And mine was toying with a man.
Lightly we stole beyond their view,
And broke the macaroon in two.

No tender vows enhanced the scene,
Yet we were all each other's own;
We played at being king and queen,
With Earth's green carpet for our
throne,
And growled from visionary lairs,
Imagining that we were bears.

For forty minutes all was bliss,
No sorrow marred our mutual cup;
Then something seemed to go amiss,
And when our nurses hurried up
They found us both in tears immersed
Because the pink balloon had burst.

Torn from her lingering embrace
And vigorously slapped behind,
I watched her small pathetic face
Vanish from sight, but not from mind;
Then roared aloud, for oh! I felt
The tyrant hand upon my pelt.

We parted, ne'er to meet again:
My punctual tears bedewed the grass
For several weeks, and still the pain
Of mad regret declined to pass.
A broken child I used to brood
Through the long hours 'twixt food and
food.

And even now, though borne to man's
Estate upon a sea of cares,
I cannot pass the pelicans
But longing grips me unawares;
The presence of the upland goose
Sets floods of poignant memory loose.

MORE JIU-JITSU TRICKS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—After reading in your columns IYAMA TERRA's additional chapters on Jiu-Jitsu, I am tempted to give the public the advantage of two of my favourite tricks which I have practised many years with unvarying success.

(1) To protect yourself from a man who presents a loaded revolver full in your face.

At first sight it would appear that the man with the revolver has the advantage over you, but a close study of my method of defence will convince anybody that the man is really completely in your power.

First, with an adroit movement, catch the muzzle of the revolver firmly between your teeth. Then with a quick step towards your opponent get out your matches. Strike one, and set fire to his hair. He will of course put his hands up to extinguish the flames, and so let go of the revolver. He is now at your mercy, and you can do as you like with him.

(2) To protect yourself from a man who aims a blow at your face with his clenched fist.

For the purposes of this trick it is

essential that you should be wearing heavy boots. In the event of a quarrel on the football field you will naturally be forearmed, but should you and your opponent be playing tennis you must tactfully postpone the attack until you have changed your shoes.

The method of defence is very simple. As he hits out at your face, and before he reaches it, quickly stand on your head. He will obviously hit your hob-nailed boots, and his fist will suffer. His next step will naturally be to stand on his head and renew the attack, when you immediately resume your former position and he again hits your boots. This must be continued until your opponent is tired.—Yours, ERFIA NORO.

SALIENT POINTS.

(For the July Sales.)

O MAIDENS young and frail,
If you'd patronise a sale,
You must eat a solid meal before you
start;

Chip potatoes and a chop,
At a hasty-luncheon shop,
Ought to stimulate the muscles and the
heart.

You must train for many days,
For athleticism pays,
And to follow MILES and SANDOW is the
plan,

Then projecting life and limb
In the vortex of the scrim
You must tackle low, and collar what
you can.

Like BOADICEA of yore,
Indifferent to gore,
With elbow and umbrella you must
shove;

If insensible to pain,
You'll eventually gain
The shining chinés chiffons that you
love.

You must gather to your breast
What you fancy, and the rest
It's *comme il faut* to throw upon the
ground;
And the counter you must leap
On the track of something cheap
If you can't find any way of getting
round.

In the thickest of the fight
There's no time to be polite,
And only very little to be rude.
You'll find on "Remnant Days"
You return to nursery ways,
When your instinct of propriety was
crude.

But at length you make your haul,
And sububwards you crawl,
Encumbered by the bargains you have
bagged,
And you struggle off to bed
With a palpitating head
To sleep the fitful slumber of the fagged.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, June 26.—Pretty Mlle. DONALDA. She looked so neat and sang so sweet as ever did Gretchen-Marguerite.



ORPHÉE.

Orphée—Mlle. Gerville-Réache.
Euridice played with much point by
Mme. Jeanne Raunay.

Mefisto. As we miss BAUERMEISTER'S *Marthe*, so do we PLANÇON'S *Mefisto*, and the absence of these two from the Garden Scene is specially regrettable. However, to pluralise the old proverb, "What will they do who come after the King and Queen?" By the way, their MAJESTIES were present, but the House was not by any means overcrowded.

"M. HEROLD," says my lady-accompanist to me confidingly, "is the best-looking *Faust* I have seen for some time." The other *Fausts* mustn't be angry: after all, this is but an opinion, and please listen to the discount,— "But," she added, "there is something wanting." Quite so: it was not *the Faust*, though the part, at its best, is not great.

The newly-painted church scene, which has already been mentioned in previous notes, works well. But would it not strengthen the dramatic effect of this situation were *Mefisto* only heard and never seen,—not even at the very last moment? If there be a demoniacal chorus it is "heard without," the demoniacal whispers (*bassi profondi*) are heard within: but the Devil who cannot face a cross-handled sword is hardly the sort of fiend to enter a Cathedral, especially while a *Requiem* is going on, and to monopolise the interior of a substantial pillar. No, *Mefisto's* promptings here should be *vox et præterea nihil*.

Marguerite Mlle. DONALDA improved greatly towards the finish. Brother *Valentin* I had for the moment forgotten; he ought to have stayed at home and looked after his sister *Meg*. Yet, had he done so, we should never have had the story, nor this opera. *Valentin* is responsible for everything; for the sake of the dramatists and composers who have treated the immortal subject we must

forgive him. On this occasion he lived happily through a scene and a half, and then, like CHARLES THE SECOND, only without his courteous apology to the crowd about him, he was "a long time a-dying."

Tuesday.—*Aïda*. This Operatic Notist present by deputy. Deputy remarks on crowded state of house, on absence of Royalties, on splendid performance of GIUSEPPE VERDI's opera, now thirty-four years old and therefore just in its prime, on the very effective *mise-en-scène*, especially notable in second scene of Second Act, and, to wind up, on the genuine enthusiasm of a thoroughly appreciative audience.

For Signor CARUSO as *Radames* and Mlle. DESTINN as *Aïda* there appear to be no adjectives sufficiently powerful to express Deputy's admiration. In the regrettable absence of Mme. KIRKBY LUNN, the part of *Amneris* is finely rendered by Mlle. OLITZKA, a name reminiscent of Byronic *Olinska* and *Mazeppa*, dramatised for ASTLEY'S Amphitheatre, reminiscent also of H. J. Byronic burlesque on same subject, written for that eccentric genius "Little Robson," who sentimentally sang:—

"Walk in, walk in, walk in, *Olinska*, pray!
O walk into the garden, 'tis a bright and sunny day,"

and then burst into a lively, tuneful measure, and an indescribably nondescript dance which "brought down the house."

Newly-arrived Signor SAMMARCO, as my discreet Deputy informs me, made a big hit as *Amonasro*, the Black King in the game. Why roll two names into one? Surely *Sam* is abbreviated *Samuel*, and *Marco* is Italian for *Mark*, *n'est-ce pas*? Anyway, SAM made his mark (O!), and that's enough



L'ORACOLO; OR, A LOT OF TROUBLE DOWN OUR STREET.
(As seen at a glance by Our Special Operatic Artist.)

Ah-Joe—Mlle. Donalda; Hua-qui—Mme. Paulin; San-Lui—M. Dalmores; Cim-Fen—Signor Scotti; Uin-Sci—M. Marcoux; Hu-Tsin—M. Cotreuil; Indovino—Signor Montecucchi.

for him and for us. Whatever his name be, he has so far evidently succeeded in making a name for himself.

June 28.—*Orphée* (not *Orfeo*). An excellent performance. Singing and acting of Mlle. GERVILLE-RÉACHE first-rate. As to costume, Musical and Artistic Assistant supplies illustrated report. Is this *Signor Orfeo* or *Mademoiselle Orphée*? Mlle. GERVILLE-RÉACHE seems to have been undecided, and to have compounded by attiring the character in what may be described as "a *Reache-me-down*" garment. Spectators, unfamiliar with the opera, wish to know if this individual, so clothed, represents *Orpheus* or *Eurydice*. All doubt removed by entrance of *Eurydice*, a handsome young lady with a very fine voice. *Orphée* is to be congratulated on excellent taste.

Then followed the new One-Act opera by Signor FRANCO LEONI entitled *L'Oracolo*. A gruesome story, known previously as *The Cat and the Cherub*. Opera full of life (also death) and action. Music charming. It went with a dash from start to finish. Performers and composer received hearty applause. Signor SCOTTI, representing *Cim-Fen*, who is altogether a bad lot, made a very big hit; so did Mlle. DONALDA as *Ah-Joe*, with M. DALMORES as her lover *San-Lui*. Messrs. MARCOUX and COTREUIL as the two elders *Uin-Sci* and *Hu-Tsin*, with Mme. PAULIN as *Hua-Qui* the foolish nurse, completed a very strong cast.

Not "completed," for there remains the American policeman, who says nothing, sings nothing, sees nothing, and does nothing. He is the very impersonation of Justice blindfolded. The scene, representing "a street in Chinese Quarter, San Francisco," painted by AL BRUK, is very effective. The orchestra, conducted by M. ANDRÉ MESSENGER, is all that Signor LEONI could possibly desire.

More on this subject when next opportunity offers.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SIR JOHN FURLEY has spent a long and busy life in administering first aid to the wounded in war. His attention has been directed less to surgical operations than to the Commissariat department. In brief—brevity is forced upon my Baronite in presence of the imposing catalogue of the knight-errant's philanthropic enterprises—he has during the last thirty-five years followed on the track of armies, distributing supplies alike to the soldiery and non-combatants. Beginning in the Franco-German War 1870-1 as Commissioner of the British National Aid Society, he finished (for the present) on the stricken field of battle in the Transvaal. He relates his manifold experience in *Peace and War* (SMITH, ELDER). Less heroic than other strains on the classic topic of war, his pages cast useful sidelights on the interminable story. He was in Paris during the rage of the Commune, and sketches vivid pictures of its daily and nightly course. Among his companions was LAWRENCE OLIPHANT, then acting as correspondent of the *Times*. The two were looking out of a window in the Place Vendôme, fascinated by the horror of the scene beneath, when a shot passed into the room between their heads, covering them with stones and glass. It was the signal that closed a brilliant career. That vulgar impostor the "prophet" HARRIS had sent a message to OLIPHANT that when a bullet passed through the window of a room in which he chanced to be, he must regard it as a call to America. As bullets were at this time flying thickly about windows in Paris and Versailles it was a pretty safe omen, OLIPHANT promptly accepted it, leaving forthwith for America, where HARRIS gorged himself with his estate.

The *Regent of the Roués* (HUTCHINSON) was the Duc d'ORLÉANS who governed France for a while after the death of LOUIS XIV. He was so called from his association with a body of the

dissolute scamps who helped to prepare the way for the Revolution which cleared the air and the land at the close of the century. A suggested derivation of the now familiar word is that this select circle were so warmly attached to the Regent that they were ready to be broken on the wheel (*la roue*) for him. My Baronite thinks it is a pity they did not all come to an end justly deserved. In compiling his work Colonel HAGGARD has industriously rooted about the garbage gathered by the memoirists, diarists, and letter-writers of the age, and has produced a series of piquant chapters which illustrate its lurid, almost incredible wickedness. The State was corrupt from its head to its meanest agent; the hapless people, dumb driven cattle, bearing the burden of the cost. The book reveals some gruesome episodes of public and social life in Paris in the heyday of the Bourbons. Colonel HAGGARD has forgotten, or never learned, much authoritative matter about the Man in the Iron Mask revealed since the conjectures of VOLTAIRE, which he accepts as finally solving the mystery.

A Lindsay's Love, by CHARLES LOWE (published by T. WERNER LAURIE in Scotch-plaid cover), purports to be an autobiographical account of strange, varied and most romantic adventures prosaically told by a stalwart hot-headed Scotchman possessing small sense of humour, but gifted with a memory for poetic quotations which he has an irritating knack of applying as mottoes for the headings of all the chapters. Whether the author assumes a stolid literary style for the purposes of this story, or whether such style be his own, the Baron is unable to determine, and he can only describe this book as the work of a "Wandering WILLIE," gifted with *Mr. Wegg's* weakness for "dropping into poetry," with the additional faculty of lugging in his own pure Scotch, which, to the Baron at least, is as unintelligible as would be a Maori madrigal. At page 352 the hero, such as he is, correctly sums up his own character thus, "'What a fool! what a fool!' I muttered. 'The Emperor?' (asks his cousin *Margaret*). 'Oh, no, I mean myself, I sneered in self-contempt.'" ("Hear! hear!" from the Baron.)

Here is an example of the Scot's notion of humour. *Lindsay* has identified (as he thinks) the corpse of his lady-love *Margaret*, who has (he concludes) committed suicide. This body of evidence he causes to be interred in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise. Subsequently he meets his *Margaret* very much alive, and when walking together he points out to her the Morgue, which place, he tells her, "with a nudge and a grim smile, 'is where I found your corpse,' at which she nearly burst out laughing at the idea, and propped me with her muff reproachfully." If it's humour the reader wants, can he get anything finer than this as displayed in the above quotation? "'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter." Certainly he will not in this book.

That the protagonist of this novel is a muddler and meddler will be the verdict of all who read the book, which, in spite of its dragging its slow length along in the earliest portion of the story, and in spite of its being considerably over-written, is not only readable, but curiously exciting, and as genuinely interesting as should be any personal revelation of the forces at work immediately before, and during, the Franco-German War. "*Patienza! voilà tout!*" says the Baron while certainly recommending this book to those of his friends who still dearly love a good romance.



AVEBURIANA.

THE TEST MATCH.

To begin with, what is a test? It is a trial of strength. The Australians met the English at "cricket's manly toil" (BYRON), to see which were the stronger. The English were the stronger. May it ever be so! And yet we must not forget that the Australians are English too, our own kith and kin, and so remembering we must not be too triumphant. For are we not all of one family, differing only over the advisability, as I am told, of bowling leg-breaks wide of the leg stump, yet not wide enough to be penalised by that ARISTIDES of the pitch, the umpire? Oh the little more, and how much it is, as the poet says. A little more and ARMSTRONG would have bowled (*horresco referens!*) a wide; a little less and he would have been, in the ropes, in the words of a nephew of my own now at school, where language is elastic, carted over the ropes.

The match just finished contains many lessons for us all. Let us look at TYLDESLEY's two innings—how different, and how illustrative of the uncertainties of life! In the first innings this gallant little Lancastrian, who is, I am told, not above five feet eight, in a vain endeavour to defend his wicket—his honour, as they would say in the House of Commons—fell to one LAVER, a lengthy antipodean who, coming with the team to arrange its affairs and pay its bills, is now its best bowler: another instance of the unforeseen. So much for TYLDESLEY's first innings, in which he makes a round round O. But in the second he makes—what? a hundred—the same number of runs as of books in the list which I once compiled.

Is there not a lesson here? *Nil desperandum*, never despair. There's no fault so great that it cannot be amended. Second innings, like second thoughts, are best. And yet, are they? For did not the Hon. F. S. JACKSON make 144 in the first innings and only 17 in the second? Perhaps it is unsafe to generalise even to the least extent on this most elusive of games. There is something curiously interesting about the first innings of the English captain. He made 144. What does that represent? Twelve times twelve. How odd for the captain of an eleven to make twelve times twelve! "The dear and the dumpy twelves," as the poet says.

Let us look at other members of the English team. There is Mr. FRY. Mr. FRY has a household name. His *Magazine* is read far and wide; he heads the average by many runs. But tall and powerful man though he be, he could not make as many runs in two innings as little TYLDESLEY in one. Do we not see



SCENE—Light Lunch, after a Private Function.

Dyspeptic Gent. "H'm, I'M AFRAID WE SHALL HAVE TO PUT A CURB UPON OUR APPETITES."
The Colonel (jovially). "WELL, I INTEND TO PUT A BIT IN MY MOUTH!"

a lesson there? The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

I remember once playing a little stump cricket in the Vale of Chamonix, and being struck by the littleness of the game compared with the majesty of those awful peaks. None the less it is an admirable pastime, eliciting the best of its votaries and subjecting them to severe tests of endurance and skill. A long innings can be fatiguing enough even when one has someone to run for one—as I always do; what must it be when one runs everything oneself? TYLDESLEY no doubt would tell us were he here, which he is not. I remember how tired I was in making those hundred best books.

Have you ever thought how interesting are cricketers' names and initials. W. W. ARMSTRONG, that is a fine name. And what does W. W. stand for? They are magic letters in Anglo-Saxon literature. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM WATSON, WALT WHITMAN—to name none others. There was also a W. W. READ; but that obviously should have been Read W. W.,

an incentive to the study of one or more of these poets. But NOBLE—how fine a name! M. A. NOBLE—his very initials make a man. I note that this cricketer not only bats but bowls, and it was he who caught out FRY. If I were not myself I would be NOBLE or LILLEY. That is a name of great and delicate beauty. "In the beauty of the lilies," as the poet says. But whose name is this? A peer's son's? No, the only peer's son present is named JACKSON. A gentleman's? No, the gentlemen are named FRY and BOSANQUET. A mere professional then? Yes. This beautiful name falls to a mere professional, one who does not play merely for his expenses, but is paid a trifle more. Is there not a lesson there? Is there not a lesson everywhere? I once met a county cricketer in an hotel at Florence, and we walked round the Uffizi together. I forget his name. Ah, well. "Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal," but the goal has nothing to do with cricket. That is a football term. And here I close.

A DOGE POUR RIRE.

[Addressed to an American gentleman who recently gave a dinner, said to have cost about six hundred dollars a head, in a monstrous gondola in the lower courtyard of the Savoy, flooded for the occasion, and hung with painted views of Venice.]

BUT yesterday an obscure millionaire,
One of a crowd in lands where such are legion,
To-day, careering through the realms of air,
Your name is borne to earth's remotest region;
You have enthralled, by one superb collation,
The Universal Snob's imagination.

Floated upon a four-inch-deep lagoon,
Recalling *Hadria* by the help of hoses,
A mighty gondola was your saloon,
Embowered amid a priceless line of roses;
And on a smaller boat the great CARUSO
Sang, being adequately paid to do so.

The wave was dyed a pure Italian blue;
With pictured palaces the walls were garnished;
There stood the Campanile raised anew,
And all was Venice to the life, re-varnished;
Bar ducks and golden fish (exotic creatures)—
These were original Savoyard features.

Venice in London! She was here before,
But never such a ducal commissariat
(Three thousand pounds, they tell me, paid the score)
Staggered the haunt of London's proletariat;
Never has Earl's Court (charging for admission)
Made of itself so loud an exhibition.

The simpler Doges of an earlier day
Dropped wedding-rings into the Adriatic;
But, though it meant good money thrown away,
The episode was always most dramatic;
They never sank their wealth, as far as we know,
In your preposterous brand of water-beano!

Sir! if, with dollars as your leading claim,
On notoriety you have your heart set,
It should be easy work to earn a name
And be a boom in what is called the Smart Set;
But why not choose some method (such as charity)
Less open to the charge of mere vulgarity?

Your arts are new to our benighted shores,
Yet now and then we read a Yankee rumour
Of some portentous meal like this of yours,
And say, "We hoped they had a sense of humour!"
Shall that belief, which fond tradition hallows,
Be drowned in shin-deep imitation shallows?

O. S.

The Envy of the Gods.

Small Girl (to Governess). Miss THOMPSON, have you ever taken too much to drink?

Governess. Good gracious, child, of course not.

Small Girl. No more have I. (*Touches wood.*) *Unberufen!*

From the *Cork Constitution*:—"The friends of a respectable young widow want to get her housekeeping in a respectable widower's family; understands her business." There seems a certain want of *finesse* in this latter statement.

School-Inspector. Correct the following sentence: "To procure a pair of boots without squeaking outside London is impossible."

Pupil (son of local shoemaker). "To procure a pair of boots without squeaking outside London is *not* impossible."

THE SUB-EDITOR'S AUNT.

"I ALWAYS buy your paper, my dear HORACE," said the old lady, "although there is much in it I cannot approve of. But there is one thing that puzzles me extremely."

"Yes, Aunt?" said the Sub-Editor meekly, as he sipped his tea.

"Why, I notice that the contents bill invariably has one word calculated to stimulate the morbid curiosity of the reader. An adjective."

"Circulation depends upon adjectives," said the Sub-Editor.

"I don't think I object to them," the old lady replied, "but what I want you to tell me is how you choose them. How do you decide whether an occurrence is 'remarkable' or 'extraordinary,' 'astounding' or 'exciting,' 'thrilling' or 'alarming,' 'sensational' or merely 'strange,' 'startling' or 'unique'? What tells you which word to use?"

"Well, Aunt, we have a system to indicate the adjective to a nicety; but—"

"My dear HORACE, I will never breathe a word. You should know that. No one holds the secrets of the Press more sacred than I."

The Sub-Editor settled himself more comfortably in his chair.

"You see, Aunt, the great thing in an evening paper is human interest. What we want to get is news to hit the man-in-the-street. Everything that we do is done for the man-in-the-street. And therefore we keep safely locked up in a little room a tame man of this description. He may not be much to look at, but his sympathies are right, unerringly right. He sits there from nine till six, and has things to eat now and then. We call him the Thrillometer."

"How wonderful! How proud you should be, HORACE, to be a part of this mighty mechanism, the Press."

"I am, Aunt. Well, the duties of the Thrillometer are very simple. Directly a piece of news comes in, it is the place of one of the Sub-Editors to hurry to the Thrillometer's room and read it to him. I have to do this."

"Poor boy. You are sadly overworked, I fear."

"Yes, Aunt. And while I read I watch his face. Long study has told me exactly what degree of interest is excited within him by the announcement. I know instantly whether his expression means 'phenomenal' or only 'remarkable,' whether 'distressing' or only 'sad,' whether—"

"Is there so much difference between 'distressing' and 'sad,' HORACE?"

"Oh, yes, Aunt. A suicide in Half Moon Street is 'distressing'; in the City Road it is only 'sad.' Again, a raid on a club in Whitechapel is of no account; but a raid on a West-End club is worth three lines of large type in the bill, above Fry's innings."

"Do you mean a club in Soho when you say West-End?"

"Yes, Aunt, as a rule."

"But why do you call that the West-End?"

"That was the Thrillometer's doing, Aunt. He fell asleep over a club raid, and a very good one too, when I said it was in Soho; but when I told him of the next—also in Soho, chiefly Italian waiters—and said it was in the West-End, his eyes nearly came out of his head. So you see how useful the Thrillometer can be."

"Most ingenious, HORACE. Was this your idea?"

"Yes, Aunt."

"Clever boy. And have the other papers adopted it?"

"Yes, Aunt. All of them."

"Then you are growing rich, HORACE?"

"No, no, Aunt, not at all. Unfortunately I lack the business instinct. Other people grow rich on my ideas. In fact, so far from being rich, I was going to venture to ask you—"

"Tell me more about the Thrillometer," said the old lady briskly.



NOT IN THE PICTURE.

SCENE—On shore, during the visit of the British Fleet to Brest.

MR. PUNCH (Photographer, suavely, to the KAISER). "JUST A LEETLE FURTHER BACK, PLEASE, SIR. YOUR SHADOW STILL RATHER INTERFERES WITH THE GROUP."



GIVING HER AWAY.

Youthfully made-up Spinster, over forty, just engaged, proudly introduces her Young Betrothed to the Family Gardener. Family Gardener. "Ah, Miss Letty, I'M THAT GLAD! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS DAY FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS!"

TO WOULD-BE WOMEN WRITERS.

(Being a few notes supplementary to a recent article by ELL-N TH-RN-OR-FT F-WL-R.)

"If you wish to be effective in literature you must learn the art of putting yourself in another person's place: not only in that of your characters, but also of your readers." I used these remarkable words in a recent article, and doubtless you would like to know why I used them. Well, there were two reasons. I wrote them because they contained a good thought well expressed, and had real literary beauty despite the grammatical construction. As to their truth, that surely is sufficiently proved by the fact that they appeared in print. When I wrote them I put myself in the place of the editor of the great morning paper for which I intended them. That is why they were duly published. I feel quite certain they wouldn't have been if

the editor had been in his place instead of me.

But there are other things besides changing places that contribute to literary effectiveness, and the chief of these is domestic usefulness. There is, as I stated in the article, "a general idea afloat" (and also, let me add now, ashore) "that a woman's literary success makes against her domestic usefulness"—that she cannot "wield the poker as well as the pen." "Why not?" I asked. "She has two hands: therefore, why cannot she hold both pen and poker at the same time, using each as she thinks fit?" Having rubbed in that point with characteristic humour in the article, I went on to urge you, the would-be women writers, "to give your whole attention to the matter in hand." This, perhaps, needs further elucidation. You will ask "Which hand?" Ah, dear would-be women writers, there is the secret. I had that difficulty to deal

with when I began—when I was a would-be. And what did I do? Exactly what I am advising you to do. When I wrote that article I had a pen in one hand and a poker in the other, and I used each as I thought fit. In fact I wrote it with the poker. It is simplicity itself.

And it is this very idea—to quote again from the article—that induces many a girl who is bored, as I aptly remarked, by "the trivial round, the common task," to fly to literature and to make up her mind to write. Let her write a book if she can—and must: but let her remember that doing the one is no excuse for leaving the other undone. Those were my very words. The meaning, I think, is obvious. When a girl has made the fire there is absolutely no excuse for her not writing the book.

One last word of advice. If you cannot write anything else, write a washing book.

CHARIVARIA.

It is officially denied that, when the crew of the *Potemkin* formally declared war against the Russian Government, the Russian Government formally called upon France to fulfil her treaty obligations on the ground that her ally was now being attacked by two Powers.

It is evidently realised even in Germany that the KAISER'S Morocco policy has strengthened the *Entente* between France and Great Britain, for a leading German paper now states that it was never sought to weaken those relations.

As a result of the new War Office Regulations it is thought that twenty-five per cent. of the Volunteers will be weeded out on account of being physically unfit. But they will not necessarily be lost to their country. A good many of them will no doubt enlist in the regular army.

Since a gentleman wrote to the *Daily Mail* to say that he had found digging for an hour or two in stiff soil a cure for worry, a huge demand has arisen in the City for offices with a little back garden, into which the principal can run each time the office-boy makes a mistake.

The Parliamentary Return on the assessment and payment of income tax shows that there are only twenty persons in Great Britain in receipt of incomes exceeding £50,000 a year. This is a scandal which calls for an immediate remedy.

At the attempted inauguration of the electric system on the Underground, "the Metropolitan Railway," we read, "was affected by the breakdowns on the District Railway." This is very touching.

The members of the Yorkshire Automobile Club last week took sixty patients from the Huddersfield Infirmary for a drive, the members having decided to lend their cars for this purpose on one day in each year. It is pleasant to remember that the relations between motorists and hospitals have always been close.

At the Congress of Medical Officers of Health Dr. HERBERT JONES, of Hereford, pointed out the usefulness of motor cars to medical men in enabling them rapidly to reach their patients. The more daring the driver, in fact, the more quickly he comes across a patient.

Other doctors expressed the opinion that motoring undoubtedly benefits public health. It is certainly reducing the number of deaf persons.

As a result of the visit of the KING and QUEEN to Harrow the boys are to have an extra week's holiday, and their parents' feelings of loyalty are strained almost to breaking point.

The Summer Sales started last week, and it has been calculated that already 1,000,000 odd ladies have purchased 2,000,000 odd articles which they do not require.

The Cartoon Gallery at Hampton Court has been closed until further notice. In some quarters this is believed to be due to pique at the success of Mr. F. C. GOULD'S show in Bond Street.

A medical commission in Puerto Rico is, it is stated, applying with success a newly-discovered cure to the "lazy worm" disease, which afflicts with absolute idleness about 95 per cent. of the inhabitants of the interior of the island. The fact that the commission is meeting with no opposition is said to be due to the fact that labour is not yet properly organised in those parts.

It is comforting to learn that England is not the only country where mis-carriages of justice take place. At Lemberg in Austria, last week, a taxidermist discovered, in the stomach of a pet monkey which he was stuffing, a diamond brooch, for the alleged theft of which the owner's valet had been sent to prison. In this case, we understand, there was not, as in the BECK case, the mitigating circumstance of resemblance between the actual and the supposed thief.

The Report of the Deputy Master of the Mint, showing that fewer coins were issued last year than in the previous twelve months, confirms the popular view that the supply of money has recently been unequal to the demand.

The statement that West Ham is infested with mosquitos, and that many persons have been badly stung by the insects, is untrue. We are informed that they have been very well stung.

A public-house at Deptford which claimed the honour of having entertained PETER THE GREAT when he visited England has had its licence cancelled, and they are asking in St. Petersburg, Could Russophobia go further?

FROM advt. in Provincial paper:—

TO be Let, Good GROCER'S and BREAD SHOP; large Oven; lived in it nearly six years; satisfactory reasons for leaving. We can well believe it.

THE PLACE OF WILD NONSENSE.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Bart Kennedy of the "Daily Mail.")

I.

THEY had let me out here in a lone place of rocks and mountains and wind and water and grey sky. The wind blew from the west. A west wind. It blew with one soul-searching force. A west wind blowing with a whole soul-searching force. A wind in my face. A west wind blowing in my face. A west wind blowing in my face with one whole soul-searching force. This is the house that Jack built.

Mountains.

Mountains all around me.

Surely the mountains were all around me. Mountains to the East. Mountains to the West. Mountains to the North. Mountains to the South.

Mountains also to the N.N.E. by E. (I was once a sailor.)

II.

Wind and water and mountains and rocks and sky and a wild west west wind. Alone and going along a lone, lone road in the lone silence by my wild lone.

Alone.

Without my keeper.

And I was at one with the wild loneliness. Strangely at one with it. As a limpet. As a limpet with its rock.

Rocks.

One with the rocks! An infinite all-force!

III.

Why had they let me out? Why had they let me out to be one with the rocks and the mountains and the sea and the grey sky and the wild west wind?

Why had they let me out before my time?

I had passed from outside the ken of man. I had passed from outside the ken of time. I had passed from outside right. Across the mouth of the goal. Why did they not shoot?

IV.

Who is it who writes like this? Surely there is someone who writes like this.

A man! An infinite all-force!

WALT WHITMAN!

Surely this is the style of the WHITMAN.

V.

It is not difficult.

Anybody can do it. In short sentences.

Like this: Rocks.

Rocks and a grey sky. A grey sky palpitating with the birth of some unknown all-force. Have you the pen of the gardener's daughter?

VI.

Spots. Spots off HAROLD.

RIPPLES FROM THE PIERS.

[“Now that the Prince of WALES has shown the way, Society may take to the Thames in London as a fashionable resort.” — *Daily Paper*.]

STEAMBOAT parties have been notably gay and many this week, and the floating piers were quite six inches below the normal level on Sunday morning as the result of the “rush to the river.” At Westminster, during the fashionable hour for boating, the crush was exceptionally great. Nothing more serious occurred, however, than the loss of Lady LACKGEAR’S Maltese toy. Fortunately Lord LACKGEAR, who was trying for porpoises off Old Swan Pier, was able to gaff the mite as it passed.

There is a stage whisper that a short season of floating plays is to be tried with a drama especially written by Mr. W. W. JACOBS, entitled *Mud is Thicker than Water*. If the idea is matured it is possible that the Savoy Theatre, once the home of light opera, may itself find a home on a lighter.

Quite a charming innovation was recently carried out by some members of the Smart Set. Upon the delightfully cool and shadowy buttresses of London Bridge a number of small card-tables were cunningly clamped, and here Society was to be seen indulging in the game of the hour. Between the rubbers, the members of the Mayfair Otter Club gave a display of life saving, while as a final surprise, at twelve o’clock, Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN appeared upon the parapet and sang, “*I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight*.”

The next show of the Ladies’ Kennel Association is to be held on the Isle of Dogs, provided that the Barking authorities are willing.

The new promenade piers in connection with the Savoy Hotel are to be commenced at once, and it is confidently anticipated that shrimp and winkle teas will become a feature of the season.

It was almost impossible to obtain steamboats on Tuesday when the Guards held their aquatic sports at Pimlico. A Duchess, who is noted for her pluck and energy, was enthusiastically greeted when she arrived on a life-buoy. An unfortunate gloom was cast over the proceedings later, owing to the sudden disappearance of Captain AVOIR DU POIS during the mud hunt.

Lord ELMTWIG’S eldest son, who last year nearly carried off the Amateur Punting Championship at Maidenhead, has been out on the Long Reach with a



“OFFERED AND (NOT) TAKEN.”

Heard at the Races. (Not in the Royal enclosure.)

Sword Swallower. “Now, if ANY GENTLEMAN PRESENT WILL LEND ME ‘IS GOLD WATCH, I’LL SWALLER IT!”

sixty-foot punt pole. It has been decided not to attempt to raise it.

The father of our most recent American bride has taken the gull-shooting between the Tower Bridge and Blackfriars for the coming winter.

VI ET ARMIS.

THE Commissioners appointed to inquire into the present system of collecting the Income-tax have at length finished their labours and drawn up a Report, advising, *inter alia*, that additional Parliamentary powers should be applied for, to enable collectors to carry out their duties more effectually. We venture to suggest that the following powers should also be added to those recommended by the Commissioners:—

1. Power to enable a collector to enter the shop of any trader, reasonably sus-

pected of under-rating his income, and to carry off his books and rifle the till.

2. Power to enable any Police Constable (without the necessity of applying for a warrant) to arrest anyone, in any public highway, who may look as if he was the sort of man who, if he had an income, would be likely to make a false return concerning the same.

3. Power to enable the said P.-C. to reverse any such person as aforesaid, and stand him on his head, so that the money (if any) shall fall out of his trouser-pockets.

4. Power in all cases to collect the Income-tax with a club.

5. Power to extract all arrears of Income-tax, from any person reasonably suspected of owing the same, by any known means of persuasion; the said means to include the rack, thumbscrews and boiling oil.

LAYS OF A LONDONER.

ROBERT.

WHEN we recount with proper zeal
Our love of legal institutions,
How Britons base the public weal
On laws and not on revolutions,
That where the British Standard waves
You note an instant slump in slaves;

Our souls are punctured by a sense
Of well-deserved superiority,
And, should our neighbours ask us,
"Whence
This firm obedience to authority?"
We heave an unctuous smile and praise
The Englishman's inherent traits.

We bid them note how down the street,
Where cabs and 'buses wildly jostle,
Guiding them deftly with his feet
Stands Discipline's alert apostle;
Ay, robed in unpretentious blue,
The man to whom the credit's due!

The highway's autocrat, he stands
Amid the swollen tide of traffic,
And waves a pair of awesome hands,
And grunts his orders, terse but
graphic,
And lo! the headlong stream stands
fast,
While two old fogies trickle past.

As nought to him the cabman's rage,
The shibboleth of foreign chauffeurs,
The costermonger's persiflage,
The idle jeers of casual loafers,
The gross but not unkindly wheeze
Aimed at the man's extremities.

In vain the drayhorse paws the air,
The flow of low abuse grows brisker;
He never turns an injured hair,
Or lifts a deprecating whisker,
For he knows well enough that they
May gibe, but dare not disobey!

Whether in dark, secluded walks
He flouts the schemes that bad men
work us;
Or maiden ladies, screaming "Lawks!"
Hang on his neck in Oxford Circus;
His mien displays an abstract calm
That soothes the fractured nerves like
balm.

Who spoors the burglar's nimble feet,
And spots the three-card man's devices?
Who hales before the judgment seat
The vendor of unwholesome ices?
Who's apt at any time to have his
Complexion spoiled by hob-nailed
navvies?

It is indeed our ROBERT, or,
As some prefer to say, our "BOBBY";
The civil servant, paid to floor
The wiles of those who'd kill or rob
'ee;
Who keeps our premises secure,
Our butter and our morals pure.

And when we hear of fresh alarms,
Of bombs and mutiny and massacre,
Of citizens dispersed by arms,
In countries where such things, alas!
occur,
Well may we urge our ROBERT's claim
Alike to gratitude and fame.

LOVE À LA MODE.

["According to a French physician, the hand contains over 80,000 microbes to the square inch, and in shaking hands these microbes are conveyed from one person to another. He advocates the substitution of one of the more dignified and distant Oriental modes of salutation."—*Daily Paper*.]

HER mother had significantly left them together in the conservatory. The moment had come to make her understand how much he loved her. He had been in a similar situation once or twice before, under the *ancien régime*, but then it was comparatively easy. Now, under a code of etiquette founded chiefly on the latest fashion in bacteria, he felt his position embarrassing. A kiss had long been considered a criminal proceeding, on purely hygienic grounds. Impassioned speech was but the setting free of millions of microscopic prisoners desirous of a change of lung. He must not even press her little hand, well knowing what malignant hosts science had placed within its few rounded square inches—not to mention those that lurked in his own extensive palm.

Standing at a safe hygienic distance, therefore, he stretched out his arms towards her, longingly, like an amorous tenor at the Opera. He did not sing, of course. That had long since been forbidden, as putting more microbes into circulation than even impassioned speech. He did not speak, feeling that the level, more or less sterilised conversation, which alone science still permitted to be sparingly used, would be out of place on this occasion. But he gazed upon her so ardently that the few thousand bacilli temporarily resident amongst his eyelashes were seriously inconvenienced by the rising temperature.

She smiled, and shook her head very gently. Everything was done very gently now, by persons with the slightest pretence to civilisation, in order to avoid disturbing the circumambient legions of the enemy. But whilst he admired her discretion he doubted her meaning. Was it "No"? Or that she did not understand? Or that he was going the wrong way to work? Or that she deemed herself unworthy? He carefully sat down at his end of the conservatory and thought it out.

Then she frowned—frowned so unmistakably that he shuddered to think how many hundred thousand germs,

happy tenants of the arches of her brows, would be dislodged by so alarming a dislocation of their dwelling. As, however, he still remained motionless, her behaviour became even more foolhardy and unscientific. With a primitive impulsiveness calculated to despatch every microbe in the conservatory upon a new predatory errand, she rushed to the antiseptic fountain that played amongst the palms, and filled a watering-can from its cool disinfectant. The last thing to be civilised, he reflected, will be woman, but he had barely time to finish the quotation. For with the rose of the watering-can she was tracing in pinkish spray upon the tiled floor the three letters Y E S.

LATIN ON THE LINKS.

IN view of the proposed revival of Latin for conversational purposes *Mr. Punch* has drawn up the following specimen dialogue for the benefit of golfers. The advantages of Latin in this context will not have escaped the notice of even the most superficial observers. Thus the bad effect on caddies of using strong language in the vernacular is entirely obviated. Again, when the ball is lying dead, only a dead language can render justice to the situation.

Tarde retrorsum.

Oculum in globo fige.

Puer, da mihi ligneum baculum.

Globum more solito in apice percussi.

In amnem, puto, globus meus condemnatus delapsus est.

Quid faciam?

Dejice alterum globum a tergo, perdens unum.

Possumne hiatum ferro attingere?

Cum ferro tutissimus ibis.

Proh Jupiter! aggerem superavi.

Heus tu! Quid in nomine Mephistophelis facis? Non lusi secundum.

Nequeo ludere pro nucibus hodie.

Puer meus singultu semper affligitur cum difficilem ictum facturus sum.

Me miserum! mortuus jacet.

Quot lusus sum?

Unum de duobus: impar ludis.

O recuperatio nobilis! Globus tuus saxeus jacet!

O me putidissimum! ictui nimium peperci.

Tollere licet globum in leporis rasurâ jacentem.

Puer, da mihi lineam.

Fortunam infernam habeo. Globus ex hiatu exsiluit!

Quemadmodum stamus?

Dormio per tres hiatus.

Dimidium ergo solum requiris.

Quid dicis de poculo Scotici spiritûs cum aqua aerata mixti?

Homo tuus sum: nunc loqueris.

SUGGESTED ALTERNATIVES FOR CRICKET SCREENS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In view of recent events, it is a matter of urgent gravity that the subject of screens for test matches should be kept before the public eye, but I have an alternative proposal to make, which will, I am assured, meet with approval from player and spectator alike.

You will remember that in a recent match of national importance a famous batsman was clean bowled in consequence of a lady spectator, attired in chocolate brown, rising from her seat in the immediate background of the ball, and waving her match-card to an acquaintance. Another brilliant innings was nipped in the bud, on the same occasion, entirely owing to the fact that the sun's rays struck an uplifted ginger-beer bottle in the shilling seats, and so dazzled the unfortunate batsman that he unintentionally placed the ball into the hands of short slip. In both these cases, as you will remember, the umpire was obdurate in his decision, and as it seems probable that the effervescent sympathy of the halfpenny press will lead to no definite results it is incumbent on all lovers of true sport to come forward and protect the flower of our British batsmen and their averages.

Now, Sir, I wish to put forward a proposition which, while not in any way interfering with the view of the game on the part of that necessary nuisance the spectator, will enable the batsman to see the ball with perfect accuracy from either end of the pitch. I suggest the erection of six rows of patent seats of my own invention, for the accommodation of those who wish to view the play from the point of vantage behind the bowler at each end of the ground. These seats must be painted a uniform buff colour, and furnished with a mechanical contrivance which will render any movement on the part of the occupant absolutely impossible. As he takes his seat, steel grips, suitably padded, spring mechanically from the arms and legs of the chair and securely pinion those of the spectator, while a similar contrivance gently but firmly encircles the neck and supports the head in an easy but upright position. The attendant in charge then proceeds to fasten a long buff-coloured apron and combination hood and cape garment of the same colour round the person of the seat-holder, so that the whole scheme of colour is immovable and unbroken, and provides a perfect background for the flight of the ball. At the lunch and tea interval and the close of an innings, the attendant touches a secret spring at the end of each row, when the grips will fly back again, and the spectator is at



G. L. SAMPSON.

SPEEDING THE STAYING GUEST.

Hostess. "WON'T YOU SING SOMETHING, MR. BORELY?"

Mr. B. "YES, IF YOU LIKE. I'LL SING ONE JUST BEFORE I GO."

Hostess. "WELL, DO SING NOW, AND PERHAPS MISS SLOWBOY, WILL ACCOMPANY YOU."

liberty to move if he feels inclined. He may either leave his cape and apron behind or take it with him to lunch, but in this case a small deposit must be paid. The charge for the seats, however, will not be raised above the usual amount, unless the rush on them is so great that a prohibitive price is deemed advisable by the management.

Trusting that the adoption of this idea may be a source of satisfaction to all concerned, and foster the fraternal feeling between player and spectator so necessary for the lasting success of our national game,

I am, Yours faithfully,
A LOVER OF SPORT.

ACCORDING to the special correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, on the occasion of the visit of His Royal Highness to Cardiff, "the villagers of St. Fagan sang 'God bless the Prince of Wales' in Welsh. A cornet also rendered the same stirring air in English." We have always regarded the cornet as a speaking instrument.

"LOST, June 17, . . . black and white mongrel male puppy, rather longish hair, looks a little like King Charles, answers name Fido."
—Advt. in "*Daily Mail*."

It will be seen that the resemblance to King CHARLES is only superficial. The deceased monarch would, of course, never have answered to the name Fido.



A LITTLE LEARNING.

He. "A MARVELLOUS DISCOVERY, MY DEAR LADY! THAT LIFE CAN BE PRODUCED IN STERILISED BOUILLON BY THE ACTION OF RADIUM. WHAT TRAINS OF THOUGHT IT GIVES RISE TO! WHY, THIS MAY HAVE HAPPENED IN THIS WORLD OF OURS, MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO!"

She. "ER—YES, OF COURSE! I UNDERSTAND THAT THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN RADIUM THEN, BUT—ER—WHERE DID THEY GET THE BEEF T'EA?"

THE NEURASTHENIC BEE.

["It is now known that successive generations of working bees will go on all through the summer, every bee toiling itself to death in about six weeks. Instead of being models for stimulus and instruction of youth, the busy bee ought rather to be used as an example of the shortsighted folly of sacrificing life for the sake of a livelihood."—*Manchester Guardian*.]

O BEE! O busy Bee!
 From earliest years I have mistrusted thee.
 When in my copy-book I had to praise
 Thy model ways,
 Scrawling vain pæans of thy virtuous traits;
 When, for my boyish sins, they made me write,
 By day and night,
 Lines from the *Georgics* till my head was light,
 My hand quite ruined, scribbling repetitions
 Of thy confounded tricks by way of impositions—
 I loathed thee, Bee! Deep in my inmost heart
 I cursed the art
 Which with a monomaniac ardour burned
 Still to improve the seasons which were sunny,
 Until my spirit at thy virtues turned,
 As did my tummy from thy nauseous honey.

But now, O Bee,
 After long years abate thy priggish pride!
 The boyish instinct which mistrusted thee
 Is more than justified.

Thy industry is but a mad desire,
 The passion of the miser to acquire,
 At any cost to heap up hoards of wealth,
 Regardless of thy soul's and body's health.
 Some nervous trouble robs thy wretched breast
 Of any thought of rest,
 And drives thee evermore to slave and slave,
 Then sink exhausted to an early grave.

O futile Bee!
 Why waste the shining hours in drudgery?
 Come, learn a lesson in thy turn, and own
 The larger wisdom of thy brother drone.
 His is the life of leisure: no wild flurry
 Keeps him forever in a hurry-scurry;
 He lingers round a rose to con its beauties
 Unvexed by thoughts of honey-making duties,
 And all the time he does not spend in drinking
 He may, if so he choose, devote to thinking.

O over-rated Bee!
 Give up thy strait-laced virtues! Try to see
 That thou art cursed with a most narrow mind,
 To all the nobler things of life stone-blind!
 Adopt this broader view—
 Remodel on the drone's thy life anew,
 And even yet thou mayest find in me
 A follower of thee,
 O neurasthenic Bee!



THE TEMPTRESS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



LOBBYING AGAINST THE ALIENS BILL.

OUR ARTIST TRUSTS THAT THE RUMOUR THAT THE "UNDESIRABLES" INTEND TO DO A BIT OF LOBBYING THEMSELVES IS INCORRECT.

House of Commons, Monday, July 3.—Since on a historical occasion Mr. J. G. TALBOT was present in the House when GRAND CROSS "heard a smile" he has not been so distressed as to-day, when he learned that on Saturday the SPEAKER took part in a cricket match. He is not to be comforted even by the fact that the right hon. gentleman in the first innings by masterly play carried out his bat, having added four to the score.

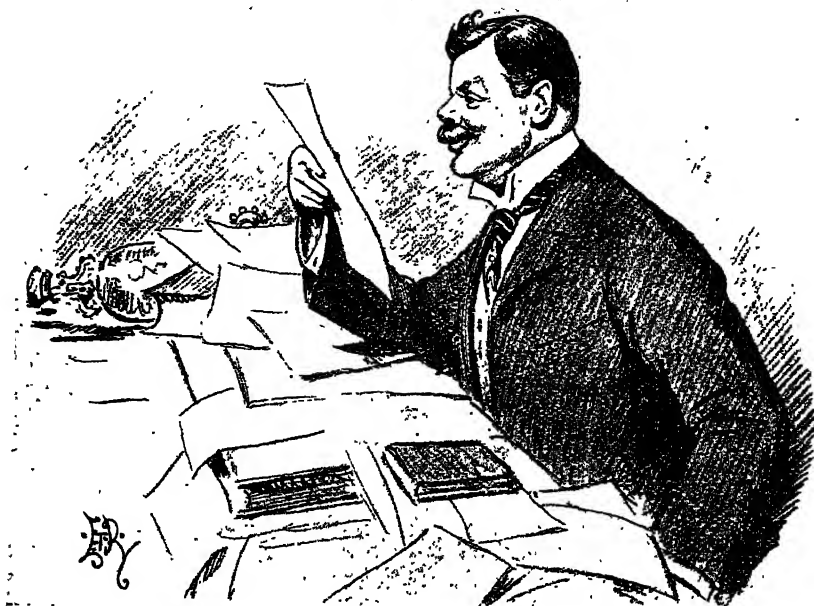
"It is too risky," J. G. insists, sadly shaking his head. "Suppose a ball smartly driven to limb—or, as I believe they say, to leg—had caught the SPEAKER's eye? GRANT LAWSON an excellent Chairman, I admit, and T. P. has testified to his musical skill with the triangle. But he is too new to the post to take the SPEAKER'S Chair in the absence of its incumbent. LOWTHER ought to think of these things, and restrain his week-end yearnings for excessive exertion. If he wants exercise let him walk to church on Sundays." These lamentations happily un-



TALBOT THE LACHRYMOSE.

Mr. J. G. Talbot hears that the Speaker has been playing cricket.

founded. SPEAKER at his post, brisk and blithe, all the better for his Saturday run between the wickets. In the first over he bowled SWIFT MACNEILL l.b.w., which is, indeed, that statesman's customary Parliamentary attitude. This hot weather has marked effect on a temperament habitually at bubbling point. Questions cut off by discovery that it was five minutes to three. MACNEILL rose with tempestuous tossing of coat tails; announced that on point of order he desired to put a question to SPEAKER. Led up to it by discursive remarks accompanied by much shaking of fist in the direction of WALTER LONG, who, presumably, had been either again breaking the Sabbath on the motor-car, or secretly receiving members of the Orange Society in a dark room at Dublin Castle. At the end of five minutes, these alternative points becoming increasingly involved, SPEAKER interposed. "I understood," he blandly remarked, "the hon. gentleman desired to ask me a question."



WRESTLING WITH HIS NOTES.

The Postmaster-General has to do a little "sorting."

(Lord Stanley.)

"Yes, Sir," shouted SWIFT MACNEILL, grateful that there was at least one man in the House who understood him.

"Then will he kindly ask it?" said the SPEAKER.

SWIFT MACNEILL gasped. Why, he was coming to the question by-and-by! He hadn't been more than five minutes offering a few preliminary remarks. So upset by the turn given to things that, without more ado, he put his question. It turned out to have nothing to do either with motor-cars or secret conclaves, but related to alleged nonappearance on the paper of Ministerial answers to questions which had not been put.

Business done.—Aliens Bill in Committee.

2.20 A.M. Thursday.—A quaint place, this House of ours. With close of Session almost in view, work is in hopelessly backward state. Not too much to begin with. Conducted on ordinary business methods might have been practically accomplished. As things stand it is already evident that several Bills must be dropped. Whereupon PRINCE ARTHUR gaily announces intention of grappling with great Constitutional question of Redistribution.

That by the way. Question at the moment is, How is the Aliens Bill to be got through Committee? Ingenuous unimaginative man of business would reply, "Sit down and get to work at it." An eight-hour day would suffice to dispose of the remaining amendments if they were taken in hand by Committee primarily and solely anxious to make the best of a Bill.

Is that what we do at Westminster? No, my friend. We spend the eight hours, with eighty minutes thrown in, in wrangling round a proposal to set to work. PRINCE ARTHUR puts his shoulder not to the wheel but to the guillotine. With its assistance he undertakes to turn out a brand-new Aliens Bill by a given hour on a certain day. Literally, orders will be executed with Punctuality and Despatch.

Through the hot summer night the hosts contended. From the beginning no doubt about issue. The PINK 'UN, perspicacious and perspiring, had whipped his men in line. There was just the off-chance that, lured by sense of false security, Ministerialists might be caught napping. Such opportunity seemed to present itself shortly after 9 o'clock, when Members, more hurried than HUDSON at the Vatican in Dizzy's day, came back grumbling from prematurely broken-up dinner parties.

There followed one of those little ironies too familiar to attract attention. PRINCE ARTHUR's proposal was to apply the closure with intent to hurry on the Aliens Bill. Opposition, affronted at this attempt to tamper with the privileges of free speech, denounced it at length. But if they were to reduce the Government majority it must be done at once, before Sybarites, dallying at the dinner table, trooped in. Ministers, conscious of the perilous situation, put up the faithful EVANS-GORDON to say nothing at prodigious length. There are on the Ministerial side several convenient taps that may at moment's notice be turned

on with the design of filling up time till the clans muster. BANBURY's good. The one labelled "EVANS-GORDON" even more certain of sustained supply.

Opposition, hungry for a division, impatiently murmured. The waters of Tower Hamlets, tepid, inexhaustible, flowed on till the PINK 'UN, hurrying hither and thither counting heads, assured himself that danger was past. The tap abruptly turned off in the middle of (so to speak) a pint, DALZIEL jumped up and moved the closure with the object of bringing to an immediate issue his own amendment directed in indignant protest against PRINCE ARTHUR's Closure Resolution.

Yet no one laughed, cried "Ha, ha!" or wagged his head in commentary on this application of the homœopathic principle. On the contrary, Ministerialists supporting PRINCE ARTHUR's closure scheme angrily shouted "No!" when the SPEAKER submitted DALZIEL's motion for immediate application of the closure, the Opposition, blanched with horror at PRINCE ARTHUR's attack on freedom of speech, lustily approving it.

Business done.—After nine hours' debate, House resolved to begin to debate on Aliens Bill under closure rules.

Friday night.—Among the dainty morsels served up before the KING and QUEEN at Harrow on Speech Day was a translation by RUDOLPHUS MILNER WHITE of the following lines:

σῆμα τὸδ' Ἡρακλέους, ξέν', ὃς οὐποτε, πάντα
κρατήσας,
ἤλπισε νικᾶσθαι· τὸν δ' ἐκράτει θάνατος.

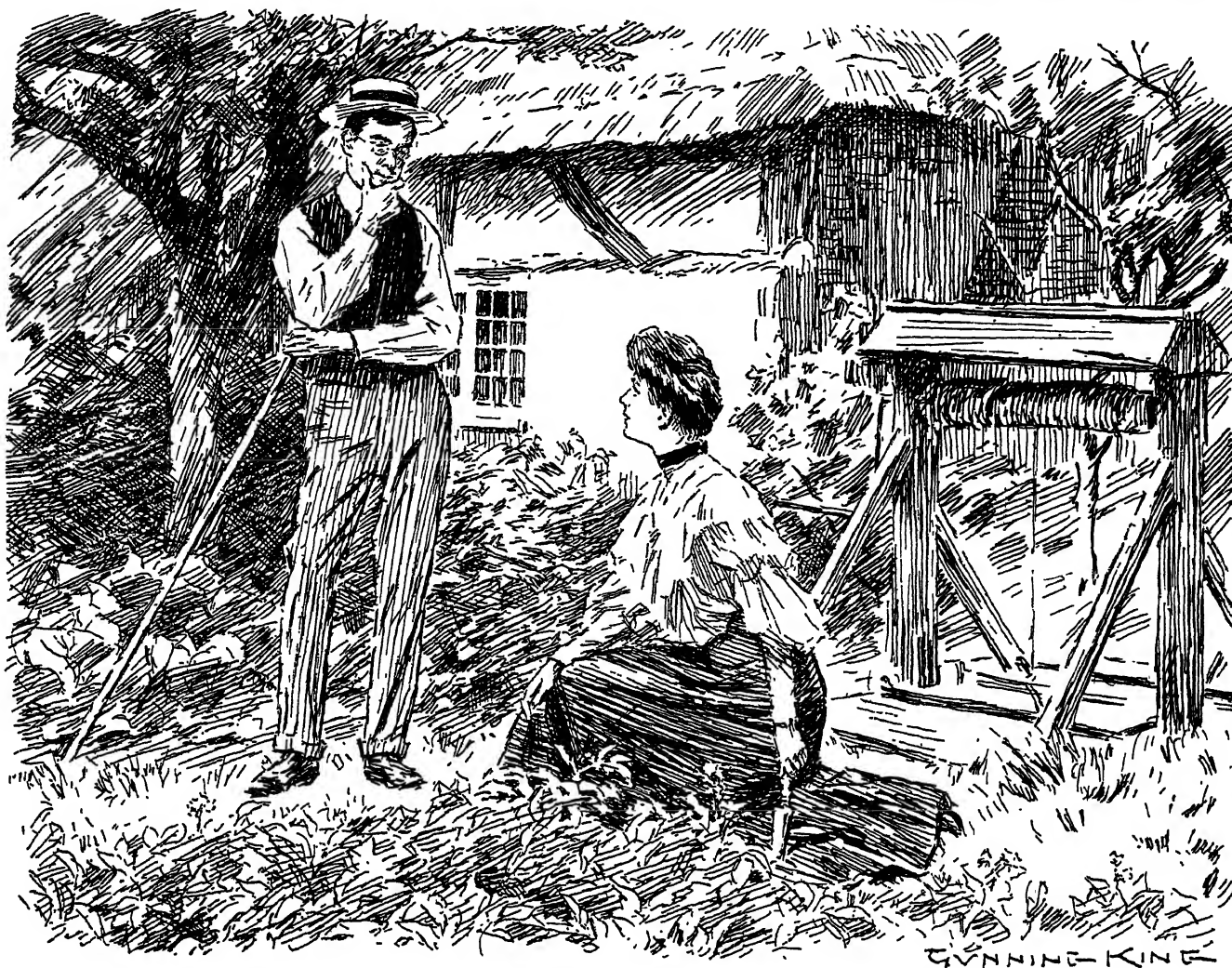
The MEMBER FOR SARK presents a varied reading of Master RUDOLPHUS's effort. It is headed "After the General Election," and runs thus:

Here ARTHUR lies, his toils complete,
And all his conquests past.
He never thought to know defeat,
But C.-B. wins at last.

Business done.—Compensation for Damage to Crops Bill.

A MODERN KNIGHT-ERRANT.

ALTHOUGH 'twas years ago we met,
I still recall her form divine,
And still in fond remembrance set
The night I took her hand in mine.
I watched her where at Bridge she
played:
As twelve o'clock was struck, she
rose;
A mother's wish must be obeyed
(The latter's state was comatose).
With cards outstretched, she murmured
low
A plea which I could scarce decline.
Two pound eighteen it cost me, though,
That night I took her "hand" in
mine!



THE VERY SIMPLE LIFE.

Our young friends, the Joneses, having taken a country cottage for week ends, become enthusiastic gardeners.

Mrs. Jones. "WHAT A LOT OF POTATOES WE SHALL HAVE, JACK. I'VE BEEN COUNTING THE FLOWERS, AND IF——"

Mr. Jones. "DO THE POTATOES COME WHERE THE BLOSSOM IS, THEN?"

Mrs. Jones. "OF COURSE THEY DO, JACK!"

EXPATRIATION ON THE CHEAP.

OWING to the unfortunate necessity that British hotel proprietors and landladies should make hay of the holiday-maker while the sun shines in July, August and September, the *Daily Mail* has discovered that this practically spells Exile in a foreign land for the average rate-payer who seeks change of air. We must therefore pull ourselves together and see what is to be done. If Great Britain is barred, and a Channel crossing deters the timorous from invading Brittany, there is still hope left for the tourist and the paterfamilias at large. We have it on the authority of the Mayor of Pwllheli that his town has been relegated to the foreign section at a public dinner owing to the unprounceability of its name. *Mr. Punch* begs the natives, therefore, not to carry out their threat of changing the same to

Jonesborough-on-Sea, but to remain foreign—and reasonable in their summer charges. We will then migrate thither *en masse* next month. If there should prove to be insufficient accommodation, we propose to overflow into Llan-fairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwl-lantysiliogogogoch, where there should be ample room.

Those whose purses are not long enough to carry them to the foreign health-resorts to which we have given the above free advertisement need not despair. The Aliens Bill has not yet become law. There are many acres of foreign territory in the East-End to which the jaded Londoner may exile himself and his family for the price of a threepenny fare. The khaki steamboats are making arrangements to transport all such to a Thames-side port within contagious distance of these delightful Alsacias, where you may have Russia

without fear of the *Potemkin*, and Finland without fear of Russia, and a complete change of air and smells may be encountered.

All further information for intending Exiles will be gladly tendered them on inquiry at our Cheap Expatriation Bureau.

FROM the *Free Press* of Winnipeg:—"ARTHUR JOHNSON, a youth with an English accent, was arrested here, &c." We trust that the Canadian jury did not allow this unfortunate defect to prejudice them against the poor alien.

THE Press has perhaps been a little hasty in its conclusions as to the result of the mutiny which began off Odessa. Certainly the *Manchester Evening News* seems to have overstated the facts when it printed the following scare-line:

BLACK SEA CEASES TO EXIST.

THE NET PROPHET.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Deeply impressed by a great halfpenny paper's reports of the lawn tennis championship at Wimbledon, I venture to send you an account of a game played here at the Puddleton Tournament. I cannot flatter myself that I have equalled the brilliance of my model, but I have done my best.

"With peremptory significance the neighbouring clocks struck three. The hour had come, and as the last stroke rang out Mr. SLASHER stepped fearlessly on to the level sward, where BISQUE—the inimitable BISQUE, unrivalled master of the three-quarter volley—was calmly awaiting him. With a single superb gesture Mr. SLASHER flung aside his coat, parted his hair neatly down the middle, adjusted his tie, and whirled his 48-oz. racket into position. A frown of rugged determination sat firmly on his brow. Mr. BISQUE was a trifle pale, but he whistled a bar or two of *'The Devout Lover,'* as he flung his weapon fearlessly towards the skies. 'Heads!' cried his opponent, and a close scrutiny of the racket, now fallen to the ground, showed that heads it was. Accordingly, BISQUE selected the left-hand court and began to serve. First he put in a series of brilliant yorkers, each of which, however, was triumphantly volleyed by his dauntless enemy. But nothing could disconcert Mr. BISQUE. He merely snapped his teeth with a loud explosion, cleared his throat, carelessly flung a ball full at the umpire's head, and sneezed twice. And then he delivered a string of top-screw back-handers which curled three ways and quite perplexed his rival, with the result that after the score had thrice been called 'half-thirty, fifteen,' it was noted down on the credit side of Mr. BISQUE's account. But Mr. SLASHER was by no means done with. Placing his cap inside out on the back of his head, he ran jauntily in to his opponent's drive, twice in succession placing it cleverly beyond the boundary. Another game, and 'vantage-set all' was the umpire's verdict.

"The excitement grew fast and furious. Ladies nervously pulled out their hairpins and strewed them on the ground. The men waited, tense with emotion. Could BISQUE by means of his drop-hooks from the base-line out-mancœuvre his foe? SLASHER alone was calm. He drank two cups of tea, with three lumps of sugar in each, placed his tie on the centre of the net, and sent in the most wonderful cross-shots right down the middle line. Not even BISQUE, with all his skill, could make headway against such tactics, and with a sigh of resignation he hauled down his flag, and acknowledged defeat by eleven games to four. How will he fare in the next round against Mr.

LOBBER? Thousands are asking that question to-night—but time alone will answer it."

THE MILK OF KINDNESS SUPPLY.

At Bath a burglar, finding the master of a house he had entered ill in bed, shook hands with him, and offered his condolences. It is to be hoped, said the *Evening News*, that this nice feeling will spread.

It has spread.

"Broke a rib, did it?" said the Australian express-trundler sympathetically, calling at the hospital on "Cotter's Saturday Night" out. "Two ribs? Bless my soul! But we must look on the bright side. If you had stayed in, you might have broken a record."

After sentencing a prisoner to seven



"KHAKI CAPS.—The two patterns of the new Khaki cap will be worn side by side, and O.C. units will report, &c., &c."—*Extract from Brigade Orders.*

[Private "Spud" Murphy is trying to solve the problem!]

days without the option of a fine last week, Mr. PLOWDEN looked him up in his cell, shook hands with him, and made a pun upon his name, which he had forgotten to make in Court. The prisoner laughed heartily, but said that this was the first intimation he had received that his sentence included hard labour.

We wish that all members of the Force displayed the kindly spirit of X94 of Surrey. Having stopped a motorist near Guildford for driving at excessive speed, he drew him to the side of the road, presented him with an illuminated card bearing the words, "More haste, less speed," and explained with great patience and attention to detail the workings of the stop-watch. He concluded the *séance* by advising him

to go to a certain firm for petrol, theirs being the best in the market.

CRICKET.

PAST V. PRESENT.

"Aetas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores."

A Modern Cricketer speaks:—

Oh shades of FELIX, LILLYWHITE,
MYNN, OSBALDESTON, PARR,
Look earthward from your wickets bright
In some thrice happy star!
Look down and tell us, Is the game
We mortals play to-day the same
As that which won you deathless fame
When you were what we are?

Shades of the Old Cricketers reply:—

We look down and mark with derision
Your matches abandoned and drawn;
Your pitches of perfect precision;
Your outfield as smooth as a lawn;
Your leisurely midday beginnings;
Your pauses, Great Heavens! for tea;
Your totals knocked up in an innings
Which we could not equal in three.

But little of mowing and rolling
Made ready the wicket we loved,
Yet we feared not the swiftest of bowling,
But hit it unpadded, ungloved.
We laugh at good length-balls deflected
With bats horizontal; we groan
When half-volleys pass wholly neglected,
And long-hops left blandly alone.

Straight bats to straight balls we presented,
Not legs, in defence of our sticks;
The loose ones we were not contented
To look at, we hit them for six.
You think that your bowlers are 'cutter
Than ours, with their leg-breaks and swerves,
But one deadly old-fashioned "shooter"
Would shatter your stumps and your nerves.

Play the game for itself, as we played it,
And not for the money you make:
Gates, boundaries, records, degrade it;
Your picnics are all a mistake!
Play the game, in a spirit more sporting,
For your side, not yourself, or the Press;
Let onlookers do the reporting,
And think of your average less.

So then when, the last over ended,
You quit your terrestrial sphere,
You haply may find yourself blended
With the true "Band of Brothers" up here,
Where we play, in the field, at the wicket,
By one common jealousy bound,
For the honour and glory of Cricket,
And "The Asphodel C.C. and Ground."

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, July 1.—We open the operatic month with our ever-young favourite the immortal *Don Giovanni*. As good a cast as ordinarily you could wish to see. Mlle. DESTINN is a distinguished *Donna Anna*, and Miss AGNES NICHOLLS is the other fateful person, *Donna Elvira*. Signor CARUSO appears as their melancholy companion, *Don Ottavio*, personally conducting the two injured females. He finds his compensation in the concerted pieces, and in his *Dalla sua pace*, sometimes omitted, but now given with admirable effect, and in *Il mio tesoro*.

Mlle. DONALDA is a sprightly *Zerlina*, and M. GILBERT the traditional old loutish *Mazetto*.

M. JOURNET is as good a *Leporello* as the stupid old traditions of the Opera allow him to be. Was there ever such absurdity as the "business" of the scene where *Leporello* is supposed to disguise himself as *Don Giovanni*, and *Don Giovanni* to play the part of *Leporello*? How can it be for one moment possible that a lady, deeply in love with the seductive Don, could ever mistake the low-comic servant for the high-comedy master, especially as the servant makes no sort of attempt at concealing his face, and only a partially successful effort to simulate his master's tone of voice? This traditional stage business is too childish, as also is the pantomimic "thwackings," as GEORGE MEREDITH, O.M., would style them, with which the Don, armed with an old property padded stick, belabours *Mazetto*. Why does not stage manager M. ALMAREZ step in and reform it altogether?

The Don must evidently have a giant's strength to produce from the strings of his guitar such a *fortissimo* tone as almost to drown his own sweetly-sung melody. The coster's concertina might as well be substituted for the stringed instrument. M. ANDRÉ MESSAGER could rectify this.

Monday, July 3.—The new opera *L'Oracolo*, of which my distinguished Musical and Artistic Deputy expressed his opinion last week, I have now seen on its second performance. I agree with him to a certain extent, but should like to hear it twice before positively asserting that it is only a bizarre work, not for a moment to be placed in the same rank with *Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria Rusticana*, though here and there, as it seems to me, it is pleasantly reminiscent of both. *L'Oracolo* is a better title than that of the original play, *The Cat and the Cherub*. The word "cherub" is associated with pictures by the old masters representing sacred subjects, and the association of the cruel cat with one of these angelic beings in an irreverent story of, I believe, American origin; so that it was certainly a happy thought on the part of the adapting librettist, bearing the Bulwer-Lyttonish-romanesque name of ZANOXI, to substitute for it *The Oracle*. A more fitting title, on the same lines, for the original tragedy, would have been either *The Wolf and the Lambkin*, or *The Fox and the Gosling*. It is not only most effectively placed on the stage, but excellently acted as well as sung. The action is strikingly

dramatic; but, as to the music, except for one duet between *Ah-Joe* Mlle. DONALDA and *San-Lui* M. DALMORES, the opera will not at present be robbed, by me at least, of any of its melodies, as there was not one that, on a first hearing, I could carry away with me.

Signor SCOTTI's villainous *Cim-Fen* was repulsively powerful. M. MARCOUX a calm, dignified and determined *Uin-Sci*. Had the librettist been a trifle more lively he would have changed the names and have called the lover *Win-Shee* and the pretty little Chinese girl (Mlle. DONALDA) should have been *Win-sum-Shee*.

L'Oracolo was preceded by *Orphée*, with same cast as on the previous occasion. Mlle. GERVILLE-REACHE was the *Orphée*, and on this her second appearance as the love-lorn musician, or wandering minstrel, made a graceful concession to the necessary masculinity of the character by cutting, not the part, but the tunic, and artistically lessening its length by perhaps an inch or so. Lovely old-world opera is this of

GLUCK's, first produced in 1762. The librettist, M. MOLINE, was very tender-hearted. He could not bear the separation of the lovers, and so he introduced Master Cupid, who restores *Euridice* to life, and off go *Orphée* and his bride in a boat, without a return ticket, being bound for Paphos, where, as they have already received a marriage license from Hymen, they may be presumed to have lived happily on love ever afterwards. This of course is not according to the ancient legend which shows the travelling musician ultimately killed by enraged persons who hacked him to bits,—critics, probably,—and threw his head, after he had lost it, into the river. Messrs. GLUCK and MOLINE took a livelier view of the story, and sent away their audience rejoicing in the happiness of the mythical heroine and hero.

Wednesday.—*Roméo et Juliette*. Mlle. DONALDA as

the sweet *Juliette* sang and acted well. Great applause from appreciative audience. M. DALMORES as *Roméo*, apparently a bit fatigued at first, was a trifle flat, but when "with love's light wings" he had to "o'erperch the wall" and climb up to *Juliette's* balcony, he rose to both occasions and thenceforth sang, as he acted, excellently. Whenever I see this scene of "scaling the walls"—this opera ought never to be out of the bills at *La Scala*,—I am reminded of an absurd couplet that used to be said by the inimitable "Little KEELEY" in a burlesque on *The Alhambra*:—

"With love's light wings I did o'erperch these walls,
I fear with serious damage to my smalls."

And I tremble for the trim and tightly-clad figure of the "climbing boy" *Roméo*. Miss E. PARKINA is a charming *Stephano*, one of the most brilliant pages in Operatic history, but on this occasion, after beginning well, she unfortunately missed "*Sister Jane's* top note" at the end of her song. The house was applaudingly sympathetic. As *Nurse Gertrude* Mme. PAULIN seemed rather hard, but how can it be otherwise,



REVIVAL OF EURIDICE AT COVENT GARDEN.

Restoration of the popular Boat Service to Paphos. Captain Cupid steering. Only two passengers on board for the honeymoon trip.

Orphée.—Mlle. Gerville-Réache.

Euridice.—Mme. Jeanne Raunay.

for is it not a hard task to be the perfect *remplaçante* of Mlle. BAUERMEISTER? M. JOURNET quite good, as a reverend *Frère Laurent* ought to be. M. DUFRIEHE acted and sang well as the quarrelsome *Tybolt*, but the gay, bold, and whimsical *Mercurio* does not seem to be much in M. SEVEILHAC'S line. Chorus all that could be desired, scenery ditto, and orchestra under the MESSENGER boy perfect. Altogether a good performance.

THE MUSIC PIRATE.

How shall we punish the Pirate bold,
Who's not—like his namesake feared of old—
An ocean-cracksman in feathers and gold,
With a skull-and-crossbones flag unroll'd,
But a wolf around the music-fold,
Who kidnaps people's airs.

Sweet notes, not addressed to him, he'll prig,
Opera, ballad, rag-time, jig;
He burgles composers little and big,
For their keys and bars cares not a fig,
And no musician spares.

May the *tempo accelerando* be
When the law can serve him out, and we
Have got him safe at the Old Bailee,
With *Finis* writ to his base glee,
And his stolen marches too, and he
His last, last run has scored!

Prepared and resolved such crimes to slay,
His judge, in the grim black cap, will say,
"Pirate, your doom's to be taken away
To your prison cell, and, on such a day,
To be hanged with a Common Chord!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is evident, so my Baronite thinks, that *The Hill* (JOHN MURRAY) would not have been written had *Tom Brown's Schooldays* never been recorded. Mr. VACHELL attempts to do for Harrow what Mr. HUGHES did for Rugby. My Baronite notes a fundamental difference in the achievement. *Tom Brown* and his schoolfellows were live lads of flesh and blood, brain and muscle. Mr. VACHELL'S Harrovians are types, puppets elaborately dressed and considerably labelled. The difference may be briefly stated; but it is vital.

In *Edward Fitzgerald*, the latest addition to the Macmillan series of English Men of Letters, Mr. A. C. BENSON has done something more than present a study of the literary work of the adapter of OMAR KHAYYAM. He enables the reader to see and know in the flesh the "lonely, shy, kind-hearted man" whom even CARLYLE, with such capacity in that direction as he possessed, loved. We see him as he lived and worked; a slovenly-dressed man of strange habits, finding in later life a choice companion in POSH, a sailor whose acquaintance he made at Lowestoft. "A gentleman of nature's grandest type," FITZGERALD ecstatically wrote about his man. POSH, alack! was prone to drink more than satisfied OMAR KHAYYAM when he sat beneath his tree in the desert. On one occasion, having made the most of the good things provided at his master's house, he lay full length on the sofa. Another visitor, not of the same type, thought this was going a little too far. "Poor fellow," said FITZGERALD, "look how tired he is!" Here is a vivid word-picture of FITZGERALD himself: "With straggling grey hair, slovenly in dress, wearing an ancient, battered, black-banded, shiny-edged, tall hat, round which he would in windy weather tie a handkerchief to keep

it in its place. His clothes of baggy blue cloth, his trousers short, and his shoes low, exhibiting a length of white or grey stockings. In hot weather walking barefoot with his boots slung to a stick." Such was FITZGERALD at sixty. But the man who translated OMAR KHAYYAM might surely dress as he pleased. My Baronite, having read Mr. BENSON'S book, seems to have known in the flesh this half mad, altogether lovable man.

Having endowed the world with a six-volume set of Mr. SWINBURNE'S collected poems, Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS propose to add to it the treasure of a corresponding Library edition of his tragedies. The issue will be complete in five volumes, of which the first, containing the "Queen Mother" and "Rosamond," is just out. Of these works there is nothing new to be said. It suffices to note that the new series is as beautifully printed and daintily bound as was its predecessor. The work is affectionately inscribed to DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Canon SHEEHAN, with his intimate knowledge of Irish peasant life and character, his strong sympathy with their wrongs, his keen appreciation of their humour, writes this novel *Glenanaar* (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.) not only with an earnestness of purpose that deeply impresses the reader, but with a fascination of style that rivets the attention. Romance though this story may be, it conveys the idea of the personal presence of the author in the scenes he so graphically describes. Romance indeed it is, but Romance founded on historic facts, as were the novels of Sir WALTER SCOTT. Awful is the true story Canon SHEEHAN tells us of the distressful country in the early part of the nineteenth century, when DAN O'CONNELL was "The Liberator" of the Irish people; a time when, as the author says, "it was the Red Terror again transplanted from the Seine to the Lee." It was the hour of the "Approver," of whose black deeds no honest Englishman could approve, and of the False Witness, the temporary triumph of the "Informer," against receiving whose evidence Chief Justice O'GRADY carefully warned the Grand Jury. The scenes in Court as here given by Canon SHEEHAN are of absorbing interest and strikingly dramatic. Nothing more powerful in any recent novel has been written than our author's description of the ride for life undertaken by the poor brother of the man about to be put on his trial, and of the bringing back with him of the "Counsellor" who was to be victorious over the Solicitor-General and subsequently to indict him, though unsuccessfully, in the House, for suppressing certain facts in the case. The Baron can heartily recommend this moving story to all lovers of good literature, and more especially to those among them who, having no personal knowledge of the Irish in their own country, may be acquainted with only the farcically humorous side of their character as represented in the amusing Anglo-Irish novels of CHARLES LEVER.



Happy Thought.

Husband (devoted to spouse and Bridge).—What shall we christen the little dear?

Wife (still more devoted).—I've been thinking—why not—Bridget?

Husband (delighted).—By all means. For luck.

CHARIVARIA.

Now that the *Kniaz Potemkin* has been surrendered by the rebels, the Russian Government is determined to act with such severity as will render a repetition of the mutiny impossible, and it is thought that all those members of the crew who had been terrorised by the majority, and refused to escape when they had the opportunity to do so, will be shot.

The exploits of the *Kniaz Potemkin* led to the appearance of a torpedo-boat "manned by twenty Russian naval officers disguised as sailors." A very clever piece of masquerading.

The ships of the Black Sea Fleet, it is announced, now carry soldiers to keep the sailors in order. Should there be any trouble among the soldiers, police, we understand, will also be embarked, and the overcrowding threatens to be terrible.

The Russians have now declared Vladivostok to be impregnable. It will be remembered that some inconvenience was caused to the Russians by their omission to acquaint the Japanese in time of a similar state of affairs at Port Arthur.

It is denied that our War Office has decided to discontinue the manufacture of the new short rifle. It is a great thing to have a weapon which, if it should fall into an enemy's hands, will be of no use to him.

The Thames Conservancy Board has recommended the London County Council, in view of the fact that their steamers cannot be run to the present time-table, to adapt the same to circumstances. We understand that a certain railway company has advised the L.C.C. to stand firm and to refuse to be dictated to.

At Darwen a number of feathers have been extracted from the tail of one of the municipal peacocks, and it has become necessary to exhibit notices, "Visitors are requested not to pluck the peacocks."

Addressing the Canadian manufacturers now visiting this country, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN declared that his party would not meddle with the rest of the British Empire, but would rather concentrate their energies on such reforms as were necessary in this decrepit country of ours. This statement has led to a revival of the rumour that the Liberals are about to choose a new leader.

An Orpington man, acting on the advice of his superiors, has been shooting at motorists. He missed them all,

The Post Office authorities have issued at the price of one halfpenny "A List of the Principal Telephone Call Offices in the London Area." When such good solid reading can be obtained at such a low price, there is really no excuse for those persons who persist in purchasing trashy novels.

The announcement that, with a view to inducing young men to join the Navy, the Admiralty are considering a suggestion that warships shall periodically visit our great sea-ports leads a Birmingham gentleman to ask why the great inland towns should be left out.

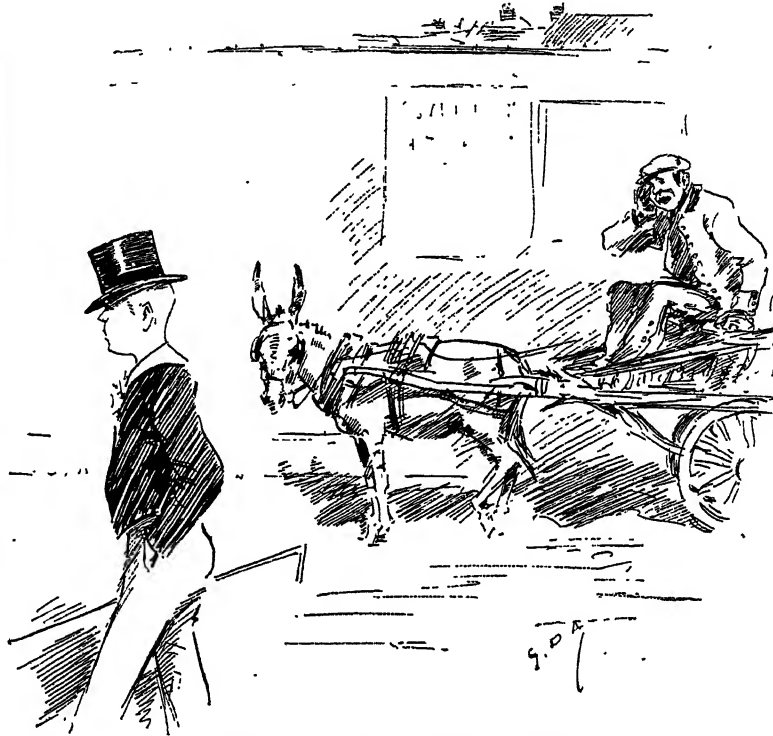
A "Bloodless Surgeon," who has been appearing on the stage of the Camberwell Theatre of Varieties, has been fined for using the abbreviation M.D. instead of his complete title of Music-hall Doctor.

Considerable interest has been aroused by the correspondence in the *Daily Mail* on "Falsehoods in Business." We are afraid that it is not only among the better class of traders that dishonesty is found. It is, for instance, not at all uncommon to hear a hawker in the streets announcing for sale "Gold watch and chain—one penny!" when, in nine cases out of ten, neither the one nor the other is made of that metal.

This is a fraud of which country cousins complain bitterly.

The statements in our halfpenny papers are not always absolutely reliable, but we think that, provided the facts are as mentioned in the first sentence of the following paragraph, which appears in a contemporary, there is every probability that the second sentence also represents the truth:—"In order to amuse his youthful companions, TOM BRAGG, aged thirteen, swallowed nine marbles at Thorverton, Devonshire. He has since been seriously ill."

The invention is announced of a machine which folds, wraps, addresses and sorts magazines. That human beings should still have to be employed to read them seems regrettable.



"DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE."

Eton and Harrow Match. Sketch outside Lord's.

and one can now understand why motorists as a body are not in love with Lord ROBERTS' scheme of "a nation of marksmen."

Many ladies and gentlemen with nice sets of teeth walk about smiling, in order that as many people as possible may observe the excellence of their ivories. Some inconvenience has now been caused to these persons, with many of whom the proceeding has become a habit, by a *dictum* of Sir OLIVER LODGE: "The more brains, the fewer teeth."

Mrs. ANNIE BESANT declares that she can now converse with the dead. Hitherto, no one has got nearer than chatting with the members of one of our most exclusive clubs.

INWARD BEAUTY.

[It appears that the fifty American ladies who are over here at the charges of a Cincinnati paper bitterly resent the rumour that they were selected on the score of external beauty. A *Daily Mail* reporter describes them as possessing, among other remarkable features, the gift of "lightning-like comprehension and a sense of humour."]

WHEN you, AMELIA; trampled on my breast,
And promised to regard me as a brother,
And went—before my wound had convalesced—
Out of your way, I thought, to wed Another,
I was too sore to see
How bountiful the gods had been to me.

But now that I have had my fevered brain
Cured of its hurt by Time's reducing blister
I can employ the language, bald and plain,
Which one adopts in dealing with a sister;
I can be almost rude
In analysing what I lately wooed.

For lo! your grace of feature, fairly Greek
(Save for the nose—admittedly *retroussé*),
Your eye of *Eau de Nil*, your cherry cheek,
Your *chevelure*, so like a shock of loose hay,
Leave me no longer blind
To your profound deficiencies of mind.

Compare yourself with yonder female swarm,
Sent here to boom a Cincinnati paper;
Think you they take a pride in outward form,
Red lips, and waxen skin, and waists that taper?
No, they are up in arms
If you impute to them such paltry charms.

On nobler gifts their claim has been reposed—
Graces of *mind*! Of such I wish to mention
One that the *Mail's* reporter diagnosed,
Namely, a rapid power of comprehension,
Which, when he made a joke,
Leapt on it like the sudden levin's stroke.

AMELIA, are you moved by that report?
I am: I recognise down what abysses
I should have stumbled, but you stopped me short,
That day when you declined to be my Missis;
Had you endorsed my plan
I should by now have been a blighted man.

I do not often jest (not by design),
But when I do it, as a special favour,
And it is like a jewel flung to swine,
And nobody discerns its subtle flavour,—
Then for a time, I own
That I mislay my suavity of tone.

But, if I played my wit before my wife
And the effect consistently miscarried,
I fear it might curtail our wedded life,
And therefore I am glad we are not married,
For never yet, I know,
Have you perceived the simplest *jeu de mot*. O. S.

Taking Our Pleasures Sadly.

THE following notice appears at "The Tower," Blackpool:

JUST ARRIVED—THREE FEROCIOUS MALE
MAN-EATING TIGERS.

UNTAMEABLE! INSATIABLE!
Animals fed each day at 3.30.

THE CHARM OF THE CHARMER.

INTERVIEW WITH THE BEAUTIFUL MISS ETHELWYNNE L'ESTRANGE.

(With acknowledgments to such papers as require them.)

It was at the Premier Theatre during the interval that our Interviewer sought out Miss ETHELWYNNE L'ESTRANGE, the charming lady who is to create the rôle of the heroine in *Little Dulcie* when that diverting and altogether delightful musical medley of mirth and merriness goes to America in the autumn. Miss L'ESTRANGE was just finishing a rehearsal when our Interviewer first saw her.

"Yes," said Miss L'ESTRANGE, with a sweet little giggle, "yes, it's simply delicious, my new part. I just love it. I hope my friends in America will."

Our Interviewer assured her that they could not fail to do so. (Our Interviewer has no conscience to speak of.)

"Oh!" she gurgled, "really? That is sweet of you. But, do you know, I feel dreadfully nervous."

"Lor!" said our Representative, who remembered witnessing a performance of the lady.

"And then," continued Miss L'ESTRANGE, "it is so horrid to leave London. You are such dears over here, you're positively heavenly."

"On behalf of England I tender gratitude and illimitable thanks for the unsolicited and unmerited testimonial," said Mr. Punch's plenipotentiary, unblushingly.

"Oh!" she said, "that's lovely." Then she sighed.

Perhaps it was the heat. Or she, too, may have had a conscience.

"But tell me," said the worthy upholder of our literary dignity, possibly wishing for a change in the subject of conversation, "tell me about yourself."

"Oh," she said with a girlish simper, "actresses don't like telling people about themselves. I never do it."

The guardian of our interests gasped slightly for breath and bowed. "I know," said he, "that such is not your custom"—he was fairly expert, don't you think?—"but won't you just for once break the rule and let readers of *Punch* have the first opportunity for at least three days past of hearing your views?"

Miss L'ESTRANGE pouted prettily.

"If I must, I must," she remarked resignedly. (One cannot dispute the profundity of this conclusion.) "What do you wish to know?"

"Firstly," said he for whom the angels must weep, "what advice do you give to the stage-struck?" (This was quite an original question to put to an actress.)

"My advice," said Miss L'ESTRANGE decisively, "is most strongly against their doing anything whatever to place themselves among the weekly features of the *Sketch*."

"Life on the stage, then, is not all nectar and ninepins?" queried our Innocent One unabashed.

"No," said Miss L'ESTRANGE, "indeed it is not. It is as much as some of us can do to appear in the supplements once a fortnight. What chance, then, has the youthful actress of gaining an *entrée* to the *Sketch's* exclusive pages?"

"None," was the murmured reply.

"Besides," said Miss L'ESTRANGE laughingly, "there's the work. Many foolish people think that the stage is all play. They forget the drudgery of being always charming, of having to graciously grant interviews to foolish journalists, to—oh! I'm awfully sorry. I didn't mean to be rude."

"It is nothing," sighed our faithful ally, "I can quite appreciate your feelings. Then your advice is not to go on the stage?"

"That is my disinterested advice," she said thoughtfully. "I and some others have been successful and—"

"You want to keep all the soft jobs to yourselves," said our Representative exultingly. And so fled.



L'AMITIE OBLIGE.

MADAME LA FRANCE. "YOU'LL COME AND SEE ME THROUGH THIS RATHER DULL FUNCTION, WON'T YOU?"
MRS. BRITANNIA. "WELL, IT'S NOT MUCH IN MY LINE; BUT ANYTHING TO PLEASE YOU, MY DEAR."



Lady Visitor. "AND HOW MANY CHILDREN HAVE YOU?"
Mother. "NINE LIVING, MUM, AND FOUR MARRIED."

LAYS OF A LONDONER.

THE ZOO.

WHEN April dries the ready tear,
 And greets the world with smiling air;
 When, in a word, the weather's clear,
 And I've an afternoon to spare,
 I love to spend an hour or two
 Observing Nature at the Zoo.

It lends the intellectual mind
 A wider speculative range,
 To see on every side confined
 Wild creatures, wonderful and strange,
 Each, as Professor DARWIN proved,
 Man's cousin once or twice removed.

Touched by some antic that betrays
 The beasts' affinity to man,
 One visitor will hymn the praise
 Of Nature's well perfected plan,
 Another urge in jocund tones,
 Similitudes to BROWN or JONES.

I have remarked a stoutish gent
 Observing to the Chimpanzee,
 "But for a natural accident
 I had been you, my friend, you me."
 The ape, unskilled in fancy's flights,
 Pursued the search for parasites.

Myself, I own, am not infused
 With proper scientific awe;
 I simply go to be amused,
 To heave the well-provoked guffaw
 At the unconscious but absurd
 Appearance of some beast or bird.

Armed with a bag of cast-off buns
 I roam from cage to cage at will,
 And offer tit-bits to the ones
 I like, and those I don't get nil;
 And that profound but testy wag,
 The Dromedary, gets the bag.

I love to watch the restless run,
 The look of anxious unconcern,
 With which the captive next but one
 Impatiently awaits his turn;
 Just such a look as Counsel wears
 When briefs are coming up the stairs.

I rather like the Hartebeest,
 He wears a melancholy air,
 A countenance sublimely *triste*,
 As one who finds the world a snare;
 And yet the creature seems imbued
 With quite an appetite for food!

I'm fond of *Jack*, the Piping Crow,
 His sense of humour never fails;

You'll see him any time you go
 Pulling the parrots by their tails,
 Or gnawing with consummate joy
 Some too demonstrative small boy.

Another favourite of mine's
 The Hippopotamus, a beast
 Of solid parts, who when he dines
 Consumes a stack of hay at least;
 He seems to take an obvious pride
 In having so much room inside.

But there, one has so many friends
 Alike in feather and in fur,
 Some that perform for private ends,
 And some when sixpences occur,
 That one might warble on for aye,
 And still have several things to say.

ALGOL.

THE risks of dining just before a railway journey are insufficiently appreciated. Had the gentleman mentioned in the following passage been distent with food at the time of the accident, it is awful to think what his fate might have been. "At Cannon Street," says the *Weekly Dispatch*, "a passenger and a goods train collided. The former was fortunately empty, and there were no injuries."

"LIFE BELOW STAIRS."

Edited by Lady Faith.

[Being specimen pages of a rival organ to Lady Hope's new periodical for servants, *The Home Club Magazine*.]

Editorial.

At a time when every class has its well-conducted organ, why should servants be left out in the cold? It is this thought, dear friends, which has led me to devote days and nights and weeks to the preparation of a periodical entirely for yourselves. Hitherto you have had to read the ordinary magazines and papers containing such uncongenial matter as stories and novelettes; but henceforward you will have reading more to your taste. *Life Below Stairs* will be published every week, price twopence. Everyone can afford twopence. It is true that most papers now are only a halfpenny or a penny; but think what large tips you get (when the mistress does not—as I am told she too often does—intercept the coin), and how few your expenses are—no rent, no board and lodging, no washing, no rates and taxes. Some of you also have beer money; which seldom falls to your employers. Do not then grudge twopence for *Life Below Stairs*.

I am promised the best and most generous co-operation. Mr. MONTAGU HOLBEIN will write in an early number on "Channel Swimming for Domestic Servants"; Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON will review Mr. GLADSTONE'S work on *Studies subsidiary to the Art of Butler*; Lady WARWICK will write on "Socialism in the Servants' Hall"; Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS on "Mr. WATTS-DUNTON'S Message to Lady's-maids"; Mr. CHESTERTON on "Servants our true Masters"; and there will be a poem in an early number by Mr. HAMILTON AIDÉ entitled "The Tip." I am hopeful also of inducing Mr. SWINBURNE to contribute a serial novel in the form of letters.

Fashion Notes.

By MRS. AREA.

A charming and inexpensive fan for a cook can be made out of yesterday's *Daily Mail*.

* * *

White caps and aprons are again to be in fashion with parlour-maids this season.
(To be continued each week.)

My Valets.

By HALL CAINE.

In the first place I should like to say at once I was a hero to all of them. They left me only to better themselves by becoming literary agents, &c.

A good valet is not to be met with every day. He needs to have a number of qualities that are very rare. Personally I do not require my valet to shave me, having adhered to a beard

for some years, and being unwilling now to change an appearance that is not unfamiliar to my warm-hearted friends, the Great British Public; but a knowledge of shaving is very important. A valet should also understand fixing sheets of manuscript together; repairing castle chimneys when they smoke; and the principles of photography.

(To be continued.)

How to Give Notice.

A SYMPOSIUM.

[So much difference of opinion seems to prevail as to this important duty that we have asked a number of representative servants to give us their views.—Ed.]

Miss ELIZA GREEN writes:—"I always says to them, 'Then I beg to give a month,' quite polite, although not haughty. If they takes it in the spirit in which it was given, well and good; but if they are nasty I can be nasty too, I give you my word."

Miss SARAH TOMPSETT writes:—"The great thing is to give notice first, before you get it; and this means that you must be very quick. You have to learn the missis's eye. The first thing I do when they come into the kitchen is to steal a glance at their eye and act according. If it looks like mischief, I just fold my hands and say, 'I wish to leave as my health won't stand it.' 'I am very glad,' they says, 'as I was just going to give you notice myself.' But I was first. I always am."

Miss HEMILY-TANTRUMS writes:—"How one gives notice does not matter very much, but *when* is important. I always like to catch them when they are happy, and burst it on them then. The young ones cry."

Rules for Waiting in England.

By WILLIAM COCKHEAD.

1. Never anticipate a want. Make the customer ask in turn for everything he requires.
2. Always say, "Coming, Sir."
3. Remember that all wine should be shaken before taken.
4. Keep on saying, "Coming, Sir."
5. Do not say "Thank you" for your tip if you don't think it large enough.
6. Never ask yourself what you are tipped for.

[Next week: "The Fallacy of French Waiting."]

Areas I Have Explored.

By SERGEANT ROBERT KITCHENER.

There is not, I suppose, any man living who has descended single-handed and at night into so many areas as I have. Never during my thirty years as a constable have I been daunted by the depth and darkness of these subterranean retreats. Hungry, cold, ay, and thirsty, I have not been deterred; I have gone down just the same, or with even more courage and purpose.

I remember the first time I adventured. I thought I heard a cry of distress and instantly was on my way down the perilous and unlit steps. I peered through a chink in the shutters, and there I saw a fat cook struggling with a cold meat pie. At one time the pie seemed to be having the best of it; at another, the cook. To enter the kitchen and come to her assistance was the work of a moment, and in a few minutes I had the pie well under and in safe custody.

(To be continued.)

Ready every Saturday night.

Life Below Stairs.

Price 2d.

TO A STOUT SHEPHERDESS.

[Watteau, at the present moment, is the only wear, but we should like to remind a certain class of modish people that it is becoming only to the slender.]

DEAR lady, are you open to a hint

As down our sober pavement you display

A costume reminiscent of a print
Of Valenciennes and shepherdesses
gay?

When WATTEAU, master of Rococo art,
Depicted nymphs in pastoral disguises,
His cunning pencil only could impart
A charm to graceful shapes and slender sizes.

That saucy Watteau hat where rosebuds
twine

Is not the sort a florid dame should
wear,

Although tip-tilted at the proper line
Upon your own, or someone else's,
hair.

Those panniers of Pompadour brocade,
That scanty skirt, although no doubt
de rigueur,

That corsage laced, with ruffles overlaid,
Are not, I think, intended for your
figure.

Go home, dear lady, lay your gauds aside,
Afflict no more your feet with Louis
heels,

Wear ample garments flowing full and
wide—

Take my advice, and see how nice it
feels.

Accommodate your features with a veil,
And let your hat be quietly trimmed
and shady:

Then, though as *shepherdess* you frankly
fail,

You may be more successful as a *lady*.

A SOFT THING; OR, A NEW SAFETY
METHOD OF SHAVING.—"Try our Soap.
A Boon to those who shave themselves.
You cannot cut yourself with our Soap!"

THE HERO AND HIS PRICE.

[The *Globe* suggests that, owing to the inconvenience caused by the difficulty of hitting upon a suitable reward for one's rescuer when one is saved from death or accident, there should be a scale of payment for heroes.]

IN Mr. Justice MOTLEY's court yesterday, JOHN SMITH, describing himself as a hero, claimed the sum of fifteen shillings from THOMAS BROWN as payment for services rendered on the 16th ult. Mr. ROBINSON, K.C., counsel for the plaintiff, briefly set forth the facts of the case. On the afternoon of the day in question the plaintiff, who was a well-known rescuer, was walking by the River Thames near Henley, when he observed defendant struggling in the water. He proceeded to dive in and bring him safely to shore. On plaintiff's demanding the usual fee (fifteen shillings and a cigarette) defendant had refused to admit his claim. It was more in the interest of his profession than for personal reasons that plaintiff, who was a wealthy man, had brought the action. If rescued men were to be allowed to evade their obligations in this manner, the profession of rescuing could not continue, and hundreds of deserving workers would be thrown into the ranks of the unemployed.

Examined by Mr. JONES, K.C., counsel for the defence, Mr. JOHN SMITH said that it was quite true that he was a wealthy man. He had been a hero for some years.

Mr. Jones. And it is a well-paid profession?

The Plaintiff. Not ill-paid. For an ordinary rescue—that is to say, if the rescuer is in his ordinary clothes—fifteen shillings is the reward. If he is in his Sunday clothes, the fee is higher. Thus, if he dives in to save a man with his frock-coat on and wearing patent-leather boots he receives a guinea and an invitation to High Tea, naming his own day. But if he happens to be wearing brown boots with his frock-coat, the invitation to High Tea is not enforced. In the eyes of the law, patent-leathers are more costly than brown boots.

Mr. Justice Motley. What boots it?

[Hysterics in Court. Officer X 45 becomes limp with laughter.]

Mr. Jones. On this occasion how were you dressed?

The Plaintiff. In my ordinary clothes.

Mr. Jones. How was your attention first attracted to the defendant's position?

The Plaintiff. I am always on the look-out. It is my profession.

Mr. Justice Motley. In fact, with you it is a case of look out and hook out, eh?

[Paroxysms of laughter.]

Mr. Jones. You are not the JOHN SMITH who pushed a little boy into the Round Pond in 1899 in order to earn the fee for rescuing him?



EVIDENT ON THE FACE OF IT.

Young Bride (showing wedding presents to friend). "AND THIS MUFF-CHAIN DEAR HARRY GAVE ME."

Friend. "HOW APPROPRIATE!"

The Plaintiff. I am not. I never rescue boys. It is not worth a busy man's while. Amateur heroes do it, I believe; but while the rate of payment is only seventeen-and-six per half-dozen no professional will touch them.

The defendant then entered the box.

Mr. Jones. Is it true, Mr. BROWN, that on the afternoon of the 16th of last month the plaintiff pulled you out of the river?

The Defendant. Yes, confound him!

Mr. Justice Motley. He found you.

[Prolonged mirth.]

Mr. Jones. Why are you annoyed?

The Defendant. Well, I was just beginning a bathe. I'd been looking forward to it all day. And no sooner had I got in than this fellow drags me out, making me swallow pints of water on the way.

Mr. Jones. You did not need his services?

The Defendant. Not a bit.

Mr. Jones. The plaintiff asserts that you were in obvious distress. He says you were splashing violently.

The Defendant. I was practising the Trudgeon stroke.

Mr. Jones. You were not sinking?

The Defendant. Not a bit of it.

Mr. Justice Motley. You can take a man to the water, but you can't make him sink.

[Loud laughter, during which Mr. Punch's Representative was carried out in a state of collapse.]

THOSE famous makers of ordnance, LORD ARMSTRONG and SIR ANDREW NOBLE, desire it to be known that Messrs. ARMSTRONG and NOBLE, whose partnership was so successful in the recent match against Somerset, have no sort of connection with their Newcastle Batteries.

FIVE O'CLOCK IN OLYMPUS.

ONE day, not so very long ago, the weather was hot in Olympus. Jupiter had done a good morning's exercise with his thunderbolts, and had afterwards amused himself by throwing off a few stray famines and pestilences from his stock of these commodities. He had then eaten a heavy mid-day meal and was now reclining in an exhausted condition and the shade of a crag. The other gods, too, had done their various duties and were tired. So were the goddesses.

"Bring me," said the King of gods, addressing the fair Hebe, "a jug of nectar, the '92, mind you, and—but no, I'm tired of nectar. Bring me something else. I want a new drink."

"We haven't got a new drink," said Hebe, who allowed herself a certain liberty in conversation with Jupiter.

"No new drink?" said Jupiter petulantly. "No new drink? And I suppose I'm not a god, and I couldn't wipe the whole lot of you out by nodding my head? Upon my word, I'm disposed to do it right now"—Jupiter had picked up a few modern expressions from a recent importation of assistant Hebes who talked through their pretty little noses—"I guess I'm tired of nectar anyway," he continued, "and that's all there is to it."

"Was there ever so unreasonable a creature?" whispered Juno very audibly.

"If I'm to be thwarted like this——" began her husband fiercely.

"Is anybody thwarting Jupiter?" asked the Queen blandly. "I've often told you all he's not to be thwarted. It simply ruins his temper."

Jupiter glared round the circle, but nobody answered.

"Mercury!" he suddenly shouted. The messenger approached with evident reluctance.

"Put on your wings at once and go below and bring me back something to drink."

"I can't spare the boy this afternoon," cried Juno. "He's got to——"

But Mercury was already gone.

First he dropped down in Germany, and he saw the whole population drinking beer.

"It's no good for Jupiter," he said. "He's putting on weight too fast as it is."

So he gave a leap, and in a moment he was in New York in a fashionable club.

"Waiter," said one of the members, "take the orders."

The cocktails shortly afterwards appeared on a tray, and Mercury drank a Martini.

"This," he said, "isn't bad, but poor old Jupiter couldn't do with it. He'd want to drink it out of a long glass, and that might ruin us all."

So he leaped again and found himself in Paris, where a smart *garçon* brought him an *absinthe*. He drank it.

"*Absinthes*," he murmured, "make the heart grow fonder. I wonder who said that. Jupiter's *quite* fond enough as it is. We really couldn't stand any more scandals."

So he leaped again and dropped in a London club.

A tall stout gentleman with a long grey beard was sitting on three illustrated papers and reading a fourth, while he sipped something hot out of a cup. Five other tall stout gentlemen with long grey beards were looking at him angrily and also sipping the same sort of something out of cups.

"They're the very image of old Jupiter," said Mercury. "What suits them is sure to suit him."

So he ordered a consignment of urns and kettles and teapots and cups and saucers and tea and milk and sugar and buttered toast and lettuce sandwiches, and back he flew to Olympus.

And that is how five-o'clock tea became a popular meal in Olympus.

"My dear," said Juno shortly afterwards to Venus, "I

don't know what's come over Jupiter. He's got so tame and mild these last few days that I'd almost trust him to feed out of my hand."

"Vulcan's just the same," said Venus. "I never saw anyone so changed. Thank you. Two lumps, and just a little cream."

A BIRTHDAY SONG.

THE morn is bright, the skies are clear,
The lark awakes and Chanticleer
Explosively proclaims the anniversary
Of the glad day when I was born
This jolly world of ours t' adorn,
And be, I'm told, a terror to the nursery.

There are to whom a birthday brings
The solemn thought that Youth has wings,
Who dream of Old Age closing in around them,
And weep to think that man must grow
Old at the age of so-and-so.
(My own contemporaries, too, confound them!)

And there be those whom such a date
Serves only to infuriate,
Who find existence void, and pleasure hollow;
"Why were we ever born?" they say,
And darkly curse their natal day
As the prime cause of all they have to swallow.

Myself, I do not hold with these.
This Vale of Tears has much to please
A merry soul; if Man be born to trouble,
The fact is neither here nor there;
If Life's the Bubble they declare,
It seems a very decent sort of bubble.

Nor do I, like my craven peers,
Confess to getting on in years
Just when the joys of life are fairly started,
And mourn for my departed Youth
Merely because I'm—no, forsooth!—
I don't acknowledge that it *has* departed.

True, that the carping eye may trace
Some lines on my engaging face,
But what of them? Their cause is very simple;
I've had them for a long, long while:
These are the places where I smile,
And *those*—well, anyone can tell a dimple.

The polished argent of my crown
Has lost its growth of sheeny brown,
But many a head that's prematurely thinned owes
Its losses to the tropic hat.
You could not call me really fat;
Not *fat*—(I know, from looking into windows).

But there, what boots the outer skin?
If jocund be the heart within
The rolling years affect one very lightly;
And a hilarious turn of mind—
That and my innocence combined—
Has kept me young and eminently sprightly.

Wherefore, O pious Morn, to Thee
Be greeting! And I hope to see
Many returns, both prosperous and pleasant.
And, ere the day has gained his height,
I will perform my 'customed rite,
And go and give myself a birthday present.

DUM-DUM.



AN ACCOMMODATING PARTY.

Lady Driver. "CAN YOU SHOW US THE WAY TO GREAT MISSINGDEN, PLEASE?"

Weary Willie. "CERT'NLY, MISS, CERT'NLY. WE'RE AGOIN' THAT WAY. 'OP UP, JOE. ANYTHINK TO OBLIGE A LADY!"

A BARE SUGGESTION.

(For the Hard-worked Diner-out.)

"THE less we wear, the more we can eat," says a medical journal. This epoch-making truth has already been acted upon by the compilers of the up-to-date and well-known "Etiquette for Epicures." We beg leave to cull the following excerpts from the very latest edition of their gastronomic handbook:—

"If you are asked whether you like to take salad undressed, proceed with caution and be guided by what your host or hostess does. It requires the exercise of some little tact to know how far to venture in the matter of sartorial omission, and it is well therefore to wait for a lead and temporise, if possible, by a remark on the weather, until you have discovered whether the undressing is objective or subjective."

"The familiar postscript 'Don't dress for dinner' appended to unceremonial invitations has now acquired a still more hospitable meaning, and signifies that the fare is unlimited, and there

will be no vexatious restrictions in the nature of waistbands, etc."

"The term *Remove* on the modern menu now serves a double purpose. At this stage of the proceedings it acts as a signal for general *déshabillement*. It is not very good form to anticipate such a direction unless undress has been specially suggested in the invitation, in which case a tennis shirt and continuations will be sufficient."

"We do not recommend our readers to attempt to improve upon the refined example lately set them by an American millionaire and dine in the water (of course in University bathing costume) instead of upon an artificially blue lagoon. The newly-established Censor of Banquets may have a word to say. . . ."

"Altogether the subject of Mixed Dinner Parties is rather a ticklish one under present circumstances. There is, indeed, a feeling which is gaining strength, in favour of a reversion to the old full-dress costume. It is certainly more advisable for *débutantes*."

The Silly Season Anticipated.

FROM the following advertisement in the *Times* it looks as if the class of monster which is generally represented by the sea-serpent was already being mobilised.

BILL for the PROTECTION of the VIVISECTION of DOGS, now before Parliament.—PETITION supporting the above, now measuring nearly seven miles in length, can still be SIGNED at the Society's Offices, or will be sent post free on receipt of postcard.

The italics are by Lord STANLEY.

The Heat Wave.

FROM the instructions issued by the Manchester Corporation to those invited to assist at the recent presentation of an address to HIS MAJESTY:—"Morning dress or Uniform. (Mayors are requested to wear their chains of office only.)"

From the 1st Worcester Royal Garrison Artillery Volunteers' Orders for week ending July 15:—"Sunday.—Church Parade, 10 A.M. Dress: Busbies, Tunics, Waist Belts."



APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

Bridegroom elect (purchasing the usual buttonhole). "I WANT SOME FLOWERS!"
Florist (sympathetically). "YES, SIR. A CROSS OR A WREATH?"

OTIUM MARINUM.

(By a Sea Dog-in-the-Manger.)

Not quite three hundred miles from town,
 Nor yet profaned by week-end trippers,
 Beneath a ridge of rolling down
 With velvet strands for infant dippers,
 I've found a holiday retreat
 Adapted to a small exchequer,
 Where the dyspeptic and effete
 At once regain a healthy "pecker."

We only run to one hotel,
 We have no chef, no German waiters,
 And yet our host amazing well
 For every taste and palate caters.
 His wife's a treasure who displays
 A perfect genius for baking;
 His wines are few, but merit praise,
 And never set your temples aching.

The folk who haunt this favoured scene
 Are eminently inoffensive,

Preserving a judicious mean
 Betwixt the rowdy and the pensive.
 Their stakes at Bridge are not too high
 To lend themselves to punctual pay-
 ment;
 Their daughters do not occupy
 The livelong day in change of raiment.

No social problems here perplex,
 No scandals lead to comment scathing;
 No raucous champions of the sex
 Discuss the question of mixed bathing.
 And, if you cannot get your *Mail*
 Before the setting hour of Phœbus,
 Fresh fish replace the serial tale,
 And new-laid eggs the Breakfast
 rebus.

Here are no telescopes, no touts,
 No organ-torturing invaders,
 No steam-rotated roundabouts,
 No masked mysterious serenaders.
 Nay, so uncultured is our set,
 So musically antiquated,
 That "Hiawatha" has not yet
 This peaceful region decimated.

The banjo's plunk is never heard,
 The front is void of pseudo-niggers;
 To us quite equally absurd
 Whole-hoggers are and little-piggers.
 Lapped in our lotus-eating ease,
 Far from the bounding advertiser,
 We dress exactly as we please,
 And take no thought of CZAR or KAISER.

Nor does this list by any means
 Exhaust the sum of our resources;
 Golfers have here their choice of greens,
 And both are highly sporting courses,
 Where well-hit Haskells sweetly lie
 Untrapped by scrapes of burrowing
 bunny,
 Where sporting men for victory vie
 And not for medals or for money.

"Why not reveal," I hear you say,
 "The whereabouts of this oasis,
 And place the readers of your lay
 With you upon a favoured basis?"
 No, no, for here to play the dog-
 In-manger needs no vindication:
 I am resolved to leave *incog.*
 Such admirable isolation.

CYCLISTS descending Henley Hill will have noticed that the C.T.C.'s "Danger" board at the top of the hill is overgrown and the warning almost obliterated. A smart business firm has been quick to recognise its chance, and at the foot of the hill you may read this notice, clear and large:—"Funerals Cheaply and Completely Furnished."

"It is hopeless to expect pronouncements on the subject from War Secretaries of the type which has lately been fostered on the country."
The Globe.

It has been suggested that "fostered" is a clerical error, and should be "foisted." This is wrong. "Forstered" is, of course, what was meant.



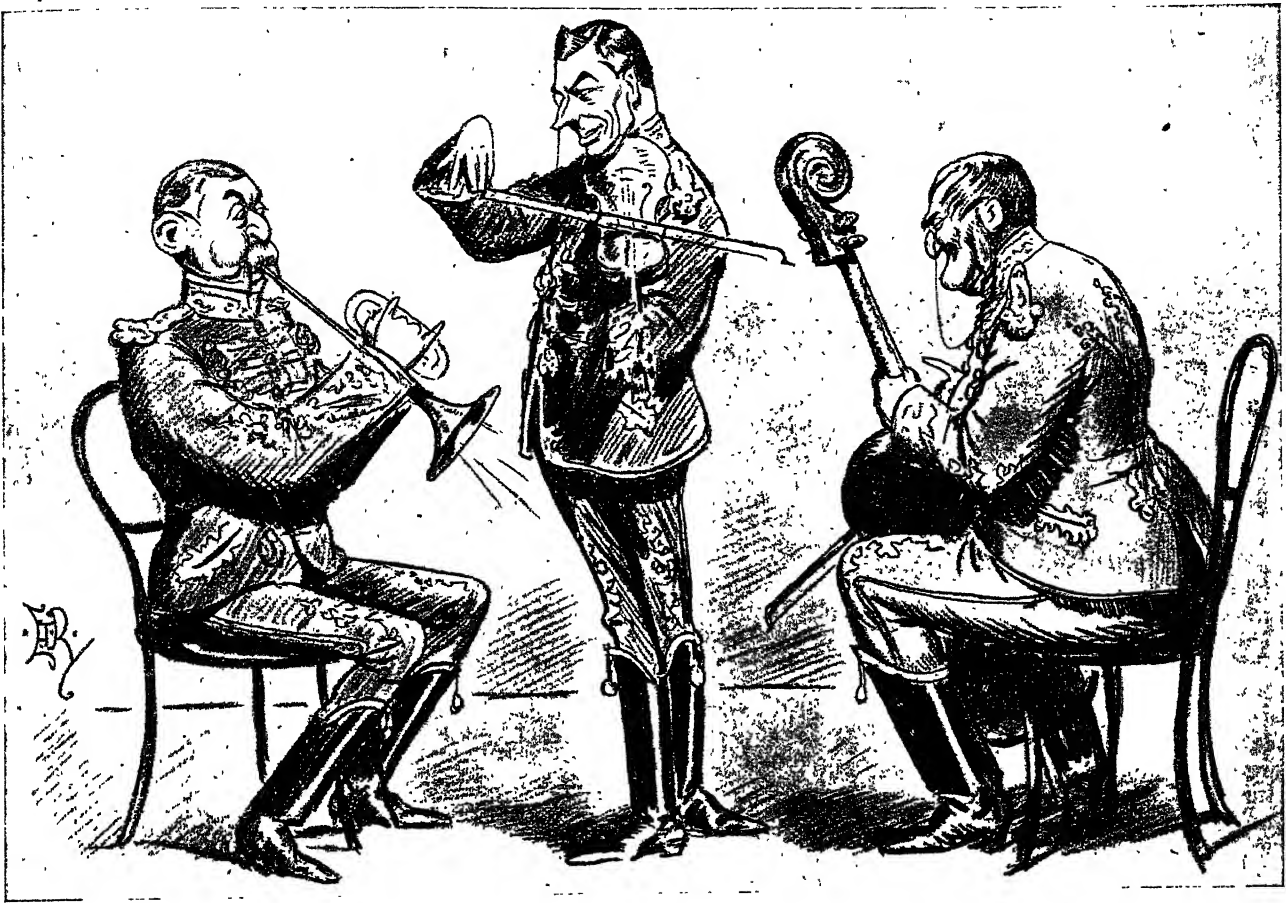
BREECHES OF PROMISE.

ARTHUR BELTON (*small tailor*). "A LITTLE TOO MUCH ROOM IN THE SEAT. THEY WANT TAKING IN BY AT LEAST TWENTY-TWO INCHES."

PAT. "TAKING IN, IS IT? I'VE WORN THEM FOR MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS, AND DIVIL AN INCH WILL I SPARE OFF THEM!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.



MUSIC FOR THE COMMONS.—No. 1.

THE PROTECTIONIST TRIO.

Mr. Patrick O'Brien has suggested that efficient orchestras should be provided for the Dining-rooms and Terrace of the House of Commons in order to contribute to the general harmony among Members. Why not organise these orchestras among Members themselves?

House of Lords, Monday, July 10.—Unusual gathering of noble lords; evidently something in the wind. Customary incentive for such access of interest is either rent or religion. To-night it is neither. Merely the Army.

Some weeks ago PRINCE ARTHUR delivered memorable speech in Commons, designed to dispel fear of invasion by showing how small is the force that could, in most-favoured-nation circumstances, be expected to land on our coast. Danger is, indeed, so immaterial that Volunteers may be snubbed, Yeomanry disbanded, and the Line kept down to almost imperceptible proportions. When PRINCE ARTHUR was at school he learned the elementary truth that "a line is that which has length but not breadth or thickness." Apply the principle to the British Line, and there you are.

That Young Veteran, WEMYSS, meditating on matter, has come to conclusion that on the contrary there you aren't.

To-night submitted Resolution declaring it dangerous to the realm to trust to the Navy alone for home defence. BOSS followed in speech that made even the LORD CHANCELLOR's flesh creep. An old story how with light heart we went to war with the Boers, unprepared with men and guns, meat and maps. Paid pretty dearly for the neglect and oversight that made such things possible. Millions of money wasted, thousands of men slain. For a while, through a bleak December week, the Empire seeming to totter.

But JOHN BULL doesn't cry over spilt milk. Has paid the cost of the Boer War; is going on paying it, with Income Tax at a shilling in the pound and War taxes on household bills still levied. At least, JOHN thought, the lesson had been learnt, the costly sacrifice had brought some recompense. And here to-night is BOSS, standing by the Cross Benches, solemnly declaring, on his honour as a man, his

experiences as a soldier, that the lesson of South Africa has already been forgotten.

"I have no hesitation in saying," he declared amid the pained silence of the crowded House, "that our forces to-day, notwithstanding reforms and changes of administration, are as unprepared for war as they were five years ago."

And this, after having meanwhile spent £332,000,000 taken from the pocket of the trustful tax-payer!

BOSS brought to discharge of his task no arts of oratory. When he made his first speech in the Lords he committed it to memory, observing the precaution of rolling up the typewritten sheets in imitation of a Field Marshal's *bâton*, which from time to time he waved in the direction of Woolsack. To-night he frankly read his speech from manuscript, a little too rapidly for full effect, but, there being melancholy overplusage, nobody had ground of complaint on the score of not catching every sentence.



Round the Division Lobbies with Scott-Montagu.

Habitues of either House grow case-hardened; few set speeches, by whomsoever delivered, affect their spirits, much less their appetites. To-night a cloud of depression, almost despair, hung low over the red-cushioned benches as BOBS, with level voice, unimpassioned manner, lamented an Army reduced to the minimum in number, inadequately trained, with musketry practice hopelessly limited, lacking auxiliary forces so organised as to form a sufficient and efficient reserve.

Business done.—BOBS makes a few remarks on the condition of the British Army he has occasionally led in battle.

Tuesday night.—Behind a boyish manner SCOTT-MONTAGU hides a shrewd business capacity. Knows a good opening when he sees it; finds one in the loss of time arising out of existing system of taking votes. Reckons that in a Session with its average of three hundred divisions, each occupying a quarter of an hour, bang go ten working days in perambulating the lobbies.

Old ISAAC HOLDEN who, in his eighty-fifth year, represented a Yorkshire division, took note of the bearings before SCOTT-MONTAGU left school. The sturdy octogenarian lived on an apple or two a day and, lest he should suffer from the consequences of over-feeding, made a practice of walking two miles every night before going to bed. During the recess he took his walk on the moors adjoining his Yorkshire home. Through

the Session he combined necessary exercise with public duty. Stepping the division lobbies he found the length as nearly as possible two hundred yards. Eight divisions at a single sitting (by no means unusual when the Home Rule Bill was in Committee) meant near enough to a mile. Accordingly after running up his score in the division list he had only another mile to do on his way home.

That is another story. What SCOTT-MONTAGU perceives is opening for a brisk motor-car business in the division lobbies. As soon as House is cleared for a division the car would be backed up to door. Members crowding in would be whisked down to other end and the car back again in a jiffy for a fresh load. Of course it would be a monopoly, with profits according. All the same canny SCOTT-MONTAGU is for cheap fares; say a penny, with bundles of tickets, thirteen to the dozen, to be obtained in the Whips' room at the price of a shilling.

C.-B. gravely shakes his head and hopes the Government, who, what with one thing and another, have sufficient business on hand, will not encourage the project. PRINCE ARTHUR evidently attracted by it. As he says, ten days is a period equal with that allotted to Ministers for legislation. If, by the use of means of expeditious transit, half the time taken in walking through the lobbies could be saved, it might be utilised for Redistribution Resolutions,

or some trifle of that kind, for which, at present, he can afford to give only a couple of morning Sittings.

Nothing definite settled; but SCOTT-MONTAGU is to be congratulated on having made a good start.

Business done.—Aliens Bill run through Committee by help of guillotine.

Friday night.—MR. CALDWELL has gone a-week-ending with light heart. Pacing the salubrious sands of Southend he may reflect on the conspicuous service he rendered the House of Commons on a critical occasion. Of generous mind, prompt to encourage budding genius, he has always been tender in his treatment of PRINCE ARTHUR. Towards the end of last session, when the Leader of the House in response to invitation from C.-B. set forth certain arrangements for the disposal of accumulated business, he rose and publicly expressed approval. He almost hinted that he would hardly have done better himself had he been in his natural position on the Treasury Bench.

On this later occasion his attitude was minatory. The business arose out of C.-B.'s springing upon PRINCE ARTHUR the ghost of EDWARD GREY's Resolution of Censure on the Fiscal Question. It was dead six weeks ago; thought it was buried, and behold, without a premonitory groan it reappears.

"I hear the right hon. gentleman's reference to the motion with a shock of surprise," murmured PRINCE ARTHUR.

Certainly cannot make room for it now. Every hour up to August 12, on or about which date prorogation must take place if the heavens fall, appropriated. Happily there was a second reading of the Appropriation Bill. Members might talk at large on that, and a division arising out of debate on Ministerial attitude on Fiscal Question would be equivalent to Vote of Censure.

Nothing else forthcoming, Opposition reluctantly disposed to accept the arrangement. Propounded by Leader of the House, it must be in order. MR. CALDWELL knew better. A ruling from the Chair had limited debate on second reading of Appropriation Bill to subjects arising out of money voted in Supply. No public money yet voted in respect of Fiscal controversy. The half sheet of note-paper used at Manchester by PRINCE ARTHUR was his private property. Accordingly discussion suggested could not take place.

Members as usual laughed when they heard MR. CALDWELL's argumentative voice break in on PREMIER's discourse. But MR. CALDWELL was right. He alone in the crowded House spotted the flaw in PRINCE ARTHUR's proposal.

Business done.—Scotch Education Bill.



MR. MUGWUMP'S MISFORTUNES.—No. 3.

(The Adventures of a Beginner.)

MR. M. RENTS SOME WATER FORMERLY FISHED ONLY BY THE TENANT FARMER, WHOM HE UNFORTUNATELY NEGLECTS TO COMPENSATE.

"THE DEVIL! DID HE MEAN ALL THAT?"

Sneer, on Lord Burleigh's head-shake in "The Critic."

A CORRESPONDENT quotes the following passage from an account of the Gordon-Bennett Cup Race:—"In passing the Grand Stand THÉRY made a sign with his hand which was taken to mean that he had been obliged to change the tyre of one of his front wheels. On the other hand" (presumably THÉRY's other hand), "it was announced that LANCIA had changed his tyres and would go on changing them in the course of each circuit, preferring thus to lose several minutes

each time rather than risk an accident." This account of the incident does not quite tally with that given by our correspondent's private secretary (a most trustworthy man), whom he sent over with instructions to wire him the progress of the Race every two minutes. He says: "In passing the Grand Stand THÉRY made a movement with his left eyebrow which was taken to mean that he had run over three hens and an old lady; that the old lady was not badly injured, but that the hens were killed, fortunately instantaneously; that he thought they had not suffered much; and that he was looking forward to being kissed by his engineer if he won."

DICKENSIAN CARR-ACTORS.

(First and, temporarily, last night of "Oliver Twist" at His Majesty's.)

AUTHOR first: actors afterwards, in order of merit. With his dramatic version of *Oliver Twist*, Mr. COMYNS CARR has achieved a signal success. Whether it was self-imposed or suggested to him, Mr. CARR has cleverly accomplished the task which, as every dramatist conversant with the old novel is probably aware, presents to the modern playwright difficulties that, at first sight, seem to be well-nigh insuperable. The first "facer" is that the story is old-fashioned; and it may be remembered that DICKENS himself, in later years, wished he had the chance of re-writing or re-constructing it. The plot is of the well-worn "transpontine"—as it used to be called when the Surrey and "the Vic." existed—melodramatic type, in which CHARLES DICKENS, though no one enjoyed its absurdities more keenly than he did, actually revelled. The lost child, the missing documents of the utmost importance—always mentioned in a general way as "papers,"—the wicked uncle, the babe in the wood, i.e., *Oliver* himself, the blood-and-thunder situations, the comic relief, the mild and virtuous heroine, the wicked but repentant woman, are all here—everyone of these and many more out of the old melodramatic store-house of the Early Victorian era.

With such commonplace material for plot, to score so great a success with a representative play-going first-night audience as did Mr. COMYNS CARR, is indeed a genuine triumph for any dramatist. It must have been for Mr. CARR the very dickens of a job. A better cast for his piece it would have been no easy matter to find to hand in any London theatre. The success of the *première* was undoubtedly scored by Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER as *Nance*, and by Mr. LYN HARDING as *Bill Sikes*. These two must be bracketed together. Mr. CARR has artistically treated the awful scene of the murder of *Nance* by *Bill Sikes*. The crime is committed out of sight, like the tortures in *La Tosca* and the terrible scene that Mr. WARNER so thrillingly described as he heard it through the telephone. Only *Fagin* is on the stage, cowering, cowardly, and diabolically vindictive. It was here that Mr. TREE was at his best, forcing upon the hushed audience the unspeakable terror of the scene.

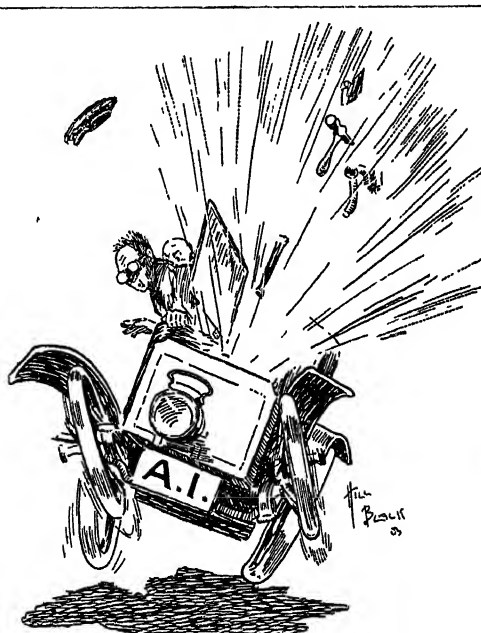
Taken as a whole, however, Mr. TREE's *Fagin*, on this first night, was not what it will be after a few performances, when his managerial nervousness will have passed off, and, being perfect in his words, he will give full meaning to every gesture, every look, and every line. Ultimately his *Fagin* will rank with his *Svengali*.

As we shall have to return to the piece on the resumption of its run, "here break we off" for the present. But a few words more. Miss HILDA TREVELYAN as *Oliver* is certainly the "mealy-faced" boy, as Mr. HILTON, capitally playing Mr. *Grimwig*, calls him, just as he is depicted by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK in his illustrations to the novel. The improbabilities of the existence of such an *Oliver* are to be charged to the original creation.

Were the monotonous idiotic laughing of *Charles Bates* considerably toned down, and were the piece somewhat relieved of the "comic relief" supposed (in keeping with the Dickensian tradition) to be afforded by the capers and

eccentric "business" of *The Dodger* and *Chitling*, and were the *Beadle* and *Mrs. Bumble* (well rendered as both these minor characters are by Mr. HAYNES and Miss KATE MILLS) omitted altogether, the First Act would play closer and would be over in forty minutes; whereas on Monday night it lasted, rather wearisomely, for one hour. The "pruning-knife" should be freely used: but whether it be so or not, when once the play has fairly started on its run, the great tragic scenes of *Sikes* and *Nance*, and of *Fagin* in the condemned cell, will attract for months to come, and will live in the memory of play-goers for a life-time.

But stay—one important character I have forgotten to mention. *Bill Sikes's* dog, *Bull's-Eye*. *Bull's-Eye* was the bright particular dog-star of this melting July night. It was, we believe, his first appearance, and, therefore, he must be dealt gently with; even *Sikes* was kind to him. Such a clean, well-fed, gentlemanly, sweet-tempered wag-tail dog! Evidently he has not yet learnt the art of "making-up." Not a sulk, not a growl, not the slightest snarl in him, and he set an excellent example—in being letter-perfect; he attempted no "gag"; not a word did he say that was not in his part. But he was no more *Sikes's* and DICKENS's *Bull's-Eye* than is Mr. *Punch's* *Toby*.



WHAT'S IN A LABEL?

"OH DEAR! WHERE CAN THE MOTOR BE?"

SIR,—I have perused with keen interest the recent correspondence in the Press on the subject of the high-handed course pursued by Lord WINDSOR in closing Hyde Park (which His Lordship appears to imagine to be Windsor Park) to those for whose relaxation it was originally intended, namely the Great Public, who, by their industry, astuteness and integrity, have saved enough to purchase themselves motor-cars.

Now, Sir, no one has hit upon the compromise which, as it seems to me, would absolutely fit the case. Why not give the motorists *all* they want *and more*? Why not permit them to propel their machines in Hyde Park, *and nowhere else*? Let

them whirl as they will from Marble Arch to the Magazine, from Achilles' Statue to Oxford Street, vying in perfume with the flower-beds, while, beyond the Park railings, humdrum, pettifogging pedestrians may venture forth again into the streets they used to love.

Under the proposed scheme, it would of course be impossible for the motorist to travel from his mansion to the new Elysium in his machine. But the Knightsbridge Barracks, the Albert Hall, Kensington Palace, and other suitable buildings might easily be converted into coach-houses and *garages* in which the Cars of the Privileged (which association of names is reminiscent of *The Seats of the Mighty* whether by GILBERT PARKER or HYDE PARKER I forget) might be conveniently stored for the night.

Should motorists require the practice and excitement to which they are accustomed in shaving past—or rollicking over—the inadvertent young, the Park custodians could be instructed occasionally to raid the various juvenile angling clubs which frequent the banks of the Serpentine, and drive their members across the track in any direction desired. "*De minimis non curat Lex*." The Law doesn't bother about very little children. Your obedient servant, SCOTT-CAPULET.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, July 8.—Heat v. House. House, as far as boxes are concerned, not up to the "All-there" mark. Otherwise

satisfactory. Old Friend *Faust*, with whatever may be the new faces, always an attraction. A good performance, with Mlle. SELMA KURZ, a sweet singing *Marguerite*, and Mlle. ALTEN, a good *Siebel*. T'others as before when last mentioned.

Monday.—*Première* of New Opera in two acts by Puccini, known to fame by *La Bohème* (here we drop into poetry and out of it again immediately), entitled *Madama Butterfly*, which, if first impressions are not deceptive, is likely to become popular. The house,

Sir Francis Blummy Pinkerton—Sig. Caruso.
Sharpless—Signor Scotti.

on this butterfly night, naturally in a flutter of expectation. It had a regular right royal start, the KING and the QUEEN being present. The house choke-full.

As *Madama Butterfly* (*Cio-Cio-San*) Mlle. DESTINN was operatically and artistically perfect. That Mlle. DESTINN may not be quite so *petite* as *Madame Papillon* was only repeating the old objection as to the impossibility of obtaining a perfect *Juliet* of sixteen years old. No better *Madama Butterfly* could just now be found than the lady who has been destined for the part.

Mme. G. LEJEUNE, playing the maid *Suzuki*, which is Japanese for SUSAN, is known to be so good an all-round singer, that she is instantly pardoned if, on this occasion, she was now and then just a trifle flat.

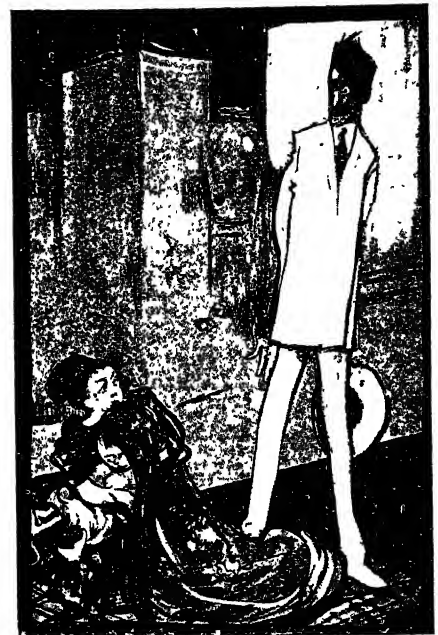
As *Kate Pinkerton*, the second wife of the volatile *Lieutenant Pinkerton* of the United States Navy, who, though an American, keeps up the good old English tradition of

a jolly tar possessing a wife at every port, Mlle. SIMBOLI, with her powerful *mezzo-soprano* voice, sang delightfully; her acting was as effective as her singing. Signor CARUSO as the gay naval officer U.S.N., in startling gold-braided blue suit, being in excellent voice, was quite the *Captain Crosstree* of old nautical drama. There is in the characters and story a certain resemblance to our light-hearted friend *The Geisha*. Perhaps, as it is a Japanese subject, with American naval characters substituted for English, the resemblance is unavoidable. Signor SCOTTI, attired in cream-coloured clothes, looked as smart as a new pin—a pin though without a point, as his name is *Sharpless*, and he represents the U.S. Consul at Nagasaki, who has to break the sad news to *Butterfly* of her husband's marriage to an American lady. This communication *Sharpless* makes with as little bluntness as possible. He sang splendidly, he acted capitally, and generally made matters as pleasant as possible for the unfortunate *Butterfly* whose wings are thus so cruelly clipped. Clever M. DUFRIQUE as the *Marriage Broker* was more than satisfactory. There are many minor characters in the opera,—minor dramatically speaking and musically singing,—and all found adequate representatives. It is a sad story, a tragedy; we do not get many lively "plots" nowadays,—"for O, for O the hobby-horse is forgot!"—and therefore it is a real pleasure to record the glimpse of lightness conveyed to the scene in which a little mite appears as *Butterfly's* child, aged about three or four, who was stolidly serious throughout, as unmoved by his mother's caresses and by her grief, and only smiling



"Scotti-Viski?"

Sir Francis Blummy Pinkerton—Sig. Caruso.
Sharpless—Signor Scotti.



Sharpless (special messenger of the United States) tells *Madama Butterfly* of her husband's marriage.



Madama Butterfly introduces her sun-shady relations to Lieut. Sir Francis Blummy Pinkerton.

Madama Butterfly—Mlle. Destinn.



Flagging Interest.

All over! Hooray!

in genuine earnest when he, as a successful juvenile performer, took his call—this sounds like the “child’s caul” but it wasn’t—with all the others before the curtain. Then for the first and only time in the evening he smiled pleasantly—for was not a great load removed from his child’s mind?—and, as if by sudden inspiration, nodded a cheery good-night to the audience.

The general success of all, including orchestra under Signor CAMPANINI, was decided, and we fancy this *Butterfly* will settle in the Garden.

The scenery, specially painted for this production by Mr. HARRY BROOKE, is most effective. But of this and of the excellence of certain musical details, more anon.

Wednesday.—*Matinée* Farewell Benefit of Mlle. BAUERMEISTER. Greatly regret inability to be personally present. Reported as an enormous success, this “Big Ben.” at Covent Garden outdoing that at Westminster, and the belle of the occasion being the ever-charming lady of “all the talents,” Mlle. BAUERMEISTER. She began years ago as one of the *Genii* in *Il Flauto Magico*, and a genius she has remained ever since. The operatic selections for this special occasion were not chosen so as to show the *bénéficiaire* to the best advantage. The task was admittedly one of considerable difficulty. It is to be hoped that the sum-total of the receipts on this occasion is an exceptionally handsome one. May Mlle. BAUERMEISTER-singer, who is probably the most retiring *artiste* ever known on the operatic stage, thoroughly enjoy her voluntary retirement. *Ad multos annos.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron thought that in *A Daughter of the Manse*, by SARAH TYTLER (JOHN LONG), he had found a novel superior to many, one indeed after his own heart. Alas! she was *A Daughter of the Manse* but not a child of a Romance, and though during the greater part of the first hundred pages there was much most delightful reading, principally of artistically descriptive writing, and though “The Mystery of Benji” suggested coming struggles and sensational complications, yet these hopes are never realised, and not even by the employment of those faithful and experienced servitors, The Skipper and his Boy, could the Baron’s early aroused interest in the story and its characters be sustained or revived. Other readers may have better luck.

Mr. JEROME’s *Idle Ideas* (HURST AND BLACKETT) is an attractive title in this Indian-like summer season to anyone who with time at his disposal is at perfect liberty to lazy away an afternoon *recubans sub tegmine fagi*, or lounging in a boat rocked occasionally by the swell of a swift launch or laborious barge. Some of the “fugitive” pieces, as the Baron supposes them to be, here collected in a volume, are sufficiently amusing for the idle man, who, cradled as above imagined, will not risk being upset by any overpowering outburst of irrepressibly Homeric laughter at such playfully amusing papers as “Why don’t he marry the girl?” and “Should soldiers be polite?” In “Are we as interesting as we think we are?”—where the style is pleasingly reminiscent of a certain little book entitled *Happy Thoughts*—the author mentions the late Mr. CORNEY GRAIN as wearing an eyeglass. “CORNEY fixed his eyeglass and walked to the window.” The Baron, who was on most intimate terms with “DICK” GRAIN from the time of his first appearance in public up to the last, cannot recall any time when he took to wearing an eyeglass. It certainly was not characteristic of him.

In *A Lost Cause* (JOHN LONG) its author, GUY THORNE, writing as, apparently, a strong partisan of the ultra-ritualistic party in the Church of England, depicts certain types of clergymen belonging to that extreme section. As

to whether fact or fancy may predominate in these cleverly and amusingly executed presentments, the Baron, being unfamiliar with the specimens in actual life, is not competent to decide. But he is able to aver, from his own personal knowledge, that the specimen given by the author of the broad-minded Vicar who, being inclined to recognise what is essentially good in all schools of thought, is disgusted with the uncharitableness of certain lay representatives of the ultra-Protestant party in the English Church, is a picture, drawn without exaggeration, that will recommend itself even to those who may care little or nothing about such matters. The author also satirically and amusingly depicts scenes in the *vie intime* of the Low Church or Evangelical agitator, with whose public methods, leading to “brawling” in church, newspaper reports have long ago familiarised us. One of these scenes, where the agitator and his son examine a list of subscriptions to “the Cause,” will probably recall to many the signatures to a somewhat similar document that Secretary GASHFORD read out aloud to his patron Lord GEORGE GORDON, the crack-brained leader of the “No Popery” party. The ordinary reader, unversed in the questions that agitate the legally established Church of England, coming upon allusions to and descriptions of the common practice taking place within her pale of such rites and ceremonies as he had innocently supposed to be distinctive of the Roman Catholic Church, will rub his eyes and inquire, “Are there visions about?” As a novel *A Lost Cause* is meagre in plot and lacking in powerful dramatic situations, except in the last chapter, when, accompanied by a self-effacing ritualistic nobleman, His Grace of Canterbury looms large on the scene, and with an awful severity, far exceeding that of INGOLDSBY’S *Cardinal*, who

“with a dignified look

Called for his candle, his bell, and his book,”

asserts his authority over the unhappy leader of “the Luther League,” who shrinks “from the terrible old man,” and “with shaking hands” takes from his pocket a bunch of keys, which “he dropped from the floor”—presumably a misprint for “on the floor.” There is, by way probably of concession to the unecclesiastical novel-reader, a slight love interest which, commencing rather late in the story, culminates in the marriage of the broad-minded (gradually narrowing) *Vicar Carr* and *Lucy Blantyre*, who is described as “pure but not virginal in temperament,” and as one “whose nature needed the complement of a husband.” So *Lucy*, with her *Carr*, starts on the Honeymoon road to happiness, a goal which it may be hoped the united couple ultimately reached in perfect safety without so pressing the pace as to call for police interference. We do not have many specially clerical novels nowadays, and, though this cannot be mentioned in the same breath with TROLLOPE’S dear old *Bar-chester Towers*, yet, as being brightly written, and, if a true picture of certain very modern ultra-ritualistic Anglican clergy, certainly instructive, the Baron thinks he may venture to recommend it to those among his followers for whom the sensational romance, or the purely sporting novel, offers little attraction.

THE BARON



Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.

From a Treatise on Practical Chemistry:—“Chlorine gas has a most injurious effect upon the human system. The following experiments should only be performed therefore by a teacher.”

AVEBURIANA.

LAWN TENNIS.

(Being a condensed report of Lord Avebury's recent speech at the dinner at the Sports Club to the International Lawn Tennis competitors at Wimbledon.)

His Lordship, who was received with cheers, began by remarking that, although not much of a lawn tennis-player himself, it gave him great pleasure to welcome the dexterousexponents of the game from over seas. "The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea," it had been called by the poet; but for him, the speaker, it was an agreeable element, admirably constituted to buoy up vessels loaded with lawn tennis experts. (*Loud applause.*) Lawn tennis was a game (*cheers*) not only of skill but of endurance and judgment. It brought out a man's qualities. Yes, and a woman's, too. (*Hear, hear.*) "O woman, in thy hours of ease, how much do tennis meetings please," as the poet said.

In his Lordship's young days archery was in fashion and then came croquet: hence, perhaps, his comparative unfamiliarity with lawn tennis, which he could not learn until he had reached middle age and had been badly stung so often that the nicety of his touch was impaired. He could not personally consider that the racket compensated for the loss of the bow and arrow (*Oh! Oh!*), but it was doubtless a useful substitute. In his hot youth his Lordship had frequently scored a bull's-eye; so much so that his nickname in the smart set of that day was Cupid. His was "argent archery" indeed, as the poet says. How different from this patting of india-rubber balls over a net, or rather into a net, which was his usual fate.

[Prolonged disturbance, in the course

of which RISELEY and SMITH completely disappeared.

Resuming, his Lordship quoted two stanzas from one of Dr. Watts's hymns as an indication that his remarks were meant in no bellicose spirit; and, complete serenity having returned to the meeting, he roused much enthusiasm by offering, just by way of proving his respect for the game, to enter for the

in their legions, and with an unanimous voice, "Love is enough"; and yet, sweet as it was to hear the word amid the distractions of the tennis court, his Lordship felt that a revised terminology was not undesirable. Why "love?" Why not "naught?" or even "nothing?" He begged to make these suggestions to the controlling body, wherever it was. It was not fitting that any opportunity should be given to the mocker or to the casuist. It was unfortunate that to the question, "What is better than love?" the answer could—

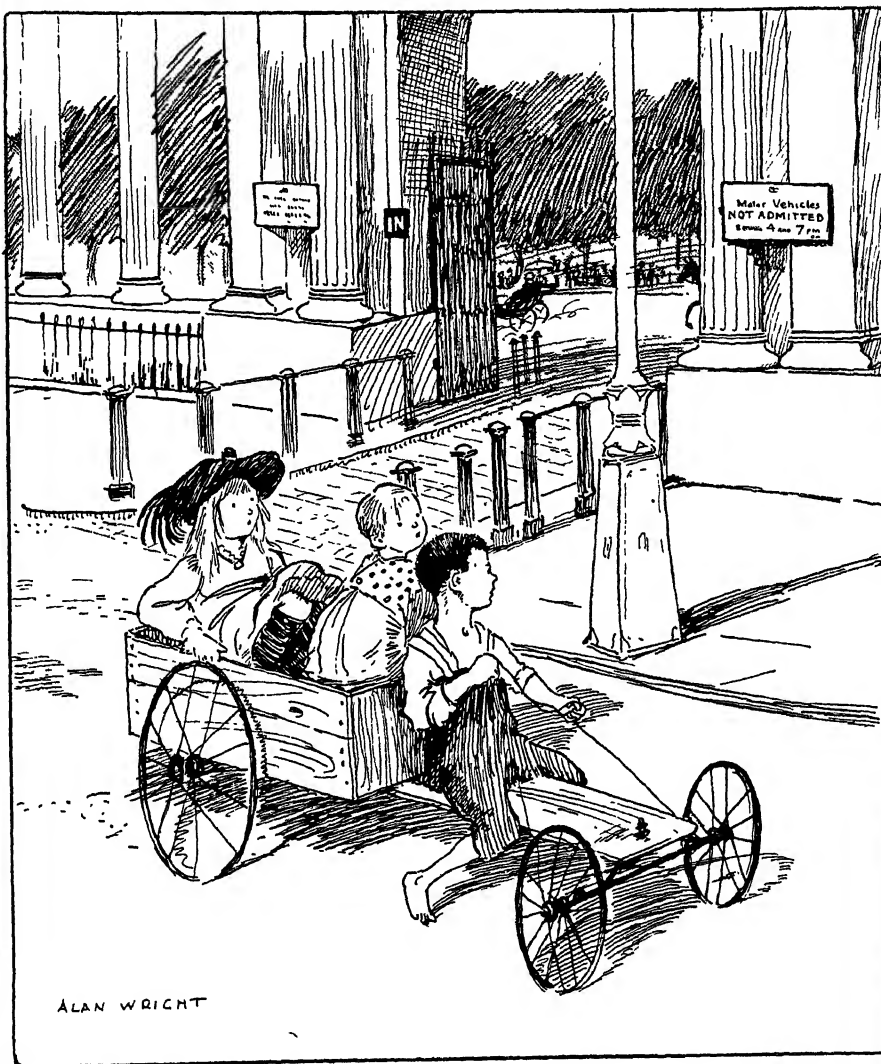
and truthfully, too—be returned: "15 is, and 30 is, and 40 is, and game is." Nothing really is better than love, and this was mere word-splitting, and yet his Lordship fancied that he saw danger there.

[Sensation, during which Miss SUTTON, the American champion, fainted.

His Lordship, resuming after some agitated moments, next turned to the materials of the game. The balls. He was always greatly attracted by these white and restless spheres. He liked to think that they always wore flannel, for he always wore flannel himself, even in summer, and it gave him a sympathetic feeling for a tennis ball. Like them he found it far safer in the variable climate of this "tight little island," this "precious stone set in a silver sea."

Why the poet called the sea "silver" he could not determine, for to his eyes it was usually green, blue, purple or grey; but SHAKESPEARE had the support of the *Daily Telegraph* in his choice of epithet, and silver after all was a pretty word. His Lordship, however, would not support a silver basis of coinage.

[Riots, concluded only by the ejection of one DOHERTY, BROOKES, and an assortment of twins, which however involved so much effort that the speeches then terminated.]



AT HYDE PARK CORNER.

Urchin Chauffeur (reading notice). "IT AIN'T NO USE, 'ONORIA. - THE NOTICE SAYS MOTORS AIN'T ADMITTED!"

Championship next year in the Veterans' class, with a plentiful supply of bisques. Being, however, nothing if not critical, as the poet said, his Lordship remarked that he might say a little with regard to the terminology of the pastime, which was, in his opinion, significant of much. Each game began with love. Ah! A player who failed to score was said to have only love, against his opponent's 15, 30, 40, and victory. Beautiful is it to score, to win; but not less beautiful to retain love. As the poets had said

A TONIC FOR THE DUMPS.

[“The difficulty in the photograph post-card business is to find new ideas. The public is tiring of the laughing girls. The demand is for the pensive, the soulful, and the spirituelle.”—*London Magazine*.]

WHEN in my walks abroad, a sombre bard,
I sampled Beauties, unimpaired by age,
Perpetuating on a postal card
The stolid giggle hallowed by the Stage;

When I observed the lips that gaped apart,
The boon expanse of teeth, the dimpled chin,
(Proof of the rapture they derived from Art)—
O! how I grudged them that perennial grin!

“Nightly,” I said, “they play their lyric scene,
And wag their legs about, and wear a smile,
And even when they’ve washed their faces clean
It won’t come off they wear it all the while.

“I couldn’t do it. Though I had the wit
To hum in tights beneath a picture hat,
Or wave my petticoats to thrill the pit,
I couldn’t keep a steady smile like that.

“I follow Art myself—in humbler ways,
Where elements of laughter ought to lurk,
Yet, being photographed, I fail to raise
More than the ghostly semblance of a smirk!”

Something was wanting. That was why I bought
These types of grinning Beauty by the gross,
And set them on my mantelpiece and thought
“This spectacle will make me less morose.”

It didn’t. On the contrary, I wore
An air of worse depression every day,
Till I could bear the dreadful sight no more,
Because in that direction madness lay.

Thank Heaven that saved my reason in the nick!
For Fashion, not before the hour was ripe,
Dethroned the simpering sort that made me sick
And boomed instead the pensive, soulful type.

Now in my gallery, stocked with fresh supplies
(Ethereal creatures, save in point of wings),
I see the spirit gaze through dreamy eyes,
Trying to cope with transcendental things;

Above unearthly brows a vague unrest,
Sign of immortal yearning, darkly broods,
And lo! a weight is lifted off my chest,
And I am purged of pessimistic moods;

Yes, when I watch them doing all they know
To look the part of Intellectual Grace,
Then to the winds I let my megrims go,
And laugh till I am crimson in the face! O. S.

A CORRESPONDENT sends this advertisement from a local paper:—

HOMER found exhausted in the Irish Sea. Ring on the left leg.
—Apply, &c.

At first sight this seems an exceptionally good Breakfast Table Problem. Of course the good Homer sometimes nods, and might have fallen overboard when in a state of physical exhaustion. And, as to the left leg, there is the well-known case of the old man (not necessarily Homer) who never said his prayers, and was taken by this limb and flung downstairs. But the ring still presents a difficulty, and, altogether, we think it best not to keep the answer over till next week. It was a homing pigeon.

THE COMING OF “TOGO.”

“My dear,” said my wife, “I have made up my mind.”

Those who know my wife know that when she makes this tremendous statement anything may be expected.

“Is it much?” I said. “Will the cheque be a large one?”

“That is not as funny as you think it is,” said my wife, with dignity. “I have made up my mind that we must have a dog.”

“You!” I gasped. “A dog! Why you’ve always been afraid of the merest puppies.”

“Oh, leave her alone,” said my wife’s mother, who was present at this interview. “It’s a mere caprice of hers. She’ll forget all about it to-morrow.”

“That,” said my wife, “is very unjust, very unjust indeed; but it decides me: I’m firmly determined to have a dog. You know, my dear, you are sometimes away from home, and now that we’ve got baby the house seems more than ever lonely and unprotected; and BINNS, though a most faithful servant, is a sleeper of extraordinary soundness, I believe, and, in short, we ought to have a dog to stay in the house at night and watch over us all—you included, Mamma, though after what you’ve said you really don’t deserve it, but I can afford to be generous.”

So it was decided that we were to have a dog.

The next question was—what kind of a dog?

St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, and mastiffs were rejected as being too large. Collies were said to be treacherous. Our dog was to combine the mildness and traditional playfulness of the lamb with the unreasoning and dauntless ferocity of a polar bear. The former qualities he was to exhibit towards his owners and their family and dependants; the latter was to spring into activity immediately upon contact with burglars.

“He will mistake us all for burglars on his first night,” said my mother-in-law.

“That shows, Mamma, how little you know about dogs. I think,” added my wife, “I should like a bull-dog best.”

It happened that at that moment I knew of no satisfactory and available bull-dogs. Having heard, however, that the landlady who had taken care of me in my bachelor-days desired to find a home for a bull-terrier aged seven months, I suggested that he would be the very dog for our purpose—bold, strong, furnished with magnificent teeth, but highly amenable to kindness, admirably faithful and very sportive.

“A bull-terrier,” said my wife, “sounds most attractive. In fact, that is exactly the dog I’ve been thinking of. What is a bull-terrier like, really?” she continued. “Is his hair very long?”

When I had furnished the necessary explanations the bull-terrier was decided upon.

“Mark my words,” said my mother-in-law, who has an agreeable gift of minor prophecy, “you’ll be sorry for this.”

On the morning of the day appointed for *Togo’s* arrival I had, as usual, to go to town. All arrangements for meeting *Togo*, conducting him to his home and seeing to his welfare, had, however, been made, and I felt no anxiety as to the result. In fact, I forgot all about the matter. When I returned I found my wife waiting for me at the station, which is but a short distance from our house. She was manifestly in a state of great agitation.

“Good heavens, EMILY,” said I, “what’s the matter with you? You look as if you’d seen a ghost.”

“Ghost!” she said. “I wish it was. Oh, we’ve had the most awful time with that dog. Why, why did I ever yield to you? I might have known that a bull-terrier seven months old was no fit dog for a quiet country house. But I’ve come armed,” and she showed me the butt end of an old revolver concealed in a basket which she was carrying.



GIVE AND TAKE.

BR-DK-CK (*Coach*). "FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE SWING TOGETHER, OR YOU'LL UPSET THE BOAT!"



WILLING TO COMPENSATE.

Mrs. Lightfoot. "OH, WAIT A MINUTE, MR. SHARP—DON'T DRIVE YET. MY HUSBAND IS STILL ON THE GREEN."

Mr. Sharp. "NEVER MIND. I'LL RISK IT. FOR IF I DO BOWL HIM OVER, WHY, I'M READY TO REPLACE HIM ANY TIME!"

"But there are no cartridges to that revolver," said I.

"Hush!" said my wife, looking round apprehensively. "The dog doesn't know that."

Then I gathered the details of all the terrors that had been undergone. *Togo*, having been fetched from the station by the coachman, who was no longer in his first youth, had dragged that ancient and wheezy retainer at lightning speed along the road. They had arrived at the house, where the coachman, having called huskily for beer, had collapsed in the servants' hall. *Togo* had seized his opportunity and bolted, chain and all, into the kitchen, where he had upset the cook by butting her from behind like a ram. The cook had been supported to her bedroom by two housemaids, but had been pursued by the implacable animal and had been again upset, together with her attendants, on the staircase. All three had since these awful events been going from hysterics to hysterics. BINNS, after making one futile effort to secure *Togo*, had locked himself into the pantry, declaring (through the key-hole) that he never did hold with dogs, and that bull-terriers who had once tasted blood were especially to be feared. *Togo* had then entered the drawing-room, had leapt lightly over a barricade of chairs erected by my wife and her mother, had jumped at both their throats with his mouth wide open and his eyes gleaming, and had finally disappeared like a tornado into the garden, where all trace of him had been lost. My wife had then taken to the revolver. My mother-in-law, a most courageous woman, was at this moment engaged in pacing the shrubbery with a sword that had belonged to my uncle the Colonel.

"Oh, I do hope he's lost for ever," said my wife. "Fortunately he didn't see baby. Otherwise I tremble to think what the consequences might have been."

As she said this we emerged upon the front lawn, and there a terrible sight met our eyes.

Our nurse was hanging, shrieking, over the lower branch of an apple tree. In the middle of the lawn *Togo* was

standing with a fatuous expression of pleasure in his pink-rimmed eyes, his tail wagging thirty to the dozen, and sitting beside him was our two-year-old hope and heir, with his arms round *Togo's* neck and his head propped against *Togo's* back. At a distance of a hundred yards my mother-in-law was making passes in the air with the Colonel's sword from behind a laurel bush.

Togo is becoming quite a respectable dog. He lives mostly in the nursery, and the heir does exactly what he likes with him.

ANGLING NOTES.

MINISTERIAL waters continue troubled, but here and there a pretty kettle of fish has been landed. There has been no Liberal catch of plaice, but "gentle baiting" is being indulged in with some success.

Japanese waters have been in prime condition for bottom fishing, and large captures of submerged ironclads are reported.

Sport in the Black Sea has been chancy, but on the whole good, with flounders much in evidence. Best killing flies, the "Mutineer" and the "Cossack."

The Neva is swollen and muddy, and with a continuance of the present reign lively times are expected. Artisans and moujiks are rising fitfully. Grand Dukes are a little out of condition.

Although more rain is wanted on the Nile, crocodiles are still on the feed: best bait, Cook's tourists, but fellaheen are not refused.

From South Africa reports are conflicting. Contractors are said to have been rising well at Army Stores, but few have been grassed. On the Zambesi the sun is too strong for successful daytime angling; there is, however, a fair volume of water, and in the evenings hippopotami are rising well to the tse-tse fly.

THOUGHTS ON DRINK IN TIME OF DROUGHT.

In Summer-time when, by the Dog-Star's aid,
The Glass ascends to Eighty in the Shade,
The burning Question of all Questions is:
How can our Thirst be suitably allayed?

I know a Man in occult Lore immersed,
Who says that Christian Science quenches Thirst:
But when I met him in the Indian Plains
In Strength and Length his Drinks were doubly first.

Myself did as a Boy affect a Jar
That held a Drink named Raspberry Vinegar:
But Adults, when they try this Liquid, find
The more they drink the thirstier they are.

What Anglo-Indians call the "Whisky Peg"
One can no longer swallow by the Keg,
Since TREVES condemned the Use of Alcohol;
And TREVES is not the Man to pull your Leg.

Cold Tea is cooling, but the Tyrant HAIG,
In Accents wholly the Reverse of vague
Condemns Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, Chocolate,
And bids us shun them as we should the Plague.

Plain Water, if not carefully distilled,
With pathogenic Germs is mostly filled;
Yet in the Fluid that is filtered best
All Trace of Sparkle is entirely killed.

Our Grandfathers, if I am not at Fault,
Drank freely at all Hours of Home-brewed Malt;
But those who emulate such Habits now
Descend with Speed to the ancestral Vault.

The Wielders of the Willow lean, I fear,
To Gin commingled with Stone Ginger Beer;
But those who covet the "Centurion's" Fame
From this seductive Beverage steer clear.

Champagne, or, for the lower Orders, Rum,
Cheers the Depressed and mollifies the Glum;
But taken freely 'neath a Tropic Sky
Tends to upset the Equilibrium.

Hock, when the Sun is blazing at high Noon,
With Seltzer Water tempered, is a Boon;
Yet we must not forget that decent Hock
Is only purchased once in a blue Moon.

Lime-Juice, when other Liquids can't be had,
Dilute with bubbling Waters is not bad:
And, differing from Gin, which stunts the Growth,
It may be given to a growing Lad.

Good Barley Water, with a gentle Blend
Of Lemon, many Medicos commend;
But, personally, I have found this Brew
Though wholesome, makes for Tedium in the End.

The hardy Denizens of Lancashire
Affect a Tipple called Botanic Beer.
I know a Man who tasted it, but he
In adamant Boldness had no Peer.

Some Folk the Claims of Lager Beer advance;
But here, as elsewhere, much depends on Chance;
For Pilsen seems in latter Years to have
No geographical Significance.

It needs not to be said that Lemonade
Is always more salubrious when Home made:
And in the golfing Championships is quaffed
By VARDON, TAYLOR, FERNIE, HERD and BRAID.

But Golfers, when inclined their Drives to scuff,
Correct this Tendency with Shandygaff,
A genial Compound much affected by
The famous Yankee Skipper Captain HAFF.

EDWARD FITZGERALD had a Friend named POSH,
With whom he went a-yachting near the Wash;
And POSH, so Mr. SHORTER now has proved,
Once lived for three whole Days on Lemon Squash.

More could I sing upon the Theme of Drink,—
Why Men see double and when Mice seem pink;
But eighteen Quatrains of this Sort of Stuff
Are ample for the Present, don't you think?
[We do.—Editor *Punch*.]

FROM A HEART OF OAK AT BREST.

MY DEAR COMMODORE PUNCH,— If you're not a Commodore you ought to be. Don't you let any one say a word against *L'entente cordiale*. It's a first-class liquor. I've been aboard and I've been ashore, *fêted* by all the consuls and captains, and by every man who could do the thing well; and I have had "passes" and "sendings off" and "sendings on" from everybody at Brest, and I've made speeches, in all sorts of languages, after dinner, breakfast, and lunch. I don't quite know now which was which, but I write in the fulness of my—heart, and I've made all the jokes I know about "Brest to Brest," "Brest high," "O my bonnie Brest knot," (which I sang in my native language), and "a-Brest with the Times," and so forth, and they have all gone in first-rate style,—in fact, been *entente-cordially* received, and speaking for everyone generally we, as your Special Commissioner (you see I use the *double-entente* "we" for the single "I")—*re*, I say, have been done to rights; and if I cannot at this moment sufficiently overcome my emotions to give you a full, true, and particular account of our Anglo-Frenchy doings, you must excuse me. But it's coming, Sister MARY, and when my report does appear you may be able to bet your boots on its absolute correctness. We're all jolly good fellows and so say all of us aboard the Anglo-Frenchy or French-Angly vessels, of which I cannot remember the names, but post this on to you, lest you should think that I am neglecting duty. One thing—whisper—depend on; no war as long as we are all as we are. We're enjoying ourselves. French sailors jolly chaps, speaking English and drinking Scotch, perfectly. There's the *entente cordiale* for you! "*Qui ra là?*" "*Je!*" says I, knowing the language." And that's how we all get on together. As for to-morrow—*to-morrow* be to-morrow'd! At present, "*Vive le grog français!*"

YOUR OWN SPECIAL SCOTCH.

The Brighton Gazette, Hove Post, Sussex and Surrey Telegraph (all one paper) advertises:—

THREE Comfortable Unfurnished Rooms To Let,
near Redhill Station; also four pigstyes.

Personally, when it is a question of sheer comfort, we have a prejudice for a little furniture in a room; perhaps, however, you get this in the pigstyes, which seem to be of the nature of a *Dépendance*, often the cosiest part of a Continental hotel.

Mr. H. E. CRAWLEY, winner of the Silver Racket in the M. C. C. Tennis Competition at Lord's, was defeated by Mr. EUSTACE MILES, whom he challenged for the Gold Racket. "*Cæteris major, tibi, MILES, impar*" was the Horatian line with which Mr. CRAWLEY had intended to address his conqueror, but at the moment it escaped his memory.

CHARIVARIA.

THE news that the British sailors and the French sailors exchanged hats at Brest has led to an agitation in our Army for a similar meeting between the land forces of the two countries.

With reference to the War Stores Enquiry, we are requested to state that the rat which is said to have eaten certain important documents has been confused with two other rats of the same name.

LORD STANLEY has refused to withdraw the charge of "blackmailing and blood-sucking" which he brings against Post Office employees. It is even rumoured that, not satisfied with the fact that the Post Office vehicles are already painted a blood red, Lord STANLEY intends to have the lettering on the same altered to "The Royal Black Mail."

The young barrister who supplied a party to a recent action with explicit instructions as to how to dress for the jury, has, it is said, received a lucrative offer from the leading legal paper to conduct a fashion column in its pages.

We hear that the finger-print experiments have proved so successful in tracing criminals that the police authorities will in future oppose any proposal for the erection of more public baths and wash-houses, as the cleaner the criminal, the worse the finger-print.

THOMAS DILLON, aged 102, was sworn in last week as special officer in charge of the public swimming pool at Akron, Ohio. He has had great experience in saving his own life.

A lady writes that on an exceptionally hot day last week she distinctly saw the funnel of a Thames steamboat faint while passing under a low bridge.

A contemporary publishes a list of remarkable crimes said to have been caused by the heat, and will be glad to hear of others.

The weather in America was so hot last week that Lieutenant PEARY resolved to make a dash for the Pole.

"Bathing Costumes greatly reduced," announces a Sale catalogue, and a Mrs. GRUNDY writes to protest.

A man who confessed to a murder committed 23 years ago, and then denied it, has been found guilty. This, anyhow, shows the danger of bragging.

The Westminster Guardians have decided, in order to prevent an inmate



"AD PERPETUAM REI MEMORIAM?"

He. "BUT I THOUGHT YOU'D FORGIVEN ME FOR THAT AND PROMISED TO FORGET IT?"

She. "YES—BUT I DIDN'T PROMISE TO LET YOU FORGET I'D FORGIVEN IT!"

of the workhouse eluding the vigilance of the officials and getting drunk outside, to dress him in trousers of yellow or some other distinctive colour. We understand that the Music-Hall Comic Singers' Association is about to protest against the action of the Guardians, as being calculated to bring a respectable calling into disrepute.

The Admiralty, it has transpired, recently spent £47 10s. on a sun-printing frame when one could have been bought for £6, and the War Office feels sincerely flattered.

SIR JAMES CROFTON BROWNE thinks that every child ought to be brought up

impressed with the obligation of living to 100. We have no objection to the proposal so long as someone shall have power to grant certificates of exemption to exceptionally unpleasant persons at, say, the age of 40.

The young ladies of Great Britain are now face to face with one of the most serious crises of their existence. The supply of curates is said to be giving out.

Honour where honour is due. Last week a woman named BACCHUS was charged before Mr. PLOWDEN with being drunk and disorderly, and the magistrate made no comment.

BY THE ROUND POND.

(A Sketch in Kensington Gardens.)

TIME.—About 7 o'clock on a sultry July evening.—A faint moon, nearly at the full, floats like a tissue-paper balloon in the violet sky above the trees to the south, whose summits are tinged with a russet glow by the declining sun. The centre of the Pond is ruffled with golden ripples; elsewhere the water is a glassy olive-green, in which the pale blues and whites and pinks of the frocks of children on the bank are vaguely repeated. The children themselves are of most grades, from the Gutter to the Upper Middle Classes. Amongst, but not of, them are a few elderly men, prominent members of various Model Yacht Clubs, to whom boat-sailing is not so much a pastime as a serious profession. A bronzed Park-keeper regards children and grown-ups alike with an official benevolence.

Barbara (age about 9, and a keen yachtswoman, who has just finished adjusting the rig of a smart racing cutter, coloured green and copper and furnished with a centre-board of scientific design—to her Nurse, who is seated on a campstool with a volume of threepenny fiction). There, I shall just port the helm a very little, Nurse, and then I think she ought to make a straight course, don't you?

Her Nurse (who belongs to an Older School, with asperity). It's no use asking me my opinion, Miss BARBARA, because I've none to give. Miss ADELA—her in my last place that you've heard me talk of before—never wanted to mess about with no sailing boats, for all the world as if she was a boy. She'd bring out her doll in its pram, and set by me for hours as quiet as quiet. A reg'lar little lady Miss ADELA was, in all respect's.

Barbara (without troubling herself to express her private opinion of the exemplary ADELA). Yes, Nurse, I know. I'm going over to that farther corner. I shall get a better breeze there. No, you needn't come—I can manage much better by myself.

[She takes her yacht and a boat-hook, and goes off with the calm independence peculiar to the modern child.]

Sarah (aged 13, who is on the grass, encumbered by an infant in a mail cart, to junior members of the family disporting themselves on the bank). GEOR-JEE! Come aw'y orf the edge, 'jear! ROWSIE, didn' I tell yer to tike 'old of 'is 'and? Give over thet splashin', HALFRID, or I shell 'ave to come and smack yer 'ed in a minnit. If you down't beyave, MYBEL, I'll tell Muvver of yer, my gell! SID, jist you do that onst more, and I'll tike the lot of yer 'ome. You'll 'ave the Porkeeper on yer if yer gow on like thet. Na-ow, biby, down't you begin croyin'. You ain't bin doin' nuffink!—there, there, then—did 'e think 'is Sissy was angry wiv 'im, the Ducky Dimons?

[The Ducky Diamonds continues to labour under this misapprehension, thereby creating a diversion under cover of which his brothers and sisters execute a masterly retreat.]

First Small Shipowner (who is taking his vessel on a coasting voyage with a long string, to Second Ditto Ditto, who is similarly engaged). Outer the w'y! 'Ere's my ship a comin'. Goin' a treat, she is!

Second S. S. Garn wiv yer! Whoy, she's topsy-turvy 'arf 'er toime!

First S. S. You needn' tork. Yours yn't no better!

Second S. S. Yus, she is. Moine on'y lays on 'er soide!

A Boy with a desire for information (to one of the Elderly Experts, who is fitting up his boat on the turf). And did you build her yourself?

The Elderly Expert (with importance). No, she was built for me by TOPSELL—he designs most of the yachts for our Club.

The Boy (impressed). And which should you say was the best boat on the Pond—yours?

The E. E. (solemnly). My boy, there's no such a thing as a "best boat." Each boat has got her day—and that's all the wisest can tell you about it!

[The Boy moves off with a consciousness of having exposed his ignorance.]

Second Elderly Expert (who may be anything over sixty, to First, who cannot be much under that age). Going to make a start soon?

First E. E. Waiting for some of these kids to clear. Directly you begin, they come round you in scores, and you don't get room enough to work in!

Second E. E. Ah, you're right. We want some protection against them. And the way the Pond is getting over-run with weed in some places is a disgrace—it's high time the Government had their attention called to it! (Inspecting the other's vessel.) I say, you're not going to carry a spinnaker, are you? I've struck my jib after the first trial.

First E. E. Well, with the wind as it is, it's a difficult matter to hit on just the right trim. I must think that out.

[He lights another pipe and thinks it out exhaustively.]

Casual Passer (derisively, to a Skilled Artisan who has launched a modern liner of his own construction, which he seems unwilling to trust beyond the reach of his boat-hook). Why don't yer let it go, ole Cock? 'Fraid of it sinkin'?

The Skilled Artisan (after searching in vain for a more withering retort). Nar then, Cocky, down't be silly!

[The model liner takes advantage of the opportunity to steam out into the open sea, which obliges him to plunge in over his ankles and rescue the truant.]

The Casual Passer. You orter tie a bit o' string to 'er nex' time, you ought!

[He departs guffawing, and is out of hearing before the proprietor of the liner, who is evidently a man rather of deeds than of words, has thought of a repartee sufficiently scathing.]

The Skilled A. (to the Bystanders). A bit o' string, indeed! On'y exposes 'is ignirance of mechanics torkin' like thet, yer know!

An Angel-faced Boy (to Park-keeper, watching a derelict vessel that is aimlessly drifting some yards from the shore). Do you think she'll be long coming in now, Sir?

Park-keeper. All right, Sonny, don't you worry. I've got my eye on her. (To a lad who arrives at this moment, and appears to be a sort of amateur coast-guardsmen.) Another job for you, JOE.

Joe (producing weighted line). She's a bit fur out as yet—but 'ere goes. (He casts the line dexterously over the mast of the ship in distress.) On'y just missed her. (Tries again.) Got her—no, it's run off her bowsprit. Next time ought to do it. (After one or two more attempts he lassos the hull, and hauls it to land, where it is secured by the Park-keeper.) There y'are, Mister.

The Angel-faced Boy (with a bright smile of gratitude). Thank you, Sir. May I have my boat, please?

Park-keeper. Your boat, indeed! I 'appen to know the boy this boat belongs to, and you ain't him—not by a long way. Nice conduct, I don't think, tryin' to sneak another boy's boat when he ain't there to look after it! You young limb, you! You'll come to a bad end, you will, if you ain't careful.

[With a stern moral disapproval which does not perceptibly abash the young offender, who accepts his failure with philosophical serenity. After fixing him for a moment or two, the Park-keeper strolls on with the grim smile of a man whom experience has rendered a match for the wildest boy.]

An Imaginative Boy (excitedly, to an older and matter-of-fact friend). Look at the Reliance now, ERNEST! See how she's forging ahead! She's Togo's flagship, going to sink the Baltic Fleet!



Rich Old Aunt (recovering from accident). "I'M AFRAID I SHALL FEEL THE EFFECTS OF THIS FALL FOR MANY YEARS TO COME!"
Nephew (with expectations). "I SINCERELY HOPE NOT, AUNTIE!"

Ernest. What rot you're talking! As if Togo would have a sailing-cutter for a flagship!

The Im. B. She may be a cutter, usually—but she's a battleship just now. And, I say, there's a fleet of destroyers trying to surround her! Do you see?

Ernest. I should call 'em ducks, myself. Where are their smoke-stacks?

The Im. B. (trying to compromise). Well, we'll say they're submarines, then!

Ernest (with the pity of a superior mind). I tell you what it is—if you go on like this when you go to school next half, the fellows will give you a jolly rough time of it, that's all!

[*The destroyers quack in ominous confirmation of this prediction, and the "Reliance" is reluctantly struck off the list of the Japanese Admiral's squadron.*]

Jim (small shopkeeper's son, proud proprietor of a four-and-sixpenny clipper, to his chum). Blest if that green boat ain't passed my Shamrock! She can go and no mistake, that green 'un can. I shall git one o' them green 'uns some day.

[*BARBARA, who owns the "green 'un" in question, overhears this tribute, and flushes with gratification; BILL admits that the two are fairly equal—but thinks the "Shamrock" can sail closer to the wind.*]

Barbara (unable to restrain herself any longer). That's my boat you're talking about. And yours is getting a good wind now. Suppose we let it be a race between them?

Jim (flattered but embarrassed). Awright, Miss. I'm agreeable, if you are.

[*The three walk round the bank together, and by the time the race is decided BARBARA and JIM are on fairly intimate terms, much to the disgust of BILL.*]

Barbara's Nurse (suddenly becoming alive to the situation). Miss BARBARA, come away this minute. The idee of a young lady playin' about with rough boys like them two, as ought to know their place if you don't!

Barbara. They're not a bit rough, and I spoke to them first, and they've very kindly been letting their boat race mine. [*To JIM and BILL.*] Good-bye, I've got to go now. You mustn't mind my Nurse, because, you see, she doesn't understand things quite. And we must have another race some day. The Shamrock very nearly won.

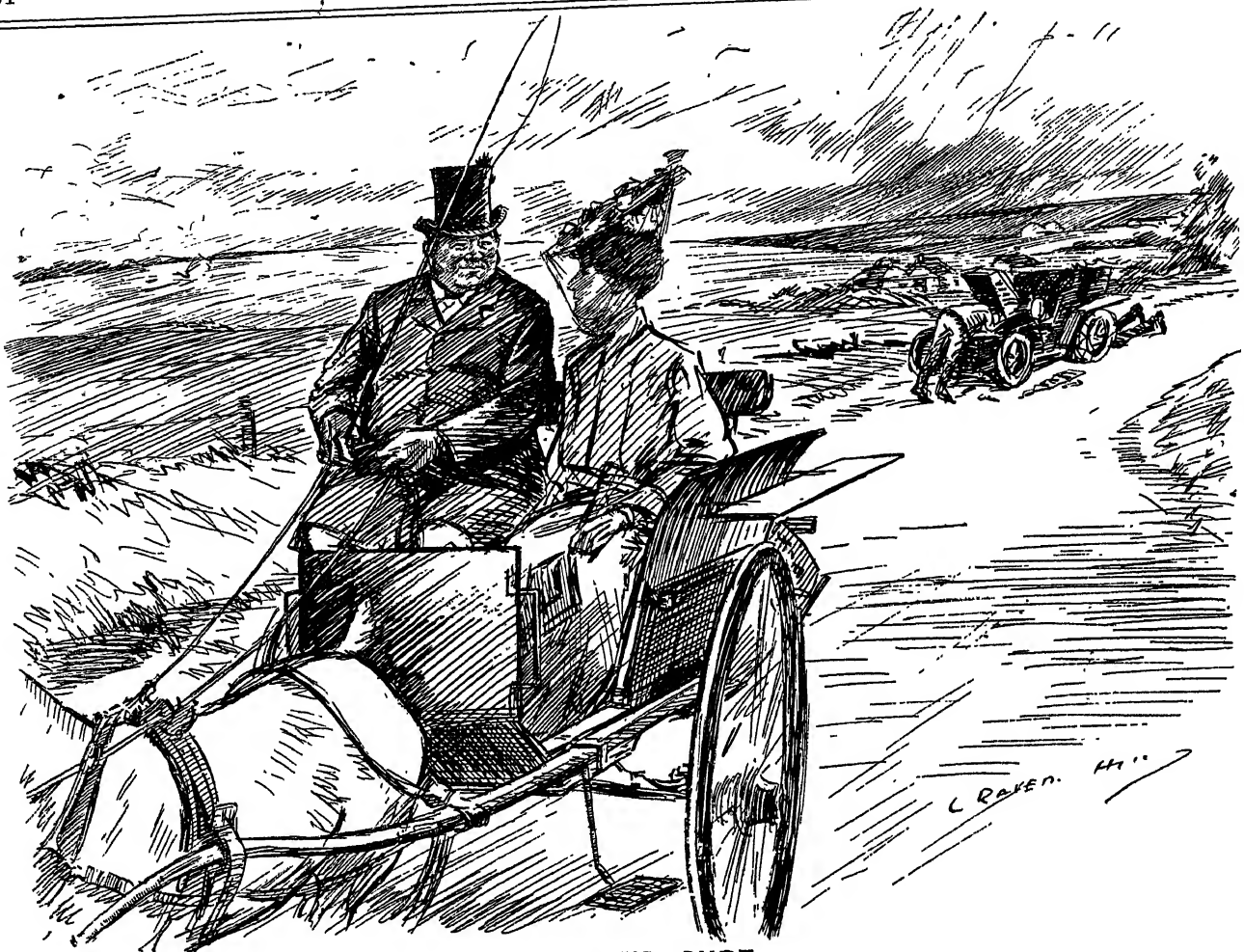
[*She gives them a friendly little nod and goes back to her Nurse.*]

Bill (aggrieved, to JIM). Well, if that gal comes and wants to pal in with us agen, you'd better tell her it ain't good enuff, ay? Gittin' jored at for a kid like that!

Jim (looking after BARBARA and her Nurse as they disappear among the tree-trunks). 'Tain't likely we'll git another chanst, so you can shet your silly 'ed! And gimme 'old of the Shamrock. I'm orf 'ome, I am.

F. A.

THE Belfast Newsletter announces a most unfortunate accident by which a motor-tricyclist was "thrown with great force to the ground, sustaining a scalp wound on the right hand."



SLOW AND SURE.

John. "I've noticed, Miss, as when you 'AS A MOTOR, YOU CATCHES A TRAIN, NOT THE TRAIN!"

TALKING IN THEATRES.

DEAR SIR,—I am an enthusiastic student of the drama, and I therefore frequently take my husband to the theatre. With regard to conversation during the performance, if I did not carefully explain to him every point in the play as it goes on he would miss a very great deal. It would be useless to wait until the end of an act, as by that time he would have forgotten the appropriate and often quite beautiful illustrations of my remarks that are continually being furnished by the people on the stage. My husband, I may add, is not deaf, nor even really stupid, but he needs educating. It is plainly a wife's duty to do this, and however painful it may be to me (or to others) I must, and shall, continue to do it. PORTIA.

DEAR PUNCH,—Glad to see that the annoyance caused by the abominable habit of talking in theatres is at last being recognised. Regret to say my wife, who goes to the play more often than is strictly necessary, is a hardened offender in this respect; and whenever I expostulate with her at any length for

talking to me, as I am frequently compelled to do, she invariably retorts with an absolutely uncalled-for *tu quoque*. This, Sir, is a form of rejoinder no self-respecting husband can possibly listen to in silence. Nor do I. But for this unfortunate propensity of hers I have no doubt I could obtain my customary after-dinner snooze at a theatre in spite of the performers. Prefer on this occasion to remain anonymous. CIPHER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am afraid somebody must have been sitting near Dick and me in the pit. I'm awfully sorry, but we only get out together about four nights a week, and naturally we have heaps and heaps to tell each other. But, really and truly, we don't talk very loud. MAISIE.

SIR,—In my opinion there is not nearly enough talking in theatres. At least, I never get the chance. UNDERSTUDY.

FROM the *Hyde Reporter* we cull this sinister comment on the fortunes of a local cricket team:—"We are sorry to say that Mellor has not won a match this year. They greatly miss their old umpire."

Euthanasia;

Or, *Dying Made Easy*.

"PRACTISE the art of deep breathing. After the morning bath take a deep breath, retain it as long as possible, then slowly expire."—*Home Chat*.

A WEARY VIGIL.—"The late Lord PETRE," says *M.A.P.*, "was noted as being the only Roman Catholic priest who had sat for centuries in the House of Lords." Certainly no similar case is on record.

In the new Guide to the County Council's steamboat service we are told that the cost of the Greenwich Tunnel, "including the formation of the necessary approaches and compensation to ferrymen, amounted to £——." These are startling figures. We wonder how much went to the ferrymen. Possibly about £—.

"THE LONG RESULT OF TIME."—The *Evening News*, in a brief review of gold-finds in Scotland, states that "Dunrobin Glen yielded £20,000 worth of gold in as many years." A very interesting Prehistoric Peep.



THE LORD HIGH OBSTRUCTIONIST.

POLICEMAN PUNCH. "HERE! WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT?"
LORD HALSBURY. "I'M HORATIUS! I'M KEEPING THE BRIDGE!!"
POLICEMAN PUNCH. "OH! YOU ARE, ARE YOU? WELL, THIS ISN'T ANCIENT ROME. THIS IS MODERN LONDON:
AND YOU'VE JUST GOT TO MOVE ON."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



REDISTRIBUTION OF SEATS.

Some Gentlemen to whom the idea of the Redistribution of the Seats they occupy is in the highest degree distasteful.

House of Commons, Monday, July 17.—If this sort of thing goes on PRINCE ARTHUR really will throw up the sponge, hand in his checks, or go through any other metaphorical form that means retirement from office. He can stand continuous hard work and gets plenty of it. Members who sniff at him because he is occasionally absent from the Treasury Bench would find themselves pretty well done up if they got through a tithe of his daily task. That he makes light of. What he can't stand is the unreasonableness of man, also of woman. To-day has had sharp experience of both.

To begin with, the SPEAKER interposed objection, based on antiquated precedents, against his running through his Redistribution Resolutions in a couple of morning sittings. Nothing could exceed his own sweet reasonableness in the matter. He originally proposed one morning sitting for discussion of what is practically a far-reaching Reform Bill. Objection taken, he generously gave two. Now the SPEAKER insists there shall be a second reading debate on the scheme as a whole, which would occupy two or three full sittings; then the House to go into Committee and severally discuss with full flush of amendments eight, possibly nine, distinct Resolutions.

That meant something like eight weeks of Parliamentary time. It involved the alternative of extending the Session into chill October, or adjourning in mid-

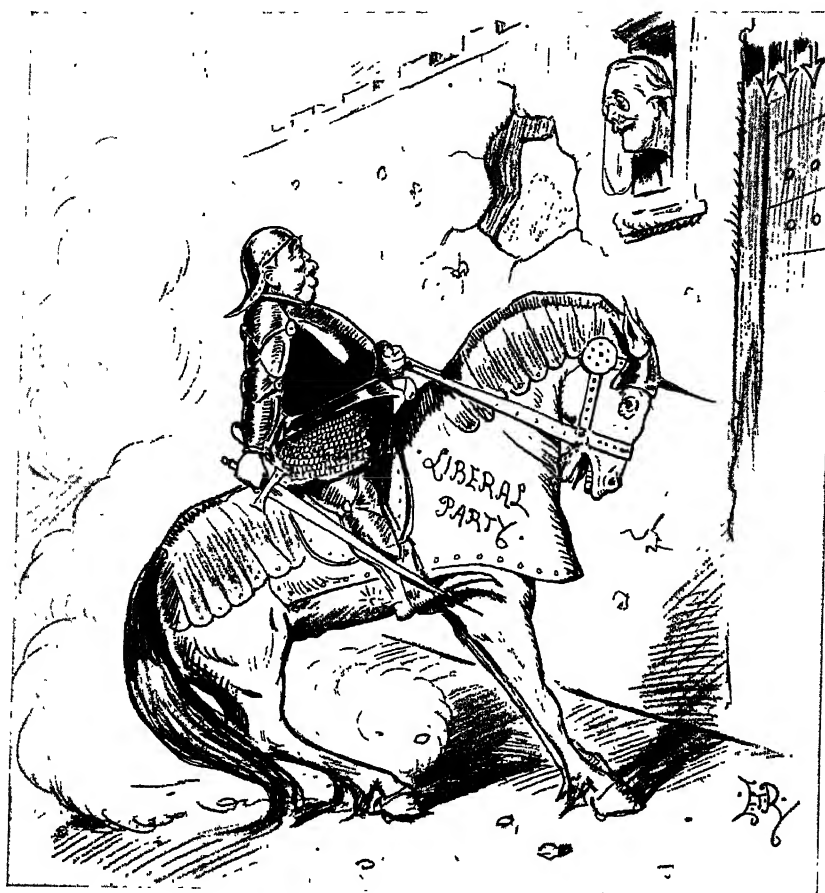
August, meeting again for an autumn Session. There was one other method of meeting the dilemma. PRINCE ARTHUR seized it. He dropped the Resolutions.

This bad enough; what followed, worse still. The East End has risen in its despair; this afternoon marched to Westminster, wanting to know about the promised Bill providing workmen with employment. It is the women who have undertaken the mission, and they come to Westminster with puny babes in their arms, wailing enquiry as to what's going to be done for their husbands. They stream into PRINCE ARTHUR's private room and put the question to him face to face. Many interviews taken place in this chamber, some epoch-making; never anything like this. A score of gaunt, hungry-eyed women clustering round the PRIME MINISTER, clamouring for bread, or the means to buy it. New precedent this, by the side of which those quoted by SPEAKER an hour earlier, with result of tearing to pieces the Redistribution Resolutions, grow mustier and mustier.

To the heated imagination there is something in it reminiscent of episodes closely preceding the French Revolution. Wasn't there an aristocrat who, when the people asked for bread, retorted with inquiry, "Why don't you eat grass?"



"A picturesque figure rarely seen."
(The Duke of Rutland.)



THE SUMMONS TO SURRENDER.

(The Government were defeated by four votes, July 20, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman demanded an armistice with a view to the surrender of the garrison.)

In the grim story of what later took place in the streets of Paris there lives forever the picture of a well-dressed man dangling from a lamppost, his mouth stuffed with grass.

PRINCE ARTHUR spoke to his strange afternoon callers softly, promising that everything should be done to bring the Bill along. Whereupon they withdrew and, gallantly escorted by Mr. CROOKS, had tea on the Terrace in the company of more fortunate sisters, to whom the refreshment was preliminary to eight-o'clock dinner. When they had gone PRINCE ARTHUR went back to Treasury Bench, to worry round the fourth stage of Aliens Bill.

Business done.—Redistribution Resolutions abandoned.

House of Lords, Tuesday night.—"I suppose if PRINCE ARTHUR insists, we shall have Redistribution of the electorate. But," said the LORD CHANCELLOR grimly, "they sha'n't redistribute the trams so as to bring them over the bridges and run along the Embankment. They'll be wanting 'em up Constitution Hill next."

Bill authorising the work has passed the House of Commons. Has been blessed by nearly every Borough Council in the metropolis. Even the City

Corporation have acquiesced. Some millions living south of the River clamour for it. Royal Commission on Traffic support its principal proposal. CARRINGTON, backing Bill, cited typical case of a woman who lives at Brixton and goes daily to her work in Holborn. If, instead of leaving the tram at the foot of Westminster Bridge, she might ride along Embankment on her way, it would mean to her a saving of 450 miles walked in the year.

What is that to the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, whose longest walk is from his robing room to the woollack? Coming to assistance of his young friend RIDLEY, properly shocked at prospect of the Embankment reserve being open to common tram folk, he put his foot down, and the Bill was thrown out by nearly 2 to 1.

Debate brought down a veteran whose picturesque figure is rarely seen.

"Protection makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows," the Duke of RUTLAND said to the MEMBER FOR SARK, when the latter congratulated him on his speech delivered last year in support of DON JOSÉ'S Fiscal Policy.

Thereafter the Duke retired to the learned leisure of Belvoir Castle. This attempted outrage on the Embankment

called him once more to the front. Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning, die; but leave, oh leave us this costly thoroughfare (paid for out of the rates) free from the contamination of rate-payers who ride in penny trams.

"My Lords," said the Duke, erect under the weight of nearly ninety years, "take your courage in both hands, and defend the Embankment against attack year by year made upon it by the London County Council."

When, sixty-four years ago, Lord JOHN MANNERS came to sit in the Commons, Member for Newark, with the rising hope of stern, unbending Toryism as his colleague, Free Trade was non-existent, the London County Council undreamt of. He has lived long enough to see Protection again uplift its head, and to-day assists in giving the L. C. C. what the Curate in *The Private Secretary* used to threaten to deal his tormentors—"a good hard knock."

The Duke begins to believe that, after all, the world is not in such hopeless state as in moments of depression he has feared.

Business done.—L. C. C. Tramways Bill thrown out by 64 votes against 33.

House of Commons, Friday morning, One o'clock.—Ministerialists yesterday morning, opening their billydoo from the PINK 'UN, found it almost picturesque in its phrase. With the emphasis of three lines it besought Members to be in their places punctually at nine o'clock. "The Opposition," so ran the incantation, "have cancelled their pairs. The Irish are over in full force. There will be a lively evening."

Almost up to the stroke of midnight this last forecast was falsified. Nothing could be drearier than the speeches following each other on JOHN REDMOND'S Amendment to reduce vote for Irish Land Commission. Shortly after eleven WALTER LONG made his second speech, not livelier than the first. Then TAY PAY for a while whirled his shillelah in the sultry air. As the limp hand of the clock stretched forth to clasp welcome midnight the question was put.

Members hurried forth without visible sign of emotion. Division would probably be a close one. Opposition certainly showed up well. But, after PRINCE ARTHUR'S Foreign Office appeal to the loyalty of his Party surely all was well.

On ordinary occasion, if division be taken at midnight Members hurry forth to secure a cab, content to wait for the morning paper to learn precise figures. This morning they returned to the House filling the benches, crowding the Bar. As the minutes sped rumour ran to and fro. The buzz of conversation rose to deafening height. The PINK 'UN and ESMONDE, the Irish Whip, were back almost simultaneously. Evidently a close



MR. MUGWUMP'S MISFORTUNES.

(The Adventures of a Beginner.)

NO. 4.—MR. M. SAYS, "TROUT FISHING MAY BE ALL RIGHT FOR A YOUNG MAN, BUT GIVE ME PEACE AND A PUNT, WHERE YOU CAN HAVE A GOOD LUNCH, AND A NAP AFTERWARDS. BUT—BE SURE THAT YOUR MOORINGS ARE QUITE DEPENDABLE."

thing. Cheers and counter-cheers broke forth from the excited host on either side.

There was a moment's silence as the four tellers stood in a group at the Table whilst the Clerk wrote down the figures. To whom would he hand the paper? In many a pitched battle the PINK 'UN has awaited it as a matter of course, taking his place at the extreme right of the line. It was noted he was not so confident this morning, even edging a little to the left to make room for the Irish Whip.

When the Clerk handed the paper to ESMONDE there went up from the Opposition Benches a roar threatening to split the glass roof that has for seventy years looked down on similar scenes. Several times ESMONDE attempted to read out the figures; perforce was mute amid the turmoil. When in comparative lull he shouted them out, few caught them. The CHAIRMAN standing up to repeat them, the hubbub ceased, to break forth once more in louder force when it was made known that in a House of 401 Members, after debate extending over nearly eight hours, the Government



had been defeated by a majority of three. On closer enquiry it was found to be four.

No snap division this, sprung immediately after the dinner hour on an unprepared majority. A pitched battle, with all available reserves brought up. And Ministers were worsted.

Business done. — The Opposition's Amendment to reduce estimates carried by 200 votes against 196.

OUR VILLAGE ELEVEN.

EXCEPT at lunch, I cannot say

With truth that we are stayers;
Yet, though on village greens we play,
We're far from common players.

The mason blocks with careful eye;
We dub him "Old Stonewall."
The blacksmith hammers hard and high,
And the spreading chestnuts fall.

Sheer terror strikes our enemies
When comes the postman's knock,
Whereas his slow deliveries
Would suit the veriest crock.

The butcher prides himself on chops;
His leg-cuts are a joke;
But when he lambs the slow long-hops
There's beef behind his stroke.

The grocer seldom cracks his egg:
He cannot catch; he butters.
The gardener mows each ball to leg,
And trundles daisy-cutters.

Our tailor's cut is world-renowned;
The coachman's drives are rare;
He'll either cart you from the ground
Or go home with a pair.

The village constable is stout,
Yet tries short runs to win:
They say he's run more people out
Than ever he ran in.

The curate (captain) every match
Bowls piffle doomed to slaughter,
But still is thought a splendid catch —
By the vicar's elderly daughter.

The watchmaker winds up the side,
But fails to time his pulls;
By now he must be well supplied
With pairs of spectacles.

Our umpire's fair; he says "Not Out,"
Or "Out," just as he thinks;
And gives the benefit of the doubt
To all who stand him drinks.

No beatings (beatings are the rule)
Can make our pride diminish;
Last week we downed the Blind Boys'
School

After a glorious finish!

The Wish to Please.

EXTRACT from report of concert in provincial paper:—"The Rev. — obliged with four songs, and would gladly have been heard in a fifth."

HOLIDAYS AT HOME.

"T. P.," in last week's *M.A.P.*, quotes with approval Sir THOMAS LAUDER BRUNTON's advice that Londoners should go through the Carlsbad or Homburg cures at home instead of visiting foreign spas, and states that he tried the same successfully in Battersea Park. Before rushing abroad, therefore, or even out of town, next month in search of health and distraction, the jaded West-ender would do well to study the following list of "Kur-orts" and attractions provided, on the spot, by the ever solicitous and bountiful L. C. C. :—

On Bank Holiday, August 7, at 6 A.M., the new *Konversationshaus* and *Trinkhalle* on the main island in Piccadilly Circus will be formally opened by HERR E. A. CORNWALL, *Oberbezirksrat*, who will drink a glass of water from the fountain now re-named the "*Schaftsburgquelle*." Thereafter and until eight o'clock every morning during the season, the attendant *Blumennädchen*, in appropriate attire, will dispense the health-giving fluid to their fashionable visitors, while five German bands will simultaneously give local colour to the proceedings by playing Teutonic airs on the *Regentstrasse* and *Pikkadilligasse Promenades*.

Preparations are being made for a brilliant season at Putney-Plage, which bids fair to become a formidable rival to Scheveningen, Ostend and Trouville. The boat-houses have lately been converted into a well-appointed Casino, with ball-room, *établissement des bains*, and facilities for European pool, baccarat and *petits chevaux*. The *Société Anonyme des Ravageurs de la Boue* gives daily *réunions* at low tide, when some very *chic* costumes will be noticed among the Fulham Smart Set. The new accelerated service of paddle steamers now performs the *trajet* from Westminster in little over two hours.

Alpinists will be glad to hear that unusual opportunities for their favourite pursuit are in prospect this summer in the Holborn Oberland and the Strand-Königsweg ranges. Many unexpected crevasses have appeared, which will test the nerve of the hardest mountaineer to negotiate, and constant avalanches are reported in these districts. The *Mer d'Asphalte* in the Sohöher Moraine district is a thing whereon even a WHYMPER or a MARTIN CONWAY would fear to tread.

Excellent sport is expected on the sparrow-moors of Hampstead Heath on the Twelfth. The birds are strong on the wing, there has been very little disease, and keepers are confident of record bags. It is hoped that the Parliamentary session will be wound up in time for hard-worked legislators to

exchange the stifling atmosphere of St. Stephen's for breezes of these sportive uplands on the opening day. Meanwhile, the rush to the North has begun, and Jack Straw's Castle is crammed to the ramparts, while every shooting-box in the neighbourhood has been let twice over.

The Lea has been in spate recently, and the souls of fishermen are correspondingly elated. We hear that several fine gudgeon have gone up the river, and some ardent spinners with the dry fly are already after them. With this, and the welcome news that the close time for roach on Clapham Common is now over, and that gaffs at a penny are being advertised in the New Cut, what more could our hackle-wielders wish?

It would seem, therefore, that there is ample scope within sound of Bow Bells for the valetudinarian, the pleasure-seeker, and the sportsman to indulge and repair themselves to their hearts' content. ZIGZAG.

THE EXPLOSIVE GOLF BALL.

TO GOLFERS.

THE Explosive Ball is a wire-wound ball with a core of highly-compressed Dynamite.

High Velocity (3,000 feet per second).

Low trajectory.

No swing required. A tap will set it going.

You lay your opponent dead on the tee.

You will never use any other ball.

Trebles the excitement of the game, as every green may be the last.

Never needs re-covering.

If it cannot find the hole it will make one for itself.

When playing with this ball you need not keep the St. Andrew's Rules.

You can make your own.

The Explosive Golf Ball lowers the Handicap.

It makes your caddie respect you.

THE EXPLOSIVE GOLF BALL.

£2 2s. each.

One ball will last your lifetime.

Testimonial.

Admiral Togo writes:—"I attribute the efficiency of my approach shots at Tsushima entirely to practice with the new projectile."

Form Master (sarcastically, to JONES, who has been reproved by the Head for making a rude caricature of one of the masters). Well, JONES, and what did the Headmaster say about your funny picture?

Jones (with dignity). He said, Sir, that nobody but the lowest of the low would call it funny.

LAST OPERATIC NOTE OF THE SEASON.



"AFTER THE OPERA IS OVER!"

THE London Operatic Season is over. There is to be an Autumn Opera in Town, of which more presently. One down, t'other come on. Judging from what *Mr. Punch's* Operatic Observer has seen and heard, the past has been exceptionally profitable to Operatic directors and decidedly satisfactory to Messrs. MESSENGER, NEIL FORSYTH, and the public.

On the 1st of May RICHTER was enthusiastically received, conducting WAGNER and all his works. Then, while we were yet labouring under the Wagnerian nightmare of Giants, Dwarfs, Floating Fairies, and Pantomimic Dragons, we were awaked by the delightful *Barber of Seville*, on which occasion Mlle. BAUERMEISTER was conspicuous by her absence. Alas! she was not to appear again until her Farewell Benefit in July. Farewell, a long farewell, and, if for ever, fare thee well! Such is operatic life, "which likewise is the end of all things." You may see her, as depicted by our artist in the sketch above, waving her *adieux*, from the deck of a departing vessel, to her old companions who are disporting themselves on the sands of Tune near the Sound of Tune.

Then, under MANCINELLI's sympathetic conducting, were wafted to us, on a Tuesday night, May 9, the sweet strains of DONIZETTI's *Don Pasquale*, commencing with "*Com'è gentil*." This revival—alas! for one night only, as this deponent does not remember its having been given a second chance—was delightful; and why not repeated only Messrs. MESSENGER, FORSYTH and the Directors can tell; but they won't.

MELBA, as *Violetta* in *La Traviata*, and under a new umbrella hat depicted by our hawk-eyed artist, next arrived. In her train came MIMI, her Bohemian friends, and Signor CARUSO, at his very best. Subsequently, excellent Mlle. DESTINN tried her best to make us forget CALVÉ as *Carmen*,

and Mlle. DONALDA scored a success as *Micaëla*. Signor DALMORES was a first-rate *Don José*.

On Derby Day there was no *Ring*, but WAGNER's *Die Meistersinger* was named as the favourite, with VAN ROOY in regular right Rooyal voice, and Fräulein ALTEN as Eva-green Eva. Epsom excitement over, we settled down to MELBA-Marguerite, in *Faust*, on Thursday after Derby. The King of SPAIN's state visit to the Opera on Thursday, June 8, was a grand gala night indeed, though *Don Pasquale* and *Don Giovanni* were not invited to be present. Just about this time happened the deluge, and there were no arks, in shape of cabs, wherein to reach home dry-footed. Opera singers, however, were uninjured, as immediately afterwards, ere yet the decorations had disappeared, we find Mlle. DESTINN at her very best in *Aïda*, and her companions quite unaffected by the "rain that rained every day."

Madame JEANNE RAUNAY distinguished herself in VERDI's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, as did also Mlle. SELMA KURZ, Signori SCOTTI and CARUSO. Royalty has patronised the Opera very regularly, and with royal punctuality Next notable event was the *Orfeo* of Madame KIRKBY LUNN and the *Euridice* of JEANNE RAUNAY. Afterwards *Orfeo* was sung and the lyre played by Mlle. GERVILLE-RÉACHE, the part not being quite within her reach,—that is perhaps because this deponent's memory reaches back to JULIA RAVOGLI. Next notable event, June 28, was the production of a new opera, *L'Oracolo*, by Signor FRANCO LEONI, excellently done. It was a quaint show, admirably staged, but not the opera for Covent Garden. The "working of *The Oracle*" was well managed, but general opinion appears to be that, like the majority of oracles, it cannot be relied upon.

July opened with *Don Giovanni* and a first-rate cast.

Then *The Oracle* was given a second chance. The next production was *Roméo et Juliette*, with Scotch lassie DONALDA as heroine, and M. DALMORES as the amorous "climbing boy." Another novelty, *Madama Butterfly*, by PUCCINI, was produced. This *Butterfly* is out for something more than a flutter, and it will be in the *répertoire* for next season, with, probably, the same cast, on which, as it included Mlle. DESTINN, Madame LEJEUNE, powerful Mlle. SIMEOLI, Signori SCOTTI and CARUSO, it would be difficult to improve. The title *Butterfly* suggests a series of Grasshopperas.

In front, the House has been notably well managed, and on the very hottest nights the Syndics of the Syndicate, who prefer to take things coolly, ventilated the question of heat satisfactorily, and introduced a delightful air arranged for orchestra and audience, without any such *Æolian draughts* as not so very long ago gave a blow to several systems, from which they with difficulty recovered.

An Autumn-tum-tum Season is, as this deponent has already deposed, announced by the Grand Opera Singdicat and Mr. FRANK RENDLE. Under this banner and commanded, presumably, by Generals MESSENGER and FORSYTH, the San Carlo Opera Company is to give an eight-weeks' season, commencing in October, when the longest vacation is pretty sure to be over, and London will be re-filling. The prices for stalls are from 12s. 6d. to 7s. 6d., and the first row of the pit circle is 10s. 6d., the same price as is charged for seats in rows L to Q of stalls. The Operatic Singdicat knows best, but at first sight most theatre-goers would have considered it wiser to commence the prices of pit at a shilling less than the lowest charge for stalls. Such a charge as this might lead to another row being added, *i.e.* a row (rhyming with "how") between the pit-preferring public and the management. *Absit omen!* This deponent's suggestion would be 6s. 6d. for first row in pit circle; 5s. for all the other rows; and 4s. each for admission of mere mortals to the seats of "the Gods." Advice gratis, and best wishes for success of Syndicate's scheme.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Nautical Retainer writes: In that narrow field of literature to which we give the name of "light verse" ("light," that is, for the reader, but difficult enough for the writer), there is not living to-day a more conscientious craftsman than Captain KENDALL, late R.A., known by the *nom de guerre* of "DUM-DUM." His new volume, *Rhymes of the East and Re-collected Verses* (CONSTABLE), is largely made up of the best of the work which he had previously published in India, and of new matter from the pages of *Punch*. It marks a great advance upon his earlier books in the direction of self-criticism and fastidious judgment. Though in many of his poems the influence of CALVERLEY is easy to trace, there is no question but that "DUM-DUM's" work is distinguished by a rare individuality. It has breadth and spaciousness, along with a studied felicity in the choice of the right word. It reveals always that "fundamental brainwork" which was ROSSETTI's primary demand. If his style betrays any characteristic fault, it is that of diffuseness; but it is not the diffuseness of the writer who ekes out his line with the otiose epithet or phrase. It is due in part to the complex metrical systems which he sometimes adopts; but chiefly it is due to fertility of thought and expression; and to the fact that, when he has found many happy ways of urging the same argument, he has not the heart to make an invidious selection. Yet he seldom wants for the inevitable brief phrase which clinches a conclusion. His great charm lies in the trick of a sudden bathos of colloquialism occurring in the midst of a mock-serious flight of eloquence. Yet with all his feeling for humorous contrasts, and his delightful taste in the grotesque, it is for his sense of style and technique that this volume, so free

from all that is trivial and hackneyed and slipshod, will win the commendation of the best judges of this form of *belles lettres*. And when one regards the high quality of workmanship demanded of the maker of light verse if it is to be worth making at all, one may perhaps apply MATTHEW ARNOLD's words to the standard of technique which "DUM-DUM" sets to other followers of his light-hearted Muse:

Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse! young, gay,
Radiant, adorn'd outside; a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within.

In *Shrewsbury* (METHUEN) Mr. AUDEN presents a historical and topographical account of one of the most interesting and picturesque towns in England. My Baronite knew it in his youth, and welcomes with pleasure, that in degree will be shared by others, this record. The story of Shrewsbury is an intimate part of the history of England, and supplies material for the not least interesting chapter. King JOHN was quite a late comer on the scene, his charter to the borough confirming to the burgesses "all liberties, free customs and quittances, as they had them in the time of King HENRY, our great grandfather." In later times known to SHAKESPEARE, *Sir John Falstaff* fought at Shrewsbury, in the battle where *Hotspur* was killed. There are few towns of contemporary date that preserve so many fragments of old houses, churches, council chambers, and other buildings. Charm is added to the book by the pictures of these contributed by Miss KATHERINE ROBERTS.

It is not often that an author boldly calls the hero of his own creation a fool, yet this is what Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT does in his novel, which he has entitled *The Fool Errant* (HEINEMANN). Not so very long ago, if the Baron's memory serves him correctly, another writer of romance, Mr. BURLAND, did something similar, only he was polite enough not to directly attract attention to the simple-mindedness of his hero. But in this book of Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT's we have a chivalric fool, a sane Quixotic English youth, frank, honest, religious, coming of an ancient family, which so sturdily adheres to the persecuted faith of its forefathers, that it must send its heir abroad, there to obtain, in the University of Padua, the education, fitting his position, that is denied to him in his own country. Such a fool as Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT makes of his hero is a delightful character! Would there were more fools of the same sort! The tale of his ever-varying romantic adventures is never tedious. One character, however, namely the villainous mendicant friar, surely belongs to an earlier date than that of this story. As to the sweet women who live or die for the hero (and of one, disguised as a page, the Baron seems to have some pleasant reminiscence in "quite another story," and also as a character in an Alexandrine drama at the St. James's), they are all charmingly drawn; and the true love of the self-sacrificing woman is forcibly contrasted with the passion of the woman who is not a crown to her husband. *The Fool Errant* is never the fool peccant: the shield of his honour is untarnished. He is disillusioned with regard to one whom he has foolishly, but honestly, adored. As to the Italians of the period, with whom the Fool is brought into contact, there is scarcely one of them who for integrity and purity can be for one instant compared with this Fool of fiction, to whom the reader, if he be at first a trifle irritated by his unworldly folly, will become so attached as to regret the moment of parting with so simple and so lovable a character.

THE BARON



DE

B.W.

FASHION'S PHASES.

WHEN first I whispered words of love,
When first you turned aside to hear,
The winged griffin flew above,
The mammoth gaily gamboll'd near;
I wore the latest thing in skins,
Your dock-leaf dress had just been
mended

And fastened up with fishes' fins—
The whole effect was really splendid.

Again—we wandered by the Nile,
In Egypt's far, forgotten land,
And watched the festive crocodile
Devour papyrus from your hand.
Far off across the plain we saw
The trader urge his flying camel;
Bright shone the scarab belt you wore,
Clasped with a sphinx of rare enamel.

Again—on Trojan plains I knelt;
Alas! in vain I strove to speak
And tell you all the love I felt
In more or less Homeric Greek;
Perhaps my helmet-strap was tight
And checked the thoughts I fain
would utter,
Or else your robe of dreamy white
Bewildered me and made me stutter.

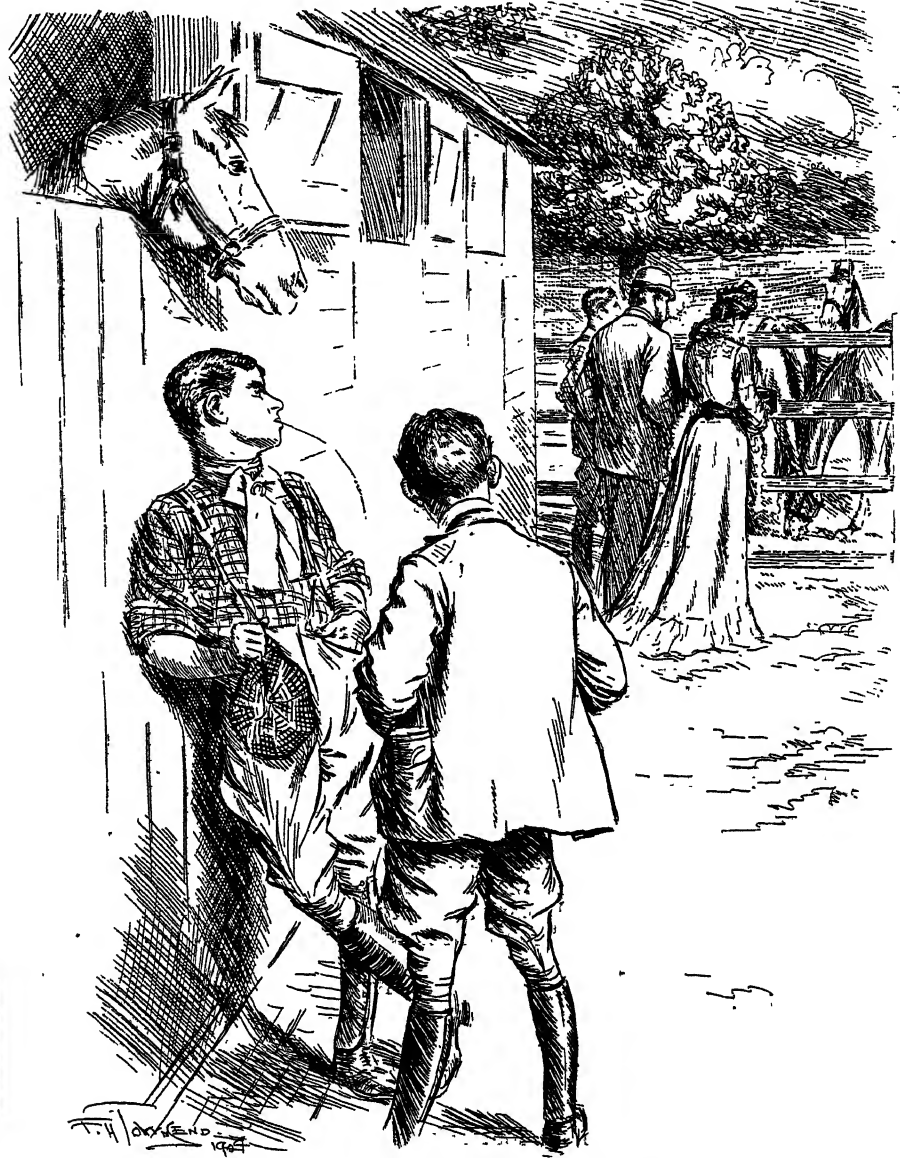
Once more we change the *mise-en-scène*;
The white road curves across the hill;
Excitement makes you rather plain,
But on the whole I love you still,
As wreathed with veils and goggles blue,
And clad in macintosh and leather,
Snug in our motor built for two
We skim the Brighton road together.

THE ART OF DIALOGUE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read in a review the other day that very few authors of the present age could write really natural dialogue. Having discovered a way of writing stories without any dialogue at all, I beg to present my latest effort to your readers. If it seems difficult in places, a little study will soon discover the meaning. My tale is entitled,

THE PREVARICATION OF PRISCILLA.

He put an arm around her waist.
“—?” he asked in a low voice.
“—,” she replied, shaking her pretty head.
“—,” he ejaculated.
“—,” she said, reprovingly.
“—,” he apologised.
There was silence for a little while.
Then ARTHUR returned to the attack.
What right had she to be so decided about it? he thought.
“—,” he said, “—.”
“—,” she admitted.
“—,” he went on, “—.” He paused for a reply.
There was a short silence, while PRISCILLA thought how best she could put it. At last she began:



A HEARTY APPRECIATION.

(A Ducal Surprise Visit to the Yearlings.)

First Stable Boy. "CHATS AWAY JUST LIKE AN ORDINARY—NO SIDE ABOUT HE!"
Second Stable Boy (warmly). "YES—AND SHE—SO WOMANLY!"

"—," She looked timidly at him.
"—," she urged, pleadingly.
"—," was his monosyllabic comment. ["Rats"—ED.]
"—," she persisted.
He stood up in front of her, and cried to her from the fulness of his heart. Love gave him eloquence.
"—," he said.
"—," she said.
"—," he muttered with clenched teeth. Out aloud, "—," dwelling lovingly upon the name.
He held out his arms to her, and no longer could she resist him.
"—," she cooed.
"—?" he asked, hardly able to believe his ears.

"—," she lisped.

How simple and yet how neat, Mr. Punch, is this method of writing dialogue: No long, cumbersome, unreal talk; but at the same time the reader left in no doubt as to the nature of the conversation. "—," she lisped. "Yes" or "No" it must have been, and how can one lisp "No"? The subtlety of it, Mr. Punch! Your humble servant,
THE O'MEREDITH.

It is reported that DARLING has called "Tail" to England's toss four times, and is now convinced that the English team hasn't got one.

'TWINX THE CUP AND THE LIP.

[The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a collection of Press opinions on the Government's defeat, quoted from the *Daily News* the following dictum which it considered to be piously expressed: "The prevailing thought to-day is less exultation than a profound thankfulness that the end has come at last. The thing has collapsed just as it seemed getting intolerable. From to-day a new chapter opens in the history of this isle and Empire."]

As when a traveller through a tropic land.
Bored by a sameness in the desert scenery,
Is moved to smack his lips, all caked with sand,
At sight of distant palms or other greenery;

Then, to his own (and camel's) marked disgust,
On drawing near to that alleged oasis,
Sees that his credulous and child-like trust
Was founded on an insufficient basis:—

Or as the climber up an arduous Alp
Grapples the icy steep, and bravely staunches
The rude excoriations on his scalp
Caused by inevitable avalanches;

And, even while he wields his axe in air,
Crying "Another step and so the summit!"—
Slips off, and after bouncing here and there
Drops perpendicularly like a plummet:—

Or, lastly, as an all-too previous bird
Counts up her family while still *in ovo*,
Then finds her estimate has wholly erred,
And she must start and sit again *de novo*:—

Just so collapsed the Liberal Party's hopes!
How often one gets left when most elated!
As in the above extremely obvious tropes
I have with some insistence indicated.

"The Righteous triumph," so the voice had said;
"Yet let us not assume a bumptious attitude,
Let us, dear brethren, rather bow the head
(Or words to that effect) in speechless gratitude.

"After a most intolerable while
Emancipate from yonder foul Chimæra,
A virgin future waits this precious isle,
On Greater Britain breaks a brand-new era!"

Prophet! that statement looked so like a threat
It shook the Tory from his indecision,
He vowed that never (or at least not yet)
Should you have scope to realise that vision.

New dawn of Empire under REDMOND (J.)?
Though ARTHUR might be sick to death of office, he
Made up his weary mind at once to stay,
And do his best to stultify that prophecy.

And I, a struggler in the motley school,
Reading of your premonitory rumour,
I own I envied, as a rival fool,
Your priceless gift of pure unconscious humour.
O. S.

The Anno Domini Disease.

"HOME FOR CHRONIC AGED LADIES. Comfortable, permanent. Nice lawn and old trees."—*Advt. in Church Times.*

That was a pretty thought, to have Nature in sympathy; the trees, like the ladies, suffering from chronic age—poor old TITHONUS' complaint.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE KITTEN.

THE door was ajar, and through the narrow gap the black kitten slowly and cautiously insinuated itself into the room. Perceiving suddenly that there was a male person (myself) seated in a chair it turned to fly, but the door had swung to behind it and egress was barred. Thereupon it immediately turned round, faced its enemy, and advanced by four side-long springs half towards, half away from him. Its legs were rigid, its back partly arched, its tail tremulously extended, and, as it sprang, its four feet left the carpet simultaneously and then reached it again all together. Finding, after a pause of one gloomy and defiant moment, that no notice was taken of it, it again sprang high and sideways, and then for fifteen seconds chased its tail round and round with extraordinary speed and ferocity, eventually rolling over on its back, scrabbling at the tail with its hind paws, clutching it firmly with its front paws, and gnawing its tip violently with its teeth. During this performance it appeared to inflict upon itself (and greatly to its own surprise) a considerable amount of pain, for, having given three mews of agony, it sprang galvanically to its feet and scampered up a curtain.

Failing to reach the top—no kitten ever did reach the top—it clung two-thirds of the way up as though it had been nailed to the stuff, looked down, and, judging the distance too far for a fall, shrieked for help. I lifted it down. In a fury of ingratitude it scratched and bit the helping hand, and on being deposited on the floor scurried away in terror to a dark corner. A moment afterwards it sprang a distance of three feet in pursuit of a fly, followed the chase helter-skelter on to the window-ledge, banged its head against a pane of glass and fell off on to the floor. This collapse clearly outraged all its sense of propriety and dignity. It stalked slowly and moodily to an arm-chair and began with an air of profound injury to perform its toilet. This process brought no alleviation, and it turned upon the arm-chair's fringe, which it happened to touch, with a perfectly ruthless anger, and becoming hopelessly involved in the tassels stood off suddenly and glared at the arm-chair.

Thence its attention was diverted to a looking-glass which had been placed upon the floor. It moved carefully and by a series of ambushes towards this novel piece of furniture, and, perceiving that another scraggy black kitten was advancing towards it, it became stiff with indignation, uttered a low and most ominous growl, and then hurled itself at the intruder, stopping dead short, however, when it saw the other kitten similarly hurling itself. Having looked furtively round to assure itself that I was not observing it, it executed a series of diagonals which brought it to a puzzled disappointment behind the looking-glass. Peering deliberately round the edge it recoiled in horror from a black face peering at it, and then gave the thing up and walked away in dudgeon.

Five minutes were then spent in chasing a ball of paper, turning the most remarkable somersaults, tying itself into seemingly inextricable knots, and cutting the most fantastic capers. Soon afterwards, the door having been opened, it flew out, having for no single moment mitigated its attitude of unreasoning hostility to myself and all the inanimate objects in my room.

Small Boy Cricket.

Father. Well, and how did you get on?

Small Boy. Oh, I kept wicket and caught one out. It came off his foot.

Father. But that wouldn't be out.

Small Boy. Oh, yes, it was. The umpire gave it out. You see, it hit him "below the elbow."



WAITING HIS TURN.

C.-B. "NOW THEN, YOU IN THERE, SIR! AREN'T YOU COMING OUT? YOUR TIME'S UP!"
A. B. "QUITE SO. BUT I THOUGHT I'D JUST HAVE ANOTHER DIP FIRST."



THE LIMITATIONS OF FAME.

"AND WHAT ARE YOU?"

"OH, I'M THE WICKET-KEEPER."

"THEN WHY AREN'T YOU BUSY TAKING THE GATE-MONEY?"

BOND MEN FREE.

["The investigation of the State prison of Jackson (Michigan) has disclosed that the warders, believing that 'kindness' reforms, were accustomed to release for days at a time groups of thieves, murderers, and other convicts. They visited circuses, and roamed about the streets at will. . . . The convicts gave theatrical entertainments and garden parties."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

ALL the calendar of crime I have studied in my time;

As a burglar I am fairly in the know;

I have cracked unnumbered cribs, not to mention people's ribs,

And I've generally got my *quod pro quo*.

I can tell the Brixton skilly from the brand of Pentonville;

I have noted how the Portland johnny grubs,

Far too well I know the sizes of the helpings at Devizes,

And I've criticised the *menu* of the Scrubs.

In a word, I claim to pose as a gentleman who knows

More than anybody else about our gaols,

And I hold that it is true from the burglar's point of view

Our benighted system miserably fails.

All my infant aspiration for a cultured education,

All ideals that I pondered in my pram

As they wheeled me through the Dials have been killed by all my trials—

It is prison that has made me what I am.

But in Jackson, U.S.A., they've a very different way:

There the warders all are courteous and bland;

There the convict is content, for he's treated like a gent,

And they feed him on the fattest of the land.

There, instead of cruel blindness, they have pinned their faith on kindness;

There are dances where the dresses are a dream;

There are charming little dinners for the unrepentant sinners,

There are ices, there are strawberries and cream.

And if prison, as it may, grows at times a bit too gay,

If you find yourself becoming over-stout,

You have only to suggest you would like a change and rest,

And the warders in an instant let you out.

When I think about the porridge I have lived upon at Norwich,

And the life that I have led at Holloway,

Well, I've had sufficient, thank 'ee! I am off to be a Yankee,

And I'm making tracks for Jackson, U.S.A.

THE *Westminster Gazette*, in analysing the list of Unionist absentees from the division in which the Government was defeated, places under the general head of DOMESTIC AFFLICTION:

Yeomanry (Mr. J. H. Stock) 1

Absent unpaired..... 67

A correspondent expresses the hope, that, in the case of the great unpaired, this explanation was good enough for the Ministerial Whips. As for the Warrior, the annual training has in the past been responsible for domestic difficulties among Yeomanry officers, but we trust that in the case mentioned the trouble was exaggerated.

CHARIVARIA.

If a German newspaper is correctly informed, the visit of the CZAR to the KAISER had a pathos all its own. The *Berliner Tageblatt* declares that NICHOLAS consulted WILHELM because he wanted some disinterested advice.

From private sources we hear that the attitude of the Monarchs to each other was in the highest degree cordial, and the KAISER only cried "*Halte-là!*" when the CZAR proposed that they should follow the fashion of more humble lovers, and change crowns.

France has not had to wait long to see the effect of her backing-down before Germany. The Emperor of the SAHARA has now issued a Note in which he threatens war against the Republic unless his grievances are remedied.

With reference to the outcry against a certain firm of contractors for having supplied bad rations during the Boer War, we think it should not be forgotten, in justice to the firm in question, which is accused of a lack of patriotism, that there was often a big chance of the supplies falling into the hands of the enemy.

As regards the Jam scandal the committee which has just issued its report thinks it unfortunate that the War Office did not draw the attention of the contractor to whom the surplus jam was sold to the fact that a 1 lb. tin did not necessarily contain 1 lb. of jam. This stricture seems unmerited when the War Office officials at last did what they had been constantly urged to do, namely, conduct their affairs like business men.

A speaker at the Public Health Conference, in discussing the ventilation of public buildings, touched on the subject of sleepiness in church. He suggested that, while it is customary to attribute this to the shortcomings of the preacher, "*it may be due to quite another cause.*" A number of letters have been received from gentlemen in holy orders, who state that it is due to another cause.

We were glad to see that attention was called at the Public Health Congress to the smoke nuisance in London. The ugliest feature of the evil is the number of quite young chimneys that one sees smoking nowadays.

All the school books at Kirk Langley are to be burned in order to prevent the spread of scarlet fever, and school-boys in other parts of the country are pointing out, with thoughtfulness beyond their years, that it is unwise for head-

masters to delay doing this until an outbreak has actually taken place.

The degeneracy which is said to be characteristic of the present age would now appear to be spreading to our criminals. No charge of murder, manslaughter, attempted murder, or serious assault appeared on the Old Bailey Calendar this sessions. Soon the *laudatores temporis acti* will be crying, "Won't you come back, Old Bailey?"

The theatrical season which has just closed has been one of the most disastrous on record, and the managers are trying to find out the reason. According to one of these gentlemen, "It is the motor-car which is proving one of our deadliest enemies." There is certainly no denying the fact that, in the provinces, theatrical companies have been "taken off the road" in unprecedented numbers lately.

The inhabitants of Clacton-on-Sea are erecting an obelisk on the spot where the Duke and Duchess of CONNAUGHT stood to watch the disembarkation of troops engaged in last year's manoeuvres. Happy is the town which has no history.

It has been intimated by the Army Council that, as there are no profits from this year's Royal Military Tournament, there will be nothing available for distribution. This decision was only come to, we understand, after mature deliberation.

Great excitement has been aroused among omnibus drivers by the report that they are to be forbidden to talk to passengers, and it is openly stated that, if the idea be carried further, and any attempt be made to prohibit their conversing with the drivers of other vehicles which collide with theirs, a strike will at once be proclaimed.

A project is on foot to conduct a debate in the House of Commons in French when the French Officers visit London, as a compliment to them. It is even rumoured that, if the idea be carried out, Lord LANSDOWNE will be lent for the occasion by the House of Lords. At the same time we should have thought that an Irish Night would have been even more amusing.

A LOCAL correspondent informs us that Early-Rising Societies are being started in the principal Kentish towns to encourage the inhabitants to get up in time to read the *Daily Mail*. We hear, by the way, that notwithstanding its early arrival, the new *Daily Mail* train is not an *Express* train.

SHOULD DOCTORS DISAGREE?

(*Mr. Punch's great silly season boom.*)

DEAR SIR,—In response to your request to write a letter that should successfully float a correspondence calculated to fill pages of your paper with gratis copy, I beg to enclose the same, and shall be obliged for cheque by return.

Yours truly, BARUCH SWAN.

[*The above letter ought really not to have been printed, but it is too late to take it out.*—ED.]

SIR,—The question—Should Doctors Disagree?—is one of vital importance, and never more so than in the hot summer months, when if one gets an illness one is likely to lose it too soon, owing to the absence of physicians from town. Again and again has a patient paid a large fee to a physician in Harley Street only to have the advice then given him completely upset by the authority next door in return for a similar *douceur*. Can this be right? Should not medicine be an exact science? Should not the schools and hospitals turn out practitioners competent to diagnose in similar terms, or, rather, incapable of diagnosing in contrary terms? After all, a symptom is a symptom, is it not, Sir? I, who have spent a small fortune in the questionable pleasure of watching one doctor contradict another, consider it little less than a scandal that there should be this disagreement, and I should welcome the ventilation of the question in your valuable and authoritative columns. I am, &c.

"ANTI-HARLEY-STREET."

SIR OLIVER LODGE'S VIEW.

The word "disagree" may have two alternative significations. It may mean "to differ from," or it may mean "to quarrel with." Used in the latter sense, I give an unhesitating negative to your question. Doctors certainly should not disagree. I go farther and say no one should disagree. As the old rhyme says:

Birds in their little nests agree:
So why the devil shouldn't we?

But if the word means simply "to differ," then I say yes. Only by differing do we advance. Nothing is so sterile as complaisance.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

SIR,—Would it not be possible for doctors to agree not to disagree? How much more confidence we should then have in them! I enclose my card.

Yours, &c., X. Y. Z.

A MARTYR.

SIR,—How grateful we should be to the manly, courageous letter of "Anti-Harley-Street." Nothing is so disturbing as to be told by one doctor that another's

treatment has been wrong. Certainly they should be compelled to show unanimity. I am, &c.,

FLORA MACSTORER.

SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE'S VIEW.

Disagreement is the salt of life. The more you disagree the better. It has been my practice to disagree consistently, not only with doctors, but with laymen too. I disagreed with Mr. WINSTON-CHURCHILL about Harris tweed; I disagree with Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON about whiskers. If a cannibal were to eat me (which Heaven forbid before I reach my hundredth year), I would disagree with him.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

Other letters on this vital subject are earnestly invited. Everything that is sent in shall be printed, however idiotic.

THE LOOKER-ON SEES LIFE.

(With apologies to the intrepid contributor of the "Chronicle.")

It was at Brighton. The Looker-on had been standing for some hours on the upper esplanade watching the motor races. At last a wild desire to do something heroic filled him. To look on all day was so tame: why should not he also act? But first there was a little ritual to perform. He hurried to his hotel and flung open the doors of the bookcase in the drawing-room. A row of books fell to the floor. They were: *The Last Days of Pompeii*, by Lord LYTTON; *The Iron Pirate*, by MAX PEMBERTON; *Sunday Afternoon Hymns*, by Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL; *Life's Hot Cross Currents*, by Mr. SWINBUN; *Mysticism and Moonlight*, by WILCOX GIBBS; and *Aylwin*, by T. WATTS-DUNTON. Picking up *Mysticism and Moonlight* at random the Looker-on read these words: "Before the end of all things there must come a preliminary stage, and few have washen eyes." Ah! He jotted them down on his cuff lest there should be any mistake, and hurried out into the strong sun. A motor-bus was passing and, acting on a sudden courageous impulse, the Looker-on hailed it. He had never been in a motor before. Ought he to have goggles, he wondered, and then repeated to himself slowly and musically, "And few have washen eyes."

"Hurry up, Cocky," said the conductor, and the Looker-on leapt on to the footboard with a wild thrill.

The motor-bus flew on; nothing stopped it. Police trap after police trap was passed; the speed was too great. It slowed down now and then only for passengers. This, this is life, thought the Looker-on. "Before the end of all things there must be a preliminary stage, and few have washen eyes." Ah! What would the end be? The Looker-on held

to his seat firmly and gazed ahead with level brows. Others might fear, but not he. Now and then he glanced at his cuff. And then the end came; the motor-bus had reached the station.

The Looker-on, trembling with suppressed emotion, descended to the street, and as he did so a man came rushing by. His eyes were the bright eyes of danger. He gasped for breath as he ran. The Looker-on, ever desirous to be in the know, ran beside him to hear his news.

"Have you heard?" the man panted; "have—you—heard?"

"No," said the Looker-on, "what is it? Speak, man, speak, I can't bear it; and you run so fast."

"Queen ANNE is dead," said the man. The Looker-on fell back and pondered

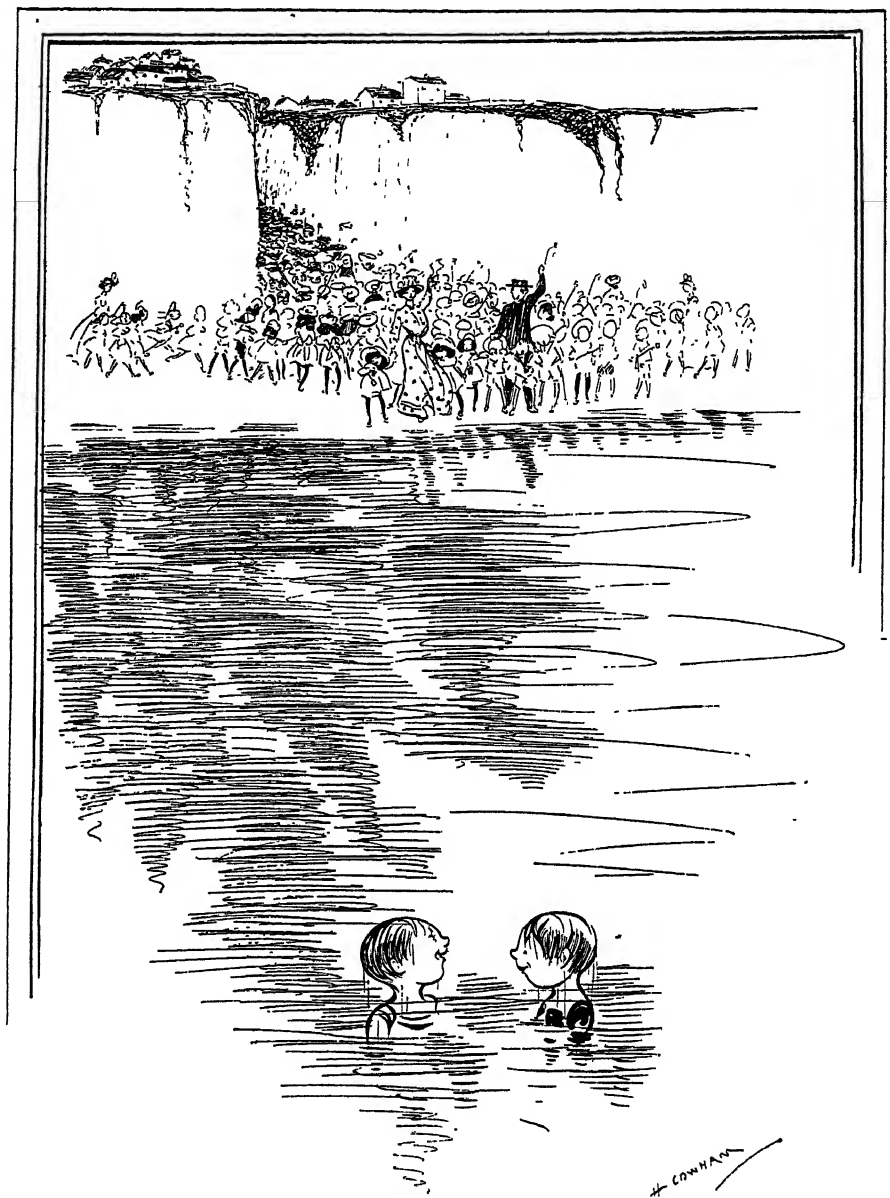
as he leaned against a post. How wonderful is life! He then took his *Dictionary of Quotations* from his pocket, eager to find an appropriate sentiment. He found two, on the same page. One ran thus:

They also serve who only stand and wait.

Ah! It was signed JOHN MILTON, just a plain, rather cross, blind old man, yet how true! The other was this:

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

The Looker-on stood dazed with rapture. To think that SHAKESPEARE should thus speak to his very soul, as intimately as if he had known him personally. He thought of COROT and RODIN, of BUDDHA and CONFUCIUS, and then he went home to bed. What a day! What a night!



AT OUR ANNUAL SCHOOL-TREAT AT MUDDLESEA.

THE TRAIN LEAVES FOR HOME IN SEVEN MINUTES.

LINES ON THE LINKS.

HARD by the biggest hazard on the course,
Beneath the shelter of a clump of gorse,
Secure from shots from off the heel or toe,
I watch the golfers as they come and go.

I see the fat financier, whose "dunch"
Suggests too copious draughts of "fizz" at lunch;
While the lean usher, primed with ginger beer,
Surmounts the yawning bunker and lies clear.

I see a member of the House of Peers
Within an ace of bursting into tears,
When, after six stout niblick shots, his ball
Lies worse than if he had not struck at all.

But some in silent agony endure
Misfortunes no "recovery" can cure,
While others, even men who stand at plus,
Loudly ejaculate the frequent cuss.

An aged Anglo-Indian off I see
Who waggles endlessly upon the tee,
Causing impatience of the fiercest kind
To speedy couples pressing from behind.

Familiar also is the red-haired Par
Who plays in rain or shine without a hat,
And who, whenever things are out of joint,
"Sockets" his iron shots to cover point.

Before ten thirty, also after five,
The links with lady players are alive,
At other seasons, by the rules in force,
Restricted to their own inferior course.

One matron, patient in her way as Job,
I've seen who nine times running missed the globe;
But then her daughter, limber maid, can smite
Close on two hundred yards the bounding Kite.

* * * *

Dusk falls upon the bracken, bents and whins;
The careful greenkeeper removes the pins,
To-morrow being Sunday, and the sward
Is freed from gutty and from rubber-cored.

Homeward unchecked by cries of "Fore!" I stroll,
Revolving many problems in my soul,
And marvelling at the mania which bids
Sexagenarians caracole like kids;

Which causes grave and reverend signiors
To talk for hours of nothing but their scores,
And worse, when baffled by a little ball,
On the infernal deities to call;

Which brightens overworked officials' lives;
Which bores to tears their much-enduring wives;
Which fosters the consumption of white port,
And many other drinks, both long and short.

Who then, in face of functions so diverse,
Will call thee, golf, a blessing or a curse?
Or choose between the PREMIER's predilection
And ROSEBERY's deliberate rejection?

Not mine to judge: I merely watch and note
Thy votaries as they grieve or as they gloat,
Uncertain whether envy or amaze
Or pity most is prompted by the craze.

OUR FOOTMARKS COMPETITION.

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Express.")

DETAILS are being rapidly arranged for our Footmarks Competition, which has aroused enormous interest all over the country. Our new serial, entitled "Criminal Feet, or The Forged Footmark," will appear shortly in instalments, and a prize of £1000 (One Thousand Pounds), or a house per week for life, will be awarded to the person solving the mystery of the murder of RALPH MONTGOMERY. As the story runs its course, footmarks of very varying character will be published as clues. By comparing all of these with each other the reader will be able to discover the foot belonging to the hand that slew Mr. MONTGOMERY, who, it should clearly be understood, will be killed in the first instalment.

By this latter arrangement interest in the competition will run high from the outset, and the comparisons of the footmarks are being looked forward to as interesting occupation for the holidays which so many people are compelled to take at this time of year.

For the guidance of those readers who have never so far studied the theory of the subject, we shall first publish a preliminary article by Messrs. RABBIT AND SKINNERS, which will explain the various kinds of pattern which it is possible for feet to describe, and a short method of distinguishing, without measurement, a number nine, for instance, from a number ten.

Competitors should cut out the footmarks as they appear, and paste them in rows upon the wall of some convenient room. In many cases the unsuitability of the footmark to the hand that must have fired the fatal shot will be instantly perceived. In such cases the footmark may be at once discarded. Other marks, however, will require hours of examination and comparison, sorting into types, and so forth.

The competition, we should explain, will be purely scientific. There will be no trick in the narration. RALPH MONTGOMERY, Esquire, will be really murdered, and the feet of the hand that did it will leave an intelligible mark.

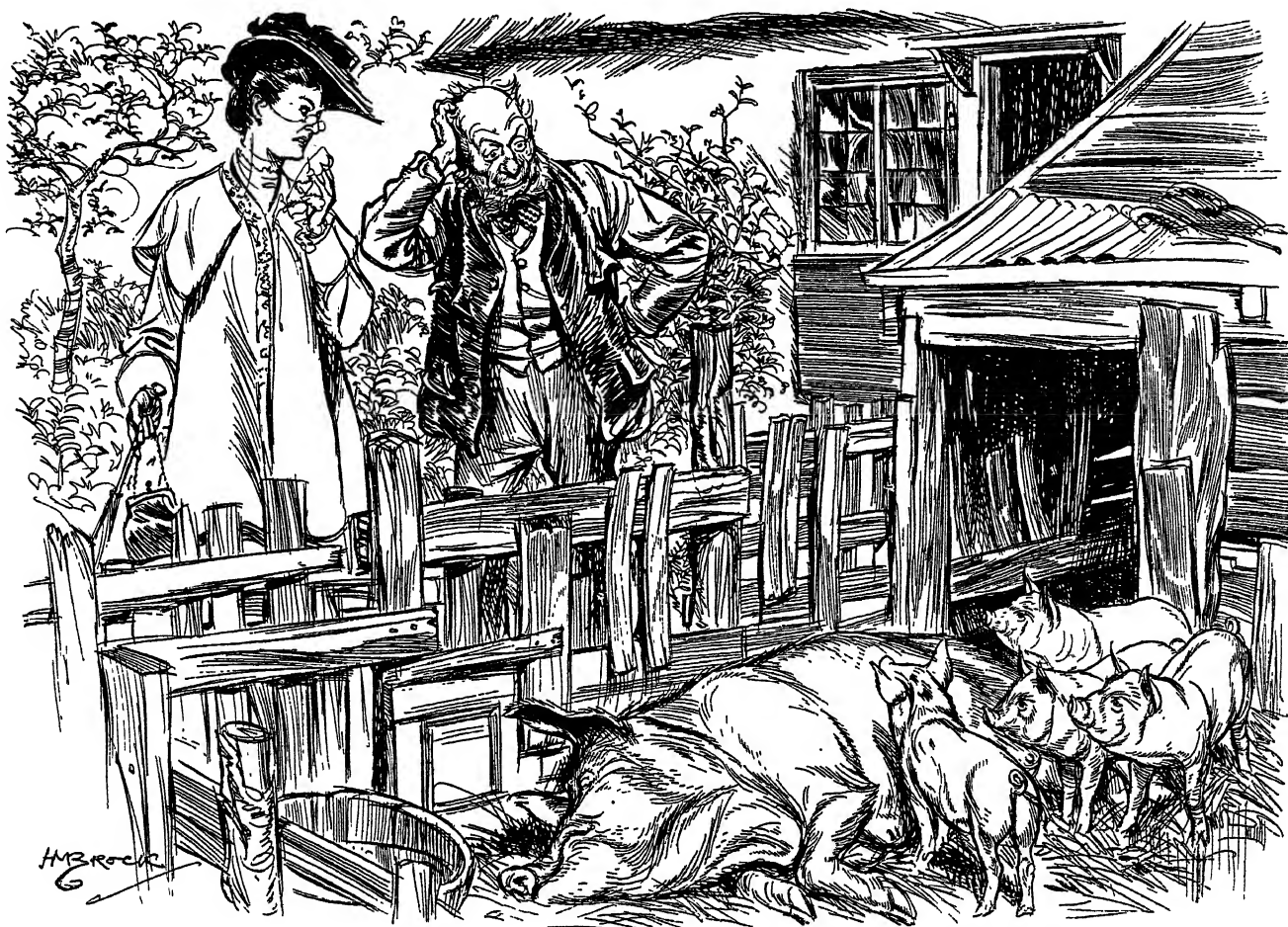
Remember that counting the toes and telling right feet from left, although necessary proceedings, afford but slight clues.

The reason for the selection of a particular footmark must be fully stated, and if more than one competitor sends in the right footmark the thousand pounds will be awarded to the person whose reason is most nearly right. The Editor's decision on that and other points must be joyfully accepted as final.

FOR THE MENDING OF A BROKEN HARTE.

MR. PUNCH wishes to make an appeal for charitable assistance in a specially distressing case. The object of it is to restore to Miss BRET HARTE something of the health and the means that once were hers in the lifetime of her father whose works are as familiar as household words among all English-speaking and English-reading people. Poor BRET HARTE—alas, that the descriptive epithet should be absolutely true in its primary sense—left his daughter totally unprovided for. Her struggle for life has been a hard one, and she has completely broken down.

The names on the Committee of "The Bret Harte Assistance Fund," to select only a few from the list, *i.e.*, GEORGE MEREDITH, O.M., Sir GILBERT PARKER, M.P., Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS and BEERBOHM TREE, are in themselves a guarantee for the genuineness of the case. "And to whom shall we send our subscriptions?" ask the generously-minded intending donors. Mr. Punch gives the address of the Honorary Secretary to this Fund, Dr. L. C. ALEXANDER, Holly Lodge, Upper Parkfields, Putney, S.W. May this case, "heard on appeal" by generous and discriminating judges, result in a decision that will be of the greatest benefit to the late BRET HARTE's invalid daughter whose cause Mr. Punch pleads.



Visitor. "MY GOOD MAN, YOU KEEP YOUR PIGS MUCH TOO NEAR THE HOUSE."

Cottager. "THAT'S JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID, MUM. BUT I DON'T SEE HOW IT'S AGOIN' TO HURT 'EM!"

THE ESQUIMAUX REVIVAL.

'Tis a story true and moral
How from England's Christian strand
Sailed away AUGUSTUS SORRELL
On a mission to the land
Of the poor, degraded, low,
Walrus-hunting Esquimaux.

When he saw their houses fashioned
Out of whalebone, furs and skin,
SORRELL wept, for his impassioned
Soul was grieved for those within;
For the unenlightened, low,
Blubber-eating Esquimaux.

When he saw their poor condition,
Sad his heart within him grew;
"SORRELL's Patent Composition
Is the very thing for you."
Thus he spoke to these same low,
Whale-devouring Esquimaux.

"I will build you better dwellings
Than the huts in which you live,
Where the skins have divers smellings,
And the hides no comfort give;
You shall be no longer low,
But enlightened Esquimaux.

"And lest you should be encumbered
By the whalebone and the hides,
Under which of old you slumbered
When you had no homes besides,
When you still were vulgar, low,
Hovel-dwelling Esquimaux;

"I will take your bone and bearskins,
Though at very great expense,
For no longer will you wear skins—
You have too much common-sense."
Thus he played upon the low,
Poor, transparent Esquimaux.

But the winter came and shattered
SORRELL's houses to the core,
Then the winds the fragments scattered
All along the frozen shore
Of the more than ever low,
Hungry, homeless Esquimaux.

Then they hunted for the mission;
"Take again," they would have cried,
"SORRELL's Patent Composition;
Give us back our bone and hide.
These are best for simple, low,
Poor, eccentric Esquimaux."

But their SORRELL now was sailing
Back to England's Christian strand,

And he reck'd not of the wailing
Lifted from the heathen land
Of the poor, degraded, low,
Simple-hearted Esquimaux.

And he made a famous corner
With his whalebone thus acquired,
And like JACK (his surname HORNER)
Took the plum he so desired,
Paying nothing to the low,
Greedy, grasping Esquimaux.

WHY SO EARLY? ALREADY PREPARING
FOR CHRISTMAS!!—From the East we
hear that preparations for future great
events are, being made by "The Young
Turkey Party."

GALLANT little Wales is to have a
Venice of her own, if we may believe
the *Daily Telegraph's* Aberystwith corre-
spondent. "Rain," he says, "fell almost
continuously yesterday. The town is
likely to be full before the holidays."

ST. PETERSBURG is naturally annoyed
by the Japanese landing in Russian
territory at Castries Bay. It is felt to
be an attack on their *Amur propre*.



Colonel (to Recruit, just enlisted, waiting outside Orderly Room). "LOOK HERE, MY LAD, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT A SOLDIER ALWAYS SALUTES AN OFFICER?"

Recruit. "I'VE SAID 'GOOD MORNIN'' TO 'EE ONCE ALREADY!"

THE AMAZON'S COMPLAINT.

("The athletic girl is a creature of iron muscles, of waistless symmetry, of biceps and ungainliness."—"Rita," and others.)

WHEN CORINNA, say, or PHYLLIS
(Custom craves a Latin name)
Left her sampler and the lilies
She was sewing on the same;
Made her distaff do for hockey,
And her ankles hard as oak,
If, at times, a trifle stocky,—
This was felt to be a joke.

Manly fashions were imputed,
And the playful poets, long
Looking out for themes that suited
The necessities of song,
Wove anew a cyclic fable
Round about the severed skirt,
And complained that BLANCHE and
MABEL
Had forgotten how to flirt.

You moreover stamped our frolic
As a strange "unsexing" sin,

Authoresses Apostolic,
Till you wore the satire thin;
Till in fact we feel its humour
Dull as men that hunger for
Cricket "Finals," count a rumour
Coning from the seat of war.

Some day surely modern views 'll
Cease to treat us as a butt,
Just because we do not fizzle
Every time a two-foot putt;
Some day (though our "serves" are
cuter
And we do affect a swipe)
Drop that nonsense of a neuter
Evolutionary type.

Yes, for though a something prim in
Girls of old has gone to-day,
There have been before us women
Who indulged in manly play;
Where the silver olive rustles
O'er the green Arcadian lawn,
Maidens who improved their muscles,
Yet were fairer than the dawn.

Think awhile of ATALANTA,
Oh forgetful Authoress,
Or (if you reserve too scant a
Reverence for A. C. S.)
What of HELEN whom we dream on,
And the glory that was Troy's?
Didn't girls at Lacedæmon
Practise wrestling like the boys?

Think how ARTEMIS devoted
All her mornings to the chase,
Yet the young ENDYMION doted
Fondly on her evening face;
And ULYSSES from his thicket,
When that Island Princess came,
Saw her playing, if not cricket,
Something very much the same.

Not, then, that we scorn your grammar,
Not that we would stay your pen
(Don't, for instance, fail to hammer
Once again the Upper Ten);
Only, 'mid the themes that suit your
Passion for the bitter scoff,
Kindly recollect in future
The athletic girl is off!



MELODRAMA IN THE BALTIC.

CZAR (*anxiously*). "I TRUST WE ARE NOT OBSERVED."
KAISER (*aside*). "IT WON'T BE MY FAULT IF WE'RE NOT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 24.

—“Such larks!” as Joe Gargery used to say to Pip.

House crowded in anticipation of PRINCE ARTHUR's declaration as to what, regardless of personal considerations, having his eye solely on the interests of the Empire, he intends to do in view of Thursday's division, which placed Ministers in minority of 4. Never since this Parliament was called to Westminster has the House been so crowded. Every seat occupied, Members overflow into the side galleries, stand at the Bar, sit on the Gangway steps, cluster round the Chair. Peers fight for places in their gallery as if they were pittites waiting for the opening of the Theatre doors on a popular play. In the person of their Ambassadors the Old World and the New looked down upon the scene from the Diplomatic Gallery. Pending the opening of the proceedings a buzz of excited conversation rose through the sultry air.

At the outset a difficulty presented itself. Speeches may be made in the House only upon some definite motion submitted from the Chair; exception made in case of personal statement. This afternoon PRINCE ARTHUR might speak, and, by favour of House, C. B. in his capacity of Leader of Opposition, might follow. But no general debate could arise. PRINCE ARTHUR, secure of a majority, anxious to see the thing out and retrieve Thursday's fall, was eager for opportunity of division. Accordingly put up the PINK 'UN to move adjournment, and begged Opposition to be so good as to vote against it.

Then came the speeches, a procession



Enjoying Devonshire.

Lord Hugh Cecil takes a refreshing (Free Trade) dip into the Lords to hear the Duke.



THE DOWNY COUNSEL AND THE CANNY SCOT.

The Rt. Hon. Joe, K.C. “Gentlemen of the Jury, I can make nothing of this witness. I confidently leave you to form your own conclusions from his demeanour in the box.—You may go, Sir.”

[“I understand the right hon. gentleman is now against immediate responsible Government for the Transvaal. The right hon. gentleman shakes his head. Then he is neither for nor against it. (Laughter and cheers.) Really I think I will leave the right hon. gentleman and come to the Member for Wiltshire.”—Mr. Chamberlain's reply to Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman.]

that lasted just five hours. When the Speaker put question the House had once more assumed the animated, crowded appearance presented when debate opened. Cheers and counter-cheers punctuated PRINCE ARTHUR's second speech. The embattled hosts faced each other, waiting for the signal to charge.

“The question is,” said the SPEAKER, “that this House do now adjourn. Those that are of that opinion, say ‘Ay.’”

A mighty shout of “Ay!” resounded. “The contrary, ‘No.’”

Now was the time for the Opposition. They sat mute. After a moment's pause the amazed SPEAKER, continuing the formula, said, “I think the ‘Ayes’ have it.” Then with a shout of laughter the Opposition sprang to their feet and made for the door, Ministerialists madly cheering.

It was a glorious victory. The PREMIER had moved the adjournment; it was the duty of the Opposition to oppose. Had they gone into the Division Lobby they would have been beaten by between sixty and seventy votes. On the whole it would, perhaps, have been

more useful for Ministerial party purposes that the record should have been established. As it was, Opposition had collapsed. The minority was non-existent. In the biggest House mustered during the life of the First Parliament of King EDWARD THE SEVENTH a proposal made by the Leader was carried *nemine contradicente*. After a moment of bewilderment, resisting inclination to suspect that somehow or other they were being done, the Ministerialists vociferously cheered. The Opposition mockingly laughed; the two streams, meeting in the middle of the floor, passed out into the Lobby in the hilarious mood of schoolboys on break-up days.

Ministers were not going to resign, there would be no Dissolution, PRINCE ARTHUR had moved the adjournment; it was carried unanimously, and there would be no need to go back to school after dinner. During the debate there had been serious talk about lack of dignity and honour, breach of constitutional principles, lowering of the tone of public life. What of that? PRINCE ARTHUR

had moved the adjournment. Liberals and Conservatives, Unionists and Nationalists, Free-fooders, Whole-hoggers, whatever they be, were each all one in assenting.

And they talk about the House being moribund, the Government rickety!

"Such larks, Pip, dear boy, such larks!"

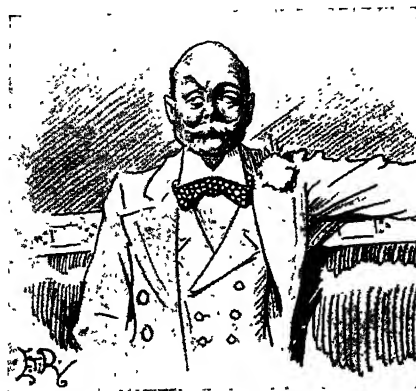
Business done.—At acute Ministerial crisis PRINCE ARTHUR moves adjournment of the House and—it adjourned.

Tuesday, 11 P.M.—WALTER LONG, at close of sultry day, morning and evening discussing Irish Estimates, throws his arm over back of bench, turns his head away from his companion in adversity, the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and thinks wistfully of inquiry made with delicate iteration since Thursday last, Why he doesn't resign? It may not be kindly meant; it comes from suspicious quarter. But it opens up a pleasing prospect that brings a flush of pleasure to his pallid cheek.

Why did he leave the pleasant pastures of the Board of Agriculture, passing through the portals of the Local Government Board, to tread the hot pavement of Dublin Castle? He who once walked through the ripening cornland hand in hand with Ceres, was now condemned to listen to JOHN DILLON by the hour. When, this afternoon at end of first half hour he, in moment of desperation, furtively fared forth, a roar of execration rose from the Nationalist Benches, and he was brought back in chains.

The domination of the minority is merciless. A while ago one of them, having a difference of opinion with a certain jury, described it as perjured. That passed without remonstrance in the Irish camp; nay, it was cheered. But when ATKINSON, most amiable of men, resented the statement as "scurrulous," the Irish Members, anxious above all things for decency of debate, moderation of language, insisted on withdrawal of the term.

At this hour, ninth of the sitting, with hurried interval for dinner, Mr. KILBRIDE is offering a few remarks in almost empty House. Their drift not quite clear; but judging from athletic performance of delivery they must be portentous. ATKINSON, dropping sleepily into old habit when he was a junior in court, makes a note of the phrases that reach his ear amid thunder-clap of fist smiting open palm. It reads thus: "Men are in no sense often so. One was a successful butcher, and there was a daughter who might have been more respectful to their neighbour. Of all people living in the west of Ireland there is not a genuine resident. The difficulty of teaching is not overcome by the tyranny of Dublin Castle. What we want is that you should



"His exceeding dolour."

The "pallid cheek" of Walter Long.

leave to Irishmen the land intended for them."

Here Mr. REDDY burst in with the cheer that never fails to bring down the House. There is nothing like it on sea or land, unless it be the cackle of a hen when it has laid a superlative egg. It has not necessarily anything to do with a stage reached in argument or a point made in a speech. As a rule effect is added by absolute inconsequence. A man may be droning along, sleepily saying nothing in many words; suddenly a shrill high-noted "Hear! hear! hear!" breaks forth, followed by a roar of laughter. The humour is monotonous, threatening to pall by constant repetition. It never does. There is an indescribable something in the shrill cry that makes it at the end of the Session as fresh as in its opening days, as irresistible as if it was heard for the first time.

Just now it stirred WALTER LONG from his exceeding dolour; relief only temporary. He relapsed when an Irish Member, more luminous, and therefore more commonplace than KILBRIDE, took up the story. With head bowed down he



The Duke walks into Joe.

thought wistfully of green fields and pastures new, trodden by him when in a dead and buried century he was still Minister of Agriculture.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply on Irish Estimates.

Friday night.—Complaints have, it is reported, been received from domestic circles within the radius of Westminster of Pa suffering a shock detrimental to one at his time of life. Going home after a moderately good dinner, throwing a glance up at Westminster clock to reassure himself that he is in good time, he has seen—or believed he saw—the face suddenly turn green!

Reassurances have been courteously sent. It is all right; no illusion whatever. By way of signalling pending division to Members making their way down to the House, the face of the clock is deliberately sicklied o'er with pale cast of green. Experiment worked so well that proposal made to extend it.

Colonel LEGGE, of course, belongs to the Land Forces. But he hasn't been aboard the L. C. C.'s river steamboats for nothing. To begin with, he paid a penny; in supplement, being an observant man, he obtained information that enabled him to suggest to First Commissioner of Works that, a green light being shown on the starboard face of the clock, a red light should simultaneously glow on the port side.

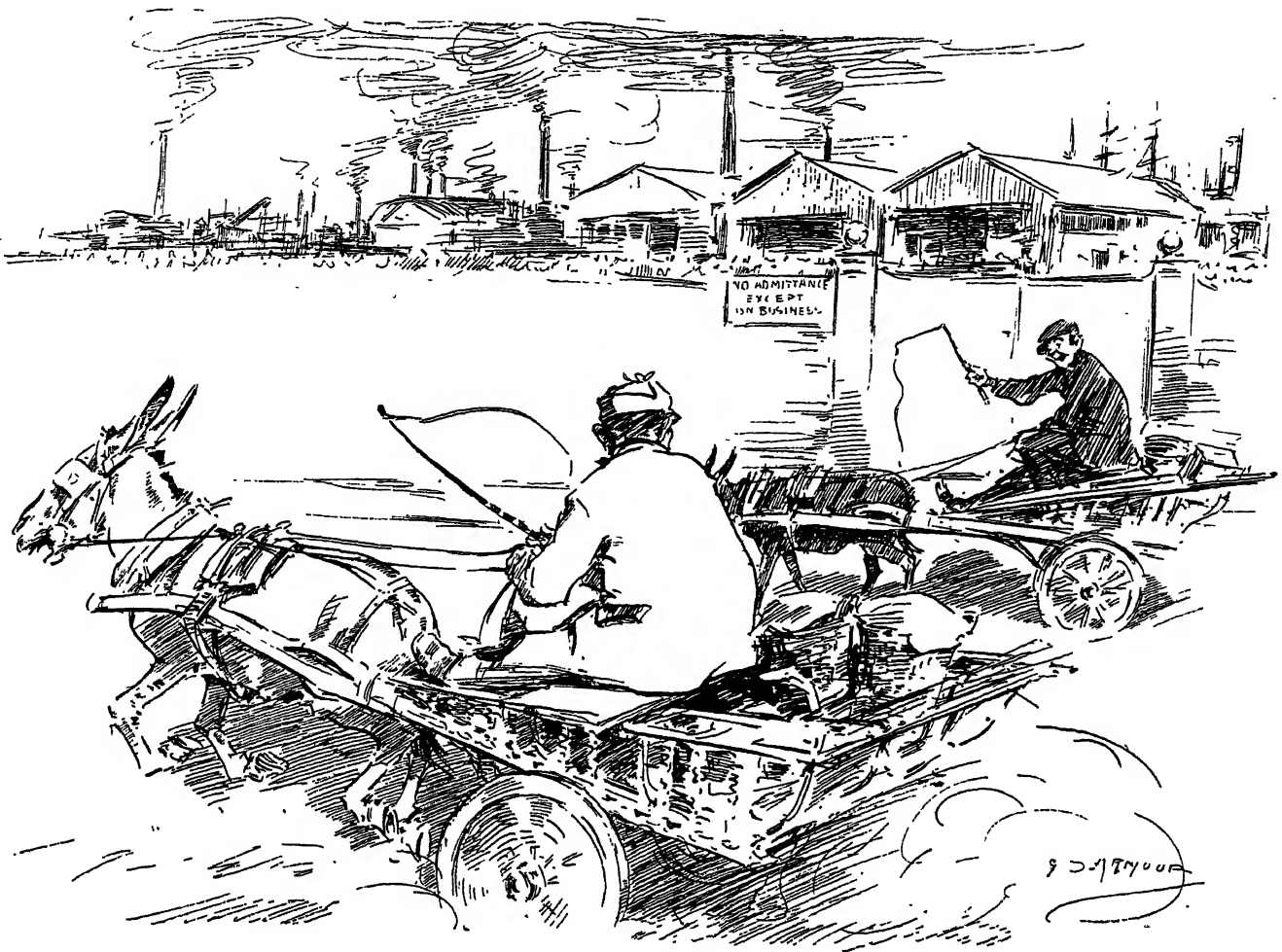
In other quarters doubt arises as to whether the First Commissioner has any business to deal with the clock face. Is the structure within his jurisdiction? Members have heard about committal to the Clock Tower in custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms. If the Tower is under his rule what does the First Commissioner of Works mean by walking up the steps with a can of green paint under his arm and touching up the face of the clock?

BALCARRES, representing the department in the Commons, is happily able to explain away the apparent difficulty. It is true, he says, that there is a small compartment in the Clock Tower upon occasion at the disposal of the Serjeant-at-Arms. But it may be occupied only by the courtesy of the First Commissioner. The Tower is his, and he may paint the face of the Clock any colour he pleases.

Re-assured on this constitutional question, Members, with the exception of C.-B., who it is well known has rooted antipathy for the weakness, go off a week-ending.

Business done.—Second Reading of Naval Works Bill.

"WITH MUSICAL HONOURS."—On July 25th, Major ORGAN and Mr. FORSYTH of Covent Garden Opera were decorated with the Royal Victorian Order (5th Class).



BILLINGSGATE UP-TO-DATE.

'Enry. "'ULLO, CHAWLEY! WOT'S UP? 'AS YER MOTOR BROKE DOWN?"

Chawley (whose "moke" is a "bit below himself"). "YUSS, SMASHED ME 'SPARKING PLUG.'

WHAT TO EAT AND DRINK IN HOT WEATHER.

(With acknowledgments to "A Physician" in all the Halfpenny Papers.)

DURING the hot weather the human body perspires profusely. The moisture which stands out in beads is caused by greatly increased activity of the skin. This moisture is wet, and, as I have clearly shown, it comes from the body. Obviously, then, the body is during the hot weather denuded of its moisture, and so demands a greater supply of liquid by way of recompense than in the cold winter months. This explains the phenomenon of what is called thirst.

Perhaps I ought to say at once that we write these things year after year in exactly the same style. It is quite easy. Indeed, some of us find it such child's play that after finishing the article we have a chat with the News Editor, and then, reaching for a clean sheet of paper, start: "Interviewed immediately after the disaster, a well-known expert

who happened to be an eye-witness said—"

Well, to resume about the phenomenon of what is called thirst. Alcohol should be avoided. So should lemonade, orangeade, and marmalade. First-aid, on the contrary, should always be obtained at once when necessary.

The best drink of all is hot tea. This should be drunk scalding hot in order to obtain the best effects. It will increase the flow of perspiration which, evaporating, will cool the body. In fact, arguing on this basis, you will see that the hotter you get the cooler you grow. Every "A Physician" is agreed on this point.

The only admissible drink besides tea is sparkling spring water taken in a crystal tumbler straight from the spring. Londoners should make an especial note of this.

Putting it in tabular form in ounces, we arrive at the following as being the best liquid refreshment allowance for a hot day:

Scalding tea . . . 14 ozs.
Spring water . . . 12 "

Total . . . 26 ozs.

Turning to food, we find on consulting our back files that food is taken for the purpose of maintaining the heat of the body. A little thought will show us that, as the body is naturally hotter in the summer than in the winter, less of this fuel is required in August than in January. Meat should be eaten in moderation with a fork. For an indolent man nine ounces of meat is sufficient at this season of the year. Game, also, should be partaken of sparingly. Even grouse should be avoided altogether before about August 12th. As to vegetables, these, unlike tea, are not so cooling when taken hot. About 14½ ounces is a good average allowance, but scarlet-runners are best left alone during the hottest summer months.

Turning to clothes—

(Thank you.—Ed.)

AT A TEST MATCH.

"Oh, the referees always wear white coats," I heard PHYLLIS say to CYNTHIA. I had taken PHYLLIS to a football match in the winter. She is an eminently adaptable girl.

"But there must be some reason for it," persisted CYNTHIA, turning to me. CYNTHIA is a girl who knows nothing about anything, but she knows it so charmingly that one invariably forgives her.

"You are quite right," I assured her, "there is a reason. Their white raiment is popularly supposed to reflect the purity of their souls."

"But they've got black trousers," she demurred.

"No man is absolutely spotless," I reminded her.

As she sat considering the point, the Australian team made their appearance from the pavilion.

"A nice level lot," remarked PHYLLIS critically.

"Oh, well caught!" exclaimed CYNTHIA, as DARLING gently tossed the ball to one of the team some twenty yards away.

PHYLLIS smiled serenely on her companion.

"A clever piece of work," she assented, "but then you must remember that TRUMPER has the safest pair of hands in the world, though SYD CLEM runs him fairly close."

I shuddered involuntarily. With PHYLLIS so many things are possible. She had evidently been reading the evening papers.

"Who are these two?" asked CYNTHIA, as the first pair of English batsmen walked on to the field.

Being rather short-sighted, I drew a bow at a venture.

"It looks like JONES and TYLDESLEY," I said.

"Yes," supplemented PHYLLIS proudly, "the Sussex crack and the Yorkshire giant."

"But they both seem quite middle-sized men," objected CYNTHIA.

For a moment PHYLLIS looked almost confused. But I came to the rescue.

"In the world of cricket," I observed, "it is considered complimentary to refer to anyone over five foot one as a giant."

CYNTHIA drew a deep breath of wonder. "How delightfully quaint!" she sighed.

At this point a disagreeably accurate

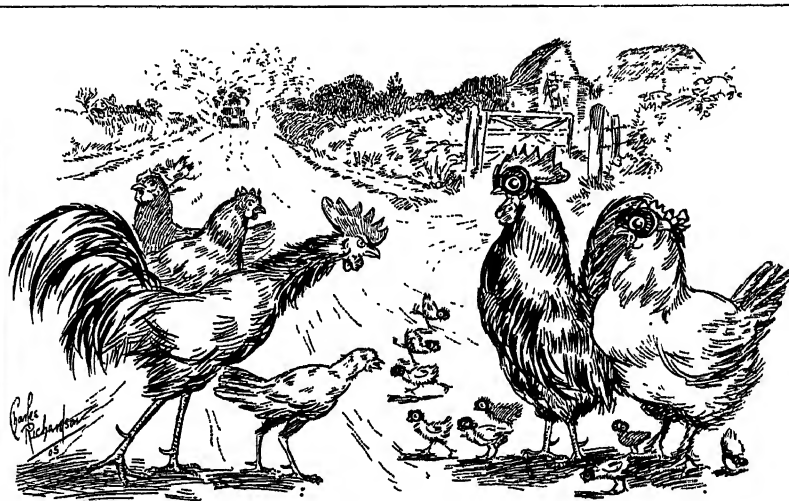
person sitting close behind us volunteered the information that the batsmen in question were MACLAREN and HAYWARD, and that JONES was not playing.

"Ah no, of course he isn't," I said. "I remember now his saying it was unlikely he would play."

"How interesting!" observed PHYLLIS. "Do you really know JONES?"

"We were boys together," I answered guardedly. The person behind sniffed in a distressingly vulgar manner, and remarked that the statement was equally applicable to himself and the Prince of WALES. But I ignored him.

"Oh, what a shame!" cried CYNTHIA. One of the batsmen had just been bowled by a leg-break. "I thought HOPKINS would soon get him," said PHYLLIS. "HOPKINS is one of the trickiest trundlers on the planet. He bowls with his head, and mixes 'em up a bit."



Chanticleer. "WHAT ON EARTH HAVE YOU GOT OVER YOUR EYES, DOODLE?"
Doodle. "GOGGLES, MY BOY. THOSE BEASTLY MOTORS KICK UP SUCH AN INFERNAL DUST, ONE MUST PROTECT SELF AND FAMILY SOMEHOW. COOK-A-DOODLE-DO-O-O!"

I glanced furtively, almost beseechingly, at the person behind. But he was quite merciless.

"HOPKINS isn't playing either," he said, with an offensive chuckle.

PHYLLIS affected not to hear him, but her face grew a shade pinker, and she ventured nothing further for the next half-hour.

Presently CYNTHIA, who had for some time been watching in a puzzled way the change in the field at the end of each over, asked, "Why do the men keep moving about so?"

I was on the point of explaining the phenomenon, when the person behind again bent forward and said, "Well, you see, miss, it's such a warm day that the captain's afraid if he didn't keep 'em moving they'd fall asleep."

"Thank you," replied CYNTHIA, innocently, amid a subdued titter from several persons who had overheard the man's insufferably insolent speech. I

rose from my seat, determined that we would no longer remain exposed to the crude shafts of his plebeian wit.

"I think it is time that we secured places for luncheon," I said.

The girls acquiesced readily.

As we moved away, the creature who had rendered our morning so unpleasant remarked that if we didn't look sharp we should miss the train, an irrelevant observation which appeared to cause several people in the vicinity a certain covert amusement.

GEOMETRICAL BOARDING.

DEFINITIONS.

1. ALL boarding-houses are the same boarding-house.

2. Boarders in the same boarding-house and on the same floor are equal to one another.

3. The landlady of the boarding-house is an oblong, angular figure that cannot be described, but is equal to anything.

4. A wrangle is the disinclination to one another of two boarders that meet together but are not on the same floor.

5. All the other rooms being taken, a single room is said to be a double room.

POSTULATES AND PROPOSITIONS.

1. A pie may be produced any number of times.

2. The landlady may be reduced to her lowest

terms by a series of propositions.

3. The clothes of a boarding-house bed, though stretched ever so far both ways, will not meet your needs.

4. Any two meals at a boarding-house are together less than one square feed.

5. On the same bill and on the same side of it there should not be two charges for the same thing.

6. If there be two boarders on the same floor, and the amount of side of the one be equal to the amount of side of the other, and the wrangle between the one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other boarder, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal. For if not, let one bill be the greater; then the other bill is less than it might have been, which is absurd.

IRISH TERRIER, six months old; cheap; Clincher tyre and inner tube (28 in. by 1½ in.), 4s.—*Islington Gazette*.

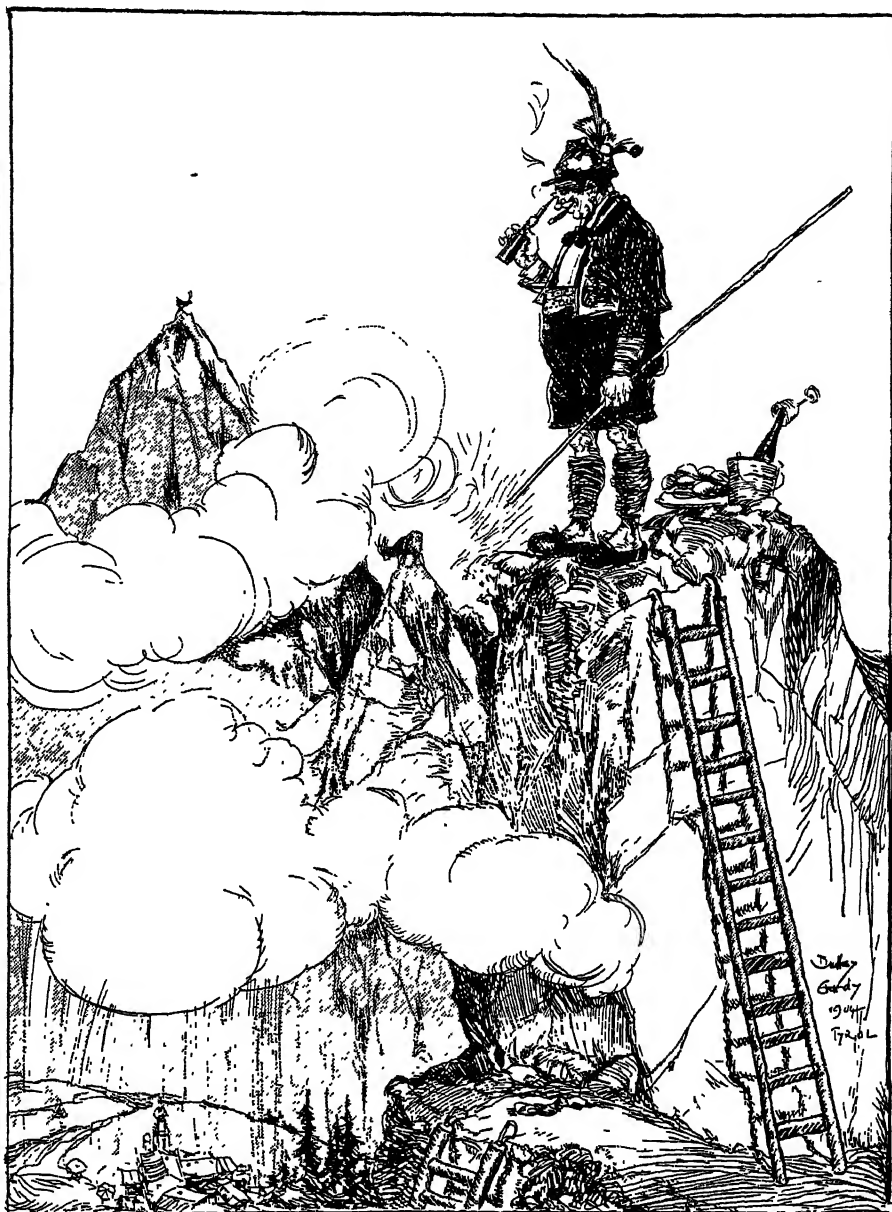
THE FATE OF LONDON.

(Being an Extract from a Political Geography of A.D. 2005.)

. . . JULY 25, 1905, was a memorable date in the history of the British Empire. On that day it was pointed out by the celebrated Dr. THOMAS GLOVER LYON, in a lecture on the Air Supply of London before the Public Health Congress, that a large part of the then metropolis was unfit for human habitation. It was further insisted by Mr. ROLLO RUSSELL (who subsequently obtained the Order of Merit for the idea) that the best of all remedies against fog was the removal of the people of London to the country. The movement thus initiated very speedily grew to a head, while there were at this period many other causes contributing to the dissatisfaction of Londoners with their environment. Among them may be named the exorbitant demands of the rating authorities, an excessive heat-snap coupled with a plague of flies, the unmitigated party mania displayed by the Mother of Parliaments, and the chaotic condition of street traffic.

The leaders of Public Health were ably reinforced in their propaganda by the Model Cottage Association and the Directors of the Garden City near Hitchin. It so happened that a National or "Bank" Holiday fell within a few days of the closing session of the Congress—to be precise, upon August 7th. In that fortnight plans for an epoch-making exodus were matured in hundreds of thousands of Cockney homes, and carried into effect upon a fateful Monday, the last-named date, and the Saturday and Sunday before.

Never were the railway stations so thronged by excursionists, who, it was noticed, on this occasion first brought their furniture and family impedimenta with them. The pressure was so great that every goods train in the kingdom was brought into requisition. It was computed that over six-and-a-half million people journeyed outwards in those three days, the greater proportion in open trucks. By dint of superhuman exertion and by the conversion of every pair of rails into a "down" line, this enormous mass of population was conveyed, with the loss of a very few thousands, to various destinations outside the county of London. Ninety per cent., however, booked for Letchworth, the site of the new Garden City and its suburbs. In all cases single tickets only were asked for, and *not a soul returned*, except, it is said, Sir JOHN POUND, the then Lord Mayor, to fetch the City Mace, the Mansion House cat, and one or two other belongings which had been hurriedly left behind, and Mr. J. BURNS, M.P., to have one more final



SUGGESTIONS FOR MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

EASIER, LESS TIRING, AND SAFER. ALL YOU REQUIRE IS A FEW LADDERS, AND THERE YOU ARE!

look at the beauties of Battersea. It was thus that the new metropolis of the British World-Empire sprang into being. The rush to jump lands in Oklahoma was a Sunday-school picnic compared with this Babylonian removal.

Since that date, exactly one hundred years ago, Letchworth-Hitchin has gone ahead, and has developed its own particular brand of fog, which threatens to cover the whole of the Midlands, now conterminous with the capital. The overcrowding question having been happily solved by the enactment which stipulated that each house should stand in three acres of ground, the problems of transit between suburbs two hundred miles apart are still awaiting solution. There is, indeed, a possibility after all

that London may have to be re-colonised under an improved system of ventilation. The original ground-landlords and their descendants have long since disappeared, their last representatives having taken refuge in the workhouse. The Lower Thames Valley, therefore, is practically virgin soil, and before long will be opened up to civilisation . . .

ZIG-ZAG.

Governess (looking over geography paper). What's this? "The people of Lancashire are very stupid!" Where in the world did you get that idea from?

Pupil. Out of the book. It says that Lancashire is remarkable for its dense population.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE announcement that Mr. SWINBURNE is also among the novelists created an interest that will not be intensified by a study of his essay. To begin with, *Love's Cross Currents* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is not new. At the instance of Mr. WATTS-DUNTON, to whom it is inscribed, the novel was rescued from back numbers of a defunct magazine, for whose death it possibly may not have been wholly irresponsible. Opening with a prologue, painstakingly genealogical, it is carried on by a series of letters—admittedly an undramatic method. To that drawback is added a confusing obscurity as to the identity of the various correspondents. They are all related by blood or marriage, and, casually introduced, my Baronite frequently found himself constrained to turn back to the prologue, to make sure of the identity of the letter-writer. If a fresh edition is called for, Mr. SWINBURNE would do well to set forth on a single page the names of his *dramatis personæ*, as is done in books of the play. As to the story, it lacks variety, inasmuch as it turns upon two households in which love is, more or less openly, quite passionately, made to the wife by a young kinsman. In the end nothing comes of it all, not even a breath of scandal. Mr. SWINBURNE, evidently growing tired of the work at the very stage where a master of the art would have led to the climax of interest, smooths everything over in a hurried chapter, which leaves matters much as they were when the scene opened. But the book is worth reading for two things. One is the delightful study presented of that polished pagan *Lady Midhurst*. The other is Mr. SWINBURNE's glowing prose, more beautiful than much verse.

In this collection, which is entitled *The Devil's Derelicts* (DIGBY, LONG & Co.), the best story that its author, F. C. VERNON HARCOURT, gives us—far ahead of all the others—is the first, "Big Jock Morrison." It is a real tragedy, told with most grim humour. "The Vampire" is next in order of merit. The second story, "Her Last Triumph," is written in a kind of old-fashioned penny-dreadful style: "Pshaw!" she exclaimed, throwing down the pen," &c. Who ever heard anyone ejaculate "Pshaw!"? The ejaculation rarely occurs in the work of any writer of repute since the days of ALBERT SMITH, who delighted in it. The author takes us behind the scenes of the Theatre Royal, Melbourne. The leading actress is in her dressing-room. "The prompter came to ask if GLADYS L. were ready, as her entrance occurred in a few minutes." Evidently T. R. Melbourne was badly off for a "call-boy," and so the economical manager substituted the prompter. A stranger, at haphazard, takes the place of the suddenly invalided *chef-d'orchestre*, instead of the first violin stepping into his shoes as, we believe, is customary. When this newly-installed *chef-d'orchestre* sees the leading actress, his "black brows corrugate into a sinister frown, and the fierce, expressive eyes assume that fiery gleam which one sees in the glance of the panther when he is about to spring." Of course the panther's expression is a matter of common experience. Another queer thing happened at this queer theatre. From the stage-door "the commissioner in charge was absent, attracted from his post into the side wings by the wonderful power of the *diva's* voice." He means "the wings": the word "side" being amateurishly superfluous. The writing of this story is of the high falutin' order, and its plot one of the weakest. The other stories are good; and I have already mentioned "The Vampire" as the second best. The author, Mr. VERNON HARCOURT, should try and effect collaboration with Sir CONAN DOYLE, who would lend him *Sherlock Holmes* to help him out of some of his mysterious entanglements.

This Our Sister (DIGBY, LONG & Co.) is a powerfully written

novel by Mrs. HAROLD E. GORST, of a literary type that may be best described as "Zolaesque." It deals with the lowest of the low, with the dregs of London population. The critic, unless he be an expert in such matters, which the Baron does not profess to be, can only testify to the vividness of the picture and to the impression of actuality conveyed to him by the description of these terribly repulsive scenes. It appears to the Baron that only the highest purpose of doing good and of benefiting the most wretched could possibly warrant the writing of such a book as this. Unless possessed of such "extensive and peculiar" knowledge of London hospitals as Mr. Weller possessed of its taverns, it would be impossible for any reader of this story to determine the particular hospital selected by Mrs. HAROLD E. GORST as the subject of her painfully descriptive picture. By presenting the scenes at the educational establishment kept by Mr. *Squeers* and family, CHARLES DICKENS drew public attention to the existence of grave scandals in certain Yorkshire schools. There was no particularisation, but the Baron believes that an inquiry followed the publication of *Nicholas Nickleby*, and that the type of school indicated by the novelist soon ceased to exist. Has Mrs. GORST founded this portion of her novel on facts which have come within her personal experience? CHARLES READE was ready and willing to back up his indictment of certain prison systems in *Never too Late to Mend* with facts and evidence. Is such the case here? The hospital is described at page 121 as "one of the most famous in London." In this novel "with a purpose," there is scarcely one character that is even naturally good, except the miserable heroine herself and an occasional female acquaintance as wretched as herself. Of course such a study of poor human nature at its worst could not be recommended for mere amusement, but if the perusal of this book may result in extending our sympathies, in rousing us to earnest action on behalf of "these our brethren," then the Baron may honestly recommend *This Our Sister*.



THE LOST CHANCE.

New Maid (much pleased with herself). A gentleman called to see you, Sir, and said as he were just leavin' town for some time. Knowin' as you didn't want to be disturbed this morning, I told him as you was hout—

Master. Quite right. (To himself) Sharp girl this!

New Maid (cheerfully)—and told him as I didn't know when you'd be back again. 'Is card's in the 'all, Sir. He 'ave wrote somethin' on it.

[She fetches it, returns, and presents it.

Master (reads writing on card, then suddenly springing up, exclaims) Oh—(stops the escape of a very strong expletive)—How long ago?

New Maid (cheerfully). Oh, quite a hour. There was luggidge on the cab.

Master (subsiding hopelessly in chair, to *Maid*). You can go. (Alone, grinding his teeth) Confound the idiot! (Reads card mutteringly to himself.) SNOOKER POOLE, Chork Cottage, Kew. "Called to repay coin personally. Sorry to miss you. So long!" I shall never see my hundred and fifty again! . . . That's the worst of new servants!

[He is left considering whether it would not be as well to alter the form of his instructions to the hand-maiden. Scene closes.

THE LAST TEST.

INTEREST in the suggestion that for the last Test Match at the Oval the Selection Committee should choose only men who have not previously played cricket is growing apace, and half a million letters have reached *Punch* Office on the subject. The suggestion was first made in this paper by "X. Y. Z.," a gentleman well-known in cricketing circles, though these are not his actual initials. After stating that we had already won the Ashes, he pointed out that this idea of his would inculcate in many a hitherto non-player a deep and lasting love for the game, while giving the Australians a sporting chance of winning at least one Test Match.

Among the many letters received this week are the following:

One on the Nob for "X. Y. Z."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—“X. Y. Z.” is guilty of an extraordinary misstatement in saying that we have won the Ashes. Have we? I deny it. It has been arranged that the last Test Match is to be played to a finish. Now suppose that the Australians win the toss and stay in until the middle of September, when the cricket season ends. It is obvious that in this case the conditions of play (which said distinctly that the fifth match was to be played to a finish) will not have been complied with; thus rendering the whole series of games null and void. It is obvious, therefore, that the Ashes are not won until the fifth test is over. It is therefore obvious that “X. Y. Z.” is a fool. Yours, COMMON SENSE.

[We would point out to “Common Sense” that “X. Y. Z.” is not a fool.—Ed.]

A Suggestion from Norwich.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As “X. Y. Z.” says (by the way, can this be my old friend GRACE?), we have beaten the Australians at cricket. Why not, then, let the fifth Test Match be one at lawn tennis, in which case I would recommend FAIRSERVICE of Kent as the English representative. Or perhaps a Bridge tournament would be more popular. TRUMPER and ARMSTRONG could be the Australian champions. ARMSTRONG would be sure to have a *strong hand* at Bridge. Meanwhile let us drink life to the LEES: Thine, THE OLD 'UN.

[This sort of letter is printed at a uniform charge of 1s. a word. Jokes in italics, 2s.—Ed.]

Another side of the Question.

SIR,—How can you discuss such trivial questions as a cricket match when Mr. BALFOUR, in the face of repeated rebuffs from all parties, clings in this miserable way to office; when the Army is denounced as being even more inefficient than in 1900; when a life and death war is raging in the Far East; and



MISPLACED AFFECTION.

Aunt Jane. "THIS IS THE DEAR DOGGIE THAT I WANTED TO SHOW YOU, CARRIE. SHE'S THE SWEETEST CREATURE. TO SEE HER WITH HER PUPPIES IS TO WITNESS THE PERFECTION OF MOTHERHOOD."

Carrie. "HOW SWEET! WHERE ARE THE PUPPIES?"

Small Boy. "SHE'S EAT 'EM ALL, MISS!"

when Mr. BURGESS has just failed to swim the Channel. Yours, PATRIOT.

The remaining 499,997 letters are held over till next week. Mr. *Punch* invites readers to send their ideas of the English team for the last Test Match, chosen on the lines suggested by "X. Y. Z." Competitors should avoid giving impossible selections—such as Queen ANNE who is dead; the eldest pigmy, whose

doctor forbids him to play; Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, who played at his preparatory school and is therefore ineligible; and the Editor of the *Evening News*, who has a competition of his own on, &c., &c.

More Commercial Candour.

"—Motors should be seen before purchasing."

—Advt. in "*Midland Evening News*."

ORAL QUESTIONS AND WRITTEN ANSWERS.

[Why not adapt to private life the Parliamentary system by which "notice" of questions may be demanded? In circumstances (such as those of a dinner-party) where sufficient notice may not be feasible, the person questioned should have the further option of forwarding a written answer at his leisure. The advantages of such an arrangement are too obvious for remark.]

BETWEEN the *soufflé* and the ice,
When talk was running very small
Like little forage-hunting mice
Whose patter hardly counts at all—
You asked me, as a thing you vaguely pitied
(Noting the while another woman's gown),
Whether it bored me, when the World had flitted,
To stay behind in Town?

I answered briefly, "No, it don't."
(My many candid friends agree
That it has never been my wont
To shine in oral repartee;
But only give me time and works of reference,
Those mental aids which Parliament permits,
And I can be a match, with all due deference,
For Ministerial wits.)

Madam—for I will here expand
That answer given a week ago—
It is indeed a desert land
That misses you in Mall and Row;
One has, I grant, to suffer these privations
Among the annual debts that Duty owes,
But yet, believe me, there are consolations,
More than you might suppose.

Thus, while you fly to rural spots
(Like Cowes) and dress five times a day,
Our country cousins leave their cots
To paint the Town a rustic gray;
I love to see them sampling NELSON's column
Or ALBERT's effigy (a certain draw),
Giddy with rapture tempered by a solemn
Touch of mysterious awe.

While you affect, in hall or bower,
With Nature's moods to mate your mind,
You leave the finest, fairest flower
Of Town's intelligence behind;—
The Civil Service Clerk who never ceases
From his employ of propping up the State
The Press that still composes masterpieces
Superbly up to date.

And One there is, a very god—
I'd spoil my summer just for this,
To tread the dust his feet have trod,
And share the same Metropolis;
At other times there seems no special reason
Why he should occupy this earthly sphere,
But in the void of London's empty season
He is without a peer.

His is the Editorial fist
With which, in August's dearth of news,
Imaginary scribes insist
Upon the right to air their views;
"Pater- (you know the signature) -familias,"
"Mother of Nine," "Brixtonian," "Better Dead"—
He represents the universal silly ass
Alone and on his head.

What you would deem the myriad shout
Of father, husband, mother, wife,

Touching the question, fraught with doubt,
"Should Men adopt the Married Life?"—
The hints you get of dark domestic dramas,—
He fakes them by the column (that's his trade),
Clad in a cummerbund and pink pyjamas
At 80 in the shade.

Madam, you have my answer there.
You see that I can well afford,
Even when you are gone elsewhere,
To face the risk of being bored;
Be mine to live (though I may never enter
The priestly sanctum where he sits apart)
Within a shilling radius of the centre
Of England's pulsing heart. O. S.

MR. CARY'S POST BAG.

[Mr. W. L. D. CARY, the owner and practically the king of the Calf of Man, who is a naturalised American, recently arrived at New York. Mr. CARY is looking for an American purchaser for the island.]

THE Calf of Man is to the Isle of Man what the Isle of Wight is to England, what Tasmania is to Australia, what Sicily is to Italy. When the Isle of Man was finished there was a little bit over, and that became the Calf of Man. The popular idea that the phrase refers to Mr. HALL CAINE's leg is a vulgar error, fine though that leg be. ("He has a leg," is a well-known Manx saying of its greatest son.) Nor has this Calf anything to do with the same Master's *Prodigal Son*, though it took a first prize at Smithfield, and has frequently received honourable mention at the Agricultural Hall. The great veal at Laxey was cut from it. For years it has been in the possession of the CARY family, an ancestress of Mr. CARY having perfected there the strain of fowls which are known as Mother Cary's chickens all the world over. Many illustrious men have visited the island, the visitors' book at the great house including such names as Mr. GLADSTONE, W. BREARLEY, Lady JONES, EZEKIEL WOODSTAFF (ex-Mayor of Bootle), &c. A work entitled *Highways and Byways in the Calf of Man* has just been rejected by Messrs. MACMILLAN, while the island is among those which have not yet embraced fiscal reform.

No sooner was Mr. CARY's intention made public than thousands of offers and letters of curiosity poured in upon him, so much so that a white steam motor-van has had to take the place of the old hand-propelled barrow in which the post of the Calf of Man has hitherto been carried within human memory.

Among Mr. CARY's most interesting letters are the following:—

FROM MR. BALFOUR'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

The Prime Minister wishes to ascertain what is the population of the Calf of Man, and what are their views on questions of the day. Also, is there good knee-room for a tired statesman, and would the purchaser have absolute rights to refuse landing to strangers? There are certain persons whom he desires not to see or hear again for some centuries, and unless he is assured of no danger of attack from them he would not proceed with the negotiations. An early reply will oblige.

FROM SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN instructs me to write to inquire the price of your island. He is just now looking out for a quiet spot where he can at last be an absolute leader, and the description of your property promises well. He is prepared, if that will influence your reply, to change his name permanently to Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-CALFOMAN.



NEARLY DONE.

VOICE FROM THE TUG. "BRAVO! JUST KEEP AFLOAT AND YOU'LL DRIFT IN!"

ARTHUR BLER. "CAN'T DO MUCH DRIFTING AGAINST A TIDE LIKE THIS. YOU'D BETTER STAND BY, IN CASE YOU'RE WANTED."



OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB.

THE SQUIRE SAID HE COULD PRODUCE A TEAM TO BEAT THE VILLAGE ON BANK HOLIDAY. IT WAS CERTAINLY A CLOSE THING. WHEN COLONEL BLAIZE, THEIR LAST MAN, CAME IN, THEY WERE ONLY FIVE RUNS BEHIND. SPINNER THEN PLAYED A BOLD GAME. HE TOOK HIMSELF OFF, AND PUT ON A SLOW BOWLER WITH A MOST GHASTLY BREAK FROM THE LEG, AND, BY JOVE! THE COLONEL WAS CAUGHT OFF HIS GLOVE FIRST BALL. SOME OF THE FELLOWS HEARD HIM SAYING, AS HE GLANCED ROUND AFTER TAKING CENTRE, THAT HE HAD NEVER SEEN THE FIELD PLACED SO RIDICULOUSLY WHEN HE WAS AT ETON.

FROM THE EMPEROR LEBAUDY.

(Translation.)

SIR,—You have an island for sale. I am a buyer of islands. Not only islands but deserts too. Anything in fact. What is the price? You have but to name it. Address me at the Cecil, where I shall be arranging for my Calf of Man Viceroy and standing army.

JACQUES.

FROM MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

(Cable.)

Beg offer Free Library to Calf of Man inhabitants. Had no idea island existed or would have made offer before.

FROM MR. MARMADUKE CROOK.

SIR,—I have for some time past been looking for a quiet place where I could practise putting and driving, and so far as I can see your island is just the spot. What do you want for it per ann.? I am not rich, and I should prefer to rent it on a lease—not repairing. I am a very careful man, and should hand it over in perfect condition at the end of the time. I shall take VARDON'S book with me and really work

hard, for at present I am quite the worst player on our (the West Fregnal) links.

Yours faithfully,

MARMADUKE CROOK.

FROM A FAMOUS NOVELIST.

SIR,—I trust you will not adhere too strictly to your intention of selling the Calf of Man to an American. An island so near England should be offered first to an Englishman or an Englishwoman. My home at Stratford-on-Avon, although charming, furnishes none but municipal breezes, and I often find myself pining for sea-air and that seclusion which it is difficult for a fellow-townswoman of SHAKESPEARE to obtain. Please let me know what you are asking for your island with the indelicate name (which can, however, quickly be altered), and I will let you know my decision. I see a great future for the islanders in strong Christian hands, and I, at any rate, if I once undertook to govern, would never shirk the task. In time, who knows but we might influence the Isle of Man itself for good?

Awaiting your reply, I am,

MARIE CORELLI.

To players not selected for the final Test Match we recommend the popular ditty: "Ain't I no use, Mr. Jackson?"

DAINTY ANIMALS.

THE correspondence in the *Spectator* on the subject of fastidiousness in animals having proved too copious for the columns of our contemporary, a large number of letters have ricocheted into Mr. Punch's offices, a selection from which he has the pleasure of now laying before his readers:

SIR,—Daintiness in animals is not, as some of your contributors would seem to think, the exclusive monopoly of mammals. Some twenty years ago a maiden aunt of my first wife's who lived at Arcachon kept a pet oyster in a salt-water fountain, and used to feed it on condensed milk and cracknels. This interesting crustacean, which used to answer to the name of *Mark Antony*—a delicate reference to CLEOPATRA'S notorious fondness for bivalves—was singularly tame and friendly, but on one occasion my wife's aunt inadvertently gave it a macaroon instead of a cracknel. Incredible as it may seem, *Mark Antony* was so incensed that he bit the hand of his benefactress and remained in sulky seclusion for nearly twenty-four hours. His mistress never got over the shock, gave up her villa at Arcachon and died shortly afterwards at Schaffhausen, after an operation for cataract. My first wife, I need hardly add, has also departed this life, but I have been unable to ascertain what became of *Mark Antony*.

I am, Sir, &c.

CAVALIERE MONTÈ ROSSO.

Hotel Pupp, Karlsbad, Bohemia.

SIR,—Your interesting article on the subject of dainty animals prompts me to send you the following biographical notes on my dog *Li-Poo*, whose great-great-grandfather, an Imperial Chow of the purest strain, formed part of the loot of the Summer Palace in 1860, and was brought home by my father, Captain TALBOY, R.N. *Li-Poo* is now about nine years old, and on my coming to reside at Hoylake in 1901 at once took the keenest interest in golf, and was very quickly initiated into the mysteries of the game and trained to act as a caddie. The authorities at first protested, but as my handicap is one of the highest in the Royal Liverpool Club soon withdrew their objections. What, however, I wish to point out is that, although thoroughly Anglicised in all his ways, *Li-Poo* still, in one important particular, illustrates the old saying, *cœlum non animus*. Nothing will induce him to make anything but a Chinese tee. Mr. JOHN BALL, Mr. HAROLD HILTON, and Mr. JOHN GRAHAM have all in turn tried to break him of this habit, but in vain. Personally I have come to prefer it to any other variety, especially with a slice of lemon, and since adopting it have

been almost entirely free from the insomnia from which I have suffered intermittently since I was an undergraduate at Balliol.

A *propos* of Oxford I may perhaps be permitted to add that my son, who was awarded a half-blue for Archery, and rowed the longest bow on record in his college eight, has just written to me from Cape Colony to say that he has started a polo club in which all the members are mounted on ostriches. The game as thus played is, he assures me, far faster and more exciting than when ponies are used. Unfortunately the ostriches have a way at times of suddenly swallowing the balls and even the polo clubs, which causes a difficulty in keeping the score. I am, Sir, &c.,

A. LEGGE PULLAR.

The Chowbents, Hoylake, Cheshire.

SIR,—When I was quartered at Maza-wattee in the Never Never Land shortly before the Crimean War, my constant companion in my hunting expeditions was a remarkably intelligent black-and-tan Tasmanian tiger-cat. Owing to the length of its whiskers I christened it *Lord Dundreary* and taught it the use of fire-arms, as our camp was constantly being sniped by the aborigines who abounded in the vicinity, and were very dexterous in throwing the boomerang. But the curious thing about my cat was this, that although an adept in the use of the rifle he was never really happy until I presented him with a Mauser pistol, with which he attained a proficiency little short of miraculous. On my return to England I presented the faithful animal to Sir HARRY PARKES, in whose service he remained till his death. My only other experience of this fastidiousness in animals was in the case of an Edinburgh Rock Pigeon, which took snuff freely, but had a rooted objection to Virginian tobacco, which invariably heightened the pitch of its coo.

I am, Sir, &c.,

W. GREENER.

P.S.—I forgot to mention that a brother officer of mine, who was afterwards killed in a cab accident at Piccadilly Circus, had a pet Southdown sheep which would eat Neapolitan ices, but had an invincible antipathy to red currant jelly.

SIR,—When engaged on the compilation of my *History of the Mongols* I had a pet dwarf Mammoth who rendered me invaluable assistance in the sifting and sorting of materials, which he was able to pick out of their pigeon-holes with his trunk with extraordinary rapidity and precision. As he was about 3,000 years old and possessed a remarkably retentive memory, I need hardly say that his local knowledge greatly contributed to the

value—if any—of my momentous undertaking. Yet such was the modesty and aversion from publicity evinced by this massive and faithful collaborator, that not only did he refuse to allow me to place his name on the title-page, but would not even consent to my mentioning it in the Preface. In politics he was—I regret to have to use the past tense, but he died prematurely after inadvertently eating several croquet balls, which he mistook for suet dump-lings, his favourite dish—a staunch Tory, and the mere mention of the name of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE was enough to excite him to transports of fury. His place was filled by a fine Mastodon from the Lena Delta, concerning which I propose to send you some details in a further letter. I am, Sir, &c.,

H. H. HOWORTH.

We much regret, in closing this illuminative correspondence, to state that we have been unable to print the whole of Sir HENRY HOWORTH'S interesting letter, which extended to upwards of 3000 words, and contained a photograph of the Mammoth, with Sir HENRY sitting on its trunk.

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that the CZAR'S Government is about to present a note to the Powers asking whether the time has not now arrived for partial naval disarmament among the nations.

Meanwhile, very little enthusiasm has been aroused in Russia at the news that another of her battleships, which was considered a total loss, has been raised by the Japanese.

The *Reichsbote* asks that the Baltic shall be closed to foreign warships. It looks as if the Germans wanted to have all the hitting below the Belt.

It is stated that China will submit a large claim for damage done to her territory at the forthcoming Peace Conference. It is unlikely, however, that her demand will be taken seriously, as it is felt that she should not have got in the way.

The Zionist Inquiry Committee has reported unfavourably on the tract of land in East Africa which was offered to the Zionists by the British Government. The territory is declared to be infested by wild beasts and by dangerous native tribes, who would regard Jewish colonists as enemies to be harassed in all possible ways. Their experiences in Russia, where most of the Zionists now are, discourage them from this new enterprise.

In connection with the forthcoming visit of the British Association to Rhodesia, the British South Africa Company has issued a special set of stamps, the design on which represents a view of the Victoria Falls. The proposal that the stamps should bear the legend, "What a Fall was there, my countrymen!" was vetoed at the last moment as smacking too much of advertisement.

A thief who broke into the Central Schools at Scarborough last week stole five Bibles, and a reader of the *Daily Mail* writes to ask, "Should clergymen criticise him?"

A venerable burglar of eighty-two made his appearance in the North London Police Court the other day. It is not, we believe, generally known how the infirmities of age handicap the members of this profession. At the portico of a house in Kensington Park Gardens there are two life-sized dogs carved out of stone. Not so long ago, on a dark night, a poor housebreaker, whose sight was beginning to fail him, spent over two hours trying to poison these beasts.

A Kilburn gentleman mounted an omnibus about fifty yards the wrong side of a penny fare, and then refused to pay the extra penny "on principle." He has now had to pay the penny, and five shillings costs. This, we suppose, is what is known as principle and interest.

There is no satisfying some people. Messrs. NEWNES have published an edition of *Gulliver's Travels* at the moderate price of one penny. A bookseller informs us that a lady customer refused to purchase it the other day on learning that the price was net, and not subject to discount.

Judge LUMLEY SMITH has, we think, been somewhat unjustly criticised for deciding, in a recent case, that claret-jugs and vases are necessities of marriage. Family jars are, of course, an almost unavoidable feature of the married state.

In fining a dairyman for selling milk deficient in fat, Mr. DICKINSON said, "Change your cows, and try a different breed." The dairyman is now anxious to meet someone who will take inferior cows in exchange for good ones.

While taking notes of evidence at Glamorgan Assizes, Mr. Justice PHILLIMORE wrote with his left hand when tired of using his right. Ambidexterity may compensate to some extent for Justice's blindness.

The schools have "broken up," and the stickleback season has opened in



Irish Pat (to Bashful Bridget). "LOOK UP, BRIDGET ME DARLIN'. SHURE AN' I'D OUT ME HEAD OFF ONLY DAY IN THE WEEK FOR A SIGHT OF YER BEAUTIFUL EYES!"

London waters. On Monday last, we are informed, in St. James's Park a youth landed a magnificent specimen almost an inch in length, and its weight was such that the bent pin almost broke under its load.

The teaching of shooting in schools is an idea which has been welcomed by boys all over the country as being calculated to cause them to be more respected by their masters.

An immense impetus has been given to the Teetotal movement by a report just issued from the Government laboratory showing the large percentage of proof spirit contained in temperance drinks.

A man who sells matches at Hammer-smith has only just received twelve shillings as his share of the prize-money earned while he was engaged in blockade work during the Crimean War. We understand that the Department responsible for the delay is known as the Blockhead Department.

A CORRESPONDENT forwards to us a copy of *Punch*, nearly two years old, which he discovered at the top of a mountain on the now famous Whitworth estate. If there is much more treasure of this kind in these coal-fields we can well understand the action of the German Syndicate. They know they have got hold of a good thing.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE ST. BERNARD PUPPY.

THE St. Bernard puppy was busily occupied in a sunny corner of the garden. He was a large fat soft ball of fur, partly white partly tawny in colour, and he was just ten weeks old. Though he had left his mild kind mother only three weeks ago, he had entirely forgotten her existence, and was perfectly happy as the favourite of a large family of boys and girls who had given him the important name of *Leo*, and devoted to the correction of his inadequate manners such time as was not spent in petting him and feeding him.

At present, as I say, he was busily occupied in a sunny corner of the garden. After a time he was observed by two of his young mistresses, and was summoned to their imperious presence. For all answer he wagged his tail rapidly and proceeded very eagerly with his task, as if he knew that the time he would be allowed to spend upon it was getting short. He was again called, but, having his own fixed ideas about the beauty and necessity of obedience, he affected not to hear. One of his mistresses approached him, whereupon he turned over on his back and waved his four paws deprecatingly in the air. It was then discovered that the object of his absorbing labours was an old and dirty piece of shoe-leather. On being rebuked he rolled round, sat up on his haunches and presented a paw to his rebuker. The leather was offered to his gaze, but he looked at it with a distant and unrecognising expression, and then by a swift and lumbering movement, which was more eloquent than any verbal acknowledgment of guilt, escaped into the neighbouring bushes.

From this retreat he was coaxed after a cautious interval, and was then persuaded to cross the lawn to a spot where the household cat was taking a morning siesta. The cat, an ancient retainer who had seen and despised a long series of puppies, and had in her time lived on terms of intimate friendship with a retriever, paid no attention whatever to his approach. This indifference appeared to annoy him, for after considering her for a few moments he gave a short bark, and then, pouncing heavily, attempted to bite her in the tail. His punishment was prompt and his yells were piercing. No dog, he seemed to complain, had ever been so profoundly misunderstood before, nor had a disinterested tender of affection ever been so unworthily received. The cat, however, blinkingly resumed her indifferent attitude, and the puppy took refuge under a garden chair.

Hence he was carried towards the house, bearing on his face an expression of angelic meekness and resignation. Having been deposited outside an open garden window, he was ordered repeatedly not to move, while his mistresses went to an upper room for a biscuit. As soon as they were gone he rose, and made a slow and painful ascent up the three steps which led from the garden through the window into the empty room. An inviting sofa was gaping for him, and he managed after several falls to ascend into it. The only other occupant of the sofa was a book, and on this he rapturously concentrated his attention and his teeth. Five minutes afterwards he was discovered still hard at work, and surrounded by minute fragments of literature.

This incident led to another injustice, but was soon followed by the presentation of the biscuit. His wounded honour having thus been salved he was taken to a pond in order that he might observe the water-lilies. The attraction proved so great that he immediately fell into the water. He was rescued by his scruff, and having been thus diminished to a tenth of his former magnitude he was carried to the kitchen to be dried before the fire and restored to his proper size. A bowl of milk was given to him. He drank half, put both his fore-paws in the rest and upset the bowl. After this he went to sleep, and the cook and the kitchen-maid alternately fell over him until lunch was ready.

LAYS OF A LONDONER.

ST. CATHERINE'S BY THE TOWER.

"A ROSE however named would smell as sweet!"

Such was the gist of *Juliet's* lucubrations,
A worthless sophistry contrived to cheat

The righteous anger of her near relations;
The language shows a nice poetic touch,
But can't be called an argument as such.

Not long ago I happened to devour

A tale—'twas lent me by a maiden aunt—
Bearing the name *St. Catherine's by the Tower*,
By AINSWORTH, or it may have been BESANT;
The local colour so enhanced the plot
That I resolved to go and see the spot.

Primed with the pioneer's portentous zeal

I wended eastward by an early train,
And ultimately eased my labouring chest
Of sulphur in a place called Mincing Lane;
Twelve minutes' steady walking by the clock
Brought me in contact with St. Catherine's Dock.

"St. Catherine's by the Tower"—the name recalls

Visions of mullioned windows, gabled roofs;
Not, as in fact, a world of grimy walls,

And beery loafers and the clang of hoofs;
An air of calm repose—an old-world nook
Should have been there: it *was* there in the book!

Here was no haunt of peace, but din of wheels

Banging on cobble-stones that rang again;
Men roared aloud and urchins let off squeals

Hilariously, while down a neighbouring lane
Three large policemen stemmed a brave carouse,
Prising a wrathful docker off his spouse.

The Tower was there of course; one knew the place

Where as a child one earned an aching head
Gazing on armour, battle-axe and mace,

And furtively consuming ginger-bread;
Viewing the dungeon where without a doubt
Bad RICHARD snuffed his little nephews out.

It seemed imposing then; but now the Tower

Fades into insignificance beside

That triumph of the age of steel and power,

The Bridge that spans the river's thronging tide;
No old-world nook, one felt, could still be there,
Next to that huge hydraulic thoroughfare!

I passed inside the Dock, where winches creak,

And carmen bawl and donkey-engines groan,
And all the air is heavy with the reek

Of tea and tar and pepper and ozone;

And presently a porter, ripe with ale,
Struck me amidships with a heavy bale.

I turned away, and everywhere I went

Men viewed my presence with profound disdain,
And one low fellow caused some merriment

Saying, "'Ere's ALLY SLOPER back again!"

Even as I left, policemen bade me stand,
And searched my clothes for casual contraband.

A rose, I mused, though called another name

(A turnip, say), might haply smell as sweet;

St. Catherine's by the Tower might do the same,

If known as Shadwell or East Smithfield Street;
It is the intellect and not the nose

On which the name's deceptive charms impose!

ALGOL.



AN UNPARDONABLE MISTAKE.

Short-sighted Old Lady. "PORTER!"

THE GREAT HANDKERCHIEF PROBLEM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Knowing that you are, and have ever been, the friend and adviser of the distressed, be they old or young, of the stronger or of the weaker sex, I come to you for assistance in a matter of paramount—I may almost say vital—importance.

It concerns handkerchiefs. A paltry thing, cries some scoffer, to bring to the notice of one so august! Yet is it a paltry thing? Has not the falling of a lady's handkerchief decided ere this the fate of many a male mailed warrior? And is it less worthy of consideration now that on it rests the tranquillity of one of your most devoted admirers among the fair sex? For I count myself still among the fair, though my age—I may breathe it to you—is forty-seven. You will not, I am sure, refuse me a hearing on a matter even so trivial as a handkerchief. The question is, what am I to do with mine when I go to Mrs. CATTLETON's Garden Party next Friday week?

You see, I intend to wear my pink. It is not quite new, but the chiffon can be pressed, and Mrs. WELLABY was only saying to me the other day how nice it looked. I *had* intended to wear my *réséda* green with the orange yoke, but I wasn't quite sure about it, because,

although it has always looked *most* becoming, Miss BARKLET happened to be at the dressmaker's (Miss TONKIN, you know, at the corner), when I took it to be turned, and, as I've repeatedly remarked, you never *can* tell what Miss BARKLET will say, and she says the most *horrid* things when she likes. So, as I was telling you, I was uncertain about my green, though it's really the smartest thing I've got, but after what Mrs. WELLABY said about my pink my mind was made up. The pink it was to be.

Now, when I first had my pink—not so *very* long ago—I was particular to have the sleeves made full large, so that I could put away my handkerchief in one of them. For as you know, or perhaps you don't, the sleeve is the only place left us for that purpose—the fashions change so. Quite between ourselves, I can well remember the time when we had pockets in our under-skirts. After that came the pocket concealed in a fold, which was always rather difficult to find, and awkward, especially in a crowd, even if you knew the way to it. Next came Dorothy bags—those little ribbony things we carried on our wrists. I went in for one, though I must confess it was more to keep in the fashion than because I liked them. They looked stylish, but they soon went out.

Then we took a hint from our men folk, who carried their handkerchiefs in their cuffs, and ours reposed in our sleeves. That lasted till quite recently. In fact, here the mode only changed the other day. You probably know better than I when it changed in London, for down in Pedlington Magna we have to look to Lady MARKISH, the Squire's wife, who generally manages a day or two in town with her cousin some time during the year, and this year she only did it last week-end. I don't approve of this new craze for week-ending, do you? It's too much gadding about. Well, as I was saying, I'd decided on my pink chiffon for the garden party when who should I see coming down the street but Lady M. *with her sleeves cut short to the elbow*.

Now I can easily shorten the sleeves of my pink, for it's just a question of picking out the insertion, and they will practically fall apart. Five minutes will do that, but—and it is here that I want your advice—where am I to put my handkerchief? With kind regards to Mrs. Punch, Yours expectantly,

PRISCILLA PRIM.

PAX ETONENSIS.—The Eton College Volunteers will now, it is said, be disbanded, the time of WARRE being over.



YACHTING MODES.

Brown. "AH! HERE'S SOMETHING THAT WILL INTEREST YOU, MARIA. HALF A COLUMN ON 'COSTUMES FOR COWERS.'"

Mrs. B. "WELL, I CAN'T THINK WHAT'S COMING TO PEOPLE NOWADAYS. FIRST IT'S SUN-BONNETS FOR HORSES, AND NOW THIS! OH, I'VE NO PATIENCE WITH THESE NEW-FANGLED IDEAS!"

SHOULD PORTERS CRITICISE "BRADSHAW"?

FIRE by the example of the *Daily Mole*, which has unearthed many opinions on a similar topic, *Mr. Punch* has pleasure in presenting the following borrowed plums:—

Sir OLIVER LODGE writes (without mentioning porters):—To suppose that our present edition is infallible and free from criticism in the light of growing knowledge is only possible to a person of considerable ignorance. Indeed, the whole notion of "infallibility" is essentially a superstition, wherever it is to be found; so that emendation and criticism, from the point of view of historical and linguistic research, ought to be welcome; nor should any one be surprised if some errors of fact, as well as a gradual expanding of spiritual perception, are found in that magnificent and venerable but heterogeneous collection of poetical and other inspired writings which form the series of time-tables accepted as canonical by travellers of the past, and bound together under one comprehensive name.

Mr. EUGEN SANDOW writes:—I have

only had to do with porters but once in my life. That was when three of them fought for my hand-bag, in ignorance that it held 18 cwt. of dumb-bells. I settled the dispute by carrying the bag, porters and all, to a cab—which broke down. Since then I have done my own portage, and the profession, so far as I am concerned, is out of work. It seems to me that they may as well fill in their spare time criticising *Bradshaw* as anything else.

Mr. JOHN PORTER writes:—The only criticism I have to make on *Bradshaw* is that it gives very scanty information about horse-boxes. Personally I never go by rail between two racing stables. I always use a motor.

"TRAIN UP A WIFE," ETC.

A LADY Manager of a "housewifery" centre (in connection with public elementary day-schools) forwards the following jewels from an Examination Paper:—

Q. Give rules for choosing a house.

A. Do not live near a semetery for if you do the ground will crack in the night and a gurm will come up into your

house and in the morning you will feel very ill and the doctor will say it is lead-poisoning and there is no hope.

Q. What is meant by "Personal Cleanliness?"

A. By personal cleanliness we mean keeping our brothers and sisters clean and washing them every week and not letting the little pours get filled up.

Q. Name some common ailments and their remedies.

A. Toothache.—Have it drawn but if you are afraid keep it warm.

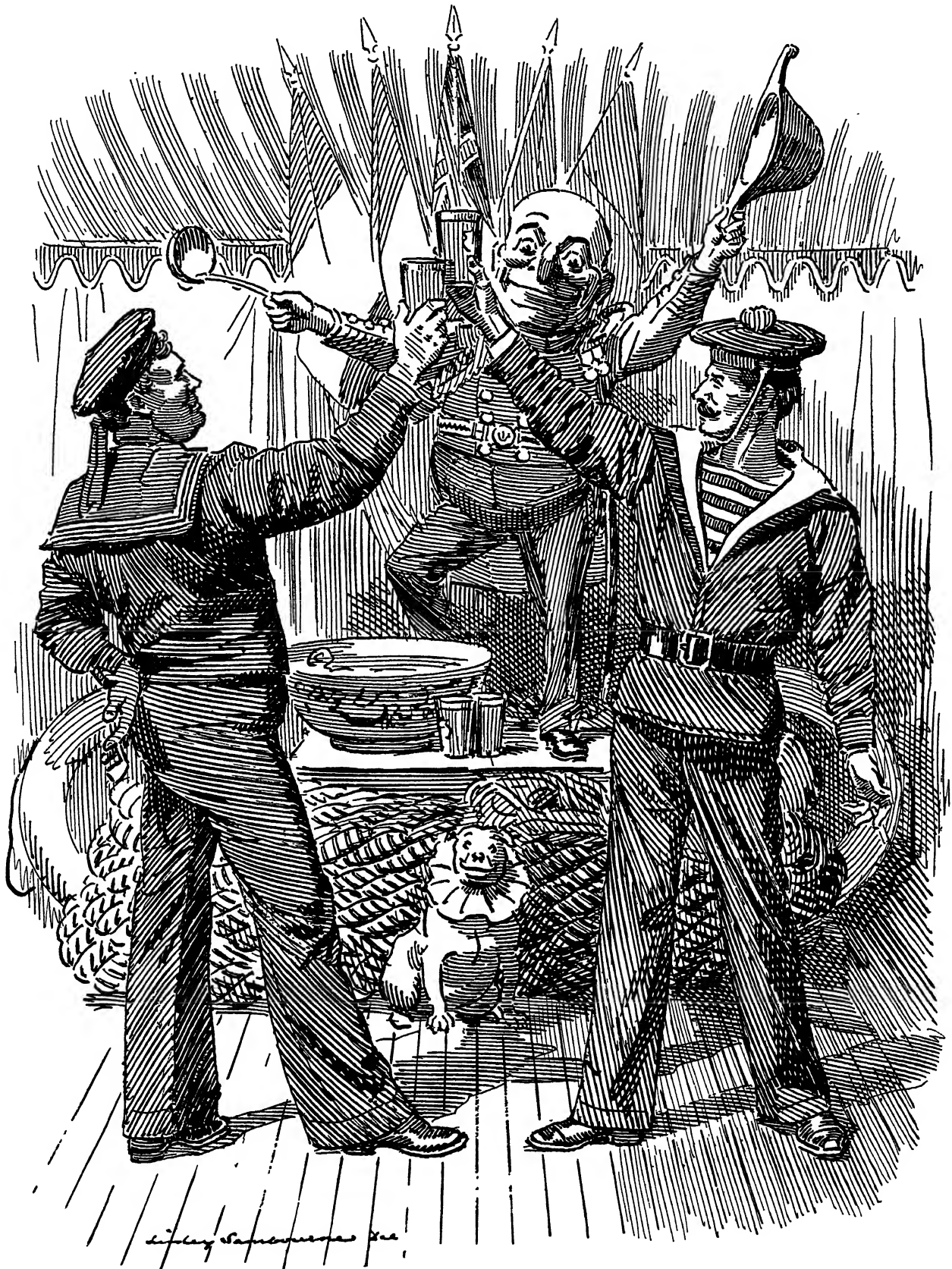
Corns.—Soak the feet thoroughly in strong soda water then rub them off with pumice stone, do not cut them off.

Q. What is meant by a person being "Thrifty"?

A. A thrifty person is strong and well made and can eat a lot and is never hardly poorly. A thrifty person is one who thrives.

Q. Give rules for the feeding of babies.

A. A baby should have nothing only milk or it is liable to choke and not get digested properly and it suffers great agonies from the follies of its parents.



A "PUNCH" D'HONNEUR.

[The French Fleet's return visit to Spithead, August 9th.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



'A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.'

Brother Arthur has but a poor "basket" to set before the Friars as the result of his long sitting. Brothers Henry and John do not much relish having to sit up till past midnight to help him cook it.

House of Commons, Monday, July 31.
—"The measures are few; but where are the Innocents?"

Thus C.-B. sternly addressing PRINCE ARTHUR across the Table. Had just accomplished the task that falls to lot of Leader of House at this time of the year. Cast to the wolves ten out of twelve Bills promised in KING's Speech. Twelve little niggers; now there were two. With that disregard of usage that vexes soul of Opposition, ruffles equanimity of C.-B., PRINCE ARTHUR had not even mentioned the abandoned Bills. Customary for PREMIER, massacring his progeny, to say a few words of pained regret over their untimely corpses. That well enough for predecessors like DIZZY, Mr. G., or even the ARTHUR BALFOUR of last year. At close of another Session, with temperature 82° in the shade of Ministerial camp, 104° in irritated Opposition ranks, not disposed to say a word more than necessary.

The thing presented itself in mathe-

matical form. Had he really promised twelve measures in KING's Speech? Very well; if only two were carried, ten must have been dropped. *Q. E. D.* Why worry round their untimely tombs? Let the dead past bury its Bills. The thing to do was to wind up everything so as to clap up the shutters on the 12th, possibly the 10th.

At the end of seven minutes PRINCE ARTHUR blandly surveyed the astonished and angered Opposition, who began to perceive he had a fresh surprise in store.

"I have briefly, but I think adequately," he sweetly said, "stated the conditions with regard to the remaining business of the Session."

"No!" roared the Opposition. He had resumed his seat; nothing for it but the raging almost inarticulate C.-B. to rise and follow.

Then came JOHN REDMOND, "with all the vehemence at my command" as he diffidently put it, protesting against the

neglect of Ireland by the Imperial Parliament.

"As far as Irish interests are concerned," he shouted, "we might as well have had no Session at all." Which is a little invidious, considering the disproportionate number of nights conceded to claim of Irish Members for Irish Bills and Irish Votes, not to mention daily appropriation of one-half of the Question hour. Next CROOKS and DON'T KEIR HARDIE, *Codlin* and *Short* of a later day, tumbled over each other in effort to show whom it might concern that he was the friend of the Unemployed.

At twenty minutes past seven House crowded in anticipation of division. An hour earlier the Benches being nearly empty PRINCE ARTHUR thought time opportune for winding up debate. But DON'T KEIR HARDIE, in character of *Short*, having early in debate championed cause of the Unemployed, *Codlin* CROOKS took his turn, and in the excitement engendered by the fervour of his oratory talked the

House into the dinner-hour. Result was that at half-past nine, the Opposition not again mustering and the PINK 'UN having marshalled his men with unusual success, PRINCE ARTHUR moving the closure got a majority of 101.

"A royal salute," said WALTER LONG, gleefully rubbing his hands. "Quite drowns the echoes of the pistol shot of Thursday week. If division had been taken at half-past seven we should have been thankful for majority of fifty. In the game of tactics our most valuable friend is the enemy."

Business done.—Winding it up. Agreeing after eight hours' debate to make it possible to stick to work all night, House adjourns twenty minutes after midnight.

Tuesday.—This is Sir WILLIAM ANSON's day. Education vote taken in Committee of Supply. Duty of Parliamentary Secretary to Board of Education to explain and justify it. Occasion looked forward to in domestic circle with peculiar pride and pleasure. Happens of late ANSON has loomed large in Parliamentary debate and newspaper controversy. Has become the most quoted author of the age. This embarrassing to modest man; yet, when first flush of awkwardness faded, useless to deny that it gives pleasure. The favourite passage appears in his masterpiece, *Law and Custom of the Constitution*. He therein shows how a Government which does not possess the confidence of the country, has lost its hold on House of Commons, but nevertheless clings to office, is no longer an authoritative body.

"It becomes," he severely wrote, "a group of personages."

The luminous treatise in which this gem is entombed was written some years ago. Appropriateness of passage to Ministry of to-day obvious. It is what the Opposition Press and right hon. gentlemen on Front Bench have been saying at length for weeks. The joy of the thing comes in when the dictum is recited with ANSON blushing on the Treasury Bench, one of "a group of personages" whom his prophetic soul discerned and recognised whilst still afar off.

On the frequent occasions when this terrible indictment has been trotted out, ANSON has assumed far-away look, as if he heard for the first time, on the authority of anonymous writer, that the Constitution had any Law or Custom. To-day all is changed. He went to bed last night humming to himself:

You must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear;
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the
glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest
merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm
to be Queen o' the May.

In prose he pictured himself as confronted by House crowded from floor to gallery, just as it was the other night when PRINCE ARTHUR announced that, in spite of untoward circumstances, the group of personages intend to go on governing the country as if nothing had happened. Human desire to see in the flesh a famous author would surely prove irresistible. The only thing that troubled the Parliamentary Secretary in advance was apprehension that indulgence in the idle curiosity of gazing upon the author of *Law and Custom of the Constitution* might divert attention



The "Woolwich Infant" in Action.
(Mr. Will Crooks speaks up for the Unemployed
with rare humour and pathos.)

from the profoundly important topic committed to his charge.

At the outset his anticipation seemed realised. When he rose in a moderately crowded House Members with one accord also stood up. This not unusual at public meetings when popular orator presents himself upon platform. ANSON drew his breath quickly; waited for the cheer which, he understood, usually accompanies such flattering demonstration. But what was this? Members being on their legs, not only remained erect, but made for the door. In three minutes the place was a wilderness. With the exception of ALFRED LYTTLETON even the group of personages on the Treasury Bench broke up and fled.

The Parliamentary Secretary to the Education Board had prepared his essay and must deliver it, even in the depressing circumstances that surrounded him. So he went on in level voice for the full space of an hour, ALFRED LYTTLETON, who likes slow lobs, gallantly seeing the performance out. *Business done.*—In Committee of Supply.

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR SONS.

HINTS ON LITERATURE AS A CAREER.

WHY not? Here is a profession, demanding small outlay of capital (even a fountain pen can be purchased for 10s. 6d.), at which any young man of moderate industry may secure for himself an income such as a low-comedian might not despise. At the time in which we are fortunate enough to live, the spread of popular education, the encouraging circulation of the less expensive magazines, and the publication of such volumes as *How to make Money by Writing Stories*, have happily removed the literary profession from the narrowing control of mere genius to the wider activities of a recognised commercial enterprise.

In this connection it is interesting and valuable to learn that by an appropriate diet the Literary Tendency can to-day be developed to any requisite degree. It is, however, obvious that this process of gastronomic culture, or feeding the sacred flame, is as yet merely in its infancy. Before long we may doubtless hope that the researches of such scientific explorers as Mr. EUSTACE MILES will enable them to determine with accuracy the precise foods provocative of various phases of literary development.

It may then very possibly be discovered that while an exclusive indulgence in Tomato Nuts and Potsam Coffee will result—as in the case of the author of that charming little brochure, *The Road to Wellville*—in a certain placid and equable style admirably adapted to what might be termed Farinaceous Fiction, quite another diet is indicated for the cultivation of more robust methods. The phosphate properties of shell-fish being already known, we believe that the time is not far distant when the influence of these comestibles upon modern literature (especially when taken late at night) will receive scientific recognition.

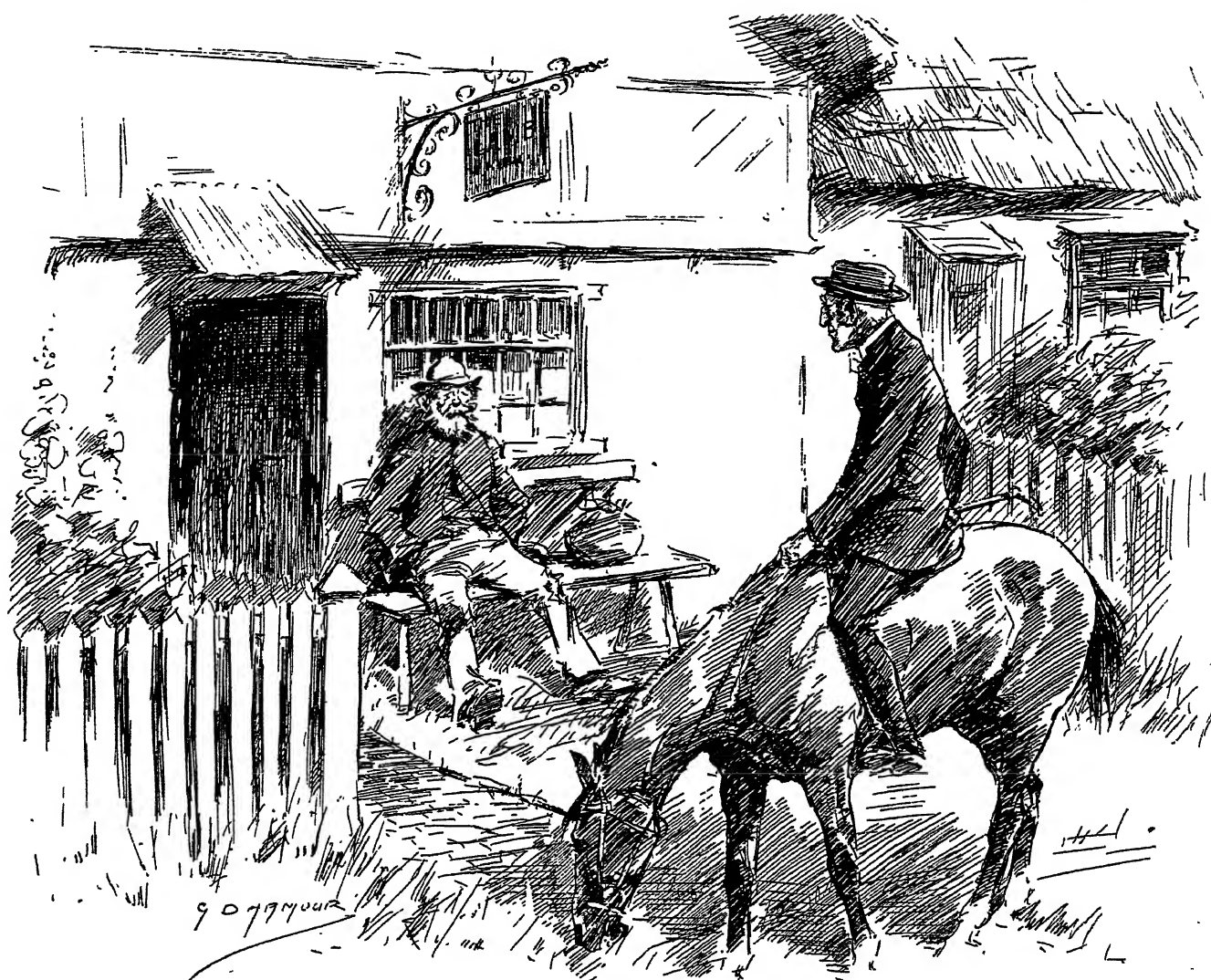
Of the pursuit of letters as a remunerative industry it is to be observed that there are to-day two great methods by which a respectable competence may be derived from literary work:—

By writing a Successful Novel.

By inventing a Hair Lotion.

The latter, however, is a process too highly esoteric for discussion in a popular journal.

To write a Successful Novel you will require three things—plot, characters, and local colour. With regard to the first of these we would urge the novice not to be unduly disheartened by the failure to secure absolute originality. After all, plots are bound to be limited in number, and even should yours resemble in outline some previous work of—say—Mr. THOMAS HARDY or Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, you may always be consoled



THE UNEMPLOYED QUESTION AGAIN.

The Rector. "NOW, MY GOOD MAN, IF YOU GO UP TO THE HARVEST FIELD, I AM SURE YOU WILL GET WORK."

Tramping Tim. "BEDAD, SOR, IT'S NOT WORK I'M WANTIN', IT'S NOURISHMENT."

by the reflection that the treatment will probably be very different. The image of Captain FRASER of *Jabberjee* fame need have no terrors for you.

Note, by the way, that originality of method is vastly more important than originality of manner. A report that his MS. is invariably written in a dark room with luminous ink will in itself be almost as valuable to the beginner as a prohibition at Mudie's.

Having settled upon a plot, your own or another's, you will next require characters with which to work it out. These you may conveniently take from your immediate circle. Should the book eventually be published, a few hints as to the identity of its more pleasing personages will greatly enhance your popularity with the supposed originals, so long as you are quite sure that your models would approve the portraiture. Thus your maiden aunt may be highly gratified to have fur-

nished the inspiration for the beautiful gipsy who elopes with the young Earl. On the other hand she may not.

More important, however, either than plot or character is the matter of local colour. It is indeed a reliable maxim that this last, if laid on thickly enough, will cover a multitude of deficiencies, and it is easy to understand that a scene—say, the encounter of your hero and heroine—which might be tame and even fatuous in Balham, becomes quite another thing in Bulawayo. It is of course best, if possible, to obtain your local colour from personal inspection, but, failing this, a cheap and remarkably effective substitute will be found in the free employment of a vocabulary native to the spot selected.

Thus, should you choose the Sahara as your scene of action, the interview might legitimately be introduced by some such passage as the following:—

"They were alone in the Desert, that

mysterious Egyptian tract that had converted a gentlemanly ascetic into a rude *fellah*. In the leafy branches of the palm-trees the *Tom-Tom*, or sacred cat of the Nile, was wailing sadly. . . ."

Or, if in Siberia (very popular just now, by the way), you could produce your effect in a similar manner:—

" . . . The snow " (always a safe card in Russian romance) " was falling heavily. IVANOVNA threw a heavy *dvornik* over her shoulders, and went to the window. Suddenly she perceived IVANOVITCH coming towards her with hasty *steppes*. He walked unsteadily; there was something strange and almost *droschky* about his demeanour that startled her—"

And so on; but we have said enough to indicate the value of italics as a method of localisation. A little practice will enable the beginner to attain a dexterity in the composition of such tableaux that will astonish even those most familiar with the scenes depicted.

POLICE PROTECTION.

STRANGELY near to the world of posters and progress the quaint little town of Brentford still flourishes under its stern triumvirate of smells — quaint still, despite the intruding trams that almost brush the shoulders of its diminutive, ancient shops. In that section of its High Street where the predominating smell is coal and gasworks there slumbers in the sun a little hostelry, distinguished from its ninety or so rivals by its green sign and by the three dusty plants in green tubs that stand before it. It is hardly possible to look upon those arid plants without being infected by a sympathetic thirst. Evidently "W. THATCHER, licensed to sell beer and spirits to be consumed upon the premises," is no mere horticultural enthusiast.

In any case the cool little haven, standing back somewhat from the street, invites me strongly this blazing day in August. Above the wire blinds that shade the lower half of its tiny windows I catch a glimpse of a number of gentlemen of a coally aspect engaged in the operation of consuming upon the premises with unmistakable gusto. I cross the street, and pushing open the door marked PRIVATE BAR pass into an atmosphere strongly charged with that indescribable smell that pervades the interior of rural inns.

A large slowly-moving man in shirt-sleeves, evidently that same W. THATCHER who is licensed to sell, &c., serves me with cider; then, moving over to the other counter, resumes his interrupted conversation with the coally gentlemen in the public bar. I am left to marvel upon the breadth of his back, a breadth rendered the more striking by the fact that a triangular piece of some dark-coloured cloth measuring five or six inches across its inverted base has been let into the back of his light tweed trousers, to keep pace with the encroachments of advancing years.

Seating myself on the wooden bench that runs round the wall, I fall to studying a number of glass cases containing the stuffed bodies of various yawning fish, and a highly-coloured print representing the return of the wanderer in a red shirt and riding-boots. From the other bar comes the buzz of voices dominated by that of a little woman, apparently Mrs. W. THATCHER, who has lately joined her husband behind the counter, and would seem to be dilating upon some grievance.

"'E comes in 'ere o' Saturday an' 'e sez, 'Where's yer 'usband?' 'e sez—like that. 'There's the coin,' 'e sez; 'that's the coin I offered 'im,' 'e sez. I sez to 'im, 'You can get out of 'ere,' I sez, 'we don't want yer custom and we don't want yer insulting remarks neither.

I know 'oo I am,' I sez, 'if some others don't know 'oo they are."

It is very cool and pleasant in this little place. I close my eyes and lean back in my corner. The droning voice of the woman and the occasional gruff comments of her listeners merge into a meaningless lullaby.

* * * * *

"The very coin I offered yer!"

Gradually I awake to the fact that the continued reiteration of these words in a hoarse male voice is becoming a grave disturbance to my rest. I open my eyes.

Standing before the counter of the public bar, regarding the landlord with a defiant glare, is a short man wearing the coating of coal-dust that is *de rigueur* in these parts, and a soft felt hat of that peculiarly shapeless species indispensable to the music-hall performer who with its aid impersonates NAPOLEON, a Nun, and Lord KITCHENER, and rejoices in the title of Protean Artiste. In one open palm he displays a silver coin, while with his other, clenched, he punctuates his remarks upon the counter.

"That's the very coin I offered yer!" he declaims, "an' if yer don't believe it there it is!" (*Bang!*) "Plain." (*Bang!*) "Anyone can see it." (*Bang!*) "Large as life."

The landlord, standing back a little on his own side of the counter, with his wife at his elbow, eyes him warily in silence. Not so Mrs. THATCHER.

"You can get out of 'ere—" she begins with shrill volubility.

"That ain't Russian money," suddenly resumes PROTEUS, with another resounding blow upon the counter. "An' it ain't Japanese money neither. It's *good* money. English money."

It seems to me that his listeners do not fully appreciate the patriotism of this utterance. There is a growling chorus of "Clear orf with yer," from the coally consumers upon the premises, while Mrs. THATCHER, emboldened by their support, waxes still shriller.

"We don't want yer custom," she cries. "We know 'oo we are if some others don't know 'oo they are. We—"

"An' I know 'oo I am," rejoins PROTEUS. "I know that's the coin wot your 'usband refused ter take. There's a pleece station in Brentford, and don't you fergit it."

"There is a pleece station—" begins Mrs. THATCHER with falsetto emphasis.

"I'm a goin' ter show that there coin to a magistrit," pursues PROTEUS with another bang. "I'm a goin' ter take out a summons agens't your 'usband fer refusin' money under false pretences."

At this point Mr. WILLIAM THATCHER suddenly approaches the counter, and imposing silence with a wave of the hand upon his wife, beginning excitedly to state her own intentions in the sum-

mons line, faces his aggressor. An expectant silence falls upon the coally consumers.

"You're a goin' ter take out a summons are yer?" he demands deliberately.

"I am," returns PROTEUS with gusto. "You *are*, are yer?" presses Mr. THATCHER with withering scorn.

"Yuss I am," repeats PROTEUS, meeting his gaze with triumphant determination.

There is a pause while the two men eye each other.

"Ho," eventually observes Mr. THATCHER.

"Yuss," retorts PROTEUS.

Another pause as before.

"Well then, clear out," says Mr. THATCHER.

"I ain't a goin' ter clear out," declares PROTEUS loudly, with a terrific bang upon the counter. "I've come 'ere ter protest, that's why I've come 'ere. I've come 'ere ter demonstrate my right as an Englishman ter receive beer in exchange fer legal tender. I've come 'ere—"

He gazes about him as though at a loss both for words and for adequate means of emphasising them, then suddenly snatches up a glass and holds it high in air.

"I've come 'ere," he declaims with a final triumphant burst of oratory, "ter demonstrate my views."

And he hurls the glass upon the floor. Crash.

For a moment there is silence. Blue veins appear upon the temples of the landlord.

"Now yer know my views," mumbles PROTEUS with a sudden calm, and turning disappears through the swing doors.

In an instant chaos reigns. Mr. WILLIAM THATCHER, purple with rage, throws up the flap of the counter and dashes for the door. His wife screams to him to come back. The coally consumers stumble to their feet and tumble through the door after the landlord.

I rise hastily and run out into the sunlight.

Mr. WILLIAM THATCHER, restrained by the partially encircling arms of two of the coally consumers, is struggling madly for liberty and vengeance. A few yards off, behind a massive electric lamp-post, stands PROTEUS in a cautious and agile posture, his hands grasping the post, his knees bent and ready for any emergency.

"Don't you be a fool, ole man," cries the first coally consumer, perspiring freely as he struggles to maintain his hold of his own part of the landlord.

"You ain't the man you used ter be."

"Not arf you ain't," gasps C. C. No. 2, which I cannot help thinking, in view of the silent testimony of Mr. THATCHER's trousers, is putting it rather mildly.

"You've 'eard wot I 'ave ter say ter

yer," here securely remarks PROTEUS, putting his head round the lamp-post. "I've made my protest an' I've demonstrated my—"

Suddenly Mr. THATCHER, with a violent effort, throws off the grasp of his friends and makes a dash for his adversary. PROTEUS abruptly cuts short his observations and swings round the lamp-post out of harm's way. The infuriated landlord pursues. Three times round the post goes PROTEUS with THATCHER at his heels, his fists wildly beating the air, and once the lamp-post. Then the pursued suddenly breaks out into the open and makes for the shelter of the next post. THATCHER pounds after him, hopelessly outdistanced in the open. PROTEUS gains his second line of defence, and stopping puts his head round it.

"Attempted assault," he pants. "There's a pleece station in Brentford!" and producing a small object from his pocket places it to his lips. In a moment the air is rent by the loud sharp tones of a police whistle.

A roar of laughter breaks forth from the coaly consumers.

Meanwhile Mr. THATCHER reaches the second post. Circular pursuit as before, PROTEUS still blowing loudly at his whistle. Again he breaks out into the open. This time he contents himself with running round and round in the middle of the road in a wide circle, blowing lustily all the time. Soon the baffled Mr. THATCHER stops and mops a massive brow.

In due course a policeman arrives and approaches PROTEUS, stationary now but still in full blast.

"Now then, now then," he demands unsympathetically, "wot's yer troubles?"

The coaly consumers flock round. PROTEUS at last takes the whistle from his mouth.

"I charge this man with assault," he declaims, indicating the outraged landlord with an accusing forefinger. "I charge 'im with attempted assault an' refusin' money under false pretences. I charge 'im with pursuin' of me with intent ter do bodily 'arm. Constable, do yer dooty."

A babel of voices ensues. Mrs. THATCHER, shrilly denunciatory, has joined the group. The coaly consumers tender simultaneous evidence. Eventually the

policeman turns to PROTEUS, and deliberately secures a comfortable grasp of his collar.

"I charge this man," begins PROTEUS with dignity, "with attempted—"

The policeman firmly turns him round.

"Come on, cockie," he remarks. "It ain't the first time an' it ain't the second neither," and marches him off down the road.

Gradually the little group dissolves. Mr. THATCHER, in a very hot and ruffled condition, lumbers back through the swing doors, followed by his wife, full of triumph and indignant reminiscence. The coaly consumers straggle jocosely after them, and the space before the

after hitting four to the boundary as to insist on running it out even after the ball was returned. Such horseplay of course greatly marred the pleasure of the thousands assembled on the ground. I have good reason to believe that the Boobyshire Committee will see that it does not occur again. L. J. Gossop.

ENGLAND v. NEW ZEALAND.

A sensational and unfortunate scene occurred towards the end of the New Zealand innings. PUM, the New Zealand slow bowler, standing at slip, was heard to sing a few bars of a comic song. Play of course ceased, while the umpires made him aware of the enormity of such conduct during the progress of our national game. He is not likely to repeat the offence, and for my part this is the last that will be heard of it.

M. B. C. TOUCHY.



THE EQUATOR.

Stout Customer. "I WANT A CRICKET SASH."

Cheery Assistant (with notice to leave). "PARDON ME, SIR, BUT THIS IS A RETAIL ESTABLISHMENT ONLY!"

little hostelry is left once more to the undisturbed dominion of a blazing sun.

THE NEW CRICKET.

Regrettable Incidents.

SESSEX v. LANKYSHIRE.

I AM pained to have to end my account of the match by saying that Mr. FLUGSOME, who hitherto has been a perfect gentleman, scandalised both players and spectators by removing the bails between the overs and juggling with them. Cricket being more than a game—indeed, a sacrament—comment is needless. I may just add that I at once left the ground.

P. K. FLOBLOB.

WINTS v. BOOBYSHIRE.

One incident marred an otherwise delightful day. Mr. L. M. BINGS, the Boobyshire captain, so far forgot himself

recommend the idyllic picture thus conjured up to the able poster-designers employed by the various railway companies for the purpose of inducing the adventurous to try their "Half-days," "Week-ends" and other excursions. The restful ease with which the lotus-eating cabman (hansom or growler) draws up at the grass-grown courtyard of the terminus; the deserted portico that only resounds to the cooing of the dove and the timorous tread of the rare explorer; the Rip-van-Winkle-like janitor at the old-world wicket-gate; the noon-day siesta of the other occupants (if any) of this moss-covered Temple of Peace—all these have hitherto escaped the notice of the unob-servant holiday-maker, but there! we are just off to sample the same at Victoria! The prospect, indeed, of this approach to Eden is so alluring that we expect to spend the rest of the day there, if not the entire summer vacation.

THE APPROACH TO EDEN.

(More especially in August.)

"And so it comes that the drive to the Station is now, as it were, the entrance into a paradise."—*Extract from leading article, on the delights of the Holiday Season, in the "Daily Mail" of Aug. 1.]*

This conclusion, arrived at by a wide-awake contemporary, in touch with the masses, would seem to put the matter in a new and attractive light. We

THE IDEAS EXCHANGE.

ALTHOUGH the importance of the Idea as an article of commerce has already obtained some recognition, it has occurred to *Mr. Punch* that there still remains a wide field for enterprise in this direction that is practically uncultivated. He has therefore established an agency in order that ideas which, though valuable in themselves, cannot, owing to the circumstances of their thinkers, be converted to practical use, may be exchanged for others of equal worth and greater suitability. Appended are a few of the advertisements already received:

BISHOP (moderate), having really sound and workable scheme for successful burglary without violence, thoroughly thought-out but of no present use to advertiser, would exchange it for course of Lenten Sermons or a few tactful Reproofs to Ritualists.—Address Box 43, *Punch* Office.

MINOR POET, frequently described as one of the most cultured of modern singers, wishes to correspond, in strict confidence, with Music-hall comedian. Offers original and highly amusing gags for knock-about scene, and would take in exchange the suitable conclusion of a rhymed couplet beginning:

"Oh wan pale parent pendent o'er thy babe."

R. S. V. P. to The Laurels, Lower Tooting.

PRIVATE GENTLEMAN, with magnificent ideas for reorganisation of Russian Empire by means of flying-machines and invisible boats, offers same in return for practicable scheme for dodging male attendant whose society has ceased to entertain.—Reply, by letter only, to "LUNA," The Retreat, Lytham.

DRAMATIST (once acted by amateurs), having a brilliant and original Plot, equally suitable for Blank Verse Drama, Cantata, or Musical Comedy, is now changing his profession, and would dispose of the above for any good notions on the subject of how to make bee-farming pay.—Address "DISGUSTED," The Hive, Dorking.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

As to *Saint Elizabeth of London*, by **LUCAS CLEEVE** (**JOHN LONG**), the Baron, readily admitting the undoubted cleverness, or, more strictly speaking, the exceptional Cleever-ness, with which a certain type of the modern æsthetically pious feminine is herein described, opines that this novel would have been improved by a second part. Or, it might have been completed somewhat after the manner in which **THACKERAY** concluded *Vanity Fair*. The story breaks off at a moment that *must* be the turning-point in the lives of *Lady Betty* and her husband, and leaves the interested reader curious as to what will be the outcome of the most strange and, it must be admitted, highly improbable scene that shows the temporary re-union of this ill-assorted couple. Ill-assorted indeed, for *Lady Betty* is a Burne-Jonesian woman, lovely, artistically draped (always more or less in the limelight), and of Anglo-ritualistic proclivities in the way of prayers to saints, not to be found in the authorised Church of England prayer-book, childishly delighting in private oratories, decorated altars, crucifixes, and somewhat eccentric devotions, all of which pious practices are not inconsistent with this pure model of a wife falling in love with a heavy, selfish, sentimental sot, to whose conversion from the error of his drinking ways she has devoted herself; and of this muddle-headed Lothario *Lady Betty's* lawful husband, an unprincipled but impressionable *roué*, becomes excusably, nay rightly, jealous. *Saint Elizabeth of London* is the nickname cynically bestowed upon her by Society, which, apparently aware only of the legend of the roses (which story does not, it seems, appear in *Acta Sanctorum*), appraises her piety at its true value; for "Society" intuitively perceives the

difference between real diamonds and paste, and Society's experienced judgment is sound. Admirable is the authoress's *finesse* as shown in her portrait of the half-converted toper *Sir Philip*, who is a cad of the very first water, or rather brandy-and-water. The *Lady Betty*, "looking beautiful in the French cambric girlish frock she chose" as the costume in which to receive and preach to her lover, whom she permits to "throw his arms around her" and to "bow his head upon her breast" ("Thy weary head upon my breast"—old song), while she stands "stroking his head with her hand," is, at barely twenty years of age, a consummate coquette, dangerous to herself and to those with whom she may be brought into intimate relations. The character of *Lady Betty* is powerfully and remorselessly analysed by **LUCAS CLEEVE**, who indeed spares none of her creations, being cynically severe in her "living pictures" of such originals as she has mentally photographed. But her readers will scarcely forgive her for breaking off so abruptly, as every one of them, like the recipient of *Sam Weller's* valentine, will "vish as there was more." True: but how does that Wellerian sentence finish? Let it be given in its entirety:—"She'll vish as there was more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'!" Substitute "romance" or "novel" for "letter," and there you have a tribute, in this instance, to the art of **LUCAS CLEEVE**.

The Baron does not, as a rule, notice in the columns of the "Booking Office" the contents of magazines. But the article in the Summer Number of *The Pall Mall Magazine*, entitled "*Mr. Punch's Pocket Books*," has a special interest for all *Mr. Punch's* readers, especially those who are fortunate enough to possess an entire set of these *Pocket Books*, which must now be catalogued amongst the rarities of Literature and Art. Here are to be seen excellent reproductions of quaintly frolicsome goblinsque work by the incomparable **DICKY DOYLE**; pictures (originally in colour) portraying with irresistible comicality the humours of the day by **JOHN LEECH**; and keenest humour expressed with artistic grace in the crowded and clearly defined pencillings by **Sir JOHN TENNIEL**. The history of the *Pocket Books* is given in this article, and much instruction as well as amusement may be gathered therefrom.



Contribution towards the Entente.

At the entertainment to be given to the French naval officers in Westminster Hall on Saturday, August 12 (St. Grouse Day), "the *déjeuner*," the *Times* informs us, "will be provided by the House of Commons refreshment department under the direction of Mr. C. KING." It will give our gallant guests some idea of our naval resources when they see how splendid a luncheon service can be set before them by an English "Sea King."

Another Mare Clausum.

THE persistent report that Great Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, and America are about to close the Atlantic Ocean to foreign war-vessels should be accepted with some reserve, pending official confirmation.

FROM "Etiquette," by "Lady Clare" in *The Lady*:—"When dining or lunching with friends, you would not fold them up, but merely place them on the table when you rise to leave."

THE AUTOMOTORAMIC COMPANY,
LTD.

PROSPECTUS.

Capital, £100,000 in £1 Shares.

THIS Company is constituted for the purpose of supplying a want long felt. The senseless restrictions which legislation has imposed upon the speed of motors promises to retard an industry to which we look to maintain England in the proud position which she has hitherto held among the Great Powers.

Accordingly the Automotoramic Company proposes to acquire the inventions of CLAYBURY CANE-HILL, Esq., for the purpose of affording real sport for motorists, while removing them from the vexatious control of the police. The risk of damage to cars by bumping against things which persist in getting in the way will also be obviated.

The inventions relate to the provision of a circular track in the Company's own absolutely private grounds, on which there will be standing room for a very large number of motors. On each side of the track an endless panorama of scenery, from the brushes of our best scenic artists, will be erected on rollers. Motors will arrive under their own petrol and, on taking up positions, each will be securely anchored down. On the word "Go" being given, the panorama will be whirled at forty miles an hour, while steam-driven fans will supply an appropriate air-blast, coupled with the braying of fog-horns. Ingenious automatic contrivances will also disseminate dust (on the principle of the sand-blast) blended with the smell of petrol in a state of imperfect combustion, so that all the essentialities of a really enjoyable motor-ride at high speed will be supplied.

The only agreement entered into is between the promoters and the vendor, who agrees to accept the sum of £50,000 for his inventions (£1 down and the rest in shares).

Encroachments of the Sea.

ACCORDING to the *Wrexham Advertiser's* account of the Salisbury Plain Manœuvres, "the general" (? General's) "idea was that an enemy had landed in the vicinity of Birmingham." No wonder that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S City should be a hotbed of Protection.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

(At 90° in the Shade.)

BLEST sprite, that flittest through the air
'Neath summer suns, devoid of care,
And underwear;

I envy thee, distracting fly,
Thou look'st so fresh and cool, while I
Can't though I try.

No collar donned at Fashion's beck,
Depends, a moist and crumpled wreck,
About thy neck.

CABS À LA RUSSE.

It is stated that a hundred Russian *droschkies* are shortly to be introduced into London, by way of protest against the vagaries and inconveniences of the present cab service. We are fain to inquire if the drivers and their ways are to come along with these engaging little vehicles. If so, we shall witness some minor comedies in the streets and on the cab-ranks. One feature, at any rate, we expect will prove popular. On account

of the inadequate support provided by the back of the conveyance, it is within the bounds of etiquette for a gentleman to put his arm publicly round the waist of any lady whom he may be accompanying. At first, it may lead to protests on the part of Mrs. GRUNDY against Mixed Cab-riding; but doubtless we shall soon get used to such a touching, simple custom. We cannot have ladies, of any age or appearance, falling out backwards when the pavement is a trifle uneven, or the *izvostchik* whips up his horse too energetically.

Perhaps, also, the Muscovite custom of bargaining for the fare will be sanctioned by the authorities. It will be a pure delight to the onlookers to watch the hirsute and thickly-padded IVAN IVANOVITCH, late of the Millionaya, S.P.B., declaring by all the wonder-working saints that he cannot consent to drive his client from Charing Cross to Pall Mall for less than five shillings, and finally coming down to four-pence. "Tea-money," too, to be promptly converted into vodka or quass, will be exacted by our enterprising Vankas, to the great enlargement of the licensed victualler's vocabulary.

At any rate, we await the *droschkies* with interest, and no doubt the London street-

boy will be equal to the occasion, and provide them and their drivers with some endearing pet-name. After that, will Tokyo kindly oblige with some rickshas? In view of the alliance we do not wish to become too Russianised—but hansoms have had their day, and some substitute is being badly whistled for throughout the metropolis.

A PUBLISHER announces *The Red Laugh*. This is to be followed by *The Purple Yawn*, *The Heliotrope Hiccough*, and *The Crushed Strawberry Sneeze*.

**SEASIDE PRECAUTION.**

"FATHER, WET YER 'AIR. YOU'LL GET SUNSTROKE!"

No hard-boiled shirt; no fancy vest
Lies nightmare-like on thine oppressed
And simmering chest.

I envy thee; ah, would I too
Might brave, untrousered, e'en as you,
The public view.

A handkerchief, a string of beads
Such as the Hottentot concedes
To Custom's needs—

These, and a brush or so of paint
I'd gladly wear without complaint,
Only I mayn't!

ORAL QUESTIONS AND WRITTEN ANSWERS.

II.

[To a Lady who asked the writer whether he believed in thought-reading.]

In that most trying hour of all the day,
When hallowed custom claims this act of grace,
That men should throw the unfinished weed away
And join the ladies in another place;
When, torpid with excess of meat and drink,
In single file, a ludicrous procession,
We feel the mood of exaltation sink
Down to the nadir, point of worst depression;—

Noting my apathy, you deftly sought
A likely theme to pierce the carnal cloud,
And asked if I believed that human thought
Might by a special gift be read aloud;
I answered "Certainly; for by your look
That gift is yours and, if you care to use it,
My mind just now is like an open book,
And you are very welcome to peruse it."

That was my flattery. You read me wrong,
When you divined that in my rapid brain
One lonely thought revolved:—*How long, how long
Before I get the chance to smoke again!*
I had another, chastely held in check,
And it was this (for absence makes me bolder):—
*I really rather like the way her neck
Goes with the pretty dip to meet her shoulder.*

But, gravely,—you who probe the inner man—
I'd not discourage you with cynic smile
From reading people's thoughts as best you can,
If they are legible and worth your while;
But here in so-called England you will find
This art of yours a thankless thing to follow,
For when you perforate our outer rind
You come on nothing but a yawning hollow.

Void of ideas, and vain of being void,
We eat and sleep and rise to play at ball,
Cocksure that we are far too well employed
To want to entertain a thought at all;
You must not think between (or during) meals!
This is our law; and, if it grew more lenient,
Conscience might trouble us with vague appeals,
And that would prove extremely inconvenient.

Thought is the root of action, saith the Sage,
Which might include self-sacrifice at need;
Therefore, ere yet it reach the thinking stage,
We nip that noxious poison in the seed;
For, once the germ I mention makes a start,
We soon should hear wild talk about the Nation,
How each in Her defence should bear his part,
A thing too horrible for contemplation!

Such are the reasons why the race maintains
Its prophylactic vacancy of head,
And it would save you much expense of pains
To take the thoughts which aren't inside as read;
Indeed, dear lady, till our habits mend
And yield material for you to handle,
Thought-reading seems a game on which to spend
Only a very little length of candle. O. S.

In its "Hints for Bicyclists," *Home Chat* says: "A little fuller's earth dusted inside the stockings, socks and gloves, keeps the feet cool." Nothing, however, is said of the use of rubber soles as a protection against sunstroke.

THE CRICKET OF THE FUTURE.

(Being an extract from the "Weekly Sportsman" of 1920.)

"Playing for averages bids fair to become the curse of cricket."
Daily Paper of 1905.

"What in the world do cricketers want with a tea interval?"—*Ibid.*

AN air of profound peace pervaded the Lord's Cricket Ground on Monday morning when Wessex and Mudfordshire began their annual six-day match. Had it not been, indeed, for the usual sprinkling of insomnia patients on the Mound, and the well-filled seats of the Pavilion, which has recently been leased to Dr. BLENKINSOP as a rest-cure sanatorium, the charming St. John's Wood enclosure would have been well-nigh deserted. The apathy of the public towards this most interesting match was all the more remarkable since it practically formed the climax to this season's race for the top place in the batting averages.

Punctually at five minutes to twelve MACFADDEN, the Wessex skipper, and SLOCUM, who fills a similar onerous position in the Mudfordshire eleven, appeared before the Pavilion to spin the fateful coin, both walking on tiptoe for fear of disturbing the rest-cure patients. When it became known that MACFADDEN, with his usual perspicuity, had prophesied correctly, a low murmur of applause arose from the members of his eleven, who evidently did not relish the prospect of three days of leather-hunting in the present weather.

A few minutes later SLOCUM and his men took the field, and on BLAGROVE (average 87.05) and WILKINSON (average 85.3) emerging from the Pavilion to open the defence for Wessex, the insomnia martyrs, who had been aroused by the excitement incident to the decision of the toss, settled themselves down for a nap.

It was obvious at once, from the caution with which they approached their tasks, that both batsmen, intent on increasing their averages, were prepared to take no risks. Finely though JONES and JAMRAOH bowled, they could make no impression on their sterling defence, and when one o'clock brought the milk-and-soda interval the score on the board still stood thus:—

No. 1.	Total.	No. 2.
0	0	0

Shortly after the resumption of play, SAUNDERS, as third man, fumbled the ball, thus enabling BLAGROVE to open the Wessex account with a single. This occurrence seemed to galvanise WILKINSON into life, and he instantly began hitting out more freely, scoring no fewer than seven runs in the next twenty minutes. After this, however, the play quieted down again, owing, principally, to the clever tactics of BLAGROVE, who, by scoring a single off the last ball of each over, kept the bowling entirely to himself, thus preventing his rival from further increasing his average. The Sherry-and-Bitters interval at 1.40 found the two batsmen still in partnership, nor did any change ensue during the play which occupied the last ten minutes before lunch, when the score stood at

No. 1.	Total.	No. 2.
17	23	11

Soon after lunch WILKINSON created a considerable sensation by hitting the first boundary of the match, a neat glide to leg, which reached the Mound railings before ARBUTHNOT—who had been dozing on one of the campstools with which all the outfielders are thoughtfully provided when WILKINSON and BLAGROVE are at the wickets—was sufficiently awake to stop it. This stroke provoked such a round of applause from the solitary occupant of Block B. that Dr. BLENKINSOP was obliged to send round a special emissary to check his enthusiasm, applause from the spectators (or spectator) being strictly forbidden by the terms of his lease.

As the gin-and-ginger interval drew near runs came more freely, twelve being added in forty minutes, with the result that the 50 went up on the board after three hours' play. With a view to keeping them down, SLOCUM wisely decided



THE CALL TO ARMS.

JOHN BULL (*aroused from slumber and only half awake*). "WHAT'S WRONG?"

LORD ROBERTS (*the warning Warier*). "YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY UNFITTED AND UNPREPARED FOR WAR!"

JOHN BULL (*drowsily*). "AM I? YOU DO SURPRISE ME!"

[*Goes to bed again.*]

[*Vide speech by Lord Roberts at meeting of the London Chamber of Commerce, Mansion House, August 2.*]



"WEEL, SANDY MY BOY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"EH, MON, BUT I'M DREADFUL ILL! I WAS SORTING MY MEDICINE BOTTLES T'OTHER DAY, AN' I WAS AFRAID SOME O' IT WAS GOIN' BAD, SO I TOOK IT!"

to put on TWADDLER at the nursery end. As neither batsman could hope to play TWADDLER's leg-throws without running some risk of being caught, they wisely left them alone, with the result that the famous left-hander came out with the following remarkable analysis:—

O.	M.	R.	W.
17	17	0	0

Tea was taken, as usual, at 4.30, and shortly after play was resumed BLAGROVE cleverly ran his partner out, thus getting rid of his most formidable rival for premier honours in the batting list. His action aroused some adverse comment from the occupant of Block B., an old-fashioned gentleman who seems to have been thinking of the time, ten years ago, when to run your partner out intentionally was still considered bad form. But considering that this modern development is only a natural outcome of the keen competition for averages, we cannot see that his ill-natured remarks were warranted.

[A hiatus in the account of this most interesting match gives reason to believe that the example of the rest-cure patients proved too much for our reporter. He does not take up the thread of his discourse again until Saturday evening, when he writes thus:]

And so the great contest between Wessex and Mudfordshire

ended in a very even draw. During the first three days Wessex scored 391 for the loss of seven wickets, and then declared the innings closed. During the last three days the Mudford batsmen, playing very bright cricket, knocked up a total of 370 for six wickets. What would have happened if it had been possible to continue the match for another fortnight it is impossible to say. We cannot, however, refrain from congratulating UPJOHN, the famous stonewaller, on his superb 120 not out, which, occupying as it did a little over fourteen hours, eclipsed all his previous records for care and circumspection, and raised him from the fifth to the fourth place in the averages.

Appended is our usual table showing the present positions of the leading counties in the Championship—an absurdly old-fashioned institution to which the authorities still cling.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Points.
Lancashire ...	17	0	0	17	0
Yorkshire ...	13	0	0	13	0
Surrey ...	15	0	0	15	0
Kent ...	12	0	0	12	0
Gloucestershire	13	0	0	13	0
Wessex ...	16	0	0	16	0
Mudfordshire...	14	0	0	14	0

CHARIVARIA.

We understand that some of the greetings in French in our streets led our visitors to believe that Esperanto had obtained a greater hold over here than is the actual case.

The *Entente* crops up in unexpected places. It has been decided that at the Russo-Japanese Peace Conference the English and French languages shall be used jointly, and the official minutes are to be recorded in both languages.

As was expected, Mr. BALFOUR has categorically stated in the House that the Government were not responsible for Lord ROBERTS' speech concerning the unpreparedness of the Army for war. Their responsibility is limited to the unpreparedness.

However, one did not have to wait long for proof that Lord ROBERTS did not exaggerate the danger of the present condition of the Army. Two days after his speech a poem on the subject appeared by Mr. AUSTIN.

An attempt is to be made by Mr. HENNIKER HEATON to promote international brotherhood by the institution of universal penny postage. It is good to know that, if the Russo-Japanese peace negotiations should fail, there may still be this.

A sturgeon caught some time ago by a fisherman near Goole was forwarded to the KING in accordance with custom, but has now been returned with the intimation that Hrs MAJESTY does not wish to enforce his right; and the problem propounded by the *Westminster Gazette*, "Can Fish Smell?" should now be solved without difficulty.

Homes have been established in Berlin for singing birds whose owners have left them behind on their departure for their summer holidays, and a bird of good pedigree may now command an entire *suite* of apartments.

We trust that the Poor Law Commission which is about to be appointed will have power to consider whether something cannot be done in regard to the poor law of the average Act of Parliament, through which, as a rule, the traditional coach-and-four can be driven with ease.

Now that the Law Courts have closed for the vacation, we have been requested to voice a grievance which is a very real one. There is a growing tendency among litigants, after an action has been partly heard and the public has

become thoroughly interested in it—when, perhaps, it has reached its most exciting stage—to settle the matter out of Court. As often as not the Judge aids and abets. We think that when a case has once been partly reported in the Press the public has a vested interest in it, and is entitled to protection against the parties.

At a performance of "looping the loop" in Hanover there was a praiseworthy innovation. The vehicle containing the artist fell off the track among the audience, injuring many of them, while the performer was scarcely hurt. This is undoubtedly the right way to put a stop to the demand for these foolish exhibitions.

"It is always a perplexing problem," says the *Ladies' Field*, "for a woman to find out how to indulge in any of our field or national sports and look nice at the same time." The failure which dogs the footsteps of female hockey-players is peculiarly deplorable.

Where to send our cats during the holidays is a problem which apparently worries many persons. Meanwhile a misogynist has written to complain of the large numbers sent to sea-side boarding-houses.

A dear old lady, on hearing that one of our China battleships had broken down on her way home, remarked that we must expect such mishaps if we build our vessels of that fragile material.

FRED. RAIKS, the American travelling boot-black, intends to visit, in addition to King EDWARD, the Czar of RUSSIA and the Emperor of JAPAN, if the difficult question of precedence can be arranged.

A Revenue Officer has written to the *Daily Mail* to say that "The vilest Scotch plain spirit, a few days old, with a little burnt sugar added, may be sold as fine old Irish whiskey, and *vice versa*." This is perhaps the most startling of all the "Falsehoods in Business" which have been exposed in the columns of our contemporary. Even the most wide-awake among us never guessed that fine old Irish whiskey might be palmed off on us as the vilest Scotch plain spirit.

By the by, the "No reasonable offer refused" fraud has not yet, we believe, been shown up. Allured by such a notice in a shop which exhibited a number of Continental oil paintings, all "guaranteed done by hand and signed," we made an offer of five shillings for the lot the other day, and the proprietor, a foreign gentleman, after trying to get us to be satisfied with two of the works of art, finally shuffled out of his agreement.

Some of our watering-places seem to be waking up at last to the necessity of offering increased attractions to visitors. At Filey, last week, Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL formally opened a water-trough for donkeys.

The two following statements appeared in different parts of one and the same number of the *Express* last week. Which are we to believe? (1) "A pleasing compliment was paid by the Lord Chief Justice to Mr. Justice GILDERSLEEVE, of the United States. The latter was presented to Lord ALVERSTONE at the Law Courts, and the unusual honour was paid of asking him to take a seat upon the Bench." (2) "A large tabby cat walked into the Lord Chief Justice's Court yesterday, sat down by the Judge, and listened to the evidence for a while, and then moved leisurely out."

ART IN ARCADY.

(AN IDYLL.)

Strephon.

"FAIREST AMARYLLIS, why

Let proud fashion's freaks delude you?
Lay those frills and flounces by!
For that simple gown I sigh

Which you wore when first I wooed
you."

Amaryllis.

"Foolish STREPHON! were your lore

In such matters more extensive,
You would praise that gown no more,
Since of all I ever wore

It was far the most expensive."

In these sultry days, when ordinary butter can with difficulty be induced to sit up in the shade, we welcome a new brand to which reference (though not by name) is made in the *Girl's Own Paper* for August. One of its "Reliable Receipts" begins as follows:—"Line a dish with butter that will stand the fire."

FROM the Glasgow *Evening Citizen's* report of a recent action for the infringement of a patent for printing and delivering tram-tickets, we learn that "the introduction of electric tramways has developed the number of people who travel by enormous strides." This, of course, is due to the foolish habit of attempting to overtake these rapid cars *en route*.

REFLECTION BY MR. JOHN CORBETT ON SEEING HIS HORSE, AFTER MANY MISADVENTURES, WIN THE ALEXANDRA WELTER HANDICAP.—"Everything comes to the horse that waits—even the winning post."

"THE iron has entered into my sole," as the man remarked when he trod on an upturned tack.

VILLANELLE OF CRICKET.

ON summer days I asked no more
Than this,—while burns a sultry sun,
To sit within the tent and score.

To watch a batsman drive for four,
And "extra cover" make it one,—
On summer days I asked no more.

So for an hour, while others bore
The fielding's brunt, I thought it fun
To sit within the tent and score.

Hour followed hour,—still I must pore
Upon dull sheets and notch each run.
(On summer days I asked no more!)

Thus on and on the long day wore;
Alas! I could prevail on none
To sit within the tent and score.

Then came the bowlers, hot and sore,
And found *analyses* not done!

On summer days I asked no more
To sit within the tent and score.

CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

AT 9 A.M. this morning Mr. CHARLES BURGESS SWIMBURNE, the redoubtable Northumbrian acrobat, commenced his great attempt to negotiate the passage of the Channel amid a vast concourse of spectators. Interviewed an hour and a half before immersion the athlete remarked to our representative that everything depended upon the Wheel of Fortune, "but unfortunately," he added with a laugh, "one can never tell which way it is going to turn." Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING (the poet) who was present, and was also interviewed, wished the swimmer all success, but expressed a fear that the scour of the Channel tide might eventually upset his apple-cart,—an apprehension which unfortunately proved only too well grounded. A telegram was received from Mr. W. L. MURDOCH containing the words, "Our boys wish you luck," and M. LOUBET wired, "Hearty felicitations upon your so splendid undertaking."

At 8.30 A.M. Mr. SWIMBURNE set out from Dover Pier for Danger Point, convoyed by the entire strength of the British and French fleets, and accompanied by the sounds of "For he's a jolly good fellow," played upon gramophones. Arrived at the fateful rock he prepared for his long encounter with the deep. The athlete wore a motor-cap, mask, and goggles of a peculiar pattern, and his body was entirely coated with a strong solution of equal parts of plaster of Paris and Yorkshire pudding; he also wore patent leather boots covered by goloshes, this last precaution being taken to prevent a recurrence of the accident which happened to Mr. POBBLE,



Englishman (to Friend). "THERE GOES THAT AWFUL LIAR, WHO SAYS HE HAS CLIMBED EVERY THING UNDER THE SUN."

Friend. "DON'T CALL HIM A LIAR. RATHER SAY HE HAS A GREAT TALENT FOR EXAGGERATING THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPENED."

a previous swimmer, who had the bad luck to get his feet wet.

At 8.55 A.M. Mr. SWIMBURNE (who had previously partaken of a light breakfast of *pâté de foie gras*, quails in aspic, and trifle) sang a comic song, and, punctually to the hour, lit a cigarette and entered the water—amid the united strains of the Marseillaise and the National Anthem (proceeding from the warships). He started strongly with his famous Brest stroke.

12.30 P.M.—Mr. SWIMBURNE is now five miles from Dover and going well. He has just taken a second breakfast of iced melon and Vaccaril. He has adopted the Trudgeon stroke.

2 P.M.—Mr. SWIMBURNE is now six miles from Dover. He has taken a third breakfast, consisting of lobster salad and milk chocolate, and is singing comic songs on his back.

3.30 P.M.—Mr. SWIMBURNE is going comfortably. He has just taken a fourth breakfast, and says he feels remarkably fit, considering. He is now about $4\frac{3}{4}$ miles from Dover and using a side-stroke.

Later.—Mr. SWIMBURNE is two miles from Dover. He has abandoned the side-stroke, but is not at all exhausted. He is still singing.

Stop Press Telegram. Mr. SWIMBURNE landed at Dover at 8.35 P.M. He is chatting comfortably, and singing a com— (Remainder of message blurred in delivery.)

Commercial Ambiguity.

FROM a window in the City: "Buy our Boots. *Every pair will bring the customer back.*" This is not clear. Will the customer be inside the Boots, or outside them?

BILKINGTON SQUIRE.

"ARE all you chaps asleep?" remarked *Bilkinson Squire*, Champion Old English Sheepdog and winner of a hundred prizes. It was midnight, and the central hall of the Dog Show was in darkness, save where a flickering lamp marked the place where the night attendant lay snoring heavily, and dimly illuminated the long lines of benches.

"Asleep!" snarled a neighbouring Collie, shaking his chain with an angry rattle. "Not a chance! Here I've been barking twelve hours at a stretch, and my head's fit to split."

"So's mine," moaned an Airedale terrier, "and now Master's gone and left me sore at heart."

"Heart only?" sneered a Borzoi. "Why, great shanks and marrowbones! I'm sore all over! What with combing and grooming, there's no pleasure left in scratching, or anything left to scratch, as far as that goes."

"That's nothing to me," yelped a corded Poodle; "I'm shaved dangerously close one half, and the other tied up in excruciatingly tight pink bows—while the language, if I so much as shake my head, isn't fit for a well-bred dog to listen to."

"What a life!" bayed a deep-voiced St. Bernard, from a distant bench. "We're for all the world like a parcel of schoolgirls at a strict boarding school, never allowed to lark or fight or jump into green scummy ponds or roll in the long wet grass when we want to."

Bilkinson Squire chuckled good-humouredly.

"Cheer up," he said. "Think of the honour and glory, boys."

"Honour and glory!" snapped a wire-haired Terrier. "What's the good of that—you can't kill it. Give me a rat in a rick before all the honour and glory in the world."

"Rats?" exclaimed a prick-eared Skye. "Who said Rats?" and the chorus ran along the benches.

"Stop it!" said *Bilkinson Squire* angrily, "or you'll wake the man, and the wrong dogs will get whacked as usual. Why can't you keep quiet like my little friend King Charlie here, with his tongue hanging out at one side as good as gold?"

"Don't laugh at my tongue," pleaded the little dog, goggling his eyes wistfully. "I've got to keep it there. It's a point!"

"Point or no point, it didn't do you much good in the ring," chipped in a Schipperke. "Is it true you actually flew at the judge when she didn't give you a prize?"

"Quite true," replied King Charlie. "I heard my mistress say she was a cat, so, of course, I went for her."

"Cats—who said Cats?" began the

Yorkshire terriers, but *Bilkinson Squire* hurriedly suppressed them.

"Look here," he said, "if you fellows will keep quiet I'll tell you the tale of my life. Like my other it's quite short and rather lively. To begin with, it's a popular fallacy to think a dog is judged on his points, it's merely a question of breeder and pedigree, and though mine are the envy of every kennel in the county as a matter of fact my origin is unknown—and I am no more *Bilkinson Squire* than that dish of biscuit at my side."

Having thus reduced his audience to breathless attention, he resumed:

"Three years ago my late master bought me from a travelling tinker for half-a-crown. I was a big chap, and he got me into condition with a view to getting a bit more than his money back at the shows. I should be sorry to say how much he dropped over the transaction. It was heart-breaking work for both of us. We were always the first to be waved aside in the ring, and the coveted prize-tickets seemed to adorn every pen on the bench but mine. I was as fine a dog then as now, but I was unknown, and likely to remain so."

"One day, at a big show in the Midlands, when my master and I were heartily sick of the whole business, I found myself in the next pen to the Champion Old English Sheepdog of the country, who swept the board of prizes at every show he went to. I looked at him over the small wire partition that divided us, and he looked at me. Looked!—we stared, and no wonder, for we were as like as two peas. From the lop of our ears to the last patch of colour on our flanks we were absolutely identical, and as I looked I laughed rather bitterly at the irony of fate."

"Hullo," he cried in amazement, "where on earth did you come from?"

"Heaven knows—I don't," I replied, flippantly; "but I can tell you where I'm going to. After to-day my Master takes me home and sells me to the butcher for five bob!"

"Will the butcher show you?" he said.

"Oh dear no," I replied; "he's only got a fancy for me. I shall run after the cart, eat the scraps and sleep on the sawdust."

"Lucky chap!" he groaned. "Just the life I've always longed for. I'd give the world to be in your pen!"

"And I—to be in yours," I replied, bitterly.

"He looked furtively round—it was lunch time and the place was deserted."

"Come along over, then!" he said—with a strange thrill in his voice, and next moment, with a rattle of claws against the wire, the deed was accomplished. The transformation was com-

plete. I was Champion *Bilkinson Squire*, and speedily surrounded by a group of admirers who, having first read my credentials, proceeded to demonstrate to their friends the matchless superiority of my points. Presently I noticed out of the corner of my eye my old master approach the next pen; but all he did was to cuff the real *Bilkinson Squire* on the head for being a failure, and lead him away to complete his bargain with the butcher.

"Since then, as you know, my career has been one unbroken line of brilliant successes, I am worth a fabulous amount of money, and I have never once regretted the day when I changed places and pens with *Bilkinson Squire*—nor, to all appearances, has he."

"I saw him two days ago, as I was on my way here in a cab. We were blocked by the traffic just as we were abreast of a prosperous butcher's shop, and there he lay among the sawdust beside the block, gross as a pig, his coat a mass of clotted tangles. He opened one eye, and recognised me."

"How goes it?" I said.

"All right," he replied, in an oozy voice. "Look at our stock—no Canterbury lamb here, if you please. By the way, if you see a mongrel Retriever round the corner tell him I'm ready for the last round at 9.30 to-night in the mews at the back. How's yourself?" But without waiting for a reply he began scratching methodically, and was still so employed when my master pulled my head in and put the window up, for fear I should get a cold in my eye. And that's all about it," concluded *Bilkinson Squire*.

He paused—but the only sound that reached his ears was an occasional snore, grunt, or a deep sigh, as with twitching limbs and in uneasy attitudes his exhausted audience snatched a little fitful slumber against the last day of the Show.

NOT GUILTY.

Oh, the silly season's reigning belle
Is the Thriftless Wife of the *Daily Tel*.—
A frivolous, frilly, expensive flirt,
With the newest sleeve and the latest skirt;—

But they're all quite wrong who describe her so;

For the female fop, as I soon will show,
'Mid the thriftless can't be placed;
For it stands to reason, the constant aim
Of the silk-draped, chiffon-frilled, lace-flounced dame

Is the *smallest possible waste*.

GERMAN PESSIMISM AND THE ANGLO-FRENCH FLEETS.—The lesson of Brest has been taken to heart.



First Fond Mamma (whose hopes have lately been dashed). "OUR HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS ON DEAR VIOLET'S ENGAGEMENT, MRS. HOOKHAM."

Second Fond Mamma (whose hopes have been realised). "THANK YOU. WE ARE DELIGHTED. CAPTAIN NORTON IS SUCH A CHARMING FELLOW."

First Fond Mamma. "YES, AND SO SELF-SACRIFICING!"

THE WONDERFUL BOY OF OLD.

(A Schoolboy's View.)

OH, much have I read in prose and verse,
And many a tale is told
That makes a fellow to-day seem worse
Than the wonderful boy of old:
A regular nugget without alloy,
His master's pride and his parents' joy,
A big-brained, muscular, model boy,
A wonderful boy of gold.

He could jump as far as a kangaroo,
And run like a hunted hare;
Whatever he said was brave and true,
Whatever he did was fair.
The "sapping" that makes your senses swim,
And your hair stand up, and your eyes grow dim,
Was a kind of jolly good joke to him—
He did it with time to spare.

Whenever he bowled he gained a hat
By scattering wickets three;
He punished the bowling and kept his bat
As straight as a bat could be.
Oh, the balls he slogged and the balls he snicked,
And the goals he saved and the goals he kicked,
And the blustering bullies he fought and licked,
Were a marvellous sight to see!

And now he's a Judge in a tip-top wig,
A Colonel, or College Don,
This wonderful boy who started big
And never stopped getting on;
For no one ever could call a halt
To the boy who was born without a fault—
Though I take the tiniest grain of salt
With the tale of the paragon.

But he kept a rule, if a thing seemed right—
I hope I may keep the same—
To go and do it with all his might
And hardly a thought of fame;
For it isn't the winning that makes a man,
But it's playing the game on the good old plan,
As hard and straight as a mortal can—
In fact it's playing the game. R. C. L.

"Cruel only to be Kind."

KNACKERS, KNACKERS, KNACKERS!—Best possible prices given. Persons desirous of having old favourites or injured horses destroyed, send them to —, who uses them as food for wild animals, and therefore ensures that they are killed.—*Advt. in the "Evening Express" (Liverpool).*

One would like to know a little more about the wild animals, but we may take it that their clients would be secure against survival.



SOUND FINANCE.

Keeper (to Herr von Childenstein, the great German Financier, trying his hand at driven grouse). "NEVER HEED, MAN. HAVE ANOTHER TRY AT THEM. THEY'RE BOUND TO FLY INTO IT SOMETIMES."

Herr von G. "No, no! NEVER I MAKE SO. NEVER I—WHAT YOU SAY—THROW ZE GOOD MONEY AFTER ZE BAD!"

RECIPE FOR A SERIAL.

(See the machine-made Fiction running in certain dailies.)

A MAID—or wife—or widow—with red hair,
And a cool cheek and pale;
Bright, mocking wit (not set down anywhere)—
Great, glinting eyes, soft laces, jewels rare,
And Doucet gowns, that trail.

A man of mark, who's in the Cabinet,
And has the Nation's ear;
His hands are clenched, his face is white and set,
The red-haired siren he cannot forget,
But has a wife—dear, dear!

The wife's a miracle of womankind,
All wrongs—and gracious curves,
Tho' suffering such agonies of mind
That secretly she weeps herself half blind,
Her beauty she preserves.

A close-lipped, strong-jawed Monarch of Finance,
Cynical, ruthless, tall;
All gold, save iron will and steely glance,
He winks,—the markets rise,—and then, perchance
He yawns,—and down they fall.

Add now some Dukes and Marquises, to taste,
And "extra" ladies, please,
A wicked foreign Prince,—dark eyes, small waist,—
A lot of love, and commas too, misplaced,
And not a few of *these!!!*

Then let your puppets give their show, where'er
It's *really smart* to be;
Hurlingham, Ascot, Simla, and Mayfair,
Yacht, motor-car, balloon,—sea, earth, and air,
Sahara and Paree.

Sort 'em and dust 'em, when their task is o'er;
Fresh names, of course, they'll need,
A coat of paint, maybe,—and then, once more,
In *Daily Thrills* they'll figure, as before,
And he that runs (to catch his train) may read.

UNDER the head of "Live Stock" a Society contemporary recently advertised "Two Rosy Pastors in full song, 7s. 6d each." We do not know at what kind of entertainment these rubicund divines are supposed to appear, but we cannot help feeling that such performances should not be advertised in a secular organ.



Linley Sambourne, 1905.

THE YIELD OF THE YEAR.

MR. PUNCH (*genially*). "WELL, FARMER, AND WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO CARRY YOUR HARVEST?"
FARMER BALFOUR (*with equal geniality, showing the sheaves*). "THIS IS THE HARVEST!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



SOME "ENTENTES CORDIALES" SEEM A LONG WAY OFF STILL.

Sir Cambel-Bammreman. "Au revoir, Milor Sir Balfour! I wish a-you what you call ze 'Goodatime'! Many 'appy New Year of 'Offisse,'"

Sir Balfour. "Mille remerciements and au revoir, cher Sir Bammreman! I 'ope you 'ave ze vairy nice 'bye-élections.' Adieu, Sir Asquidth; I per'aps meet a-you on ze course of ze golfe-game-match."

House of Commons, Monday, Aug. 7.—Hush fell on crowded House when, at Question time, ST. JOHN BRODRICK strode in.

Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre.

BRODRICK hasn't. Just as he turned his face to it word reached him from headquarters that he would better serve his country in the groves of peace at Westminster. Had arranged to be present this very afternoon at Primrose gathering at Cranleigh; prepared notes of speech demonstrating indispensability of present Government to welfare of State, safety of Empire.

To watchful ear of the PINK 'UN came rumour of ambush nearer home. Making his daily peregrination of subterranean passages of the House in search of contraband Radicals or Irish Members, his lantern flashed light on deep design. Instead of spending Bank Holiday on Hampstead Heath or slopes of Greenwich, a wicked Opposition had planned surprise for patriotic Ministry. Ostentatiously announcing intention of taking a sail on the river in one of the penny steamboats they were to disembark at Westminster Bridge in groups of three, certainly not more than five. Between

Embankment and Westminster Yard there is subterraneous passage. Along this they were to glide, making their way by back entrances to the vaults connected with Ventilating Department. Here, iced-lemonade and cigarettes being provided at expense of anonymous person—the PINK 'UN's spies brought him certain news that the remittance bore the Dover postmark—they were to remain till, the signal given, they should rush into the Central Lobby, dash past the paralysed Government Whip, snap a division, and so put PRINCE ARTHUR to the trouble of saying again that he would not resign merely because he had been beaten by an accident.

Such was the carefully elaborated scheme of a debased Opposition. They reckoned without the PINK 'UN. As the BANBURY CAKE admiringly observes, "You have to get up very early in the morning to catch *that* weasel asleep."

Having possessed himself of the enemy's plans, familiar with their signs and countersigns, he rapidly elaborated a means of countervailing the plot. Not only was a whip of alarming energy privately despatched to Ministerialists urging them to be in their places morn-

ing and evening, but able editors, roused from their slumbers in the dead of the night, were induced to print in their largest type direful hints calculated to cause to creep the flesh of the most indifferent. Not for the first time might the Capitol be saved by vocal alarm.

Climax reached in the PINK 'UN's personal direct appeal to Secretary of State for India. "I am sure," he wrote, "that you and your friends in Surrey will see that the sacrifice asked of private Members must in fairness be asked of Ministers. Perhaps this will be appreciated more especially by those constituents who have the honour to be represented by a Cabinet Minister."

What could ST. JOHN BRODRICK do in response to appeal like this, at once dignified and blood-curdling? He did the one, the right thing. He left the Primrose Meeting to the counter-attractions of the dusky minstrels and the merry-go-round, and rallied to his comrades and his country at Westminster.

A great occasion, a thrilling scene; lacked only one element of success. There was no surprise, no ambush. On the contrary Ministerial majority ran up to over a hundred. Idle to deny that

Members who at considerable personal inconvenience had responded to frenzied call to battle looked askance at PINK 'UN. Mentally registered resolution not to be taken in again.

Business done.—Unemployed Bill rushed through final stages, sent on to waiting Lords.

Thursday.—Mr. JAMES CHRISTOPHER FLYNN gone back to County Cork a chastened man. Has had little joy of life in closing Session. Made several speeches marked by undiminished fluency and diminishing audience. For an Irish Member CHRISTOPHER is, to tell the truth, a dull dog. Endowed with national gift of flow of words, but they lead nowhither beyond the marsh of deadly commonplace.

Disappointed and depressed by lack of appreciation, he, like his historic countryman driving at slow pace an outside car, "saved a trot for the animal." Glancing over Report of Irish Agricultural Department on the Sea and Inland Fisheries of Ireland, his eagle eye discerned opportunity to make the CHIEF SECRETARY squirm. He sat down quickly and drafted a question asking "whether the CHIEF SECRETARY'S attention has been called to the fact that over two hundred pages of a Blue Book are occupied with scientific investigations, diagrams and plates dealing with marine fauna, with noctiluca miliaris, muggiæ atlantica, pleurobrachia pileus, echinodermata, and other specimens of marine life interesting to naturalists, and only two pages to the questions of shoal fish and the present destruction of immature mackerel on the South Coast of Ireland."

When he rose to put his question from the printed list, ribald Members called out, "Read! Read!" Time was when, it being the rule for Members to recite questions addressed to Ministers, JAMES CHRISTOPHER would have had to syllable out noctiluca miliaris, muggiæ atlantica, and eke echinodermata. Naturally he was not, at the invitation of mischief-makers, inclined to give away his advantage of leaving these undesirable aliens in the silence of type.

WALTER LONG in his reply equally cautious. At one moment the eagerly-watching House observed his lips frame something that looked like pleurobrachia pileus. Thought better (or worse) of it; anyhow abandoned attempt; contented himself with curtly pointing out to FLYNN that there is a second volume of the Report, in which shoal fish are not neglected nor immature mackerel overlooked.

Thus was a fresh injustice to Ireland ignored by a reckless Minister.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill passed.

Friday.—Parliament Prorogued.

THE UNDESIRABLE IDEAL.

("Is the ideal car desirable?" is the rather paradoxical question which Mr. FRED. T. JANE answers in the negative in the course of an article in the current *Autocar*.)—*Westminster Gazette*.)

WHAT horseman loves the sober nag
That knows not how to play
In sportive mood the merry wag,
And while the tedious way?
Give him the cob with ear a-prick
And saucy unexpected trick,
With soul of flame and eye of fire—
This is PHEDIPIDES' desire.

So may my motor love to frisk
And gambol on its own;
There is but little sporting risk,
When all the odds are known.
I would not drive a car that did
Precisely as I chose to bid,
A motor that had never known
A will and temper of its own.

May mine, like frolic colts, delight
In unexpected swerves;
There's nothing like a sudden fright
To titillate the nerves.
And may it find a joyous thrill
In bolting down a breakneck hill,
Regardless of the puny brake,
And strewing chaos in its wake.

To skim at legal speed along
The uneventful way,
With nothing ever going wrong,
Is but the poorest play.
Give me the sportive motor which
Delights to take a casual ditch,
And does not fear to risk its fate
Over a sturdy five-barred gate.

May it demand incessant toil
And superhuman art,
And may the fiery petrol boil
Within its gallant heart.
May sparks and flashes fill the air
As hooting through the streets I tear,
Not knowing when 'twill all explode
And scatter me along the road.

PAROLANTI LA LINGVO.

A CONGRESS of Esperantists from Europe, India, Canada, and New Zealand was held at Boulogne last week. The official language was Esperanto, and discussions, concerts and theatrical performances are being held therein. The full title of the Congress was "Universala Kongreso en Boulogne-sur-Mer, sub la prezido de Dro. ZAMENHOF." In case any of Mr. *Punch's* readers are proposing to run the risk of a visit at this period, we are happy to present them with a short Anglo-Esperanto dialogue. It might be useful to the traveller on being accosted at the landing-stage by any cosmopolitan-looking gentleman with a badge and portrait of the worthy Doctor

and Inventor of "La Lingvo Internacia":—

Bonan tagon, Sinjoro, kiel vi sanas?
Pretty well, thank you—at least, I'm fairly sane, so far!

Tre bone! vi venis el Angloloando?
You've hit it—that's where I've come from!

Per vaporsipo?
Well, I didn't swim! I'm not Miss KELLERMAN.

Haha! Mi vidas ke vi estas seka!
Yes, I am dry. I could do with a drink!

Kelnero, donu al mi la akvon.
Hold hard, put a little Scotch in it, old cock!

Vian sanon, Sinjoro! vi havas monon?
Money? Oh yes—suppose we toss?
Volonte . . . ho, mi gajnas!

So you do! you're a regular JACKSON!
Vi ne volas paroli Esperanton? vi min komprenas facile!

Ratoj!—I mean Rats! Excuse my bad lingvo! English is good enough for me!

Sed vi havus multajn lecionojn kaj ekzercojn apud la Kongreso! Nun mi iros tie.

Very well—you go and enjoy yourself. The Casino is more in my line!

Kaj ludi "malgrandajn ĉevalojn"?!
Mi timas ke vi perdos!

Right-o! Never you mind, old chap! the "little horses" are what I came over for. I hope to pay my fare.

Nu, adiaŭ . . . Vivu l'Entento Kordiala! Tata! al plezuro!

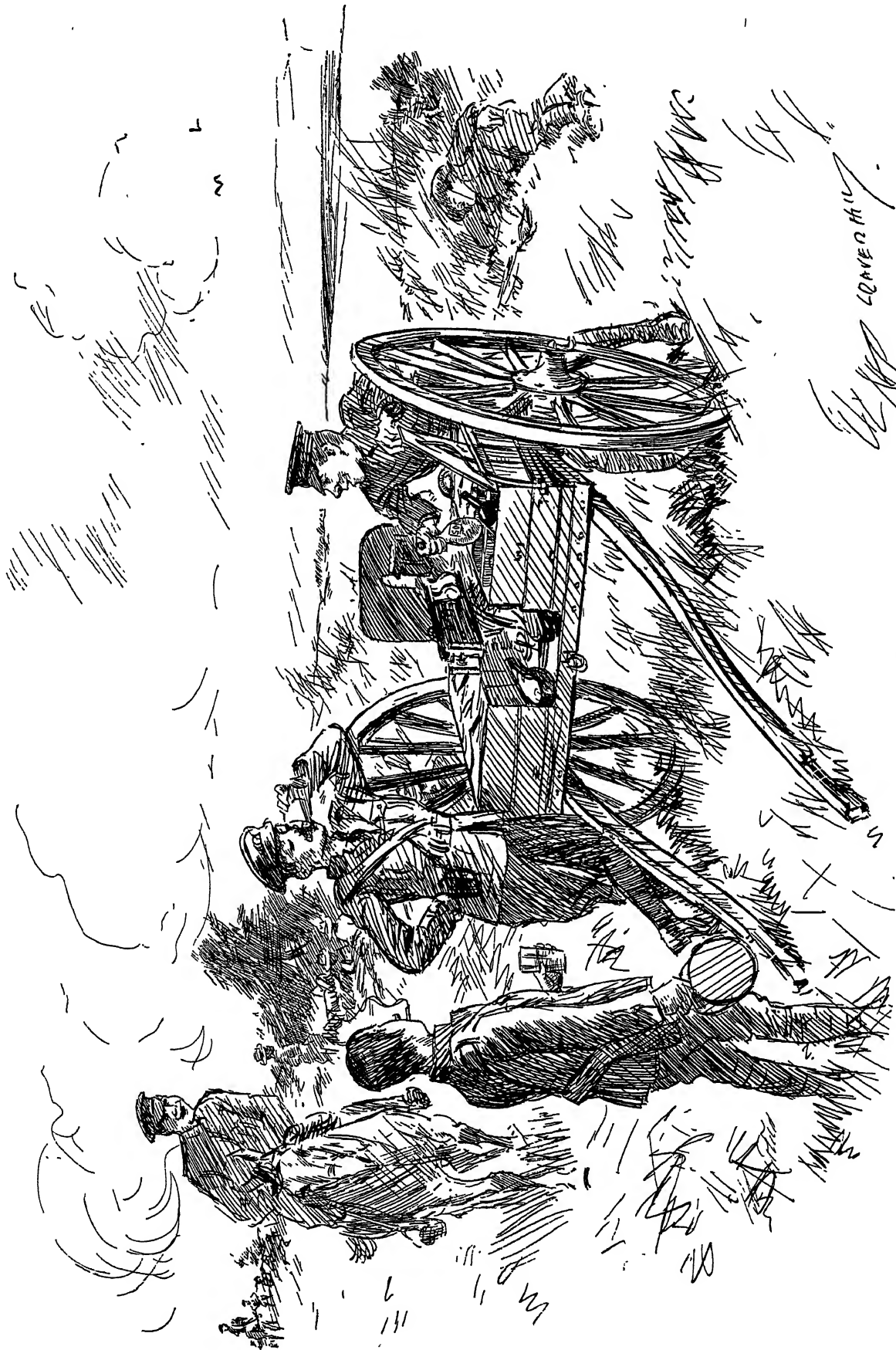
Remember me to the Master! . . . Hullo, the Casino is chock-full of Esperantists, and they're all talking English except the croupier! . . . Why, there's old ZAMENHOF himself . . . and he's spotted the winner! . . .

We think that by now our readers will have gathered a sufficient impression of the beauties of the new world-language—also, our Esperanto vocabulary has suddenly petered out. We recommend, after all, the Anglo-French of Portsmouth as a "lingvo" for the universe. ZIG-ZAG.

Our Guests at the Guildhall.

French Naval Officer (to comrade). To rename one of the streets in honour of the occasion,—ah non! that was of course, in a city ancient as London, impossible. But see, then, what they have done, these brave Londoners. To the name of every street in their City they have added the letters "E.C."—*Entente Cordiale*! What could there be of more touching?

ORTHODOXY ON THE SOUTH COAST.—A Brighton barber displays on his wall the significant appeal:—"ANTISEPTIC SHAVING."



"BLANK" AMMUNITION.

A.-D.-C. "I SAY, BROWN, I THINK THE BRIGADIER WOULD LIKE YOU TO BRING YOUR MAXIM UP A LITTLE NEARER HIM."
 [Liquid refreshment can usually be obtained from the ammunition-box of a machine-gun if you know the officer in charge.]



Auntie. "HOW SMART YOU LOOK THIS AFTERNOON, DEARIE!"

Dolly (who has been forbidden to ask if she may stay to tea). "WELL, YOU SEE, I PUT ON THIS COSTUME, SO THAT IF ANYBODY DID ASK ME TO TEA I COULD STOP." (Conscience stricken)
"I—I HAVEN'T ASKED, HAVE I?"

THE PLAINT OF THE BACHELOR UNCLE.

DURING the summer holidays,
Buoyed up with confidence pathetic,
I've tried to prove in various ways
That I am still not unathletic.
Equipped with everything complete—
Bats, golf-clubs, racket, Beeston Hum-
ber—

I came to find myself effete,
To prove myself a mere back number.

I started in a village match,
As Captain of the house eleven,
By missing a most easy catch—
The batsmen then stayed in till seven.
I scored consistently—with "blobs";
Nor was my reputation mended
When I went on to bowl—with lobs
My solitary over ended.

Discarding cricket as a game
In which I was no longer O.K.,
I sought to vindicate my fame
By showing off my skill in croquet.
Vain confidence! for here again
I met with unretrieved disaster:
A stalwart nephew, rising ten,
Proved irresistibly my master.

My next essay was on the links,
Where, making certain of defeating
My school-girl niece, an agile minx,
I gave a third and got a beating.
I drove with all my heart and soul,
But none the less the little rascal
Was dormy at the thirteenth hole,
And at the last I lost my Haskell.

Tennis came next upon the list,
And here it was the self-same story.
The bounding ball I either missed
Or sent it hurtling into glory.
I never won a single set;
And when, by ill-success unsated,
I tried to jump the tennis net,
My cropper was unmitigated.

Next day, as everyone disclosed
Unchecked desire for fresh exertion,
I temerarily proposed
A little bicycle excursion.
For long I sadly lagged behind—
My second wind completely failed me—
Until, contemptuously kind,
Two youthful scorchers homeward
trailed me.

'Twas then my sister, blunt of speech,
Who never falters at her fences,
Stepped suddenly into the breach,
And brought me swiftly to my senses.
"Dear JOHN," she said, "why vainly
fight

With *anno domini*? Remember,
Although your figure still is slight,
You will be sixty in November."

Henceforward, bowing to this sane
And salutary admonition,
I have decided to abstain
From all unequal competition.
With my contemporaries I
Henceforth will strive, or Colonel
BOGEY;

For with the younger folk to vie
Is not the function of the fogey.

URBS IN RURE.

SCENE—Field in rural district not ten miles from Metropolis, with children scattered about its area. Vicar, Curates, and Minor Officials from St. Perpetua's parish, E.C., engaged, in adjacent barn, in preparation of meal which they convey intermittently to tables in the open.

Vicar (mopping his brow). Whew! Hope we get 'em all back without sun-stroke! Thanks, Mrs. CROWDIE. (Dropping on to milking-stool, which School Caretaker wipes with apron.) Mulberry Bush, with practical demonstration, does rather take it out of a man of my age! I beg your pardon, Miss BECK?

Miss Beck (angular and agitated). Mr. ALWYTH, I've no wish to put myself forward, but after having taught in the school for seven years and never missed a Sunday I do consider I should have been consulted—I don't say asked—as to which table I'd pour out at! If anyone was to be banished round the corner of the barn with the Infant Class I should have thought Miss HAKES, as the newest among us, would have volunteered. Of course, it's Mr. SCHREIBER's arrangement, and no doubt the girl's flattered by getting the best position for the photograph, but if we'd had tea comfortably at the "King's Arms" instead of accepting Lady EMMINGTON's offer to supply it *al fiscal*—

Lady Emmington (who has lately taken up parish work with a zeal not according to knowledge, hurrying towards them). Oh, have either of you a sixpence? I've found the sweetest blue-eyed cherub crying his heart out because he's lost one in a ditch, and I've nothing less than half a sovereign! His name's ERIC PRYCE, and he might really have sat for Bubbles! Do lend me—what are you laughing at?

Vicar (with twinkling eyes). Dear Lady EMMINGTON, ERIC PRYCE is always so unfortunate with that particular sixpence!

Lady Emmington. You don't mean—oh, I don't believe it! I—

Girl Teacher (to Friend, looking across barn to where perspiring, shirt-sleeved Curate is cutting bread and butter). Doesn't Mr. SCHREIBER look beautiful with the light on his face like that? I think he has such a sad face, don't you? I felt quite choky on Sunday night when he said in his sermon that we all had our troubles. He always reminds me of Sir Lancelot!

Capable Secretary of Clothing Club (passing with large supply of buns). Who reminds you of Lancelot, MARY? Nobody here, I hope! Oh well, if you mean Galahad, you should say so, and not go taking away people's characters like that! Mr. OCKLEY, my dear man, do look what you're doing!—(as nervous

School Superintendent *narrowly misses her eye with bread-knife*. I think from the noise down there that TOMMY PRITCHARD may have fallen off the tree from which he refused to descend the last time I pressed the point. It might be advisable to inquire.

Thomas Pritchard (*thoughtfully, to companion behind barn-door, as Superintendent shoots off*). Eyn't 'e like the keb-orse wot 'ed the steggors on the Stemferd Street renk lars' week? Now you listin ter me, JOHN WILSON. We're goin' 'ome at six, but Saint Collum's wot's in the field we parst by the

styshing eyn't leavin' till ite-twenty, cos I give JIMMY MELLIN a bleck eye fer it. All we've got ter do is ter nick through them rilins by the platform efter we're called over, en jine on ter them—see? 'Ullo, LIZZIEJINE—(*To advancing comrade with armful of field daisies*), where'd you pick them buttercups?

Lizziejine (*scornfully*). These eyn't buttercups, silly! These is dendyliuns.

Thomas Pritchard (*flushing uncomfortably*). Garn! Dendyliuns yerself! 'Oo was took en give a barth lars time she went inter 'orspital?

Friend of Lizziejine (*with loyal sarcasm*). Seems strynge ter you, I daresy! 'Tyn't a rewl et reformertries, preps! Never 'eed 'im, LIZZIEJINE! My mother says 'er fice is cleaner nor 'is mother's wen it's dirty! Oo-oo—(*Peeping into barn*). We're goin' ter 'ev a plite apiece, eyn't we, Lydy?

Lady Emmington. You quaint little people! Is it really the first time you've—just use your handkerchief, dear, use your handkerchief! What do you say? Oh! (*Looks helplessly at small cambric square which she produces from her pocket, and returns after moment of indecision*). Well, I—I—(*hurriedly*)—do what you generally do, then! What, dear Miss BECK? The table round the corner? Oh, charming! So secluded and shady! You and Mr. OCKLEY! I remember a cousin of my dear mother's—

Miss Beck (*acidly*). I haven't the slightest wish to be secluded with Mr. OCKLEY! It's Mr. SCHREIBER's arrangement, and of course I'm not small enough to be annoyed, but—

Lady Emmington. She owed her marriage to the fact that she poured out tea for a man at a School Treat. Of course—(*laughing pleasantly*)—I'm not suggesting—I mean it only reminded—

Miss Beck. I've put it before the

Vicar; only men are such cowards about blaming each other!

Lady Emmington. It was the more remarkable because she was one of those weird creatures you'd imagine would scare away any man. Hair plastered down with a wet brush, no waist, sevens in boots and gloves. Dear me! (*as Miss BECK, to whom description applies accurately, turns abruptly on heel*)—what an odd woman she is!

[*Interval occupied by final arrangement of crockery and eatables on tables, during which Lady EMMINGTON upsets two plates of sandwiches, in-*

Vicar (*louder*). One moment—will everybody—

Lady Emmington. Oh what a horrible—I mean brilliant idea! And how much nicer these quaint thick cups are than the kind that run about on your saucer, aren't they? Mrs. MULLINS, do you want some straw to tie round your—

Secretary of Clothing Club (*raising heavy urn with effort*). Straw to tie round me? Thanks, I'm not Ophelia or the March Hare yet, though I soon should be if I'd much of this! PETER BATES! (*To juvenile scout*). Take your hands out of that milk-jug and go away! We'll blow a horn when we want you! I can't think why the Vicar doesn't announce it!

Vicar (*hoarsely*). If—you—would—

First Curate (*anxiously to Second*). CANNING! I hear Miss BECK has some little feeling about my arrangement of the tables. I think if you asked her to sit next you at the front one—

Second (*fervently*). I'm blest if I will! You're senior!

[*Superintendent hurries to door and emits weird sounds from instrument which cause a few children in immediate vicinity to stand before him in admiring astonishment. Gathering of clans with appropriate remarks.*

"ELBERT! Wite fer me! 'f I see you 'it PERCY agine I'll tell your mother of you!"

"See, Teacher, I'm goin' ter tyke this 'ere toad 'ome ter JIMMY! Eyn't 'e knowin'! MARYEMMER says this field wos green jest like this lars year, Teacher!"

"Wot rummy milk in thet jug, Teacher! Wy eyn't it blew like wot we git et 'ome? K'ni move not nex' LAURER, Teacher? She's been a-

pinchin' of me somethin' crool!"

"Crool yerself! 'Oore you callin' crool?"

"Teacher, LIZZIE feels awful sick! We've been plyin' Flyin' Machine with 'er sime's they ed et the Exhibing."

[*Gradual settlement at tables. Miss BECK, unnoticed in confusion, retains seat on saddle in barn with air of Christian Martyr. Vicar hammers loudly upon table with knife-handle as Lady EMMINGTON asks each child before her if it takes cream and sugar.*

Vicar. We mustn't pause to sing grace, children, without remembering—

Children (*interrupting excitedly at first sentence*). Oory! Oory! Ry-ry-ry!



—A. T. SMITH—

(*Fare, alighting from Hansom, drawn by grey horse, angrily brushes hairs from his coat.*)

Cabby. "BEG PARDON, CAPTIN', IF I'D KNOWED YOU WAS GOING TO WEAR YOUR BRAND-NEW SUIT TO-DAY, I'D 'AVE 'AD THE OLD 'ORSE DYED!"

stantly scrambled for by children hanging round barn. Miss BECK, after further efforts to obtain a hearing from individuals too engrossed to accord it, retires to corner of building and seats herself on dilapidated saddle, from which she gloomily watches pretty Miss HAKES and Junior Curate ladling milk into jugs from colossal cans.

Vicar (*endeavouring to convey instructions in prevailing hubbub*). Will you all—

Junior Curate (*confidentially*). Miss HAKES, if you tie this bit of straw round your cup-handle at tea, you'll be sure of getting the same one back when you send it up for a second—See?

THE GARDEN CURE.

[According to *Amateur Gardening* we have at hand a remedy for all troubles, if we only knew it. All we have to do is to open our doors and live in our gardens.]

O SWEET it is, when sorrow wrings the hair,
Musing to wander in my garden fair,
And gently sniff the balmy Brixton air.

I love the ivy green that clammers there,
The wayward bed of red nasturtiums where
The anxious snail constructs his private lair.

Deftly disposed among the lines that bear
A motley wealth of new-mown underwear,
The passion flower unfolds her blossoms rare.

Some broken crockery, a casual pair
Of cast-off bootlets, a dismembered chair,
With other trifles that the neighbours spare--

And there's my rockery and rustic stair,
Where poppies bloom, and wallflowers debonair,
And amorous cats their tender vows declare.

Whom, brick in hand, at dead o' night to scare,
Doth ease the bosom of a load of care.
Lor! how the whistling soap-dish makes them swear!

Let others yield to Town's pretentious snare,
My rustic bliss they cannot hope to share,
Not though their homes abut on Belgrave Square!
ALGO.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

Practical Hints by a Family Physician.

FIRST, I would say, eat nothing at all. There is the whole secret as far as diet is concerned. And, further, from the mere point of view of economy this advice is worth its weight in gold.

Secondly, never work between meals. This motto should be written in letters of gold over the desk of the business man, over the study table of the clergyman, and over the model-dwelling of the working-man. The time between meals should instead be given up to complete repose of body and mind.

Thirdly, remove all furniture from your rooms at the first approach of hot weather; take up the carpets and substitute cool matting. The rooms should then be furnished with a cane lounge, a couple of deck chairs, a light table, and a few cool-looking prints. No one would believe the difference that this simple common-sense arrangement of our houses would make. A few blocks of ice placed about in the rooms and on the stairs, a few umbrageous cedars, with, say, a fountain in the entrance hall, and you have an ideal summer residence, whether in Bayswater or Balham.

Lastly, I would strongly recommend that the method of thought-suggestion advocated by Christian science should be employed.

For instance, should one find himself compelled by urgent necessity to take a seat on an omnibus going along the Strand in the hottest time of the day, he might employ some such suggestions as the following:—

"I am perfectly cool and happy."

"The Strand is the coolest place in London, shaded with palms."

"A delightful breeze is blowing from the sea and from the mountains of Kensington."

"I love everybody and everybody loves me."

If these hints are only faithfully followed by the reader, then August in London should be for him a thing of unimagined beauty.
M. D.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. LEWIS BETTANY had a "happy thought" when he conceived the plan of *The Confessions of Lord Byron* (JOHN MURRAY). The volume forms a collection of the poet's private opinions on men and matters culled from the new and enlarged editions of his Letters and Journals. My Baronite has on his bookshelf a portly volume, being MOORE's Life of the Bard, in which most of the Letters are given. It is one of the books he has for years meant to read, but time and opportunity have not met. Here in this handy volume is the cream of the correspondence, skimmed by a skilful and appreciative hand. It presents a portrait, done by himself for the Uffizi Gallery of Literature, of one of the strongest, most remarkable personalities ever born into a world it occasionally shocked.

Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON are making a new departure by the publication of a series of volumes enshrining the work of some living artists. The first issue of *In the Open Country* contains twenty studies and pictures of animals and birds by Miss LUCY KEMP-WELCH. Four plates are in colour, the remaining being Rembrandt Photogravure. The work is dedicated to Professor VON HERKOMER, who, in an interesting note, gives some personal particulars of his most successful pupil. The only other letterpress is a brief but admirable appreciation of the artist's work contributed by Mr. STRANGE. The studies are in Miss KEMP-WELCH's best style, and are produced in a manner that suggests to my Baronite the framing of them for adornment of the walls of a dainty room.

The Man who Won (HUTCHINSON) is a clever story, admirably written, illuminated by clever character drawing, unflagging in interest. Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS has the gift, not absolutely necessary it would seem to a novelist, of having a story to tell. At every turn she has some little surprise for the gratified reader. There is, perhaps, unconscious reminiscence of *The Daughter of Hell* in the landing of the high-spirited, unconventional *Melicent Lutwyche* amid the unpromisingly conventional surroundings of her uncle's vicarage. The contiguity supplies opportunity for contrast of which Mrs. REYNOLDS takes full advantage. My Baronite finds the Yankee scoundrel first met with in the Transvaal, afterwards fortuitously turning up in England, a trifle melodramatic. By contrast with finer workmanship elsewhere he is repulsive. Doubtless that was the designed effect. Anyhow the blatant murderous Amurrican does not spoil a rattling good novel.

The Opal Serpent (JOHN LONG) is as good a sensational novel as Mr. FERGUS HUME has written for some time. Had he only taken the trouble severely to repress his peculiar sense of humour, or had he but restrained it within certain limits, the Baron could have recommended *The Opal Serpent* without reserve to all who revel in tales of crime, of police puzzlement, and of just retribution. The accomplished and experienced Skipper, who knows how to deal gently, but effectively, with obtrusive low-comedy characters, will steer clear of these troublesome rocks, and will be rewarded for his skill.



BROTHER JONATHAN'S KEEN SENSE OF HUMOUR.—The Americans, it is evident, highly appreciate Russian WITTE.

CHARIVARIA.

THE announcement, emanating from St. Petersburg, that the Czar is in the best of spirits, and is enjoying motoring, lawn-tennis, and picnics, and having a good time generally at Peterhof, has, we are informed, given the greatest satisfaction to the Russian Army in Manchuria.

The Czar has told the London Correspondent of the *Novoe Vremya* that he hates war. If the story is not true, it is very well invented.

The punctilious regard for other people's feelings which is characteristic of the Japanese has again received public illustration. The conditions of peace formulated by Baron KOMURA were, as the *Daily Mail* pointed out, in almost entire accordance with the forecasts that had appeared in that journal.

There are many rumours about the actual state of the Peace Negotiations. The most credible seems to be that Russia has agreed to let Japan have Korea, which belongs to the Koreans, and a piece of Manchuria, which is the property of China.

"If Germany," says the *Vossische Zeitung*, "were weakened by some calamity, or some bad mistake, Colonial mismanagement, or war frivolously provoked, nobody in England would shed a tear over it." Are they thinking of the tears shed in Germany over regrettable incidents in the Boer War? And is it implied that our sense of humour is less poignant than that of our Teuton friends?

The British Nation must be prepared for a horrid snub. The *Hamburger Nachrichten*, not usually friendly to us, gives us due warning, so that we may steel ourselves against the blow. "We do not know whether Kaiser WILLIAM will greet the British Fleet in the Baltic," says our German contemporary, "but we doubt very much that he will do so."

Britons have no monopoly of pluck. It has transpired that, when the French tars visited London, one of their number offered the LORD MAYOR's coachman a cigarette.

A correspondent writes to tell us of a Silly Season fish which he saw at the seaside last week. It rose to the surface to get some air, found it was raining, so at once dived under the water again to keep dry.

"Our Bathing Machines: Antiquated Contrivances drive Bathers to the Continent," is the heading of an indictment in the *Express*. The owners of the

doing to provide amusement for their visitors. Probably it was due to their modesty that no mention was made of the amusement often provided by the meetings of the Town Councils themselves.

A married man who was supposed to be the individual hanged for a murder at Maidstone in 1898 has just returned to his wife. It appears that the criminal

was another man of the same name. Much sympathy is felt locally for the unfortunate woman, who is now no longer the widow of a celebrity.

Since the adoption of the finger-print system burglary has become so much more arduous, and the expense, owing to the necessary outlay on gloves, has increased to such an extent, that it is suggested that the sentences passed by magistrates ought in justice now to be lighter.

The City police are making great progress in Jiu-jitsu, and a fair correspondent now makes a proposal which is certainly worthy of consideration. She asks whether it would not be a graceful compliment to allow such members of the Force as prove themselves notable adepts in the art to wear pretty Japanese costumes—retaining, of course, the present useful helmet.

A feature of the Blackburn Maidens' Club is, we learn from a local paper, the regular practice of skipping exercises. We had often wondered at the ease with which certain spinsters can skip a whole year, or even more.

Carnarvon Prison being full, a large proportion of prisoners convicted in the county are now being accommodated in Ruthin Gaol, and

habitués of the latter institution are complaining that home is no longer home.

Leopards, it is stated, are becoming unpleasantly numerous in the neighbourhood of Simla. Two of them recently lay in wait for the Mail cart, but fortunately they were spotted.

The Bargain of a Lifetime.

THE grazing of a splendid clover field near Blackrock can be had for a few cows.—*Advt. in "Cork Echo."*



A SILLY SEASON GRIEVANCE.

Sea-Serpent (to Miss de Groseville). "No, MISS MAXIMA, WHAT WITH THEIR RIDICULOUS NOTIONS ABOUT THE 'DECAY OF HOME LIFE,' AND 'THRIFTLESS WIVES,' AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT ALL, WE AREN'T GETTING THE ATTENTION WE'RE ENTITLED TO AT THIS TIME OF YEAR."

machines quite rightly retort:—"If the machines are so antiquated, how comes it that they can drive bathers as far as the Continent?"

On excursion steamboats, when the sea is rough, many converts, we hear, are obtained to the "Back to the land" movement.

Some of the Mayors and Town Councillors of our seaside resorts scarcely did themselves justice in their replies to the *Daily Mail's* query as to what they were

ORAL QUESTIONS AND WRITTEN ANSWERS.

III.

[To a Youth who asks the writer "How it feels to be so old?"]

WHEN you, my boy, with ill-considered riot
Raided the sanctum where I wished to brood
Over my luncheon, and in perfect quiet
Assimilate my food—

When, breathing airs of most untimely revel,
Blent with ozone, the famous Norfolk brand,
You advocated "rounders" on the level
Of loose retarding sand—

I saw the scene: I saw, as in a vision,
Knowing my length of years and what I weighed,
I should infallibly provoke derision
From the Marine Parade.

Therefore I pleaded eld and eld's infirmities,
Urging that, if there ever comes a stage
When such pursuits have reached their natural term, it is
At forty odd (my age).

And lo! like Eve's, when she secured the apple
Which opened out new worlds and wondrous strange,
Your intellect at first refused to grapple
With life's extended range.

The monstrous figures left you almost blinded,
Till Pity, which my parlous case begat,
Moved you to ask me if I greatly minded
Being as old as that.

I answered: "Age, my boy, is manhood's glory,
So it be sequent on a well-spent youth;"
Whereat you smiled as one who hears a story
Palpably void of truth.

Yet you were wrong in thinking, gay young scoffer,
"The grapes are sour at which he grasps in vain";
I would not be, not if I had the offer,
A bounding boy again.

The ardours incident to adolescence,
So like its favoured beverage, ginger-pop,
Where flatness follows close on effervescence,
I am content to drop.

Like SOLOMON, arrived at perfect sanity,
With no desire to make a noise or romp,
I take the line that vanity is vanity,
That pomp is merely pomp.

Not easily we come to these conclusions;
It costs us something—and we bear the trace—
To sacrifice a lot of dear illusions,
To yield, with smiling face,

Boyhood's instinctive claim to fair requital
For labour of the hand or heart or mind,
And learn that what we once considered vital
Is nothing of the kind.

Therefore, although my limbs are less elastic,
I'd choose the balanced calm that Age enjoys,
Having survived the process, rudely plastic,
That makes for equipoise.

* * *

P.S.—I think it might perhaps be better
Not to acidulate your youthful cup,
And so, my boy, I will not send this letter,
But simply tear it up.

O. S.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF CITY BUSINESS MEN.

THERE is a movement already started for representing to the Stock Exchange Committee of Management that, in future, Saturday throughout the year should be officially recognised as a *dies non*, when no markets would be open, and no business transacted.

For the benefit of everyone connected with the Stock Exchange we beg to add some suggestions which, if adopted, as they ought to be, by the Committee, will greatly relieve all the over-worked brokers, jobbers, clerks, and, in fact, everyone in any way officially, directly or indirectly, connected with this great centre of the world's industry.

Let Saturday be always a holiday. It is so in Parliament, whose members are enabled to leave town on Friday. To get away comfortably on Saturday is something, but if Saturday is to be a *genuine whole holiday*, then it is absolutely essential that the afternoon of Friday should be perfectly free. This plan in former times was of such considerable obligation, that whenever a whole holiday, being a Saint's day, was marked in the model public-school calendar as a holiday, its "vigil" was invariably a half holiday. Therefore it is hereby proposed that in every working week, throughout the Stock Exchange year, *Friday shall be a half holiday and Saturday a whole one*.

But how can Sunday be a *perfect whole holiday* if the Stock Exchange holiday-enjoyer has to commence re-packing up on Sunday afternoon, or on Sunday evening, in order to return on Sunday night and represent the early bird, who is down on the later-rising worm, on Monday morning, in the City? No; Sunday must remain a *jour de fête* from midnight to midnight. But is the tired broker to be deprived of his well-earned rest? Perish the thought. Therefore, as it is here proposed to give him half of Friday for his preparation, so naturally, and logically, *half of Monday must be conceded to him for returning home*, refreshing himself, and preparing for work in the City some time after midday. Rarely, however, is Monday a great working day, and given an hour for luncheon there remain only two clear hours till the closing time, which should certainly be four o'clock.

Why, then, do any business on Monday? Why not begin the real genuine hard-working Stock-Exchange week in the City on Tuesday? Then there will be three and a-half days left, quite enough, indeed, more than enough, for anyone to turn the honest penny and realise thousands.

But indefatigable workers there are who may object to the above method. For these we offer another suggestion, premising that to work it out, practically and satisfactorily, must occupy some time. It is this:—*Move the entire Stock-Exchange business down to the seaside from the first of May to the end of September*. Let the Committee find some place by the sea. Commence with tents as offices. One large tent, like that which serves the Messrs. SANGER for a circus, to serve as the Exchange itself. Which of all seaside places shall be chosen? An overwhelming majority on the Committee must decide this difficult question.

En attendant, let the Committee purchase fields in various places, north, south, east and west, communicating with one another by telephone, telegraph, and private sky-signals; or (and this, too, is another admirable suggestion) let the Committee take an encampment, calling it *Stockborough-on-Sea*, as a commencement, and begin work next year. The interval between now and next April should be devoted to the full consideration of all the details of this excellently devised scheme.

Mem.—Theatrical and operatic companies would follow this lead, as would restaurateurs, hairdressers, and all tradesmen and others interested in the health of the overworked City business man.

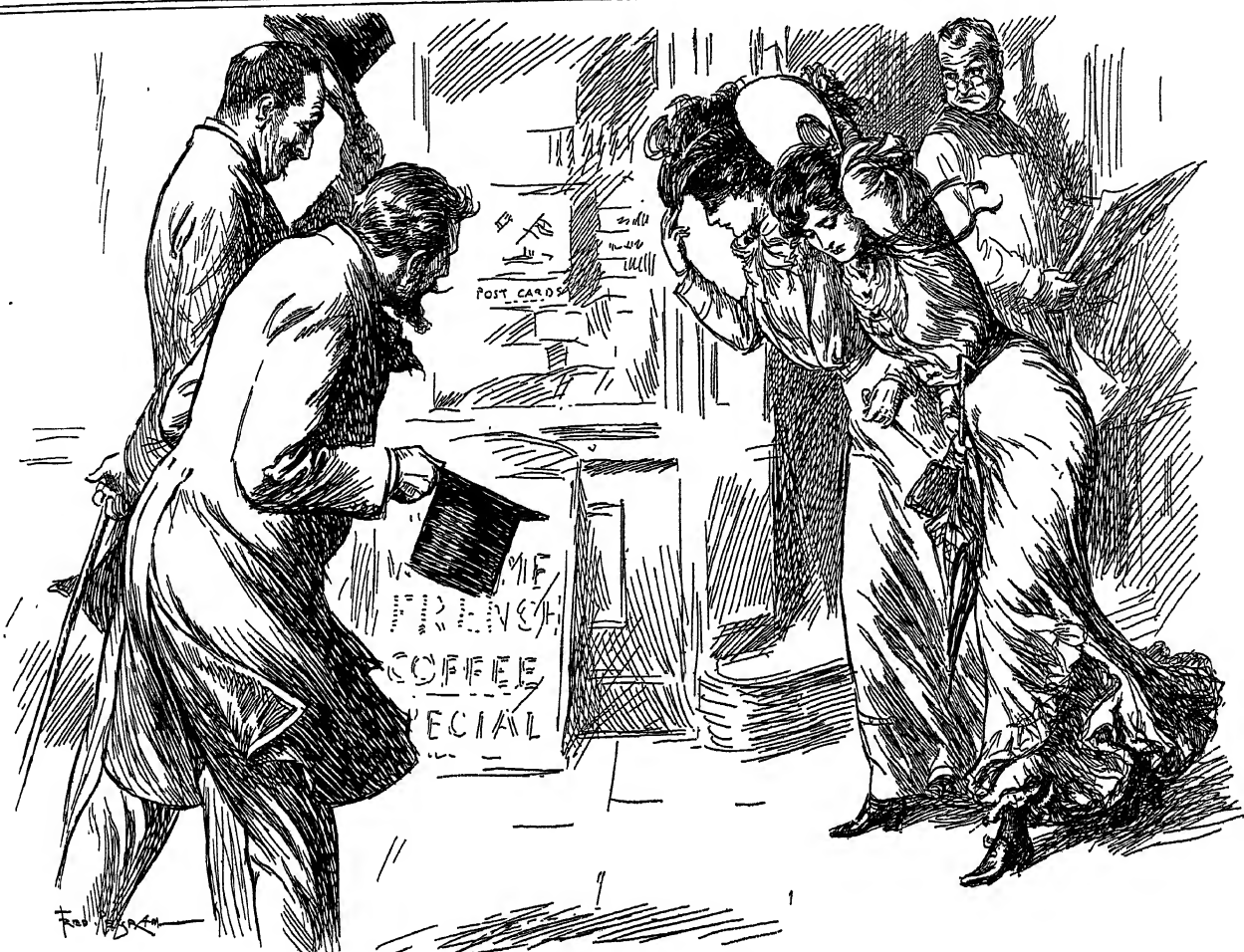


RETICENCE À LA RUSSE.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER MAN. "SEE HERE, I CAN'T GET ANY INFORMATION NEXT DOOR. CAN YOU TALK?"

MR. WITTE. "ALAS! MY LIPS ARE SEALED. BUT—I MAY TELL YOU IN STRICTEST CONFIDENCE THAT THE JUSTICE OF THE CASE IS ENTIRELY ON OUR SIDE. HERE ARE THE FACTS."

[Hands scrawl, and Newspaper-man cables accordingly.]



MORE "ENTENTE CORDIALE."

(Our French Visitors still delighted with England.)

BUT THE LADIES WERE REALLY BOWING TO A STRONG SOUTH-WEST WIND.

FLY LEAVES.

(From Mr. Punch's General Information Series.)

THE common fly is now largely in evidence, and a few words about these interesting but annoying little pests will perhaps not come amiss.

It is not, we believe, generally known that the eating apparatus of the fly is really out of all proportion to the size of its diminutive body. If a man's eating apparatus were built upon the same proportions as that of a fly, alterations and additions on a large scale would have to be carried out in order to provide adequate accommodation for his lips and teeth, which under the new conditions would present a frontage of

THREE FEET SIX INCHES.

Needless to say, this would look utterly absurd.

Few people who are pestered with flies seem to be aware of the fact that the immediate neighbourhood of a wasp's nest is an effectual guarantee that no flies will materialise there, wasps being their implacable enemies. Un-

fortunately, however, for us poor bipeds, who are compelled to live in towns, it is an exceedingly difficult matter to induce the wasp to make its nest among us.

A fly has almost as many lives as a cat. It is a difficult thing to drown one, unless you have the time and patience to hold its head under a

STRONG JET OF WATER

for a considerable time. You have probably often wondered how a fly can walk on a ceiling upside down. Nature, foreseeing that our winged friend would sooner or later make a hobby of walking in this position, has thoughtfully provided him with suckers to enable him to perform the feat. Capillary attraction, or, if you like, animal magnetism, is thus brought into play to counteract or negative the force of gravity, thus preventing the little animal from falling on its back upon the floor, and perhaps sustaining serious injuries.

Adhesive paper does not always catch flies, and when it does the result cannot be said to be pleasant to look upon. The present writer has lately come across an ingenious, and at the same time highly

DECORATIVE SCHEME

for getting rid of the surplus flies in a house. The scheme is simplicity itself. All that is required is a tube of "Stickytine," a step-ladder, and a little ingenuity. With the "Stickytine," trace on the ceiling some conventional pattern, —a five-pointed star, for instance, looks well—and the flies will do the rest! The result will surprise you, and you will have all the pleasure of the artist in watching your design growing before your very eyes. Spiders may sometimes be introduced into the design, to give a touch of realism, and their use and limitations will be found fully treated in that useful little handbook, *Spiders as Decorative Adjuncts*, by ASTON WEBB, R.A., F.R.I.B.A., F.S.A.

Leading to several puffs.

BEFORE the French Fleet quitted our shores Alderman J. H. CORKE (of Portsmouth) presented Admiral CAILLARD and his officers with a thousand boxes of cigarettes. The cigarettes were of course cork-tipped; so were the French Admiral and officers.

AN AUGUST IDYLL.

SCENE—*Inside the gardens of any West-End Square.* TIME—10 P.M.

He. Hullo, KITTEN! You here? How rippin'!

She. Tom! What luck! I'm just dyin' for someone to talk to. I'm absolutely alone. My people are all off to Marienbad—Papa, Mamma, babies, nurses and all, and only poor little me left alone at 82.

He. Why on earth didn't you let me know? I'd have come round like a shot.

She. Would you? Then why didn't you when you knew I was there? You only came once the whole season.

He. Oh, well, you know why that was.

She. I'm sure I don't. Were you—er—jealous?

He. Jealous! Me jealous! Who of, I'd like to know? When I'd only to look at you—

She. Isn't the moon too lovely for words? D'you know, I think moonlight suits you? You're looking rather nice to-night. Perhaps it's because I haven't seen you for so long.

He. What rot! You are, if you like. Your eyes are sparkling like—they remind me of—of the Milky Way.

She. The *what*, Tom?

He. The Milky Way.

She. Do they really? The Milky Way? Tom, dear!

He. Yes, pet.

She. This is rather comfy, isn't it? Are you happy, dear?

He. Darling!

She. Better than the silly season, isn't it?

He. This *is* the silly season, silly.

She. Oh, you know what I mean. Better than when town is full of silly people. Except for one thing.

He. Oh, well, of course it is rather rot. Flirtin' and eatin' and dancin' about all night. It's rather an empty sort of life.

She. Empty! Oh, empty, yes. And yet, Tom, do you know, sometimes I—

He. Yes, darlin', what is it?

She. Oh, n-nothing. Perhaps I'll tell you some day. Don't ask me now.

He. Course not, pet. What shall we do? Like to walk round the gardens?

She. I'd rather not, Tom, if you don't mind. You're so strong, but I—I'm rather tired. I'd rather stay here quietly. Shall you mind?

He. Mind? Why, of course not. Here, lean against me.

She. Ah!

He. That better?

She. Oh, Tom, it's heavenly. How good you are to me! How I—what was that?

He. That? Oh, nothing. What makes you so nervous?

She. But it *was* something. There

it is again. Something moving in the bushes.

He. My dear, it's only a sparrow.

She. A sparrow! Oh, Tom, d'you think—no, never mind.

He. Look here, what is the matter with you? I wish you wouldn't be so jumpy. You spoil everything.

She. I, Tom?

He. Yes, you. Just when I want to be—confound it all, there you go again. Do sit still. What does it matter if an idiotic bird—

She. You're very un-unkind to me.

He. Well, if it comes to that—

She. I thought you l-loved me. But you're just as selfish as the rest.

He. Oh, bother.

She. That's right. Swear away. Just like a man.

He. I didn't swear.

She. Oh!

He. I tell you I didn't. I didn't.

She. You did, you did, you did. . . . Oh, Tom! Tom! Don't let's quarrel. I'm too weak. I—Tom, I'm hungry.

He. Hungry? You!

She. I haven't had anything to eat for three days.

He. You poor dear! Why didn't you tell me?

She. I tried to, Tom, and then I—oh, Tom.

He. What? When? Oh, when I said about its being an empty life? Was that it?

She. Oh, yes, Tom. And then I was ashamed and couldn't go on. And when you said my eyes were like the M-m-milky Way—

He. What a blind fool I am! The Milky Way! The irony of it! You poor darling! I'd like to give your people a bit of my mind, going off to Hamburg, or wherever it was, and leavin' you like that. What brutes they are!

She. I suppose they didn't think, Tom.

He. Then they ought to think. What else have they got to do?

She. They haven't time to think, Tom. They are so busy getting cured of having eaten too much.

He. I'd cure them. I'd eat them. I'd—but what are *you* going to eat? That's the question.

She. I don't want anything to eat now, Tom. I've got you.

He. Rubbish! You must have something better than that. Tell you what, KITTEN, you come round to my flat. There's only the old charwoman and the stable-cat. She's not a bad old sort. She'll give you—

She. The sparrow, Tom. There it is again.

He. Of course. The very thing. You wait here and I'll—bother! Here's a beastly dog. We'd better separate. You know my number in Jermyn Street?

Will you come on there? Don't be long, KITTEN dear. I'd like to kill the people who left you behind. After all, though we are cats— Miaoow!

[*Exeunt severally through the nearest area-railings.*]

JOHN BULL JUNIOR.

My subject's a cheerful young party,
Whose age is approaching fifteen;
Whose appetite's thoroughly hearty,
Whose temper is bland and serene.
At pastime he's highly proficient,
But inquiries abundantly prove
That he's terribly far from omniscient,
Except in one limited groove.

For instance, his industry's tireless
In getting his *Wisden* by rote;
But of Signor MARCONI (the wireless)
He takes the most negligent note.
That the primary use of the cable
Is cricket, he's free to maintain—
He associates cricket with ABEL,
And bats with the mention of CAIN.

He can't tell the whereabouts clearly
Of Constantinople or Prague,
But he'll talk by the hour about BREARLEY,
He'll tell you the birthplace of HAIGH.
He cannot be sure if the Hooghly's
A river, a town, or a hill;
But then upon BOSANQUET's "googlies"
A volume he'd easily fill.

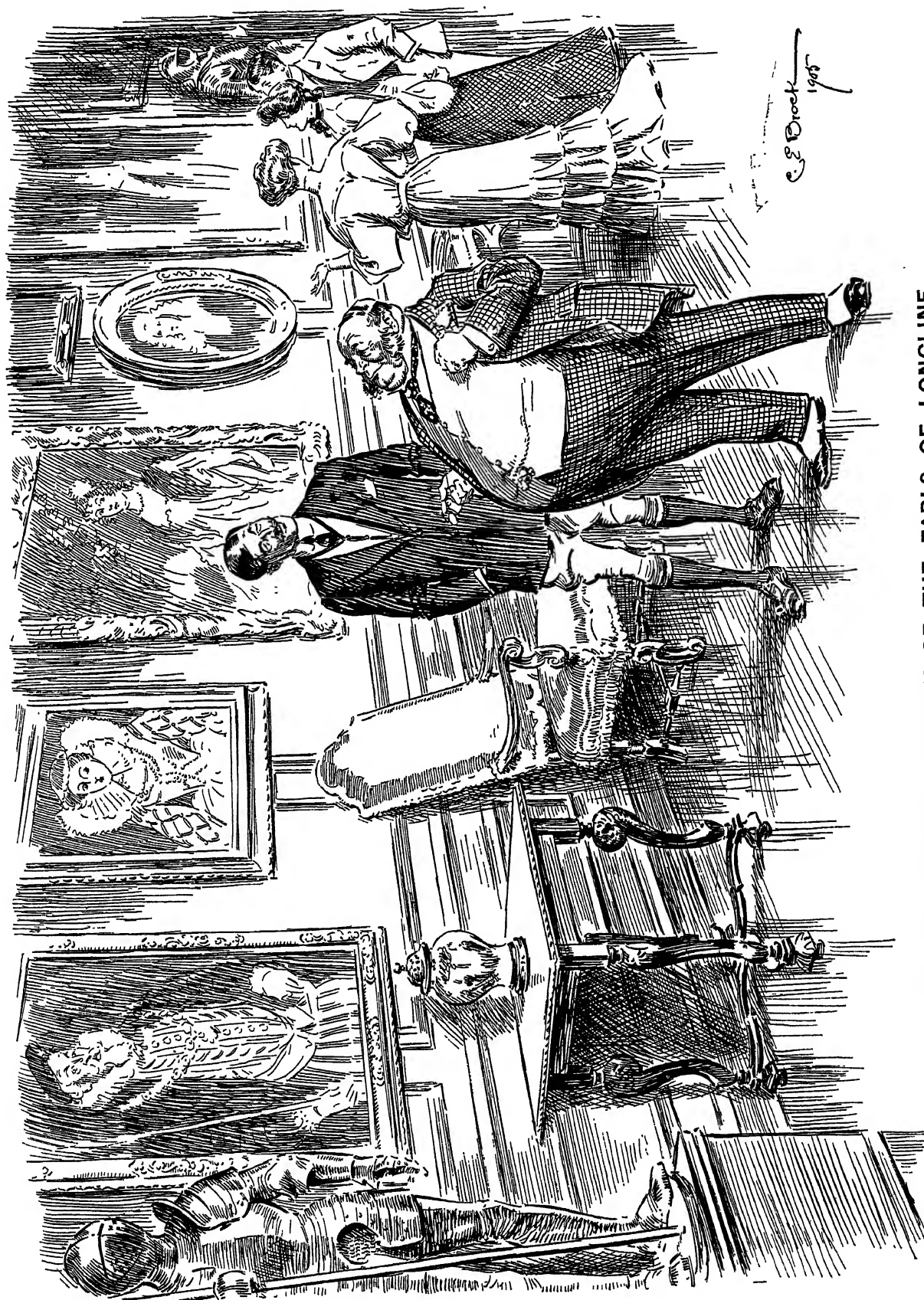
He's weak on the Wars of the Roses,
But LILLEY he hugely admires.
If you cite Dr. JOHNSON, he dozes,
But JACKSON his ecstasy fires.
The Middlesex WELLS he thinks lots of,
But it isn't the prophet we know;
And the one famous ARNOLD he wots of
Is the eminent Worcestershire "pro."

He can't tell a brig from a schooner,
Or a cormorant from a curléw,
But he knows all the virtues of SPOONER
(Who isn't the Warden of New).
When HIRST was laid up by a blister,
He nearly was ready to cry,
He knows next to nothing of LISTER,
He thinks very highly of FRY.

Why CHAMBERLAIN's down on the
"dumper"

He knows not and cares not to learn,
But he knows the religion of TRUMPER,
The family tree of JACK HEARNE;
He ardently aims at achieving
A place in his County's eleven;
And he recently owned to believing
That there's to be cricket in Heaven.

For the moment this amiable stripling
In a (flanneled) Fool's Paradise dwells,
Unheeding the strictures of KIPLING,
Neglecting the warnings of WELLS.
If he ever emerges or duly
Developes, remains to be seen;
Meanwhile he exemplifies truly
Our Governing Class at fifteen.



IN THE PICTURE GALLERY OF THE EARLS OF LONGLINE.

Sir Peter Stodgely. "CURIOUS THING YOUR FAMILY SHOULD ALL BE TOOK IN FANCY DRESS! I S'POSE THEY'RE ALL BY THE SAME MAN, EH?"

THE KAISER.

ALL ye who are hot in the crush and cram
Of the holiday train or the seaside tram,
Don't think of the KAISER of proud Potsdam,
Or you'll never again be cooler.
To the uttermost edge of its outside rim
The earth is full of the fame of him;
And the birds that fly and the fish that swim
All worship the German ruler.

To grasp the idea of a man like that,
A full blue-blooded aristocrat,
Who's got all knowledge as pat as pat,
Is not very easy, is it?

Such a terrible, toasting, talking man,
So busy with brand-new plot and plan,
So quick to be out of the frying-pan
Whenever there's fire to visit.

Imagine his *Schnurrbart* tipped sky-high,
His medals and stars and his eagle eye,
And his mailed-fist finger in every pie,
And the things that he does for pleasure:
How he preached a sermon, and danced a dance,
And made the line of his troops advance,
And put a spoke in the wheel of France,
And all in a moment's leisure.

In the space of a curtailed winter's day
He painted a picture and wrote a play,
A national hymn and a roundelay,
Before he had to go bedward.

And then, to mitigate foreign hates,
He called up Bülow and fixed the dates
For passing his naval estimates,
With an eye on his Uncle EDWARD.

His uniforms make an immense total,
For he gets out of bed as a Field-Marshal
And dines as a British Admiral—

I don't know what he looks best as.
It takes him a minute—never more—
To muzzle a critical editor,
Or put him inside a prison door
On a charge of *læsa majestas*.

Then, baring his arm, with a fearful twist
Of the hand that hangs from his iron wrist,
He screws the scruff of a Socialist
For letting his votes get larger.

He goes to roost as the clocks strike ten,
And at one A.M. he is out again
With a pretty surprise for the soldier men
Whom he leads on his chestnut charger.

Whenever there's anything, right or wrong,
In which there's a chance for going strong,
He goes and he does it all day long;
And he's never at ease a minute.
One day he is off to Morocco bound,
And next he sails through the stormy Sound—
In short if the lime-light's playing round
The Emperor WILLIAM's in it.

I hoped he would tire in a year or so,
And go, as the Lotos-eaters go,
To a land where everything's soft and low,
And nobody wants to worry.
But the years roll on, and the KAISER too,
And there always seems to be something new
For the meddlesome hands of the man to do
In a fit of Imperial hurry.

STUDIES IN JOURNALISM.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL.

(With acknowledgments to "Truth.")

I AM in possession of a number of facts reflecting very discreditably upon the management of the Bullseye fort at Shoeburyville, where the militia artillery have been in training. The commissariat department was deplorably inefficient, on more than one occasion potatoes being served to the men with their jackets on, so simple an act as paring them seeming to be beyond the resources of the War Office. There is an impression abroad that anything is good enough for a soldier, but so long as I can raise my voice this poisonous doctrine shall make no headway. On another occasion butter was allowed to stand in the sun until it completely lost its flavour. A system which works out like this in dealing with a small matter of routine, where months are available for preparation, is not likely to come out very brilliantly under the strain of war.

During the illumination of the French fleet at Portsmouth a number of Corporation servants viewed the sight from the spire of the new Town Hall, while those of the public who wished to share this advantageous position were rigorously excluded. It would be interesting to know by whose authority these gentry annexed the premises in this way, for I suppose they would have no right to do such a thing on their own account. And even if anyone else gave them the right it must have been by an error of judgment, for certainly this seems an occasion when the public ought to be allowed the use of a tower provided for their benefit.

Another case has come to my notice illustrating the *modus operandi* of the Ducdame Hygienic Institute, which is, as my readers know, the latest manifestation of the scoundrel WUMP, whom I have been exposing for many years. In December last a West Ham lion-tamer, deceived by the Institute's mendacious advertisement, entrusted WUMP with five guineas of his hard-earned money, in return for which WUMP undertook to supply him with a new flesh-and-blood arm in place of the limb which one of his charges had recently consumed. Needless to say no new arm has grown.

As WUMP is quoting opinions of the Press in favour of his treatment, I think it desirable to publish these facts, as giving the other side of the case, and to call attention again to what has already been said in this paper with reference to the "Institute." The law which allows this state of things, while professing to regulate the practice of medicine, and to limit it to persons possessing certain specific qualifications, is in the highest degree unsatisfactory. If the medical profession does not think it necessary to get this abuse corrected in its own interest, Parliament ought to deal with the matter by a Royal Commission.

My Pillory is not very full this week, but one contrast is better than nothing. It must not, however, be thought that the Great Unpaid are growing any wiser. It simply means that many of my newspaper-searchers are having their holidays:

Rotborough Petty Sessions.	Patchester Borough Police.
Before Messrs. WIMBLE, VERGES	Before Captain CROKER and
and Lt.-Col. TOPKNOT. WILLIAM	Mr. BAILEY BIGGE. TIMOTHY
BROADFOOT, charged with steal-	PORTERHOUSE STAKE, charged
ing a gasometer. Ten years'	with jumping on his mother,
hard labour.	was awarded five shillings
	from the Poor Box.

Following on my article last week respecting money-lenders'



MR. LEANDER JONES, WHO IS VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT AQUATIC ETIQUETTE, TAKES A FEW AMERICAN FRIENDS ON THE RIVER, AND WISHES HE HADN'T.

aliases, I have been furnished with some interesting information as to the ramifications of the notorious bloodsucking firm of MacBULLS. This is, of course, a mere *nom de guerre*, nobody of the name of MacBULL being connected with the business, which has always been run by members of the Hebrew family of the IKEYs. Originally the firm, which had its head-quarters at Cardiff and branch usury-shops in many other towns, including London, was styled JOHN MacBULL AND Co. Later on it was registered as a joint-stock company with a directorate including ISAAC, JACOB, MOSES, SOLOMON, and LAZARUS IKEY. I have given not a few instances of their rapacity, and the operations of the firm came under the notice of the Select Committee on Money-lending. It is much to be regretted that the Money-lenders Act does not, as was recommended by the Select Committee, compel all these gentry to carry on business in their own rightful names, which in many instances would act as a sufficient danger-signal to would-be borrowers.

The vampire LEVY has just cropped up again at Birmingham under the name of PATRICK ALEXANDER JONES. In his new rôle he issues circulars to aeronauts offering to lend them money on easy terms. Aeronauts, it seems, are often in financial difficulties, and LEVY has had the wit to notice this, and to profit accordingly. It is to be hoped that the attention of the police will be drawn to the fact that he is not only carrying on the business of a money-lender on unregistered premises, but also tempting a very deserving class of man.

Ollendorf at the Stationer's.

Customer. Have you any washing-books?

Assistant. No, Madam, but I have untearable ones in linen.

"The Ideas Exchange."

THE Minor Poet who, in our issue of August 9, wrote from The Laurels, Upper Tooting, offering "original and highly amusing gags for knockabout scene," and was willing to take in exchange "the suitable conclusion of a rhymed couplet beginning:

'Oh wan pale parent pendent o'er thy babe,'"

is greatly obliged to the gentleman who has sent him the following line:

"Christen him ABRAHAM, or, briefly, ABE,"

and will forward the gags without delay.

"Seaside Boredom."

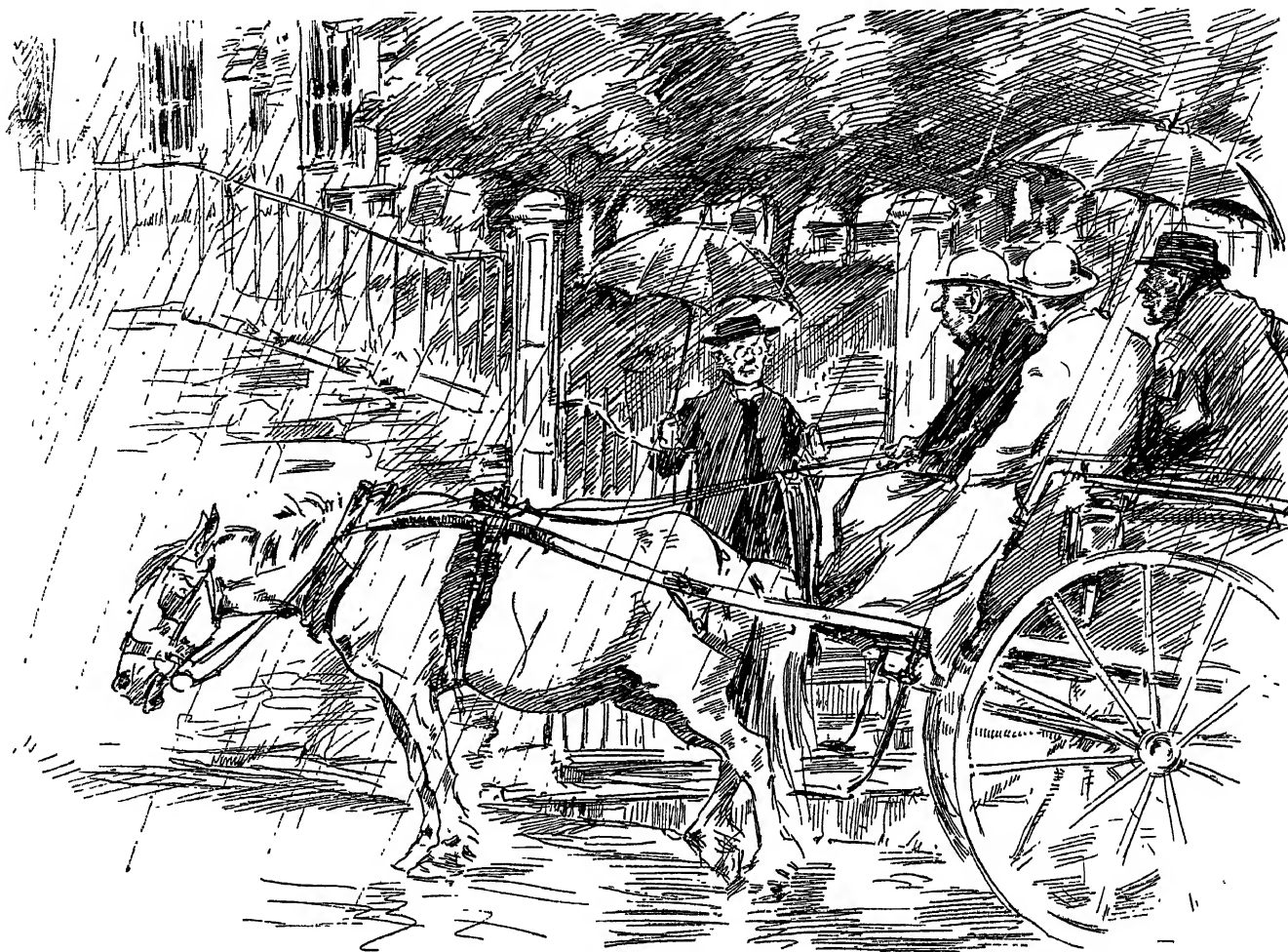
[The *Daily Mail* has been circularising the Town Councils of various seaside resorts to find out if sufficient amusements for men are provided.]

To judge by a notice on the slopes of Plymouth Hoe—

"Gentlemen are requested not to overlook the ladies' bathing-place"—

it is clear that the Town Council of Plymouth makes it its business to organise adequate entertainment for its male visitors.

THE tendency to waste time on refreshment intervals at cricket matches seems to receive undue encouragement at the Oval. On the occasion of a very important match, an adjacent public-house recently advertised seats to view, "situated midway between wickets. Luncheons, Teas, Wines, Spirits and Cigars of the finest quality." This is putting a great temptation in the way of our players, especially the batsmen and the bowlers.



A QUESTION OF VESTED INTEREST.

Vicar. "WELL, GENTLEMEN, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?"

Spokesman. "PLEASE, SIR, WE BE A DEPUTATION FROM FARMERS DOWN FROGLANDS PARISH, TO ASK YOU TO PRAY FOR FINE WEATHER FOR T'ARVEST."

Vicar. "WHY DON'T YOU ASK YOUR OWN VICAR?"

Spokesman. "WELL, SIR, WE RECKON 'E BE'UNT MUCH GOOD FOR THIS 'ERE. 'E DO BE THAT FOND OF FISHIN'."

HIGHLAND HOUSEKEEPING.

WE'RE twenty miles from anywhere, beside a brawling burn
That rambles and scrambles through bramble, brake and
fern;

We've seas of purple heather, we have honey by the ton,
We've bens too, and glens too, where bonny red deer run,
In short, the only trouble which can make our hearts go hop
And stop,

Is when we find things left behind which drive us out to shop.

My PHYLLIS wants some hair-pins, so I sally forth and meet
Black WILLIE, the gillie, parading down the street.

"It's hair-pins ye are wantin', Sir? Ye'd better speir at
JOHN.

Ye know, Sir, the grocer has aften things like yon.
Or gin he hasna got them, ye might speir at RAB MACKAY—

Ou ay,
The baker too might hae a few. "Twad dae nae hairm to try."

My towzled locks start growing and I wonder if Strathspey
Might harbour a barber, and this is what they say:

"There's no a reg'lar pairson, Sir, that rightly understands,
But JACK SMITH, the blacksmith, is canny wi' his hands,

Or JEANIE GREY, the shepherd's lass, wad clip ye fine, nae fears;
For years

She's helpit at the shearin' time an' handles weel the shears."

In course of time a laundress is a necessary ill,
But plainly it's vainly one seeks her on the hill.

"There's JESS McLEOD is handy-like at washin' oot the dirt,
But then, Sir, ye ken, Sir, she couldna starch a shirt.

The flesher's lad aye lifts them when he ca's, an' he'll be oot,
Nae doot—

He's hens to seek—on Friday week or somewhere there about."

PUBLIC opinion at Leamington is strongly in favour of
keeping foreign matter from polluting the river. The local
Gazette describes how a little girl recently fell into the water
near the Adelaide Bridge: "she was, however, pulled out by
a visitor before any harm was done."

Mother (to small boy). Darling, I wish you would try to eat
a little more.

Darling. You should never press children to eat, Mother.
I read that in a book called *Hints to Parents*.



Bernard Partridge. 1

THE SOWER OF TARES.

(After Millais.)

THE BATHING MACHINE;

OR, THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT THE DAME AND THE DIP.

SCENE.—A row of bathing machines on a sandy beach, with No. 5 in the immediate foreground. A harassed-looking lady sits in a hammock chair close by, knitting, with a bundle of bathing impedimenta at her feet; a second lady, also with bathing things and a careworn face, is seated at a short distance from the first. They are unacquainted, but exchange sympathetic glances.

First Lady (with a sad smile). How trying this weary waiting is! It wastes one's whole morning, does it not?

Second Lady. Yes, indeed, it is quite dreadful. I've been waiting for nearly an hour. They ought not to be allowed to stop in so long!

First Lady. And then they take such a terrible time dressing—and with very poor results, in my opinion.

Second Lady. I quite agree with you. The women here are utterly lacking in style and manner. Ah!

[*Sighs with relief at the appearance of JONES, the bathing man, at the door of No. 5.*]

Bathing Man (rapping sharply). Now then, ladies! Quick as you can, please—very busy this morning!

Voice (within). Shan't be long, we've only just come in. [B. M. retires.]

First Lady. What a falsehood!—but they all say that. What makes this waiting especially annoying to me is that if I do not bathe a full hour before lunch I am upset for the rest of the day.

Second Lady. Really? I can quite sympathise with you. I have to live by rule myself. My doctor has ordered sea-bathing at 11.30 each morning, almost, one might say, as a last resource. My health is so precarious.

[*They draw their chairs closer and converse.*]

First Lady. Dear, dear. Well, I am sure it is a shame you should be kept waiting so long—but these young people are so selfish.

Second Lady. Ah, yes. If there was more give and take in the world there would be less unhappiness.

First Lady. Yes, indeed. So long as they get what they want, other people may get along as they can. Which machine are you waiting for?

Second Lady. No. 5.

First Lady (stiffening). Oh no—that is my machine.

Second Lady. Excuse me—you are mistaken. My towels are on the front steps.

First Lady (coldly). And mine are on the back. It is really my machine; I have been here for nearly an hour.



A HAPPY RELEASE.

Kind Friend. "PARDON ME, BUT I OUGHT TO TELL YOU THAT JONES HAS RUN AWAY WITH YOUR WIFE."

Husband (bored). "BUT WHY RUN?"

Second Lady. I am sorry for that, but I was here first, as the bathing man knows.

[*Rises and stands near the front door, trusting the occupant will come out that way. First Lady follows suit at the back. They glare silently at each other. Bathing Man passes.*]

First Lady (sweetly). Oh! JONES—will you kindly explain to that lady that this is my machine? I was here first.

Second Lady (severely). Mr. JONES, you know perfectly well it is mine. That other lady had better find another machine, or she will have to wait a very long time.

B. M. (looking worried). I can't exactly call to mind which was first—but perhaps you'll share it, ladies.

[*Angry ejaculations of dissent from both ladies. B. M. sighs and wipes his brow, and mechanically knocks at No. 5.*]

Voice (from inside). Well, what is it now?

B. M. Hurry up, please, ladies! Very busy this morning!

Voice (virulently). Well, I suppose we must put our things on!

B. M. Certainly, ma'am, certainly. [Pauses.] Will one of you ladies come to No. 17? That will be free next!

First Lady. Certainly not. I stop here now, whatever happens!

[*Bathing Man retires—and immediately after the door of No. 17 opens and the occupants descend, and both ladies make a dash for it, only to see the lawful tenants take possession and close the door. During their short absence the occupants of No. 5 have emerged, and JONES, seeing the steps deserted, has promptly put in another party. The first lady gathers together her belongings and goes to find her husband and the local authorities, while the second lady retires home in hysterics and a donkey-chaise.*]

MR. PUNCH'S TRAVEL TALK.*(Some what in the manner of "T. P.'s.")*

PROVINCIAL.—London is well worth visiting for its historical attractions. You are right in thinking the Thames Embankment and the Abbey free, but at the latter pleasure resort the vergers like their verging to be recognised. There are several hotels. You make a mistake in thinking that one has to book seats in advance for Mr. FLOWDEN's Court. The seats are free. There is no early door.

STUDENT.—If, as you say, you know no German except the phrase "Schleswig-Holstein," it would be wiser, perhaps, for you to stay at an English boarding-house while you are in Dresden. There are many to choose from, and you need not meet any Germans at all, which will, perhaps, make your three weeks' stay the more pleasant, whatever it may do for your study of the country.

A. B. C. asks if it is possible to enjoy a good fortnight's holiday in Belgium for five shillings a day all told. Certainly, if you live low enough, and do not wish to be always travelling. Third class to Ostend is not excessive, and in August it is no hardship to sleep on the beach. Winners in the Casino are often very generous as they leave. Why English people think it a reasonable thing to spend less on a holiday abroad than they would on ordinary living at home is a question that I have not time to consider. I merely encourage them to do so. Next, please.

T. W.—There is no reason why you and your wife should not travel in Switzerland speaking no language but your own. There are hundreds of English tourists in Switzerland, the greater majority of whom are probably unacquainted with any other language. If the waiters do not understand you, try either dumb signs or Esperanto. It is a good rule to shout if you are not understood. Take a megaphone with you for use at the smaller hotels.

BOY.—For a youth unused to London life and not accustomed to catering for himself, I think a boarding-house is decidedly preferable to lodgings, especially if living alone. If you had a friend to share the expenses of rooms with you they would be cheaper. If he paid half they would be cheaper by 50 per cent.

ELLEN.—The question of tips is a difficult one to decide, and the magnitude of this theme is fully exposed in an adjoining article. Everything depends upon the length of your stay, the amount of trouble given, the class of hotel patronised, and the character of the head waiter's eye. A rule that is greatly followed is to give 10 per cent. on the amount of the bill for a short stay, and 5 per cent. for a long one. For longer

still, 1 per cent. or nothing. You might arrange to have your luggage sent on and slip away quietly by the back door. This is very usual amongst a large class of people.

PATERFAMILIAS.—Shepherd's Bush is not usually considered a watering-place, but the Tube would bring you to Hyde Park very quickly (Lancaster Gate station: fare twopence), and you would then find the Serpentine, with boating and bathing facilities. Mixed bathing is not allowed, but after all the pleasure of being in cold water with one's beloved is not too obvious. For lodgings I can (quite disinterestedly) recommend Madame NESTLÉ at 42, Succi Road.

K. M.—No, there are no places in the Isle of Wight that have not been discovered. Nor are there any that are cheap. The best route is by steamer from Portsmouth, Stokes Bay, or Southampton; but there is no reason why you should not swim and send your luggage by carrier. I have not the championship table beside me, so I cannot say what the record is for swimming to Ryde, but records are made to be cut, so why not cut it? You would also save eightpence. I doubt if you can get lodgings at Osborne, but Norris Castle is to let, Mr. W. E. NORRIS having settled at Torquay.

A. A.—For a novelist in search of local colour I can cordially recommend Norfolk. Harpooning bloaters on the Broads may not have quite the excitement of tarpon fishing, but it is excellent sport. Camping-out is not allowed in the park at Sandringham owing to the presence of a herd of wild cattle, but I believe there is nothing to prevent your tethering a captive balloon to the spire of Norwich Cathedral. I always thought that a Norfolk biffin was a sort of bird, but perhaps you are right.

HANDY ANDY.—You cannot bicycle all the way to Jersey, nor are you likely to be taken in as a paying-guest for less than 3s. a day unless you are a vegetarian. It was VICTOR HUGO and not Sir GILBERT PARKER who wrote *The Toilers of the Sea*, but there is no danger of octopuses now. VICTOR HUGO is dead. No, it is not as a rule necessary to take dress clothes (evening dress) if you stay at a temperance hotel, but collars are *de rigueur* at all meals.

Breakfast-Table Problem.

"AFTER all, what is the object in swimming across the Channel when it can be done for a few shillings in a steamer?"—*Evening News*.

Say what "it" is; and, if it means swimming, then show the fallacy underlying the original question, even if we suppose the steamer to contain a swimming-bath.

THE ECONOMICS OF TIPPING.

[This paper, apparently intended for the Economic Science Section of the British Association, now assembled in Cape Town, has by some oversight found its way to Bouverie Street.]

THE molecule and the atom, it has been eloquently shown by our learned and distinguished President, are subject to the laws of Evolution. He has pointed out that if we trace the history of these conceptions we find their stability gradually changing—rising to a maximum—declining—falling to nothing—and then revolution, followed by newly acquired strength and permanence. So also, to some extent, with the form of matter known as the Tip, though it is at present, according to all competent observers, neither an atom nor a molecule. A French statistician has calculated that £20,000,000 a year is distributed in tips in France, and that in Paris alone £12,000 changes hands in this way each day. As the result of inquiries, we find that the same state of things prevails in England. Tipping, indeed, is upon the upward grade in London and the Provinces alike. The Tip has now acquired such formidable dimensions as to bring about a vital change in the economic conditions of the country.

Owing largely to the influx of American millionaires and sportsmen, it appears that waiters, gamekeepers, and similar recipients are paying very considerable premiums in order to secure likely berths. We have it on the best authority that the newly-appointed Hall Porter of the Hotel Roosevelt in the West End has just obtained that incumbency by means of a *douceur* of three thousand guineas to the proprietors of the establishment, and is congratulating himself on his bargain. About a quarter of this sum was the "key-money" due from the Chief Chambermaid of the hotel on succeeding to the emoluments of her position. The comparatively trifling fee of £2,500 was lately handed over as "first fruits" to the Owners' Provident Pension Fund by the fortunate nominee to a Head Waitership at a leading restaurant. Subordinate posts are purchasable in like proportion. Needless to say, no salaries are now paid to these favoured officials. On the contrary, the proprietors are agitating for an increased percentage of the weekly proceeds of the tip-harvest.

In the country, the cost of a Gamekeepership under a nobleman or American magnate runs into four figures for entrance fee, with a varying annual subscription payable by the keeper according to the average takings of his benefice. The landlord is thus enabled to defray the heavy expenses of rearing and preserving his pheasants. The rent of a grouse moor or deer forest is



THE MINISTERIAL MINSTRELS; OR, WHO SAYS THE SANDS ARE RUNNING OUT?

OUR ARTIST, AFTER MUCH EXPLORATION AT VARIOUS HOLIDAY RESORTS, HAS DISCOVERED WHAT HAS BECOME OF SOME AT ANY RATE OF THE DISTINGUISHED PERSONS WHO VANISHED WITH THE RISING OF PARLIAMENT.

similarly met by a dividend from the gillies engaged.

The relations of employer and employé are thus becoming inverted by the rising of Tips to their maximum. The former is now hired by the latter to assist him in the process of earning a living. The waiters are, in fact, the masters of the situation, though, in justice be it said, they are paying handsome wages to the hotel proprietors. Many restaurant-keepers would be in the workhouse were it not for the generous salaries which they receive from their staff.

How long this state of things will continue it is not so easy to determine. There should be a revolution on the part of *somebody*—to carry out the analogy of the atom—before stability is reached. The maximum, however, will not be arrived at until *all* the money of guests, visitors, etc., is transferred to the pockets of the tip-takers. There would then be a rapid decline in gratuities, unless the quondam tippees gave adequate *pourboires* to their nominal employers, to be passed on to their former customers by way of bonuses to reward their return. The tipped ones would in this way be tipping themselves, and equilibrium would ensue. There is, nevertheless, a great possibility that a revolt against the inflation of tips may take place at an earlier stage, in which case (to change the original metaphor) the bubble will be pricked—and people will have to wait on themselves.

ZIG-ZAG.

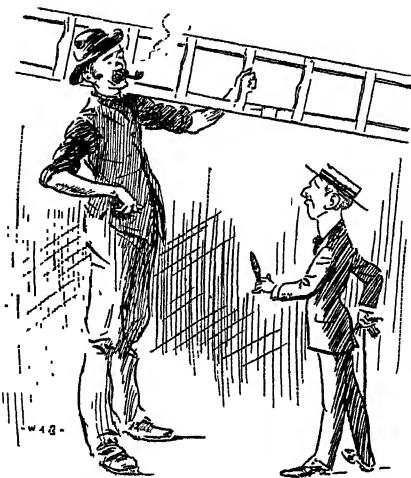
THE EVERLASTING TEST.

THE suggestion that all Test Matches should in future be extended to six days is hardly likely to be adopted, owing to the fact that it does not go far enough. There should be no time limit whatever in International matches. What side of Test team players can do justice either to their averages or their country if forced by the exigencies of the present ridiculous time limit to start their innings after a long and arduous day in the field? Twenty-four hours' complete rest, accompanied by change of air and scene, is absolutely essential to a display of such transcendent importance. In case, also, of the pitch wearing badly, or a night's rain intervening, or a spell of oppressively warm weather setting in, a bracing trip to the sea-side should be arranged for the teams, the umpires and Mr. CRAIG while the wicket is being coaxed back to its normal condition.

It may be urged, on the other hand, that such patchwork play would tend to lessen the spectator's interest in the struggle, but, far from this being the case, *ad libitum* Test cricket would confer an inestimable boon on the English-speaking world. There would be no

longer that feeling of desolation, that desperate sensation of emptiness, so prevalent among vicarious sportsmen between the Test Matches, while spectators of every class could watch the match at its commencement or in a few weeks' time with the comfortable assurance that the same glorious game would still be in progress.

From the feminine point of view, at



"CAN YOU OBLIGE ME WITH A MATCH?"
"SORRY I HAVEN'T ONE, SIR, BUT—"



"COME UP AND GET A LIGHT!"

any rate, the idea would be distinctly popular, and the gate-money enormously increased in consequence, for the simple reason that, time being no object with the players, lady enthusiasts would find the lawn at the disposal of their frocks and sunshades not once, but many times during the day, while, for instance, Mr. ARMSTRONG was having a chat with an overseas friend in the Pavilion, or Mr. FRY was waiting till he felt more in a mood for his knock.

GOLDEN RULES FOR THE NURSERY.

(Modelled on the regulation Nursery Card.)

DROWNING.—If the child show signs of not wishing to leave its bath, you may at once assume that it is drowned. Send instantly for the doctor and both parents, and do not relax your efforts for a moment until they come.

Put the child's nose violently and put tepid bricks to its stomach and thighs, armpits and soles of feet. Then cut off all hair and rub its head with one part lime-water and two parts treacle to restore circulation. Lay the child on the bed and leave it quite alone for half an hour, or until the doctor comes.

CHOKING.—This complaint only occurs during breakfast. Send for the doctor at once, then put your whole hand as far down the child's throat as possible, and keep it there till the doctor comes.

NOSE BLEEDING.—Treatment the same as drowning.

SUBSTANCES IN THE EYE.—Take a well-sharpened penknife and try to remove the substance with it. If this fails, send for a box of glycerine jujubes, and wait till the doctor comes.

DITTO IN THE NOSE.—Anything in the nose is perfectly harmless, and will be much better left where it is.

SWALLOWING PINS, COINS, BUTTONS, PAPER-KNIVES, ETC.—If anything of this description stick in the throat of the child, attach a long piece of string to a crochet needle and let it drop as far as possible down the throat, taking care that the child bite the needle. Then send for the doctor. Do not on any account give the child an emetic.

WOUNDS.—Carefully wash the child all over with mustard and water to remove all dirt. Then put it to bed and keep it there for a few days, or until the doctor comes.

BITES.—If the child cannot bite its food properly, there is probably something wrong with the food, or with the child's teeth. In either case send for the doctor. Hold the child up by the heels for twenty minutes. If at the end of that time the teeth have not dropped out lay the child on the bed until the doctor's arrival and do not attempt to undress it, as probably there is something wrong with its food. On no account give it cod-liver oil.

Price 1d. from the "Infant's Liver Brigade Co.," Kidderminster, or given away with every $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of Dobbin's Milk Substitute.

First Loafer. Did you help at the fire last night?

Second Loafer. Yes, a bit. I got out of the way of the fire-engine.

JUST 1235 YEARS MORE!

WE hasten to reassure our male readers as to the scare caused in the newspapers last week by a statement made at the Detroit Congress by Mr. W. I. BODINE, Superintendent of Compulsory Education in Chicago, to the effect that the extinction of Man is imminent, owing to the alarming increase of wage-earning Woman. It is not really as bad as that. A "Well-known Sociologist" has given it as his opinion, in the *Express* of August 18, that "the year 3140 will see the final triumph of women, when there will be 100 per cent. more women than men living in Great Britain. Twelve centuries later there will only be one man to every three women." We beg the Mere Man to breathe again, and to take a careful note of these dates. The first is exactly 1235 years ahead, and we have therefore, no doubt, time to make preparations accordingly. All Redistribution Bills, for instance, which concern the male voter and are now in contemplation, should have a clause inserted that they will become null and void in 3140 A.D. It is to be sincerely hoped that Mr. BALFOUR will bear this in mind in framing his next attempt. Houses may still be built on a 999 years' lease with masculine "dens" and dressing-rooms, but for further periods we should recommend architects of club-houses and so forth to exercise a wise restraint. All Cricket tours and Test Matches booked for the summer of 3141 should be promptly cancelled, as there will not be enough trousered individuals to provide a "gate." A similar caution applies to the latter half of the previous football season. Husbands also have just twelve hundred and thirty-five years more to act as heads of the household, and do other odd jobs with hammers, etc. After then each will be only "half-a-man," and a new judgment of SOLOMON will be required to adjust matters.

We merely drop these hints by way of allaying any unnecessary fears during the present holiday season. It is very important to be exact in the matter of dates in arranging for these social cataclysms.

A Plurality Scandal.

"THE REV. BEN LEWIS PARKIN, M.A., Vicar of St. Thomas, Brightside, Sheffield, has, we are informed, resigned his benefice, and that (*sic*) his Grace the Archbishop of York has accepted the same."—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

The italics represent Mr. Punch's blushes for the Archbishop, who ought surely to have known better.

"GAMEKEEPERS in North Wales report that, owing to the recent excessive heat, thousands of young peasants have been killed."—*Rhds Herald*.



SWIMMING THE CHANNEL.

(The Latest Craze.)

Genuine Gems.

(From a General Knowledge Paper.)

Q. Explain the following terms:

(1) Poet Laureate, (2) First Cataract, (3) Geyser.

A. (1) AUSTIN CHAMBERLAIN, (2) The Flood, (3) German EMPEROR.

Q. Complete the following quotations:—

(1) Birds of a feather—

(2) It takes two to make a—

A. (1) Birds of a feather never agree.

(2) It takes two to make a marriage.

Q. Name any work by TENNYSON.

A. Graves Energy.

Q. For what are the following people famous?—(1) CLARA BUTT, (2) MARIE CORELLI, (3) Dr. BARNARDO.

A. (1) A cricketer, (2) Dancing and singing, (3) Cure for Radium.

Journalistic Candour.

"THERE is no truth in the statement that the *Daily Mail* has, or ever had, or ever will have, designs on the station bookstalls. The bookstall business has, however, so long been connected with the circulation of fiction that there seems some difficulty in dissociating the two."—*Evening News*.

ODONTOLOGICAL EVOLUTION.

(An appeal to Sir Oliver.)

No lurking premonition, when he lunched,
Of what Philosophy would lay before us
Haunted the happy troglodyte who munched
His mid-day Pleiosaurus.

He took no stock in Science: had you said,
"Teeth are a fraud, my neolithic brother,"
It might have struck his adamant head
To answer, "You're another!"

We, too, imagined, cutting 'em with tears,
Our infant ivories were things of beauty,
And mourned to think of those senescent years
When they would cease from duty.

It seems we were mistaken, Dr. LODGE;
You're going (very kindly) to deliver us
From dental agonies: the latest dodge
Is not to be carnivorous.

"If you have teeth, prepare to shed them now;
Their loss invigorates" (we quote your thesis)
"The human *cerebellum*; that is how
It gets those lovely creases.

"And, when the far-away Utopia comes,
More even-minded, if in features odder,
Posterity shall sip through pointless gums
A vegetable fodder."

Delightful notion!—Life, immune from pains,
To serious thought and cereal food apprenticed.
But are they really such a boon, these brains?
Ought we to starve the dentist?

Are there no simpler changes we can make
Than thus to cast aside our cherished molars,
And build the massive brow too large to take
A standard size in bowlers?

Why not revert (and bid your scheme go hang!)
To types that read no news and rent no villa—
The irresponsible Orang Outang,
The fancy-free Gorilla?

Sweet to repose on eligible trees,
Saving our teeth for one eternal chatter
About the *cerebrum*, and by degrees
Eliminate the latter.

AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

ACCORDING to the *Times* report of the last scene of all, "The Sailing of the French Fleet," that ended the eventful week, "the *Firequeen* summed up the whole situation in the one word 'Good-bye.'" Not staying to point out that "Good-bye" is certainly not 'one word,' but four separate words compressed into two hyphenically united, it is most unfortunately noticeable that instead of "Good-bye" the *Firequeen* ought to have signalled "*Au Revoir*," or, if we are deficient in French signals, then, at least, could have been substituted "*To our next merry meeting*." The idea of saying that "the whole situation was summed up" in wishing our guests "Good-bye"!! The truly hospitable host never utters the sad word "Good-bye" without adding an affectionate "Hope you'll come and see us again soon," or something to that effect. "So long" would have been genial and up-to-date. No doubt the true sentiment will have been understood by our French friends, who will think that "it might have been infinitely better expressed."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MARSHALL P. WILDER is known in two hemispheres as one of the best *raconteurs* of the day. Probably, following the example of a fellow-labourer nearer Pall Mall, he has told his stories so often that he is in dread of repeating himself in the hearing of chance audiences. Pursuing the lead indicated, he has accordingly published them in a volume to which he gives the characteristic name *The Sunny Side of the Street*. My Baronite, looking through the pages, misses the irresistibly merry face of the story-teller and the surprise of the abrupt conclusion which left the listener wondering where the point of the joke was. When it flashed upon him, as it never failed to do, it was enjoyed the more for the hesitation. There is a good deal of wisdom in MARSHALL'S wit. He has met most notable people in New York and London, and chats delightfully about them.

The latest work issued by the Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd., in its useful and interesting series entitled *The Makers of British Art*, edited by JAMES A. MANSON, is *William Hogarth*. It is described by its author, G. BALDWIN BROWN, M.A., Professor of Fine Art in the University of Edinburgh, as an attempt at "a fresh and independent treatment of HOGARTH'S life and art," and, as such, it is likely to achieve, mainly on account of Professor BROWN'S treatment of what will always be one of the subjects most popular with all interested in British Art, a greater success than any of its predecessors, excepting, perhaps, *Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.*, by A. E. FLETCHER, and *Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.*, by ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING. So far as its modest limits allow, the Professor, in this book, has succeeded in giving us a delightful study of a plucky, sturdy, pugnacious, pig-headed, typical "British" personality, that is, of WILLIAM HOGARTH, who, as an artist, was possessed of rare genius, unrivalled in his peculiar line, whose execution was unequal, but whose ideas and expression of them were always original. What he saw, he drew; and as the humour took him so his eccentric fancy depicted whatever might be the subject of the moment. He was a tragedian, and equally a broad, yet subtle, comedian, who could be so successful in pure burlesque, that his grotesque print "in the ridiculous manner of REMBRANDT," as HOGARTH himself advertised it, was one of his most popular performances, and commanded a very extensive sale. How out of such small prices, as they seem to us now-a-days, he contrived to amass a sufficient, if not a considerable, fortune, is somewhat difficult to understand. Surprised indeed must have been any one familiar with his character, and personally acquainted with this "little man" (taller than DAVID GARRICK, probably), to learn that, one fine morning, while yet scarcely more than a student, or at all events only at the commencement of his career, he had eloped with the handsome daughter of Sir JAMES THORNHILL, Sergeant-Painter to the King. The marriage was a most happy one; he was devoted to his wife, and she to him. The Baron cannot help wondering how Mrs. HOGARTH relished the pictorial progress, on canvas, of some of the subjects in which her husband revelled. Fortunately he was a stern moralist, and his manner of teaching was to show vice its own image "as large as life," as the showman says, "and twice as natural." The plates in this very interesting book, given as typical specimens of HOGARTH'S art, are well selected, and have been reproduced with admirable clearness.

THE BARON





THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

CHARIVARIA.

Das Reich has recommended the German nation to treat the British fleet as it deserves—neither with friendliness nor with rudeness, but with polite dignity; and the British tar, who is not without his sense of humour, will probably find this spectacle a sufficient entertainment in itself.

It is said that one feature of the Prince of WALES's tour in India will be a surprise mobilisation of troops. To ensure its success, due notice has been given.

London has often been called "The City of Terrible Darkness," and now the *Gaulois*, in a recent article on open spaces in the Metropolis, refers to "The Park of Black Heat."

Five American millionaires were staying at Claridge's Hotel last week, and it is worth noting, as showing how the Republican spirit is no mere empty form, that one whose fortune is estimated at £20,000,000 treated one who had only £10,000,000 as his equal, and was seen more than once to converse with him.

Mr. HALL CAINE has been interviewed by a representative of the *Daily Telegraph* on the subject of his dramatic version of *The Prodigal Son*. Upon being asked whether it was true, as had been alleged, that the end of the play is not

to be a happy one, Mr. CAINE, while refusing to make any explicit statement, modestly replied that everyone would be pleased when the end came.

Shipping in the Channel is becoming a serious menace to the constantly growing class that claims the right of swimming on this public thoroughfare, and we are not surprised to hear that the captains of vessels proceeding at a high velocity, are being freely spoken of as "Sea-Hogs."

With reference to the fall of a boy from the gallery of a Blackburn Music Hall into the pit, we are asked to deny the statement that the manager refused to let the youth leave until he had paid the difference.

We hear that some difficulty is being experienced in connection with the forthcoming production of *Joseph and his Brethren* at the Coliseum, owing to the fact that there is no pit in that house.

A speaker at the meeting of the Sanitary Inspectors Association urged the importance of having school children periodically cleaned. It is rumoured that, as a result, important contracts are about to be placed by the educational authorities with the Vacuum Cleaning Company. If this be true, we hope that the safety of the infants will be considered. There is some danger that, owing

to their small size, they might be drawn by suction bodily through the tube.

A Chester magistrate has commented adversely on the practice adopted by some tradesmen of hanging goods outside shops. It is certainly not always to the advantage of the shopkeepers themselves, for we have known macintoshes, for instance, to be entirely spoilt by being left out in a shower.

Many clergymen have taken umbrage at Sir JAMES CROFTON-BROWNE's advice to them to stop preaching "silly sermons," and have unanimously resolved to ignore it.

If there is one failing more than another which may be said to characterise the present age, it is lack of respect for established institutions. A pair of blackbirds, living near Barnet, have this season built a nest and successfully reared a brood of young ones in the breast-pocket of a scarecrow.

The oyster is so often under a cloud that we are pleased to hear that there is at least one gentleman who, though disputing its value as a source of sustenance, is yet anxious to give it a leg up. "A Vegetarian," writing to the *Daily News*, declares that "Men and nations cannot live well upon pork, oysters, and other quadrupeds."

HOW TO BEHAVE AT BRIDGE.

It is astonishing, at this time of day, how few people have learned to conduct themselves with becoming decorum at a Bridge-table: and we are greatly beholden to the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR for having laid down, in a recent issue of *The Westminster Gazette*, certain elementary rules of etiquette which should govern the behaviour of Polite Society when engaged in this popular and diverting pastime. Limits of space, no doubt, precluded him from saying all that was in his heart; and it is here my object to attempt, with great deference, to make good some of the gaps in his brochure. And, first, I notice that his "few short precepts" are directed to the guidance of beginners of

Both Sexes.

Thus, at the very outset, he is anxious to disabuse his readers of the idea that in Bridge there is one law for the woman and another for the man. This is well, for there is a false impression abroad, due to mistaken notions of chivalry, that the male may claim a greater clemency from his female partner than he would have a right to expect from one of his own sex. Such a principle may serve for trivial sports like lawn tennis or croquet: but where a game is played for money it is by that fact lifted into an altogether nobler region where the question of sex is, for the time being, eliminated. For example, the plea of inability to pay a Bridge debt through the absence of a pocket to hold money is just as inadmissible for a man as for a woman.

Now, to quote from the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR, "let us suppose the Bridge table to be formed, and the four players

Duly Seated."

The precision with which he limits the number of players to *four* (fully justified, since a fifth player is likely to cause confusion, and six or more at an ordinary table might entail over-crowding) makes it the more surprising that he should employ so vague a phrase as "duly seated." This asks too much of the intelligence of the reader, and I venture to supplement it. The seats, then (deck chairs and oriental divans should be avoided), ought, if possible, to be all of the same height, so that no one player has a better chance than another of looking over his opponents' hands. Even so, there is the difficulty arising from lack of uniformity in the length of people's torsos; and this can only be met by the use of chairs capable of being adjusted in the music-stool manner. In any case, no seat should be so high that its occupant cannot reach down to pick up his tricks; nor so low that he cannot see over the edge of the table.

Again, in the choice of seats one cannot ignore

The Question of Mirrors.

If there happens to be a mirror situated immediately behind one of the chairs in such a way that the reflection of the occupant's cards can be readily observed by his partner, then the player who has the choice of seats should make a point of permitting this one to be secured by his opponents. For, as the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR very intelligently puts it, "the good-humoured people are those who give most pleasure to others in playing the game, and probably thereby secure conditions as favourable as possible to their own success." The application of this theory to the case of the mirror-seat is less obscure than it appears. If the original leader wins his game, he need say nothing; whereas, if he loses, he can then, while preserving an air of utmost good humour, call attention to the irregular assistance which his opponents must have derived from the mirror, and decline to pay his losses.

To resume. "Let us suppose the four players duly seated—then arises," says the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR, "a point of etiquette relating to the deal which, in my experience, is very frequently disregarded by beginners and sometimes even by those who ought to know better; the point is

this, that the dealer has the right to shuffle the cards *last* before dealing, and it is a breach of etiquette for anyone at the table" (spectators, it will be seen, are here ignored) "to take the dealer's pack of cards in hand and place them in such a position that the player at the dealer's right hand

Is Tempted to Cut them

(and not infrequently does so) without giving the dealer a chance of shuffling." It would seem almost incredible that so gross a breach of etiquette should be possible among players of any breeding, yet we have the authority of the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR that it frequently occurs. If so, it can only be explained by a crass ignorance, or wanton disregard, of the first principles which underlie the game. The founders of Bridge went upon the assumption that every player

Naturally Wants to Cheat

if he gets the chance: and many of their regulations were constructed solely with the purpose of meeting this contingency. Amongst the most vital of these rules is the one which gives the dealer the right of shuffling the cards last, so as to nullify any collusion on the part of his opponents. Accordingly, for a player to put the cards in such a position that the dealer is tempted to neglect this precaution, is to give him the chance of appearing to repose confidence in his opponents' honesty, and is therefore an unpardonable breach of propriety.

The deal being over (and the novice cannot be too urgently reminded that the cards should be dealt from the top, not from the middle or bottom, of the pack, and also in regular rotation, so that each player receives an equal consignment) we come to the question of declaring. On this point the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR holds "That the dealer should allow a *reasonable* time to elapse, in every instance, before deciding whether he will make the declaration himself or leave the decision to his partner." This is a very sound suggestion, and, if it were more frequently followed, we should hear less of such cases as that of the dealer who, after a cursory glance at the corners of his cards, instantly declares No Trumps

On the Strength of Three Aces,

which, on a closer inspection, prove to be fours; or, on the other hand, of the dealer who considers his cards abstractedly for 5½ minutes, and then asks who has dealt. But it is doubtful if this counsel of perfection will ever be realised until the authorities introduce a compulsory system of time-fuses.

We next come to the right method of declaring. Now about this the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR—in my opinion very properly, though his literary style might perhaps be bettered—holds the view that "on making the declaration, whether by the dealer or his partner, no word or other indication of any kind should be allowed to escape from either of them giving any hint as to the contents of their hands." But I would go further and place similar restrictions on the dealer when

Passing the Declaration.

For, should he say aloud, as he leaves it to his partner, "A couple more aces and I'd go No Trumps myself;" or, "No, I never *have* made an original declaration of Diamonds with five to the Queen, and I won't now;" or, "In case you thought of declaring Hearts, I have four pretty good ones;" or (flinging his cards across to his partner), "Did you ever see such a rotten Spade hand?"—any one of these speeches—and, still more, the action accompanying the last—would be tantamount to an intimation, however closely veiled, of the contents of his hand.

On a future occasion I may have more to say on the subject of Bridge Behaviour; and in the meantime I shall watch carefully to see the effect on Society of the doctrines inculcated by the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR and with great humility supplemented by myself. O. S.



IS IT THE DAWN?



[“Bathing-dresses are more elaborate than ever this year.”—*Vide Ladies' Papers.*]

Amy. “WELL, I SUPPOSE WE MAY AS WELL BE GOING INTO THE SEA—COME ALONG, MAUD.”

Maud. “MY DEAR AMY, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHY! IT WOULD ABSOLUTELY RUIN MY DRESS!”

POLITICAL ECONOMY IN THE PARK.

SCENE—Near the Marble Arch. TIME—Sunday evening. By the Kiosk the usual raucous Atheist is criticising the Bible in the usual spout of cheap buffoonery. Next to him is a voluble Hungarian, advocating an optimistic view of the future state. A little further on, an orthodox circle are singing hymns with a tuneful but mildly pugnacious refrain. Somewhat apart from all these coteries a small group has collected round a couple of disputants. One is an intelligent artisan, with a keen sallow face and brown eyes with a dull glitter in them; the other is a little old gentleman of venerable appearance, whose soft black felt hat, large clean white collars, and silvery hair and beard, give him a semi-professional air. Between them stands a mysterious-looking man with grizzled curls falling to his shoulders, who observes them both with close and impartial attention, and seems to be reserving his final decision until the argument is concluded.

The Intelligent Artisan. My argument is that any monopoly of money is against the interests of the community as a whole. That's the point you 'ave to meet!

The Old Gentleman (after squeezing all his features together in the effort to concentrate his thoughts). You assert the fact—but, so far, you have not advanced any arguments which, in my opinion, establish it.

The I. A. That's not my fault. If you're too fogged to see it I can't make you—now can I?

The O. G. To begin with, I entirely deny that there is, or can be, any such thing as a monopoly of money.

The I. A. Why, you know as well as what I do that a small and privileged class—bankers, financiers, and such like—'ave the sole right at present of issuing money.

The O. G. I know nothing of the sort. What is to prevent anyone here from starting a bank to-morrow—if he has the necessary capital?

A Bystander (who has omitted to shave for the last day or two). Just so! It's a free country, ain't it?

The I. A. When you use the term “necess'ry,” you're beggin' the 'ole question. What I say is that Capital oughtn't to be necess'ry at all. I claim that every man ought to 'ave the right to issue notes on the security of the future product of the labour of his 'ands.

The Unshaven B. You'll excuse me—but is not wealth produced by the labour of a man's head as well as his hands?

The I. A. No, no—that's where you're wrong. Wealth has never yet been perdooced by a man's 'ed—on'y by 'is 'ands, as I can prove to you in a moment. Let us put it, for the sake of argyment, that the world's Capital amounts to one 'undred pounds, while its wealth is of exackly the same value. Well, then, it follers that for hevery pound—

The O. G. (his spectacles gleaming with the light of battle). One moment! You must not attempt to prove your case by assuming a condition of things that does not exist. The world's Capital—

The I. A. I was addressing myself to *this* gentleman. I'll

come to you presently. As for the 'undred pounds, I was merely taking that figger as a basis. Make it a million, or a billion pounds, for all I care—it don't affect my illustration!

The O. G. I object to your illustration on the ground that it is an impossible one. The world's Capital never has been and never will be exactly balanced by its wealth.

The I. A. All I'm endeavouring—if you'll allow me to 'ave my say out—is to prove to our friend 'ere that Labour is not dependent on Capital in any way whatsoever.

The Unshaven. But wouldn't you say that Labour depended on Capital for employment?

The I. A. Certingly I should not. Their interests are diametric'ly opposed—as I'll undertake to show in 'alf a minute.

The Unshaven. Well, but look here now. Suppose I have a few hundred pounds, and invest it in building a house over there. (*Indicating Connaught Place.*) Well,—

The O. G. (*with guarded approval.*) Yes, you've hit on the right line there—you may be going to follow it up by the proper argument, though I doubt it—but go on.

The Unshaven (*encouraged.*) Am I not providing employment and wages for bricklayers, carpenters, and such like?

The I. A. (*condescendingly.*) I'll tell you what your mistake is. Wages aren't paid out of Capital at all. They're paid entirely out of the producks of Labour. Similarly with interest. What right, I arsk you, has Capital to be paid interest just for laying idle?

The O. G. Since you seem to be attacking interest now, let me put this case to you: I have a hundred pounds to spare, and I buy fifty trucks or barrows at two pounds apiece, and let them out at sixpence a day—that is, seven pounds ten a week. Do you say I am doing wrong? [*He beams with the triumphant expression of a modern SOCRATES.*]

The I. A. (*after considering this problem.*) By no means—unless, mind you, unless you are thereby creating a monopoly. That's all I'm arguing against. I contend that every man has a free right to the use of land, air, and water, without being interfered with by anybody whatsoever.

The O. G. Then my answer to that is that he has no such rights, under present conditions.

The I. A. (*seizing his advantage.*) "Under present conditions!" There you are. Now you've gone and given away your 'ole case. I'm trying to get those conditions altered. And, while on that point, I may mention that where CHAMBERLAIN makes his grand mistake, is that 'e—

The O. G. Before we go any further, are you for Free Trade or Protection? . . . Very well then, so far, I'm with you—

[*At this stage the mysterious man with the long curls, who has been looking as if he might intervene with an illuminating remark at any moment, suddenly loses all interest in the discussion and glides quietly away; there follows a lengthy argument as to what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN did or did not say on various occasions, and how far his own words may be accepted as evidence of his policy—after which the Old Gentleman resumes—*

Well, I am old enough to remember the days long before Free Trade came in, when I myself sold coffee at six and ninepence the pound, tea at very little under, and spices at sixpence an ounce—

A *Vacuous Auditor* (*with a marked increase of respect for him.*) Then you done very well!

The I. A. (*to the O. G.*) I want to 'ave it out with you about the land. You 'aven't met me on that point yet.

The O. G. I am far from saying that our Land Laws do not need reform—

The I. A. Reform? They want to be done away with altogether! I'd 'ave every man entitled to use the land equally without being ordered off it by nobody.

The O. G. Equally—but that's the difficulty. Suppose I build two houses at a thousand pounds apiece—

The V. A. (*deeply impressed by such enterprise.*) That's a tidy bit o' money, Guv'nor!

The O. G. (*ignoring him.*) And suppose I build one horse in the middle of Hackney Marshes—

The I. A. You'd 'ave to be a loonertic to do that! 'Oo's giving impossible illustrations now?

The O. G. I allowed you to finish your illustration—you're interrupting me in the middle of mine!

The V. A. (*losing all faith in him as a practical man.*) And right, too—torking sech rot as that!

The O. G. (*witheringly.*) When you have made yourself acquainted with the A B C of the question you will have the right to correct other people's arguments—but not till then. (*To the I. A.*) And suppose I build the other house—

The I. A. That's all very well—but we're getting fur away from our original point, which is 'ow wealth can be circulated to the best advantage. And I end as I began by asserting that no class ought to 'ave the exclusive monopoly of money.

The O. G. And I repeat that you have not yet shown me that any such monopoly exists.

The I. A. If I 'ave not done so it's because you 'aven't a mind that's capable of follering my arguments—and I can't be expected to 'elp that. But if you'd read JOHN STUART MILL's *Summary* (which in my opinion is the best thing he ever wrote), you'd see it laid down there that you cannot increase the issue of money without instantly raising the price of food.

The O. G. I have read all JOHN STUART MILL's works several times over, but I do not recall any statement to that effect. And if you were to talk for ever, you would never convince me that—

The I. A. I dessay not. And I'll tell you why. Because you 'aven't studied the subject sufficiently to reason it out for yourself. So, as I can't waste any more o' my time (*he elbows his way out of the circle*), I'll wish yer good-night.

The O. G. I studied the subject and reasoned it out for myself, my friend, long before you were born!

The I. A. (*firing a Parthian shot before disappearing in the crowd.*) Then all I can say to you is that it's a pity you didn't reason it out right while you were about it!

The O. G. (*buttonholing the nearest Bystander.*) I can show you the fallacy of my late opponent's so-called arguments by a very simple illustration. I will assume that you are a shoemaker, and turn out, without the aid of machinery, a pair of boots per day, for which you receive—

The Bystander (*with a dash of hauteur.*) There you're mistaken, Mister, as it 'appens. Because I'm a clurk. But if you arsk my opinion—

[*Here he is suddenly drawn away by his "Young Lady."* His *Young Lady* (*in his ear.*) Oh, come orf it, do! Whatever's the use o' gettin' arguin' with a ole nannygoat like 'im? Let's go and listen to the band!

[*They do; the undaunted Old Gentleman looks round for an antagonist worthier of his steel, and is soon again in the thick of an intellectual conflict.* F. A.]

Expected Disappearance of a Gallant Officer.

UNDER the head of "Military Appointments," though it sounds much more like a Military Disappointment, we read in a contemporary that "Major B. R. K. TARTE, the Buffs (? Puffs), has been appointed to the 1st Battalion pending absorption."

Putting the Cart before the Man.

FROM "*Infantry Training*," 1905:—"In all movements the second in command will be responsible for the direction and covering; he (and the sergeant-major, if no ammunition carts are present) will generally assist the commanding officer."

FOR HEROES AND LEANDERS.

THE NEW HOTEL FOR CHANNEL SWIMMERS.

SWIMMING the Channel is about to be put upon a sound and practical basis, the experimental stage now being considered over. Plans for a large hotel on the Dover shore, which is to be the last word in sensational natation, have just been passed by the Town Council; while, as soon as the form and seriousness of the swimmers suggest that it is necessary, a sister establishment will be set up on the French coast. This building will be of novel construction, the intention being to erect it upon wheels, so that it can quickly be moved to whatever point the successful swimmer (supposing one to emerge) seems to be approaching, and thus be ready to supply him with refreshment and lodging and those requirements of civilisation which are now expected by those who cleave the main in the full glare, so to speak, of the public eye. A competent staff of pushers will be in attendance day and night to move the hotel whenever and wherever needed.

To return to the Dover hotel, the existence of which is not problematical but certain, all Channel Swimmers having been observed to start. A name has not yet been chosen for it, the management hesitating between "The Trudgeon," "The Swinburne Arms," and "The Forlorn Hope." Beneath the building will be a swimming-bath of considerable size, in which practice can be taken when the weather is too inclement outside, and in which the art of absorbing food while swimming may be acquired. This art is by no means easy, and, indeed, many swimmers attribute their failure to reach Grisnez less to lacking strength and endurance than to inability to swallow beef-tea without at the same time swallowing the Pas de Calais. Swimmers can also experiment in this bath with patent foods, and floating writing-pads will be provided on which they can record the results.

À propos of advertisement, we are reminded that an advertising agent of American extraction will have a permanent office in the hotel, and will give his whole time to the invention of new and ingenious devices to bring and keep the names of the champions before a public for whom the month of August would be arid indeed were it not for attempts upon the Channel. The rooms for the swimmers and their suites will be around the bath, and above these will be a series of apartments for captains of tugs and purveyors of meat essences. The various German bands and gramophone operators will be located in out-houses, while at the top of the main building will be a telegraph office, and around it the rooms of the representatives of the leading papers, the Press



"SO SORRY I'M LATE. I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TOO BORED!"
 "OH NO, THANKS. I'VE BEEN NURSING THE CAT TILL YOU COULD COME."

Association and the Central News. There will also be sufficient accommodation for those persons who cannot swim, but yet wish it to be understood that they also have designs on the Channel.

Professors of every kind of stroke will be in attendance night and day. The HOLBEIN back stroke, which leaves the face free to contemplate the sun in its various eclipses and the pageant of the starry heavens, will be imparted to all who wish it; likewise the breast stroke of the indomitable and saucy BURGESS, the elastic freedom of the fair and buoyish KELLERMAN, the loopish lupineness of WOLFF, and the cat-like movements of Mr. MEW. Nothing in short will be left undone that can help to popularise this new August and September pastime, which bids fair to rival in attraction both Bridge and Jiu-jitsu.

When the hotel is ready it has been

decided to ask Mr. SWINBURNE for an opening ode, which will probably bear the title "The Channel's Cross-currents," and will be recited by the spirited bard hand-in-hand with his life-long friend and most masterly critic Mr. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, each declaiming alternate lines. The effort, it is anticipated, will be very novel and charming. At the completion of the recitation the directors, all of whom are old swimmers who have won many a gallant contest with the tides in Herne Bay, the Serpentine, Round Pond, and other arenas of desperate natation, will plunge simultaneously into the sea from the Admiralty Pier and perform startling evolutions. They will then emerge, and after some brisk exhortation from specially woven huckaback towels, will entertain the gallant company to lunch, a suitable grace being uttered by Prebendary and Captain WEBB-PEPLOE.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE DANDIE DINMONT.

THE particular Dandie Dinmont who has conferred upon me the privileges of possessing him and providing him with food, bedding, brush and comb, and a garden for him to delve in, is a year old. In appearance he is the most ridiculous object that Nature ever invented in one of her freakish moods. His wheel-base—if I may borrow a term from the motorist—is the longest I have ever seen in proportion to his height, which cannot, at a liberal estimate, exceed six inches at the shoulder. There never has existed a dog who was at the same time so long and (in another sense) so short. His absurd front legs—if things so brief can indeed be called legs—begin with a most prodigious sweeping curve, and then terminate in two comic paws set at a sharp angle outwards. The top of his head is as flat as the striking surface of Thor's hammer, and the ridge of his back goes in switch-back gradients to join his long and impudently defiant tail. About his hair, however, save where it bushes over his eyes, there is no absurdity. It is of a light grey colour—he is a "pepper"—and in part it has the fine texture of silk. His eyes, too, are noble, for they are brown, a rich brown, and they have in them unplumbed depths of faithfulness, pathos, and alert intelligence. His fixed home is an open basket in the day nursery, but more often than not, and especially on muddy days, he condescends to curl himself up on the seats of arm-chairs in the drawing-room or library.

It must not be supposed that this preposterous person has any sense of his own absurdity. On the contrary he has a most notable pomposity of demeanour, supposed, by his detractors, to have been acquired from constant companionship with a gigantic St. Bernard dog, whom he worships, bullies, and leads into mischief. When he is trotting beside *Rollo* he is obviously and serenely unconscious of any difference in their sizes, weights, and muscular powers. He has the deportment and, for the matter of that, the courage of his majestic tawny friend, and the fact that he is occasionally trampled into flatness by a negligent paw never discomposes him for long, and has not had the least effect upon his settled convictions.

This morning the Dandie was digging in the garden, and was pursuing the exercise with his customary and almost inconceivable ardour. He does not care where he digs, for many marks of his prowess are to be seen upon the tennis lawn, and many others are to be found amongst the flower-beds. On this occasion he had chosen some geraniums that are planted against a wall of the house. His leglets were making the earth fly with an incredible velocity. Deeper and wider grew the hole; the sky was darkened with the earthy and scarlet-petalled shower of his excavations. Smack! He has been discovered and for the fiftieth time a whip has descended on his back. A yelping, grey streak of lightning has shot across the path, and in the space of a second he is standing indignant on the lawn a hundred yards away.

At this moment of gloom he saw a sight which at once revived his drooping spirits. A gardener was trundling a heavy wheelbarrow along one of the walks. Now a gardener is always an enemy, but when his hands are free he is a dangerous enemy, for he can throw stones and use sticks, and must, therefore, be avoided. But when a gardener is trundling a wheelbarrow, all he can do is to kick rearwards clumsily and without proper direction. Seeing his hereditary foe thus handicapped the Dandie lost no time. In a flash he had hurtled across the intervening grass and had flung himself, barking viciously, against the lower inches of the gardener's corduroys. The eyes of his mistress being upon him, the gardener attempted under these distressing circumstances to maintain an impassive horticultural dignity, and

ever, as he wheeled, the little dog sprang with short repeated darts at the moving legs.

At last the Dandie desisted from this joyous sport—but only to take up another equally delightful, and even less dangerous. On the other side of the lawn a nurserymaid was pushing a perambulator. By the dog-star, he seemed to say, here is a second wheeling victim! In another moment, still barking his battle-cry, he was amongst her skirts, and in another the perambulator was deserted, the baby was yelling with apprehension, and the nurserymaid, a shrieking and distraught semblance of humanity, was making for a bench in feverish and laughable zig-zags, while the bandy-legged fiend was chasing her from stop to stop with a zest proportioned to her ruin.

After this exploit he seemed to be sated with mere spiritual amusements, for he retired by devious paths to the kitchen, and became a meek and wheedling, not to say a cringing, little dog. Having prevailed over the not inflexible temper of the cook, he returned to the lawn bearing in his mouth a beef bone as large as his own body. Over this he gnawed and growled till it was time to bury it amongst the bushes and repair to the nursery for dinner, with a tell-tale pyramid of earth upon his nose.

THE GOLF HABIT.

BY AN INVOLUNTARY SLAVE.

EVEN as one that ventures, in his strength,
On some slow drug, and seems to take no ill,
But surely weakening finds himself at length
Thrall to a tabloid, bondsman to a pill,

So I, that sought a charm whereof men rave,
That did but nibble, as it were in jest,
Am grown a Public Scoffing and a slave,
Me wretched! to a practice I detest.

For me the nights go heavily. For me
Day brings the burn, the tussock, and the whin,
The foozled anguish of a Club-house tee
Crowded with sportsmen pawing to begin.

Through the long hours a weariful course I trace
With piteous "top" and agitating "pull,"
Or squander on th' illimitable space
Blows that would stun an ordinary bull.

The wild turfs leap to my impassioned scoops;
The thick clouds gather o'er the bunker's bed;
And the sliced ball precariously swoops
In imminent circles round a stranger's head.

Daylong and daylong, be it fine or damp,
Summer or winter, I may never flag;
If wet, I take a multi-coloured gamp;
If dry, the caddie has it in his bag.

So grinds the old wheel on. And every day
I loathe the stubborn traffic more and more;
Nightly I vow to give my clubs away,
Only to start next morning as before;

Only to find more painful and more slow
My devious passaging from tee to green
(A hole I did in ten a week ago
I missed this afternoon in seventeen);

Only to salve the pangs of my despair
With shattered shafts and stamping of the feet,
And bell my sorrows to the ambient air
In terms that border on the indiscreet. DUM-DUM.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A STATESMAN.

"The Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN left on Saturday morning for the Continent. No letters will be forwarded to him." — *Daily Telegraph*, Aug. 21.]

Aug. 22.—No letters. What a relief and what a contrast to my usual average of 250 a day! Must devote my leisure to extending my acquaintance with contemporary literature. Tried MAETERLINCK's *Treasure of the Humble* this morning, but found it rather visionary and unpractical. In the afternoon read part of *Aglavaine and Selysette*, but thought it very aglavaining, I mean aggravating. Must ask AVEBURY if MAETERLINCK really does know anything about bees, or only has one in his bonnet.

Aug. 23.—No letters. It certainly does simplify life a great deal, but one can't help wishing to know what people are doing. The foreign newspapers are all very well, but they can't be always trusted. For instance, I see it stated that Lord RITCHIE, the celebrated British statesman (!!!), will probably re-enter the Cabinet. That would indeed be the last straw. Read BROWNING's *Lost Leader* after lunch. Strange that ARTHUR BALFOUR has never written to congratulate me on CURZON's resignation. By Jove, though, he's probably seen that notice about my correspondence and acted accordingly. After tea read some of DICKENS's *Oliver Lodge*, I mean to say *Oliver Twist*. That reminds me that when I get back to Birmingham I must really try to get OLIVER LODGE to write or lecture on the transcendental side of Tariff Reform. I believe it's the only subject of importance he hasn't written on since his appointment as Principal of the Birmingham University.

Aug. 24.—No letters. Tried to read some *Tolstoi* after breakfast, but gave it up in disgust. My doctor recommends me to try golf croquet, but I haven't sunk so low as that yet. Wonder what JESSE COLLINGS is doing with himself. He doesn't shoot grouse, I know, but CHAPLIN does, and HOWARD VINCENT has gone off the rails over the Volunteer Question. . . . Went to hear the band play this afternoon. I know nothing about music, and it doesn't affect me much, but there's no doubt it does influence some people amazingly. I wonder if ELGAR, our new music professor at Birmingham, could be induced to compose a symphony or overture on Imperial Preference? Must talk it over with ARTHUR BALFOUR.

Aug. 25.—No letters. Really this is getting beyond a joke. This morning I was reduced to playing golf croquet, and can no longer say that I never take any exercise or indulge in any pastime.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

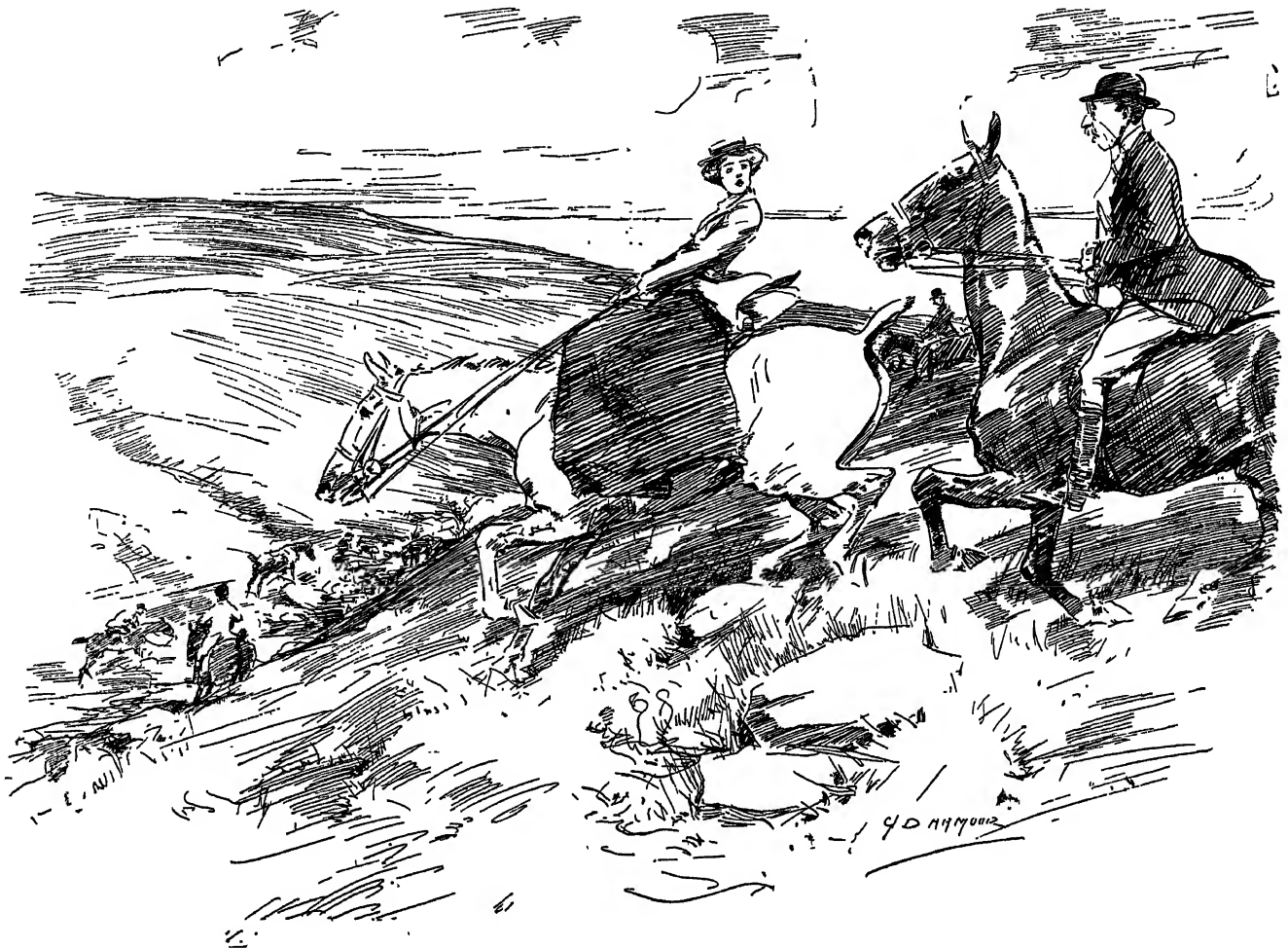
Mr. Dripler. "OH! WHAT A LOVELY AFTERNOON! LET YOUR EYES REST WHERE THEY WILL, MISS ROSIE, AND THEY SEE NOTHING THAT IS NOT EXQUISITELY BEAUTIFUL!"

Aug. 26.—A picture post-card, and from JESSE COLLINGS! Dear old JESSE! I almost shed tears when it was handed me. Effect on my health and spirits simply miraculous. Defying my doctor, wrote long letters to ARTHUR BALFOUR, HEWINS, CHARLES BOOTH, LEO MAXSE, BARON SUYEMATSU, and MINTO. Listened to the pianola without any irritation for half-an-hour after lunch, and telegraphed to the *Times* giving my address, and removing embargo on correspondence.

More Commercial Candour.

"SEA-FISHING tackle sold here, fresh, up-to-date. Certain to deceive the most wary."

SWIMMING the Channel is not the only ambition of our athletes. A number of golfing experts recently reached Dover intent upon driving a ball from Shakespeare's Cliff to the Calais shore. Messrs. JESSOP and JOE DARLING are also intending to try to slog there.



WITH THE "DEVON AND SOMERSET."

Diana (enjoying her first experience of Stag-hunting). "YOU MUST GET THE BRUSH FOR ME, GEORGE, OR I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU."
George (the abject slave—also a novice). "WELL—ER—I'LL TRY."

SUN AND 'AIR.

Opinions of Experts.

"It is an old and perhaps a true legend that in the days of TITIAN the women of Venice used to sit with their long tresses loose in the sun's midday strength to impart to them that chestnut tinge which is still distinguished to-day as Venetian red. It is another old, and, possibly, equally accurate tradition that Blue-coat boys and butchers' assistants are exempt from baldness, because they wear no covering on their heads."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

THE *Daily Telegraph's* theory, as expressed above, so attracted and intrigued Mr. Punch that he made some inquiries among great or prominent capillarians to endeavour to obtain ratification or denial as to the efficiency of the sun's rays in promoting growth and a golden tinge. We have the authority of the gifted and retiring author of *The Prodigal Son* (not Sun) at Drury Lane, who has put it on record that he attributes the ruddy hue of his own wool (as he humorously calls it) to a long sitting without his hat on the summit of Shakspeare's Cliff at Dover, where once

the natives "gathered samphire (dreadful trade)." Before that time it was coal-black.

Other letters on the subject have reached us.

Mr. CLEMENT SHORTHAIK writes: "I can neither support nor disprove the *Telegraph's* theory. My own raven tresses, so ample and so glossy, have rarely been exposed to the rays of the sun; but their luxuriousness none can deny, despite my paradoxical cognomen."

Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS writes: "I am constrained to believe that the action of the sun has no connection whatever with the growth of what might be called human mustard and cress. My own conviction is that that growth can be promoted only by the assiduous application of a patent preparation known as——"

[Oh no you don't.—ED.]

Mr. P. F. WARNER writes: "I wish I could support the theory that the sun is a safe cure for want of thatch, but

unhappily I cannot. I have given it every chance in the field this year, but in vain. I am still as I was. Would that I could be no-bald!"

It will be seen that the evidence that we have been able to collect from three of the most eminent men in their respective walks of life now living does not very strongly endorse the fascinating contention of our ingenious contemporary. None the less, we are not disposed to go back on *Le Père Soleil* yet. It is manifest that the truth of the contention can be tested only by a deliberate period of immunity from sunshine on the part of the hirsute and a similar period of sunbaths on the part of the hairless. A period of immunity will be offered by to-day's eclipse, but the duration will be probably too short for any marked decrease in hair to be noticed by the astronomers who are implicated in that celestial event, while the value of the experiment would in any case be vitiated by the circumstance that most of them (not, of course, including Sir NORMAN LOCKHAIR) are more or less bald already.



SHELVED.

CHORUS OF THE RESIGNED (*crouching up to make room for Lord Curzon*). "HULLO! HERE COMES ANOTHER OF THE OLD BRIGADE! WHY, ARTHUR 'LL SOON BE THE ONLY ONE LEFT."

THE END OF A RECORD MINISTRY.

(Being the intelligent anticipation of a leading article from the Daily Telegraph, April 2, 1936.)

LAST night the House of Commons witnessed the most dramatic, disastrous, and epoch-making event that political history has yet recorded. After an utterly unparalleled career of nearly forty years, a period rich in benefits for so many important classes of the British Nation, Mr. BALFOUR's Ministry was defeated yesterday evening, under circumstances which will bring nothing but eternal shame and dishonour upon an already discredited Opposition. For some time it had been known that the Liberal Party had fixed upon the first of April as the occasion for a malevolent attack upon the Government; and as, since Lord ALBERT CECIL's unfortunate defeat at Kensington, Mr. BALFOUR at full strength could only rely upon a majority of one, a most urgent whip had been despatched throughout the Unionist Party, commanding attendance at all costs. Thanks to the "Political Substitute Bill," wisely passed through by the Prime Minister during the previous session, those supporters of the

Government who were too aged and infirm to take the journey to the House were able to send down their valets with power of attorney to vote for them. Since no fewer than two hundred and one availed themselves of the privilege, it will be realised what a stern, fighting spirit animated the loyal and united party which has so faithfully supported its beloved leader for nearly half a century. Despite the hundred summers that have floated over Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's venerable head, the veteran statesman had announced his intention of replying in person to Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL's amendment; and when the grand old warrior entered the House, leaning upon the arms of Mr. DAVID COLLINGS and Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Jr., he was welcomed by a storm of cheering that was only surpassed by the terrific outburst that a few moments later greeted the arrival of the Prime Minister, who, gracefully reclining in a deck chair, was carried to his seat by

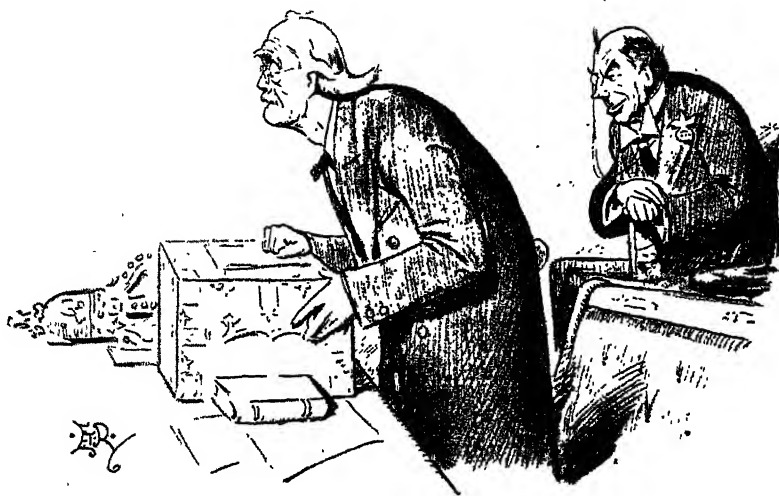
the affectionate efforts of Lord ALGERNON and Lord PERCY CECIL.

When Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL rose amidst the applause of the Opposition, the benches were crowded to their utmost capacity. In the Peers' Gallery there was also a notable attendance, including the Marquis CARMELITE, Earl VINCE, Lord HEWINS, and many other distinguished members of the Upper Chamber. The Opposition amendment had been worded with an elaborate but obvious cunning, which from its very nature was bound to fail in its object of detaching the necessary vote from the Conservative Party:

"That in the opinion of this House the time has now arrived when His Majesty's Government should declare their intentions with

representatives of the Unionist members by referring to their presence as "the most deliberate and impertinent affront that had ever been offered to a long-suffering House." Then, returning to the amendment, he demanded from Mr. BALFOUR a plain answer as to whether he was in favour of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's scheme or not. At this point he paused dramatically, and loud cries of "Answer" arose from the benches behind him. When it was discovered, however, that Mr. BALFOUR was fast asleep, Sir WINSTON resumed his attack, which henceforth he directed towards Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who, with an impassive smile of contempt upon his face, was sitting exactly opposite. Lashing himself into a fine pretence of indignation, the Liberal

Leader declared that thirty-two years ago Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had stated that the immediate adoption of his scheme was absolutely essential if the Empire were to be saved; and that since then, despite every inducement and opportunity being offered to him by the Liberal Party, he had never had the courage to bring it before the House. If Mr. BALFOUR agreed with him, which on seventy-six distinct occasions the Member for West Birmingham had stated to be the case, why had the Government



"Mr. Balfour was aroused, and expressed a desire to end the debate."

regard to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's proposed alterations in the Fiscal Policy of the country."

Speaking with much assumed warmth and vehemence, the Leader of the Opposition at once plunged into an attack upon the Ministry, which for personal rancour and malicious virulence will remain, we trust, for all time the classical and unenviable example. He soon deserted the subject of the amendment, and proceeded to range over the whole field of Government policy. With concentrated venom he referred to Mr. BALFOUR's masterly repeal of the Septennial Act (1906) as "the most flagrant example of political immorality that has ever stained the pages of history." He alluded to the Redistribution Bill of 1914, which had brought the Government majority from 7 up to 96, as "a piece of shameless corruption, which in any other department of life would have obtained the punishment that it merited," and concluded by grossly insulting the

not adopted his ideas? If, on the other hand, Mr. BALFOUR was opposed to him, as Lord HUGH CECIL had passionately affirmed no fewer than seventy-five times, why did not the Prime Minister say so, and end this intolerable atmosphere of sham and shuffle? (*Loud and prolonged cheering.*)

With the assistance of his grandson, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was upon his feet almost before Sir WINSTON had resumed his place, which probably accounts for the sustained nature of the applause. In a few brief but eloquent words he completely shattered the edifice of make-believe which the Opposition Leader had taken such pains to erect. Needless to say, his logical, patriotic, and crushing exposure of the Free Trade case was received with the wildest enthusiasm. "The Leader of the Opposition," he declared, "was one of those unfortunate individuals who were the friends of every country but their own." (*Cheers.*) "In

order to snatch a miserable party advantage he did not hesitate to imperil the future of his native land." (*Cheers.*) "Hon. Members would do well to remember that every vote given to the Liberals was a vote sold to Germany." (*Cheers and protests.*) "He believed that this generation would hand down untarnished the sceptre of empire which they had received from their forefathers." (*Loud cheers.*)

The debate was continued with great enthusiasm by Members of both Parties. On the Government side powerful speeches were contributed by Lord HUGH CECIL, Lord PERCY CECIL, Lord ROBERT CECIL, Lord ALGERNON CECIL, and Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Jr. At half-past eleven Mr. BALFOUR was aroused, and expressed his desire to end the debate. When the applause that greeted his decision had died away, the Prime Minister began his speech with evident traces of emotion. "It was not his fault," he declared, "if nature had denied to the Liberal Party sufficient intelligence to understand the English language. The question was so complicated, and his attitude towards it so simple, that it was impossible for him to express it in any cruder language than that of which he had already been guilty. As for the gross and unjustifiable attack upon his life-long friend the Member for West Birmingham" (at this point he turned to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN with tears in his eyes), "well, all he could say was that in his opinion the late Colonial Secretary was the second greatest statesman in English history. As for there having been any discord between the right hon. gentleman and himself—" here Mr. BALFOUR's emotion became painful to witness. Two or three times he tried to continue his speech, but the effort was too great; and with a faint exclamation that sounded like "liars," the Prime Minister sank back in his seat unconscious. So overcome was Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at this proof of affection, that for the first and only time in his life his feelings got the better of him, and amid the wildest excitement in the House he also fainted away in the arms of Mr. DAVID COLLINGS.

Then occurred an incident almost incredible in its lack of political decency. A Member of the Opposition, whose name we will not sully our page by writing, rose to his feet, and moved "that the amendment be now put." Frantic but unavailing efforts were made to revive the two distinguished invalids; and when the division lists were read for the amendment, the record Ministry of history had been defeated by one vote.

It would be as impossible as it is superfluous to enumerate the services rendered to the country by the late Government. We only offer our warmest

congratulations to the two incomparable Ministers who are now released from the thankless labours at which they have toiled so long. In the words of the last great English poet:

"Even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea;"

and Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN have well earned the rest and honour which they will enjoy, before sinking into the boundless ocean of eternal fame. A thousand memorable phrases leap instinctively into our mind as applicable to their unparalleled careers; but perhaps from the garden of history we can cull the flower that may most acceptably be laid at their feet as a tribute of a nation's gratitude; and, in view of the sublime and pathetic manner in which the end of the Ministry was brought about, inscribe on their memorial in letters of gold and granite that nothing in their political life became them like the leaving of it.

A FOUR-BALL BREAK.

"CROQUET? With you? No. I'm blown if—"

"Lady ANGELA wants to play, and of course that means HARRY."

"Oh, well, if Lady ANGELA—all right. I'll play with her. Make a better game."

"No. I want her to play with HARRY."

"But I don't want—"

"To play with me? You used to, JACK, when—before—"

"Before we were married? Yes, I know, but that was—oh, very well. Have it your own way. Only don't ask my advice and then not take it."

"As if I ever did! Very well, I won't, if you'll promise not to lose your temper."

"Lose my temper! Really, you are the most aggravating person I've ever come across. You know perfectly well I never do. Not now."

"H'm. Well, no, you don't; not like you used to. You don't throw your mallet about and swear. But you scowl and look sulky and say nothing, and that's worse. And you're always thinking about your stupid old four-ball game, and expecting me to—Here they come. Shall we call? Heads! Heads it is. Shall we begin, JACK?"

"Why, of course. It's the game."

"Oh, yes, I know you always say so. I never can see it."

"But, my dear child, the whole object of the game is to get the balls first, so if you win the toss—however, let's have it your way. Will you be red or yellow?"

"Perhaps we'd better begin, if it's the game. I'll be blue. Or would you rather go first?"

"Just as you like."

"Oh, very well, then. I'll be black. No, blue. Only I won't play the four-ball thingummy. It spoils the game. I shall go through the second hoop."

"But it's sheer—oh, very well. Please yourself."

"Well, what do you want me to do, then?"

"Of course, what you ought to do is to come off here, and then I'll lay you a rush. Still, if you don't like—"

"Oh, well, here goes. Is that right? They're sure to hit us. There, what did I tell you? Much better have done what I said."

"Not at all. It's no use to her. She can't go to the second hoop, and she can't stay near you. And if she'd missed—"

"Yes, but she didn't miss. No one could at that distance. Now what are you going to do?"

"Coming to you, of course."

"Oh, well, but you haven't hit me. I knew you wouldn't."

"I didn't want to, my dear. Wasn't the game to try to. Now, you see, you'll be able to hit me, and then—confound! He's hit her. What an infernal fluke! Now he'll come and separate us. Dash the fellow! . . . I never saw such luck. He ought to have been off the ground then. Of course, now he'll go the whole way round."

"Exactly what I say. Your wretched four-ball break. Don't you see what I mean? I hate these long turns. They simply ruin the game. It's all the fault of people who will make games too scientific. They're all the same nowadays. Why can't you just play the game as a game, like I do, and not—oh, he's missed!"

"Jove! Now you've got them. Absolutely set."

"Well, now, what am I to do?"

"Well, I should hit yellow first, and send him down to the middle, and then get a rush on red to your hoop, and then hit red again, and send him down past yellow, and hit yellow, and come on to me, and then—see? You'll get right round."

"But why yellow? Red's much nearer."

"About a foot. However—oh, well, play your own game."

"I know I shall miss yellow. I always know—there, I knew I shouldn't hit it. I do wish you would let me play my own game."

"But I did. I—oh, thank goodness. They've missed. Now it's my turn. I ought to get the whole way round now, and then you'll see there really is something in the four-ball break. If you'll just watch now how the balls go. If I can only bring off this rush. That's all right. (*Continues talking to himself.*) Rather a good shot that. Let's see now."



STRAY NOTES AT CROMER.

PEOPLE WHO MAKE ONE WISH ONE HAD BEEN BORN ABROAD.

Hit red and then send him on to—this is rather a beast. Got it! Jove, now I'm all right. Don't know why it is—always feel such an ass when I'm making a break. Dash! I've wired myself. No, it's all right. Now then, blue? No. Yellow first. Anyhow, it doesn't much matter. Anyone can do the lady's mile with two balls, and then I'll get a rush on red from the stick and—that's all right. And I've got yellow waiting. Haven't left myself a difficult shot yet, except that rush. That really was a good shot. I wonder if those Wimbledon people—I've a good mind to have a shot at the Championship next year. Now, if I can split the balls—might make ELLEN go in for it too, if I could only get her to play the game. No, I haven't hit red yet. Must get her to study the game a bit though. This break ought to show her. Let's see, how many's that? One, two—ten points. Better not make myself a rover. No, I'll play her game now. Send red to her next hoop, wire yellow here, and then go back to her. Leetle too hard, but still—no, it's not bad. I really think I must have a shot at that Championship."

"Have you nearly finished, JACK?"
 "Finished! Oh, yes, I've finished. Really, I do think you might take a little interest in the game. What is the good of my trying to teach you if—"
 "If you're going to be cross I shan't tell you. Something dreadfully exciting."
 "Well, what is it?"
 "It's—it's HARRY and Lady ANGELA. I thought you were quite happy with your old four-ball break, so I went off to the house to get a book, and when I came back—yes, they are. Aren't you, HARRY?"
 "Well, I'm— A thousand congratulations! But, take my advice, and don't play croquet with her after you're married."

Shops that pass in the night.

"LODGING-HOUSE and shop for disposal
 ... Beds full of regular lodgers."
 Advt. in "Western Morning News."

A FLOCK of sheep has been engaged by the Drury Lane directorate to support Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER in *The Prodigal Son*.

DISILLUSIONMENT.

I SHUN the haunts of man, awhile to brood
 In silent solitude,
 To linger where the wheeling seabirds fly,
 And listen to their cry,
 To watch the foam-flecked billows leap
 and curl
 And break with devious swirl.
 With awe I peer into the cool green cave
 That lapping wavelets lave,
 And marvel what strange denizens may
 dwell
 Here, amid weed and shell—
 When lo! I catch the too familiar tones
 Of SMITH'S "How are you, JONES?"

Italy divided against herself.

THE *Daily Chronicle* refers to repeated movements for demolishing a certain rookery "where are produced, amid surroundings of unspeakable filth, the ice-creams that issue forth every summer to the danger of London, not to speak of the barrel-organs." But why this silence about the barrel-organs? And, if the ice-creams are really a menace to them, as darkly hinted, why not let this good work go forward?

A HOLIDAY-TAKER'S PETITION.

SIR,—Your influence can be felt—why may I not say it boldly?—everywhere. Am I stating the, as I believe, undoubted fact too broadly? I may be doing so: I think not. How is it then, Sir, I ask with the greatest respect, that you do not remind the Clerk of the Weather of his duties at holiday seasons towards holiday-takers generally? Is it possible that you, Sir, have given the Clerk unmistakable hints, which, ignoring, he has, self-opinionately, gone off on a barometrically opposite course?

I do not know if my case is on all fours with those of a considerable majority, or whether their cases are at sixes and sevens with my own. Here then, Sir, is my plain unvarnished tale, which, for you, I will polish off at once.

I am devoted to the sea, and don't mind going as far as three-and-sixpence. Well, Sir, for a sum less than this, having arrived at Ramsgate for a brief holiday, I was joyfully anticipating several short, but eminently pleasurable, voyages from this pier as far as Folkestone Harbour, calling on the way at Deal and Dover, on board the *Myleta* or the *Edward*

William, the two capital coasting steamers which the South Eastern Company (combined with the L. C. & D. Co.) send here regularly, as I am informed, for a summer season. The *Myleta* starts at the fairly reasonable hour of 10.15, morning, reaches Folkestone at 1.0, and leaves it at 3.15, landing you (that is, me, and other passengers) at Ramsgate at 6.0 to a tick. But what has occurred this season? On the only days

when I could possibly be down here for a holiday, some wind from the west or south or north-west blew so violently that the bright blue sky was kept perfectly clear from all clouds, while the sun shone with intensely provoking brilliancy, and Miss *Myleta's* captain, wisely, as I must own, refused to move the neat and tidy young lady out of the harbour. Had he acted contrariwise he would not have had a single passenger to accompany him, certainly not myself, though I might have been with him in spirit, drinking his health and song in a glass of water tempered with whisky, in such just proportion as the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. Three times (in my room) was I prepared to start: three times were the rough unruly elements against me: and it was literally "no go." Up to town for work again: lovely weather in London. Next day a friend writes to me from Ramsgate, "Splendid time: *Myleta* going strong."

Hoping against hope I made yet another effort. Down at Ramsgate once again. Lovely day: sea would have been like proverbial mill-pond but for gentle breeze. I see the *Myleta* gaily manœuvring from its berth to the pier, whither I hurry. As I step on board I am hailed by breathless messenger with telegram. It may be a message of something tremendously to my advantage, and so I take it. Oh! If I only hadn't seen it! If only it had been kept for me until my return! But my presence appeared to be absolutely essential that very afternoon in London. Could I tear myself

away from Miss *Myleta*!! Ah! It was hard. But at the call of duty—per sixpenny wire—I did it. Within half an hour I was ready to catch the train, when suddenly another telegram met me as I was leaving my door. It said, "Meeting postponed, no necessity to come up." A big, big D! Its force lessened by knowledge of the fact that at least my holiday was not curtailed. Small by degrees and beautifully less was just visible the *Myleta*, nearing Deal pier. Inspiration! Train to Deal: catch *Edward William*, *Myleta's* twin brother, on his way to Ramsgate. First-rate idea. Sure to find a train. Yes; one just going. Away to Deal! Arrived 12.25. Ha! Just in time . . . to be too late! *Edward William* has been gone exactly five minutes. "You can see her," says a gruff old sailor, as hard as Deal itself, pointing in the direction of *E. W.'s* track.

Now, Sir, I do not impute any blame to you, or to the Weather Clerk, as regards the telegram, but now that before the end of August I am able to get a few days "off," and a few hours on the *Myleta*, do be so obliging as to insist influentially on the aforesaid Clerk of the Weather (if he is something more than a mere clerk, that is, a managing

clerk) fixing up several days of unstormy, un-rainy weather, with which to finish summer and open the Third Act of the year, that of Autumn, in most effective style.

As I write everything promises well. I am inclined to be less hard on the meteorological, or illogical, authorities. I hasten to join the *Myleta* at the pier-head.

Yours, in high hopes,

AN IRREGULAR ROVER.

SAME HAT.



AWFULLY SIMPLE.



SIMPLY AWFUL.

P.S.—Three-quarters of an hour after the above was finished I returned. Alas! Fate in the shape of a strong sou'westerly wind off Dover (so came the message) was dead against us, or rather, very much alive against us. The captain of the gallant *Myleta* gave his orders from the bridge, and the first mate, sadly returning whatever passage-money had been paid, informed us, all and severally, in a low tone that emphasised the grandeur of his struggle with emotion almost overpowering, that the *Myleta* would not go to-day, not even as far as Deal. Your pity, Sir, please! And send to the Weather Clerk.

CORNISH fishermen, and Devonian too, have not been much impressed by "*L'Entente*." French fishing-boats, in the most genial spirit, probably only fishing for compliments, were caught trespassing off the Devon and Cornwall coasts and taken in tow by a gunboat to Plymouth, where it was anticipated the case would be heard in Court, and the caught catchers would catch it. *Vive L'Entente!*

ANOTHER AUSTRALIAN TEST.—It is rumoured that Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is to be opposed at the next General Election by an Australian. Will he approve of the Colonial being given the Preference?

HOW TO GIVE A (BACK) GARDEN PARTY.

THERE is a mistaken idea prevalent among the *châtelaines* of our smaller British homes that the joy of garden party giving is denied them owing to lack of space. As no garden can be too large for a successful *al fresco* reception, it may be also conceded that no garden can be too small for the same purpose, and as a matter of fact, with a little care and forethought, the back-garden party may be made even more popular and entertaining than the *fêtes champêtres* which grace the swelling parks of our nobility.

THE GARDEN.

The garden, however, should, if possible, be not less than fifteen yards by twelve, with a gravel path round and a grass plot in the middle, and the most modish time to give the party is late August or early September, immediately following the rush of the Southend and Margate season, and while the slackening business in office or retail establishments gives opportunity for the presence of the sterner sex. If the garden should be slightly smaller than the prescribed area the effect of size may be greatly enhanced by a number of light chairs and stools dotted here and there. The garden seat, which should be retained for the use of elderly ladies, must be freshly painted for the occasion, though it is as well not to apply the last coat later than the evening before.

The garden roller, if placed on its side in a shady corner and covered with a dainty afternoon tea-cloth, will form an excellent side-table for glasses and siphons, but guests must be warned against sitting on the handle while in this position.

THE FOUNTAIN.

A graceful and effective little fountain may be contrived by attaching the rose of the water-can to the end of the garden hose, which should be covered by green baize before being laid across the ground to the exact centre of the lawn, where

the end must be supported in an upright position by ten or a dozen burnt bricks, the whole forming a charming rockery or rustic grotto. Guests, however, must be earnestly requested to lift their feet high when strolling up and down the lawn, as a trip over the disguised piping might shift the position of the nozzle, and lead to disastrous results.

two ounces of cloves, a small teaspoonful of mace, and a bay leaf. Hock cup made in this manner can be offered with impunity either to teetotalers or moderate drinkers. The most substantial part of the entertainment should consist of savoury sandwiches and thumb-nail French pastries. It is usual to apportion *two* to each person, *three* being a generous allowance.

THE CAT SHOOT.

In addition to the Green Hungarian Gramophone in one corner and the local lady reciter in the other, the *Cat Shoot* will be found to be a popular item among the more adventurous spirits. Not more than twelve air-guns should be invited, and the game may be contrived out of cardboard realistically cut and coloured by the children a month beforehand. These dummies, placed in crouching positions at intervals along the back wall or else a clothes-line, and worked by a string running over pulleys with the boot-boy to manipulate it, should present a very passable imitation of the running deer at Bisley. The garden seat reserved for the elderly ladies must be placed out of range, to ensure against any mistakes arising on the part of the sportsmen. A red flag attached to the chimney will warn the more intelligent among the neighbours that firing is in progress; all others will gradually become aware of the fact from their own sensations.



Mid-Channel Mermaids. "Oh! WHAT FUNNY TAILS!"

REFRESHMENTS.

Forming as they do one of the most serious items from the visitors' point of view, the refreshments must receive the personal attention of every young hostess. Iced coffee and hock cup will be found amply to satisfy the demands of the thirsty. The former you may, with advantage, make overnight—thus dispensing with the ice; while an economical and satisfying hock cup should be made as follows: two quarts of lemonade (citric acid), one gill of methylated spirit,

A Slump in Teuton Pig.

["The meat famine in Germany is now exciting the whole country. 'Open the frontier to Russian pork!' is the cry now being raised by all classes."—*Daily Mail*.]

THE Germans, deprived of their native supply,
For cheap Russian pork are beginning to cry;
But the Russians on *their* side, by fortune forsaken,
Are occupied wholly in saving their bacon.

THE RIME OF THE MODERN MARINER.

"'SERVICE'?" said the sailor-man; "I have had my share of it,
Seen it almost everywhere underneath the sun:
'Kept my health'? Well, moderate; thanks to taking care
of it;

More than that you can't expect, knowing what I've done.

"Sailormen who celebrate national amenities
Are compelled to undergo sore internal ills;
When we put to sea again afterwards—ah, then it is
Half the crew are down below, clamouring for pills!

"I was through the Brest affair; young and full of merriment,
Symptoms of dyspepsia hardly made us wince,
Nor did we anticipate the fruit of that experiment,
Fated to be gathered by the Navy ever since.

"Later on, the Government, proud of its sagacity,
Added to that enterprise others of the sort;
Paying no attention to the sailor-man's capacity,
Bade him overeat himself in every foreign port!

"'Scarcely active service,' eh? Well, reckon to a decimal
What per cent. of combatants met harm in any shape;
Pooh! Their chance of injury was quite infinitesimal;—
Nowadays not one in ten is able to escape.

"Sadly I recall the past; days that cannot be again,
Memories of mariners who followed duty's path,
Totally disabled, they will never put to sea again,
Now they seek the water but at Harrogate or Bath!

"Yes, a gallant calling is the modern sailor's; still it is
Exquisitely dangerous, though war itself may cease;
Honour those who suffer from digestive disabilities,
All incurred in furthering a universal peace!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Stingaree, by E. W. HORNING (CHATTO AND WINDUS), is a capital collection of stories, arranged on a cleverly devised, dramatic plan, concerning an Australian bushranger worthy to be the analogue of Sir WALTER SCOTT'S *Locksley alias Robin Hood*, of HARRISON AINSWORTH'S chivalrous *Dick Turpin*, or of BULWER-LYTTON'S romantic highwayman *Paul Clifford*. There is about this *Stingaree* a dash and a freshness that are certain to captivate the most jaded reader and likely to send him, in imagination, galloping recklessly along as sworn companion of the daring bushranger, determined to see him through every and any melodramatic adventure, be the result what it may. The mystery that envelopes the hero is preserved admirably. The characters are all dramatically individualised; so are the horses. The scenes are word-painted with a graphic fidelity that will charm even the most persistent skipper, who, in this book will find himself deprived of his usual exercise. Allow the Baron to direct the attention of any reader who may be pressed for time to an incident in *Stingaree's* career entitled *A Duel in the Desert*. Here honest sympathy will be entirely with the lawless bushranger. But if one is thoroughly to enjoy the stories they should be read in the connection arranged by their author. For example the sentiment and the motive of action in the last story of this volume, *The Moth and the Star*, can only be duly appreciated by those whom the first tale, abruptly finished, has impressed, and to this they will probably return in order to complete their interest in the "tag" by refreshing reference to the opening. *Stingaree* can be specially recommended to the traveller with a long journey before him. The fastidious reader may object to the staring white letters at the side of the cover, but, the question of material binding apart, the book is certainly bound to interest and amuse.

One of the late GUY BOOTHBY'S best books is his last, entitled *A Brighton Tragedy* (F. V. WHITE & Co.). The first part—it is divided into three parts—is located in Bogotá, where the attractive heroine is introduced to the reader as "probably" the "loveliest girl in all Bogotá, probably in the Republic of Colombo," and the puzzlement commences as to why the novel was entitled *A Brighton Tragedy*, when apparently all the characters, excepting the English hero, are Spanish-Americans. *Eric Anstruther* has nothing to do with Brighton, no one at "Bogotá" (which is *not* the Spanish for Bognor) has anything to do with the acknowledged capital of Sussex seashores. But wait, and your patience will be mysteriously and sensationally rewarded. The first part of this novel, however, is picturesquely the best. Here commences the action, drawn with the three principal characters without whom no love story can possibly be concocted, that is to say, the Loved One, the Lover, and the Rival, the last-named being, in some rare instances, converted from the error of his way and atoning for his previous misdeeds by becoming the heroine's most humble servant to command. It is not so here. The villain is, intentionally, a villain of the very deepest dye, but the author of his being has—but this is not the Baron's secret and he will not divulge it. The scenic descriptions are artistically effective, nor will anybody grudge the time spent on them, since they are essential to the right understanding of the design. To be brought back, suddenly, from romantic Colombo to matter-of-fact Brighton takes away the reader's breath; nor, indeed, for some time, does the writer himself appear to have recovered from the violent shock to his system. If the reader, deeply interested in the sensational course of events, be a Dickensian student, it was injudicious of GUY BOOTHBY to suggest to him the idea of a *Miss Pipchin* or a *Cornelia Blimber* (both of Brighton schools) in the persons of *Miss Pinnifer* and *Miss Tibbits*; and if the reader be *not* Dickensian, then the sudden introduction of two low-comedy characters into the serious business in hand may possibly irritate and put him out of harmony with the otherwise well-considered scheme. But again the Baron begs him to have patience. These two persons soon "cease their funning" and drop into their proper places. Perhaps if, instead of being called *A Brighton Tragedy*, the book had been entitled *From Bogotá to Brighton: a Tragedy*, then the reader would have been fairly dealt with. But when he is at Bogotá he doesn't want to leave it for Brighton, and, when he gets to Brighton, he is most anxious to return to Bogotá.

The *Mother-Light* (HUTCHINSON) is a remarkable book. The author—or my Baronite guesses the authoress—remains anonymous. The scene is laid in the United States, where such words as "labor" come from. The story deals with a carefully organised religious imposture, those who pull the string claiming for the High Priestess the gift of healing the sick, even of triumphing over death. From time to time the *Mother-Light* shows herself to the believers assembled in their thousands. Actually 93 in years, she is made up to preserve the bloom and beauty of youth. But death is not to be defrauded, even by the *Mother-Light*. He carries off the old hag, whom the First Apostle secretly buries in the dead of night, substituting for her a young and beautiful girl, who successfully carries on the imposture. The developments of this strange story are presented with force and picturesqueness.



TWO-AND-TWO MAKE FOUR CASTS.

(With acknowledgments to the recent exploits of Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., in the field of political vaticination.)

SIR NORMAN LOCKYER, interviewed on his return from Palma, where he had been keeping the eclipse of the Sun under the severest surveillance, predicted that no other total eclipse of the Sun would occur until 1927. In the meantime, watchers of the skies might occasionally be gladdened by the apparition of meteors and other minor, but not unpleasing, celestial phenomena.

It was a good thing not to have an eclipse of the Sun too often, as constant repetition would be likely to depreciate the value of such an event, and turn day into night too frequently.

Mr. H. A. JONES, interviewed on the eve of his departure for America to produce a new play, predicted that Sir HENRY IRVING would still be at the head of the English stage next year, even although he should retire from active work. He freely admitted that better plays had been written than were now being produced, but a better time was coming. He thought it a very good thing that the music halls had short plays, as it took the mind for a few minutes from the banalities of the comic singer and fostered a love for the theatre.

He anticipated that Mr. PINERO and Mr. G. B. SHAW would never write a play together, but he had every confidence in Mr. G. R. SIMS again finding a collaborator.

Mr. C. K. SHORTER, interviewed on the eve of his departure for Naishápúr in connexion with a special Omar Khayyám supplement of the *Woodbridge Flageolet* (with which is incorporated the *Sphere*), predicted confidently that the new novel *Carniola*, by Mr. THEO. WATTS-DUNTON, poet, critic and dedicatee, would be reviewed in all the principal papers. It was not, as some foolish person had assumed from a hasty glance at the title, anti-vegetarian in trend. On the contrary Mr. WATTS-DUNTON was a strong believer in a simple diet of lentils and split pease at any price.

Rumours to the effect that GIPSY SMITH was the hero of *Carniola* were unfounded, but the book had a strong Romany interest, and a special edition for caravan consumption was in preparation.

Turning to other matters, the modern CATO remarked that he anticipated a great future for several authors, but would prefer not to name them just yet. There was no doubt that Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, O.M., would remain at the head of the literary profession.

Mr. ARTHUR PRIESTLEY, M.P., interviewed on the eve of his departure with a team of amateur cricketers to tour in



SWISS NOTES FROM MR. PUNCH'S SKETCH-BOOK.

the Solomon Islands and the Southern Pacific, predicted that next season would see some very interesting games. The county championship, he said, would probably be won by either Yorkshire or Lancashire, Surrey or Sussex, Kent or Essex, or possibly by another team.

Sussex, he freely admitted, would be stronger with Mr. C. B. FRY than without him. He thought it a very good thing that Mr. FRY should be beaten by the bowling now and then, as it was not in the interests of cricket that one man should stay in for ever.

Mr. BRODRICK, who was intercepted by an interviewer on his return to Peper Harow after a Primrose League meeting at Guildford, observed that the rôle of prophet carried with

it serious responsibilities. But without indiscretion he might safely predict that Lord CURZON on his return to England would not resume the Viceroyalty of India as long as Lord MINTO retained that important post. Mounting a three-legged stool, and assuming a distinctly Delphic attitude, Mr. BRODRICK then chanted the following oracle:—

If I stand for Guildford again and win,
The Liberal candidate won't get in;
If I stand again, and suffer defeat,
The Liberal Party will win the seat.

REMARKABLE EFFECT OF THE ECLIPSE ON A KENT CRICKETER.—During the darkest period Mr. A. P. DAY thought he was ALBERT KNIGHT.

THE PERSONAL NOTE.

[The 30th of August was rendered remarkable by the announcement, in the morning papers, of the success of the Peace Conference and of the ratification of the new treaty of alliance between England and Japan; by a partial, and altogether invisible, eclipse of the sun; and by a temperature worthy of the latter end of October.]

TO-DAY is wrought of right historic stuff.

The Heaven on high, the Earth that spins below it,
Teem with phenomena sublime enough
To be the making of a minor poet.

Never, I fancy, has the *Mail* divulged
News that could so electrify the nations;
Never, in my belief, so largely bulged
With swelling pride of proved anticipations.

The Sun, eclipsed behind the usual cloud
(So faith must e'en dispense with sight, and chance it),
Further assumes a temporary shroud
Caused by the Moon's obtrusive bulk in transit.

Not so its counterfeit, the-Rising Sun,
That uneclipsed incarnadines the banners
Of those who taught the world how wars are won,
And set the mode to-day in civil manners.

One hand the Victor stretches out to show
How to his pledged ally he grows more partial;
With one (politely waved) he lets the foe
Secure a first success—not strictly martial.

Magnanimous in council as in fight,
He renders half the spoil and all the ransom,
And, for a Pagan, struggling toward the light,
His conduct strikes me as extremely handsome.

Peace is accomplished! "TEDDY" (his the fame)
Feels in his breast a not unnatural joy stir;
And through the azure Bay which bears its name
A strange elation chokes the astonished Oyster.

You'd think there could not breathe, in human form,
One creature so abominably selfish
Whose heart this hour is not at least as warm
As the interior of a torpid shell-fish;

Yet such am I. A chill invades my chest,
For, on this so-called summer day of August,
Rude Boreas, whistling through my airy vest,
Worries my vitals with his beastly raw gust.

Belfries may rock about with ringing bells,
And glad historians paint the peoples' annals
Purple, or pink;—*my* fancy rather dwells
On the immediate use of jäger flannels.

Let others order olive-twigs to-day
To mark the close of yonder deadly duel;—
Give *me* a pinewood log; give me, I say,
Something of service in the way of fuel!

With song and laughter let the City peal,
And bounding Bulls wear fillets on their forehead;—
I am no friend of Russia, yet I feel
More like a Bear afflicted with a sore head.

Nay, gentle jobber, bid me not to sing;
I have no heart to be a gaudy hummer;
I go in sable furs, a blighted thing,
Mourning the premature demise of summer! O. S.

A PROFESSIONAL MATINÉE.

THE troupe of mimes and singers that a certain eccentric Prince always maintained at his Court was one morning rehearsing on the lawn in front of the Palace. Near the centre stood the *prima donna*, arrayed in the garb of old Greece, and around her at a little distance circled the chorus, picturesquely broken up into groups of charming figures. The musicians had ranged themselves against the retaining wall of the terrace above; upon the balustrade whereof, with his legs dangling over the instruments of music, sat the Chief of the Jesters, who in virtue of his office was not only a great antiquarian and philosopher, but also the skilled director of all state entertainments.

They had come to the crucial passage in the work before them. Softer and slower grew the song of the *prima donna*, and lower and lower she bent, until at length she sang upon her knees; and finally, as the last sobs of the accompanying violins died away, she fell prone upon the grass and buried her face in a pair of extremely shapely arms. The chorus gathered round, terror-stricken; there was silence for a few bars, broken only by the Chief of the Jesters counting the time. Then a timid note or two escaped from the flutes, like the first twittering of birds at daybreak; presently the young lady on the ground slowly recovered and began to rub her eyes, and the stringed instruments meanwhile slipped pleasantly into the prelude that was to lead up to the final harmonious outburst. What it all meant is, fortunately, not material to this present history.

The *prima donna* was coming round gracefully, and both the eyes and the ears of the Chief of the Jesters were fully occupied with his task of superintendence, when somebody clapped him on the shoulder from behind so unexpectedly that he let the prompt-book fall with a crash on the top of the orchestra. The music came to a ragged finish. The chorus, just starting their joyous *finale*, gradually—to use their own figurative language—dried up; and the *prima donna*, who had been acting very well, and knew it, rose from the grass and petulantly dusted her purple chiton.

"You are all wasting your time, my friends," said the Prince; for it was he whose sudden appearance had thrown everybody at sixes and sevens.

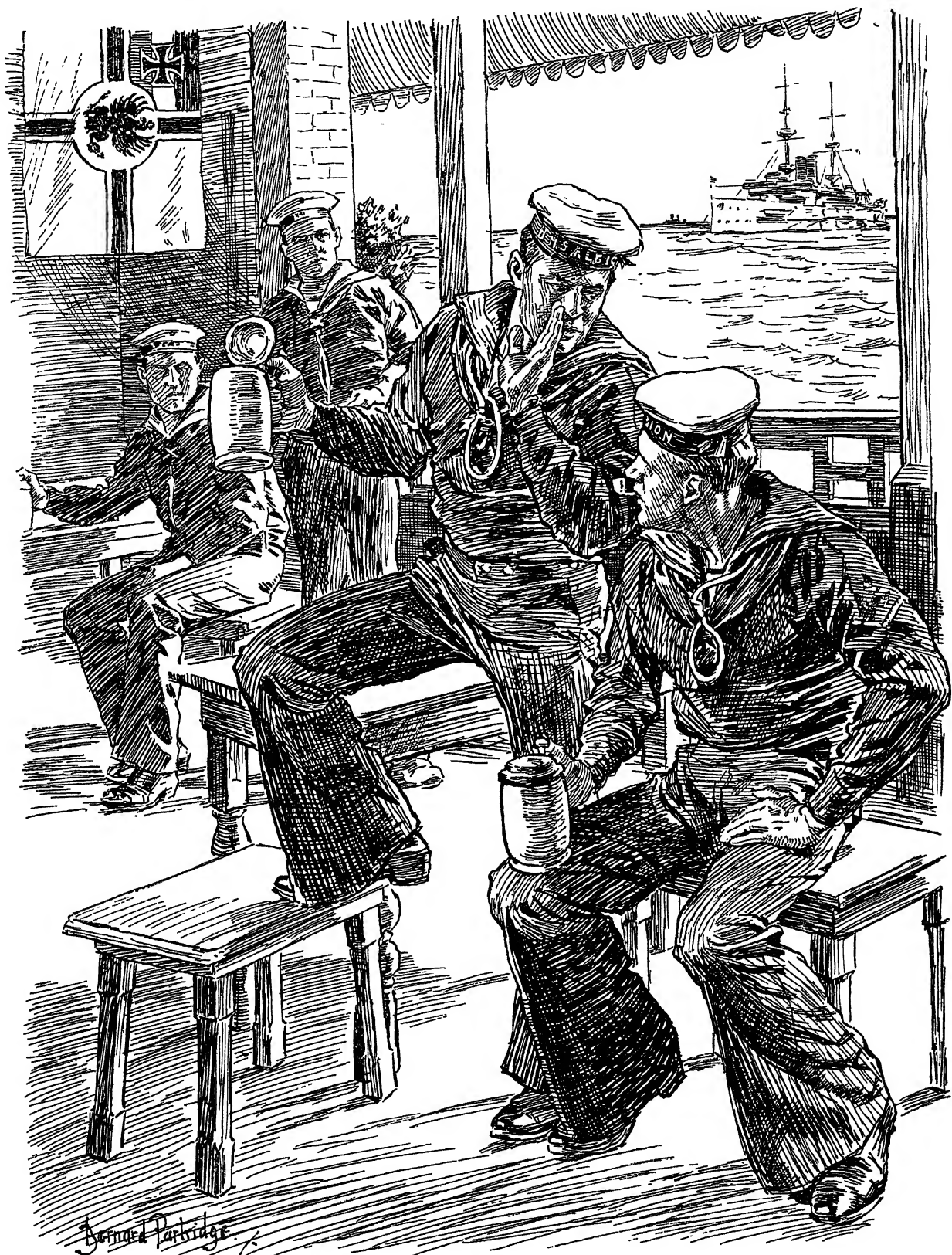
The Chief of the Jesters slewed his legs round, and alighted on the terrace with such ceremony as he could muster. Courtier as he was, he had difficulty in concealing his annoyance.

"We are spending our time, as ever, in your Highness's service," he said gravely.

The Prince, who knew how to make allowance for the touchiness of the artistic temperament, graciously ignored the insinuation.

"I have come to the conclusion," he continued—and the Prince's conclusions had the force of law in that country as soon as he arrived at them—"I have come to the conclusion that art is a mistake. Nay, more, it is an impertinence. As I walked abroad at dawn this morning, the grand concert of Nature, at which I assisted in solitude, touched me with emotions such as you are powerless to inspire. By the side of her harmony I felt how contemptible are your cunning patterns of sound, your studied poses, your whole armoury of artifice. As artists, I have decided to abolish you. You will come along with me, the whole pack of you, and learn from Nature to despair."

There was nothing for it but to obey, at all events, the first part of this command. The Prince led the way to a beautiful dell, not half a mile off, known as the Valley by the Sea, which, although within the Palace demesne, had been left wild, in delightful contrast to the carefully tended gardens where the rehearsal had taken place; and making the company sit down on the slopes thereof, like an audience sitting round an



IN THE BALTIC.

FIRST BRITISH TAR (to SECOND DITTO). "'ERE, MATE, LET'S BREAK THE ICE. WOT'S THE GERMAN FOR 'ENTENTE'?"



A QUESTION OF PROPORTION.

Colonel Peppercorn (who is touring in France with a hired chauffeur and car, which has broken down). "CONFOUND IT ALL, YOU SAY IT'S NOTHING! THEN WHY DON'T YOU REPAIR IT?"

Alphonse Legros. "MAIS, MONSIEUR, PAS POSSIBLE, HE BREAK BELOW! I CANNOT ARRIVE THERE! HE IS ONLY QUINZE CENTIMÈTRES FROM ZE GROUND; BUT ME—VOILÀ—I HAVE ONE MÈTRE ROUND ZE CHEST!"

amphitheatre, he bade them attend to the grand concert of Nature, which he assured them was still going on there.

"The lighting," added the Prince, condescending to a technical expression, "is not so perfectly lovely now as when I was here at daybreak; but you must imagine all *that*."

The Chief of the Jesters raised his eyebrows slightly and coughed, but he said nothing.

The grand concert of Nature was soothing, and even soporific. Each little wave of the summer sea, as it played over the shingle on the beach below, sent up a sound like a long-drawn sigh of infinite happiness; as an accompaniment to this rhythmic lullaby there was the sustained, noon-tide drone of multitudinous insects underneath the trees; and many and various birds performed sweet but uncorrelated fantasias amongst the branches.

"How long is this farce going on?" whispered the *prima donna* to the Chief of the Jesters, when they had been sitting thus about the space of two hours.

"Your classification, my dear, of the different forms of dramatic entertainment—" began the philosopher, but the lady pinched his arm so viciously that his sarcasm subsided into a most unphilosophical exclamation.

"Mere impatience," he apologised to the Prince, who had turned round angrily. "Nature develops her theme but slowly, methinks."

"There will be a change of key about nightfall," said his Highness.

The company looked at one another with blank faces, and the *prima donna*, laying her head against the shoulder of the Chief of the Jesters, shamelessly went to sleep.

But Nature herself, after all, came to their rescue. It grew dark and still; her orchestra, as the Prince would have said, was performing one of those piano passages that presage a coming storm. And when the thunder-clouds burst and the rain fell in torrents, though he pretended to be enraptured with the sound of both, the Prince could not but be moved to pity by the frightened faces and the drenched draperies of the chorus girls, and with a show of reluctance he gave the signal to return to the Palace.

"A fine work," observed the Chief of the Jesters to the Prince as they walked home, dripping, "but it wants a lot of cutting. By the way, has it ever struck your Highness that there is one glory of the Sun and another glory of the Moon? I should have thought that the Moon might probably have struck your Highness. I speak metaphorically, of course."

"Peace!" said the Prince, who was but mad north-north-west, "I restore you your reflected glories."

WANTED, good all-round Man; hand - sewn. Apply —, Boot-maker.—*Advt. in "Nottingham Daily Guardian."*
This throws a new light on the last word of the passage — "in fair round belly, with good capon lined."

"A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing"—to point out in others.

"The young Protestant lady who thought she detected a mistake on a tombstone in a Catholic cemetery will know better in future. 'Requiescant in pace' is the proper rendering of this Latin phrase. The letter 'n' retained in the usual 'requiescat' is more euphonious and pleasant to the ear in rendering the mass for the dead."—*The Times of North Bay, Ontario.*

THE PERILS OF THE ROAD.

(A Modern Story of Adventure.)

THE two motorists were men who had travelled much, and in strange places. They had the unassuming manners of those who have encountered dangers in many different forms. Yet SPARKER's hand shook on the steering wheel, and GEARY's usual quiet smile had deserted his lips. Their nervousness will be understood when it is mentioned that they were crossing one of the loneliest moors in Northumberland, a locality where, as late as the twentieth century, wolves roamed at large, and highwaymen robbed His Majesty's mail.

Nor can it be said that the car—a new 12 h.p. *Débâcle*—was acting up to the reputation which the local agent had given it. Down hill, indeed, it moved splendidly, but the slightest ascent seemed at once to cool its enthusiasm and to heat its engines. Just now it was toiling painfully up a long hill, and protesting uneasily against SPARKER's efforts "to make her," as he phrased it, "take it on the second." "First," she seemed to whirr in reply, "is good enough for me."

Suddenly GEARY gripped his comrade's arm. "Hark, what was that?" he said. "Listen, man, listen."

"I suppose it's something in the car," SPARKER replied, wearily. "She's made so many queer noises to-night that one more don't signify."

"It isn't the car this time," replied the other.

The sound was repeated. It was a sound unmistakable to those who have ever read books of adventure; it was the long-drawn howl of a wolf.

Twelve horses would have been spurred by terror to a quicker pace. The twelve which the *Débâcle* was advertised to represent continued exasperatingly calm; the car only moaned as SPARKER, for the fifth time, ground in the second gear, and in a few yards she showed every sign of stopping altogether. The situation was a desperate one; the crest of the hill, by an illusion common under such circumstances, seemed to recede further and further away. The howlings grew nearer and nearer.

Presently it was possible to distinguish through the darkness the grey gaunt forms of the wolves. On they came, with their noses to the ground, following, with what was evidently a pleasant uncertainty, the novel scent of the petrol. The leader of the pack, especially gaunt and grey, cantered doggedly some few yards ahead of the rest. His gleaming fangs and protruded tongue could, as is customary under such circumstances, be clearly seen.

"This is worse than any police trap,"

muttered GEARY, as he glanced behind. "I wonder if they are merely taking our number."

"I don't think they can say we are exceeding the limit," was SPARKER's bitter reply.

A fortunate occurrence gave the pursued a temporary advantage. Some of the wolves, who could now sight their quarry, were evidently a little surprised to discover the kind of vehicle they were pursuing. It was not a sleigh, or at least not a sleigh like any they had ever seen. And at this juncture a series of deafening explosions in the exhaust, due probably to one of the cylinders missing, added to their astonishment. They seemed to suspect firearms, a very pardonable misconception on their part, and the car gained at least twenty yards. Then the wolves took up the trail again.

"Let's try the horn," suggested SPARKER, who was full of resource, and he blew some resonant blasts upon it. "That ought to puzzle them."

This expedient had only a momentary success. The wolves hesitated, and then apparently assigned this new sound to some animal who was drawing the car. They followed with renewed ardour, licking their lips greedily.

"What is generally done now," said SPARKER, "is, if I remember right, to cut adrift and sacrifice one of the horses."

"Then," said GEARY, "we must try them with our spare outer cover. Luckily it is only a re-vulcanised one."

He turned, and leaning over into the *tonneau*, dragged out the huge india-rubber tyre in question. Then standing up, he flung it with a shout to the pack of wolves. They struggled with snap-pings and yelpings for this delicacy, and in a few seconds it was completely devoured. But the device had gained time; and, more than that, it had an unlooked-for effect upon the wolves themselves. There were growls which sounded like disappointment, while in the manner of those who had enjoyed more than their fair share of the repast some discomfort might be detected, as well as a distinct loss of enthusiasm. They seemed to be holding an informal discussion together, and the pursuit slackened.

"Is there anything else we can sacrifice?" asked SPARKER, as he coaxed the reluctant *Débâcle* up the hill.

"Only a Parsons chain," GEARY answered gloomily, "and they are scarcely likely to relish that. Still we are very near the top, and that tyre seems to have taken the edge off their appetites."

It was as he said. The wolves, apparently concluding that the article just consumed might be taken as a sample of the eatables which the enterprise had to offer, had stopped altogether and were now almost out of sight. Hope

rose in the hearts of the travellers, when suddenly a new and scarcely less alarming development occurred. In the middle of the road appeared, barring their advance, a masked man who leaped lightly from a three-speed bicycle.

"Gentlemen," he cried with a courteous sweep of his hard black hat, "I must ask you to stand and deliver." At the same time he covered the travellers with a revolver.

SPARKER was as usual equal to the emergency. He pressed the footbrake, and slowed the car down. "We are unarmed," he replied quietly, "and can make no resistance. If you go round to the back of the car you will find a petrol tin full of gold in the *tonneau*. Help yourself and don't mind us."

The highwayman, who seemed to be of a somewhat confiding disposition, uttered a brief expression of thanks for the information, and passed in the direction indicated. He could be heard groping about busily at the back of the car.

"There's no gold here," he cried at length. "I trust you are not playing me false, gentlemen." And he tapped his weapon significantly.

GEARY was about to make some reply, when SPARKER checked him with a sudden thrust of the elbow. "What! No gold there!" he said with an excellent assumption of surprise. "Are you certain? Then," and he sighed, "it is as I feared. The tin has been bumped out by the jolting of the car. We must certainly turn back and look for it in the road. I thought I heard something behind us, didn't you, GEARY?"

"Indeed I did," GEARY corroborated earnestly.

"Do you care to accompany us in our search?" inquired SPARKER of the brigand.

The man laughed cunningly. "I will spare you any trouble in the matter," he said. "It shall lie with me to remedy your carelessness. Now you shall give me your word of honour as gentlemen, to wait here, while I ride back along the road. As soon as you hear me shout you may continue your journey. Have I your promise? I know that your promise will be of more avail than any threats."

SPARKER lighted a cigarette. "You have our promise," he said as he blew out the match. "As soon as we hear you shout," he repeated with deliberation.

The highwayman pedalled into the darkness, whistling a popular tune, while the motorists awaited the issue with interest. In a few moments there were sounds of frenzied firing, followed by an unmistakable shout. As he heard it SPARKER let in the clutch with a deep sigh of relief. "Now we can be

off with a clear conscience," he said. "Tuck the rug round you, GEARY. She seems to be pulling better."

As they dropped down the hill GEARY meditated silently. "I'm afraid," he said, "our friend will be a little disappointed; though," he added more cheerfully, "the wolves will be pleased."

"And anyhow," replied SPARKER, who added the study of philosophy to his other attainments, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number is secured."

PROBLEMS AND SURPRISES.

(With acknowledgments to the "Saturday Westminster.")

A.—We offer a prize of half-a-crown for the best definition of vegetarianism in the style of SHAKESPEARE. Contributions must contain all the letters of the alphabet, no adjectives, and not less than 500 words.

B.—We offer a prize of 10s. and 6d. for the best rendering in Volapukeranto of the following epigram by the Russian poet TURNITOFF, supposed to be chanted by a Moujik nurse to her charge:—

Cumout ofthi gard enmordi,
Forthi nytis growi nold,
O therwi zyool katchi koffski,
Anper haphshoor dethic old.

REPORT ON PREVIOUS PROBLEMS.

A.—Translation into Greek Corybantic.

The competition for a prize of one guinea for the best rendering into Greek Corybantic of SOUTHEY's poem, *The Cataract of Lodore*, has produced admirable results. The Examiners have received at least forty-nine versions of the highest quality, any one of which might well have been awarded a prize. The difficulty of deciding between these has been very great, because, in spite of the rules, not one of them was type-written. The guinea goes to HOMER B. BLUG, 116, 23rd Street West, Troy, Ind., U.S.A., for the following:—

πολλα δ' ἀναντα
κάπαντα
πάραντά τε
δοχμιά τ'
ἦλθεν.

This seems to reflect the spirit of the original without being slavishly literal.

B.—Andalusian Triplets.

We offered one pound sterling for the best Andalusian Triplets on "Fame." Many competitors apparently confused the form with those of the Patagonian Ballade à Double Refrain and the Sicilian Vespers Triolet. In the first of these the accepted masters use only one rhyme throughout, though VILLON and Mr. HENLEY favoured a blank-verse variety; and in the second it is usual to repeat



Irate Angler (waking tramp). "WHY CAN'T YOU LOOK AFTER YOUR BEAST OF A DOG? IT'S BEEN AND EATEN ALL MY LUNCH."

Tramp (hungrily). "WHAT, ALL THE LOT, MISTER! WELL, HE SHOULDN'T 'AVE DONE THAT IF I COULD 'AVE 'ELPED IT!"

the refrain four times in all. The prize goes to PITCHFORK, who is asked to send name and address.

FAME.

Tell me, is Fame
A poor, lame
Dame?

Some answer "Yea,"
Others say
"Nay."

And, by my light,
"Yea" seems quite
Right.

For Fame is what
I have not
Got,

Though verse to me
Is A B
C.

Another Insult to Ireland.

MUCH indignation has been caused in the Sister Isle by the publication of statistics concerning the eclipse, which show clearly that, while such places as Edinburgh escaped with a maximum obscurity of 72.5 per cent., no less than 80 per cent. of the solar disc was blotted out as observed from Dublin. It is understood that at the opening of the next session searching questions will be put to Mr. LONG, with the object of calling attention to the manner in which Irish interests are neglected.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE SWAN.

To be born a swan and to live on the Thames would appear to be a consummation of all hopes and ambitions that a vagrant piece of vital essence may be supposed to have cherished in its pre-natal state. Is there any other being that exemplifies to the same degree the perfection of graceful beauty and the high-water mark of elegant sleekness and indolent scorn? Who would not care to be admired for his shape and respected for his air? There may be drawbacks. I have dined with the Worshipful Company of Vintners—may the Fates grant them a permanence of prosperity and a constant succession of convivial feasts!—and I remember that swan (or it may have been cygnet) formed an item in the *menu*. From this I inferred that one of my Thames friends had met with a violent death; but the incident is, I doubt not, exceptional. I have also seen a swan on land, and I own that his beauty suffered an earth-change greatly to his disadvantage. He was an absurd and overweighted waddler instead of a graceful glider, but it was stress of food in the winter time that had driven him on to the lawn on which I saw him monstrosly parading, and, on this plea, he may be excused. As a rule, however, he is, as I have said, beautiful; and he lives easily on the weeds that he finds for himself in the river and on the bread and cake and biscuits supplied to him by picnic parties or the juvenile families of riparian proprietors.

The swan I know best is the jealous father and guardian of a little fleet of five cygnets, whom, with their mother, he conveys up and down one of the reaches of the Thames. A little higher up the river there may be found another pair of swans, whose family numbers only two, and between these two families or fleets exists a state of hideous enmity which not even President ROOSEVELT could avail to mitigate. Whenever the two males set eyes on one another, even at a distance of several hundred yards, the trouble incontinently begins. Up go the wings of my swan like two battle standards, he curves his neck into a loop, lays his fierce bill upon his breast, and with furious strokes forces himself through the agitated water. The enemy has gone through a similar pantomime, and so they speed against one another. My heart beats; all my being is in suspense for the crash of the conflict. Yet (I confess it with regret) I have never seen battle actually joined. When they arrive within striking distance each lays his head away from the other and directs his course at a tangent that sets them apart. Then they wheel round and again and again repeat the futile demonstration, their wives meanwhile paddling about at a discreet distance with their piteous and piping offspring. But woe betide the family that happens for a time to be without its male protector! The foe seizes his opportunity. With incredible speed and violence, appearing suddenly, as from a trap-door in the Thames, he dashes in amongst the children of his absent rival, plunges upon them, seizes them by the neck, and treads them deep under the water, whence they emerge, bleating and terror-stricken, a long distance away.

There is, indeed, about swans an unappeasable fierceness which is strange in a bird so graceful and so white. Every morning my swan brings his wife and his dark-grey, fluffy brood to the edge of my raft, and every day the children give him tribute of bread. The little ones accept it with meekness, the parents with hissing and hatred. No courtesies can mollify them. They swallow the crumbs eagerly, but if a chubby and incautious foot strays too near the edge of the raft it is dabbled and bruised by a prompt stroke from the bill of the passionate and greedy bird. Not even the venerable age and complete deafness of the spaniel have availed to save him from attack. Only yesterday he was drinking with his head hung over the edge of the raft when he received

a rap that sent him flying in an astonished confusion to the land. The anger of the swan and the terror of the spaniel made the most diverting contrast I have witnessed for many a long day; and when the swan sailed off to rejoin his family he had in his air an added scorn for all four-legged creatures as well as for those who, owning two legs, possessed no feathers and very short necks.

AN IDYLL OF THE CRICKET FIELD.

So all a summer's day the village green
Of Astolat-cum-Thurnaby was loud
With rainbow-blaze of blazers, and the cries
Of them that bowled the ball, and them that smote,
And them that chased it to the bounds of space,
Like errant knights that follow, follow the Gleam;
And swish of wielded willow winnowing air,
And thwack of leaping leather dealing doom,
And quick death-ruckle of the stricken stumps,
As Astolat and Cumnor, man by man,
Shin-guarded, rubber-knuckled, spikelet-shod,
Strode to the wicket, slogged, and, slogging, past.
And now, for now the languorous afternoon
Swooned in the arms of evening, and the sun
Sloped slowly home, the issue of the day
Hung in the balance and the balance swayed.

For EDWIN ALLEN, coachman at the Hall,
Who drove a pair of greys for General JONES,
But could not drive a cricket-ball for nuts,
The last man in (they wanted one to tie,
And two to win), he over-keen to win,
Had skied Sir LANCELOT of the Moated Grange,
Swift-swiping as he caught him on the hop.

Then, for a voice shrilled "Yours" across the field,
I, standing lost in dreams at cover-point—
For often would I lose myself in dreams,
A shadow in a world of shadows, fain
To gather wool upon the hills of sleep—
Dreams of fair women, fairer than the day,
Sweet ALICE of the Mill, SEMIRAMIS,
And CLEOPATRA, and a baker's dozen
Of early loves, with downward-dropping eyes,
Who came into the garden after dark
What time the old grey owl said "Woo, to woo,"
And the horse-chestnut cleared his throat and sang
"O Moon!"—but there I woke, and, waking, swept
The heavens above me with an eye as blue,
And marked, or thought I marked, perhaps I marked,
Or partly marked, the orbit of the sphere,
And gauged the angle of its incidence,
And waved wild hands, and opened wide my mouth,
And stood as one that supplicates the gods.

And, even as thus I stood, from crease to crease,
Fleet-footed as the dawn upon the hills,
Sprinting, the batsmen ran, and counted "One,"
Nor paused to count, since one and one make two.

But all the daisy-dappled sward was sown
With gazers, for a thousand faces watched,
Eager, intent, two thousand eyes save one—
Two eyes a face, but one had lost an eye,
A grey-haired thrall who vended almond-rock
And gold-peeled sourness of the sunny South,
The battered ruin of a strenuous youth;
For once he gazed, and once too often gazed,
Orb upon orb, a penny for the peep,
Athwart a monstrous lens that magnified
The spots upon the sun, which none may see
Or, seeing, see but veiled; till Nature, wroth
To have her privy blemishes displayed
To gaping yokels at a country fair,



AMBIGUOUS.

Mother (to children, who have been teasing goat). "CHILDREN! CHILDREN!! STOP THAT NOISE! YOUR FATHER IS VERY BOTHERED TO-DAY—AND YOU REALLY MUST NOT WORRY THE POOR BRUTE!"

Shrieked, and saw red, and ramped; the high sun flamed
With sudden heat, and, arrowing through the tube
His gathered rays, cancelled a sense misused.

And that which sprang into the boundless blue
Turned again earthward, and, as when a hawk
Stoops, and the void is full of fear, so fear
And hope made silence, and the ball fell on.
And every breath was held in solemn pause,
And every heart stopped beating in suspense,
Nor pulsed the rhythmic pulse of human life,
The systole-diastole of Time and Fate,
Whereto the star-dust dances, and the worlds
Whirl; and the scorer's pencil hung in air.
Not so it hung, the ball, but fell and fell
And fell; I clutched and caught it—on my toe.

As breaks the sudden ice-piled barrier-gate
When Spring unchains the Yukon, and the ice
Breaks with a roar, and leaps to meet the sea,
So brake the dam of execration, so
Leapt the loud laughter from a thousand throats;
And immemorial elms that fenced the field
Flung forth a rout of rooks, that, shrieking, fled
From nests that rocked and toppled at the cry
Of "Butterfingers" pealing to the stars.

School Inspector. Now, my boy, what is a vacuum?

Smart Infant. Please, Sir, it's a place with no air in it, which makes it very hot in summer. The PORE lives there.

SEASONABLE QUESTIONS.

In case the supply of silly season posers is giving out, *Mr. Punch* offers the following selection to enterprising editors:—

Are women sufficiently manly?
Ought mixed-dining to be allowed?
Do babies like walnuts?
Ought the Sea-Serpent to wear a sun-bonnet?
Are cricketers agnostics?
Ought engagements to be made public?
Are we growing stouter?
Do women appreciate kindness?
Should life be allowed?
Ought the sun to be eclipsed?
Is music musical?

In the Isle of Man *Daily Times* of August 25, under the heading "FIXTURES OF MANX EVENTS," appeared the following announcement:—"August 30. Eclipse of the Sun." It sounds rather like a local performance of one of Mr. HALL CAINE's masterpieces.

FROM a Lakeside newspaper:—

"... the shores of the local lakes term with the residences of many of the principal people of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and though the actual rateable value of the estates may not be startling, the gross personality (*sic*) of the people who live there would go a long way to wiping off the National Debt."



Fisherman (more in sorrow than in anger, to Monocle, who has been bumping into every craft for the last five minutes). "You know, YOU OUGHT TO BE IN SOME 'OME!"

A PLEA FOR THE DOVE.

[“A dove, reported to be 45 years of age, belonging to Mrs. SINCLAIR, of Cirencester, has just won a first prize in the local fur and feather show. The bird was in good feather, and bore its weight of years well.”—*Evening Standard*, August 28, 1905.]

TEACHERS were wont, until a recent date,
To bid their youthful charges emulate
The habits—if they really wished to
thrive—
Of the industrious workers of the hive.

(’Twas Doctor WATTS, most people will
agree,
Who started out to boom the busy bee;
Lord AVEBURY cracked him up in recent
days,
And MAETERLINCK waxed lyric in his
praise.)

And yet the bee, to whom a copious crowd
Of sages have consistently kow-towed,
Though his good qualities can’t be
denied,
Is not in ev’ry sphere the safest guide.

He is industrious, that we freely grant;
But if it comes to that, so is the ant,
The beaver, and that unobtrusive soul,
The real harbinger of tubes—the mole.

His style of architecture freedom lacks;
He uses only one material—wax;

His voice—no matter what he feels or
does—
Is limited to one eternal buzz.

He can’t eliminate his unemployed;
He takes to suicide when he’s annoyed;
His polity reveals one vital flaw—
He’s governed by an anti-Salic law.

Hence, if the rising human generation
Must imitate the animal creation,
Let us at least for our ensample choose
A creature of less disputable views.

I, for my part, shall never cease to shove
The claims to admiration of the dove,
Who with a gentle and engaging mien
Combines an intellect alert and keen.

To prove his studious habits, only go
And view our great Museum portico:
Or, if you doubt his love of legal talk,
Just note how he infests the King’s
Bench Walk.

The dove, moreover, in our hour of need
Will fetch and carry for us at a speed
Unchecked by constables, and passing far
The paltry limit of the motor-car.

The dove again, whether upon the wing
Or off it, never has been known to sting.
His voice is soft, his habits are not
flighty,
Although he was beloved by APHRODITE.

The span of life in bees is very brief,
They quickly fall into the yellow leaf;
But doves, the Press assures me, can
contrive
To keep their beauty up to forty-five.

Living, they typify domestic bliss,
And afterwards excel the bee in this,
That when the hour has struck for them
to die
They make a highly palatable pie.

On all these grounds, and surely they
are lots,
I can’t endorse the eulogies of WATTS,
Or of Lord AVEBURY, nor do I think
I am obliged to vote for MAETERLINCK.

Before the bee I gladly doff my cap;
He is a sober and hardworking chap;
But when it comes to friendship or to
love,
I plump emphatically for the dove.

More Commercial Candour.

THE Patent “STICKIN” Hair Pin. *Just out.*

Advice (reprinted from the Company’s
notice boards) to those about to travel by
a certain railway that shall be nameless:—

“BEWARE OF THE TRAINS.”



PEACE—AND AFTER?

Sidney S. Newman, Dec.



Six-year-old. "I SAY, GRANNIE, I THINK YOU'D BETTER STOP MAKING MY TROUSERS. LOTS O' TIMES TO-DAY I WASN'T SURE WHETHER I WAS GOIN' TER SCHOOL OR COMIN' 'OME."

AT ANCHOR.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

Kyles of Bute; R.Y.S. "Capercailzie;" Monday.—Steaming up the Kyles of Bute came upon a weird spectacle. Never a fairer August day shone o'er land and sea. Light clouds floated lazily over the hills on either side, momentarily changing patches of brilliant green into solemn shade. A sea-gull flew across, its white wings glinting like a fleck of snow against the shadowed hill; beyond the heather, patches of purple; "the blue sky over all like God's great pity."

Far ahead loomed what looked like a spectral fleet. Battleships evidently. As the *Capercailzie*, undaunted, flew nearer, caught sight of the fighting tops, gunless, unmanned. Nearer still, and there were the big guns frowning defiance. But no sentry at his post, no blue-jackets moving about, no epauletted officers on the bridge. Six battleships in all, anchored in line. Like "the party in the parlour, all silent and all —" Well, to put it literally, condemned.

Our Admiral, fellow-passenger on the yacht, told us all about it. He had personal acquaintance with most of these grimly-grey ghosts of naval power. They formed a squadron of that con-

siderable proportion of the British Fleet which, their inefficiency being clear to JACK FISHER's piercing eye, were written off the *Navy List* by his relentless hand. Two years ago, at furthest, they were in commission, nominally a portion of the Fleet that, according to PRINCE ARTHUR, makes Cumbrae and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland invulnerable to invasion. To-day they lie in the peaceful obscurity of a Scotch Loch.

"Their part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills
Is that their—"

work is done. As we slowly steam past, the Admiral tells us their names and something of their history. Here are the *Collingwood* and the *Colossus*, built in 1882; each of 10,000 tons; cost between them something over a million sterling: already out of date; going at the price of scrap iron.

Here is the *Dreadnought*, an elder sister, built in 1875. A year earlier the *Captain* turned turtle at sea, carrying her hapless crew to the depths below. It was felt that something supreme, decisive, must be done to re-establish supremacy of British Navy. Committee of experts appointed, under presidency of Lord DUFFERIN. Result was the *Dreadnought*, 10,820 tonnage, 6,500 horse-power, warranted to exceed

a speed of 13 knots. This grimy-looking hulk, with its top-masts gone, its portholes toothless gums, is what is left of the *Dreadnought*, just thirty years ago pride of the ocean, bulwark of British Navy.

Astern of her is another battleship whose name recalls a later tragedy in navy annals. It is the *Sans Pareil*, first-class battleship, built in 1887 on the very lines of the *Victoria*, which only a few years ago sank with Admiral TRYON and nearly all his officers and crew aboard.

Ahead the *Iron Duke*, with portholes for 14 guns, has her story to tell. Built in 1872 she, three years later, in the friskiness of youth, steering out of Dublin Bay, ran into the *Vanguard* and successfully sank her. For full thirty years the *Vanguard* has slept in the silence of the Irish Channel. Here at length her assailant and destroyer, in the decrepitude of age, comes to final anchorage in the Kyles of Bute.

By exception the *Alexandra*, needy knife-grinder of the squadron, has no story to tell—at least none of disaster to herself or sisters. She was Admiral HORNBY's flag-ship in the Mediterranean during the exciting time when DIZZY, being Premier, pursued a spirited foreign policy. It was about the time (1877) when the House of Commons was startled

by message reaching the Treasury Bench that the Russians were at the gates of Constantinople. It came from Sir HENRY LAYARD, Ambassador at the Porte, and before the agitated sitting closed was proved to be baseless.

In pursuance of spirited foreign policy the *Alexandra* was ordered to pass through the Dardanelles. As she was getting up steam for the expedition a Turkish Pacha arrived with a protest. By solemn treaty the Dardanelles were closed against all but Turkish ships.

"You protest?" said the Admiral. "Very sorry, but you see my orders are to proceed to Constantinople. The only way there is through the Dardanelles, so I am going on."

But the *Alexandra* will go no more a-sailing in the Dardanelles or elsewhere. Here she lies at anchor, part of a funeral procession of battleships temporarily halted on the way to the scrap heap. Long ago LONGFELLOW

"... read in some old marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague."

That was fancy. Here be facts not less strange in these spectres of battleships, peacefully at anchor amid the quietness and beauty of the Kyles of Bute.

A COMPLAINT OF KIND ENQUIRIES.

SUMMER is pretty near over,

Watering-places are thronged,

Trippers are living in clover,

I alone feel myself wronged.

Painfully feel my position,

Daily and hourly beset,

Questioned with vain repetition,—

"Been for your holiday yet?"

Don't talk to me about trouble,

Luggage that wanders astray,

Rooms with their rents screwed to double,

Children that cry all the day,

Skies everlastingly clouded,

Trains that eternally crawl,

Sea-fronts impossibly crowded—

I could put up with them all!

I could put up with the niggers,

I could put up with the noise,

Bathers, and paddlers, and diggers,

Donkeys and similar joys;

What do such little things matter?

Let me but get out of town,

Coming back several pounds fatter,

Burnt a mahogany-brown!

No, I am tied to the City,

Tied to my wearisome task.

Yet from the stores of your pity

One little favour I ask;

Weekly I make the suggestion:

When in the street we have met,

Don't ask the imbecile question,

"Been for your holiday yet?"

CHARIVARIA.

A LADY writes to suggest that a public subscription be opened with the object of presenting Mr. ROOSEVELT with a painting of himself as "The Angel of Peace." We are afraid that our correspondent, for whose poetical idea we have the greatest admiration, forgets that the PRESIDENT wears *pince-nez*.

The *Novoe Vremya* deplores the conclusion of peace "now that the Russian army has become stronger than ever." It is an undoubted fact that the Russian army is always stronger in peace.

The KAISER is irrepressible. He has now designed a set of altar ornaments for the German Protestant Church in London. We trust that they will be in better taste than his designs in Morocco.

The crowds who follow the KING at Marienbad whenever he goes for a stroll continue to cause great inconvenience, and a proposal has been made that these admirers shall be compelled, anyhow, to walk in single file.

The directors of the Louvre are being urged to get rid of the many spurious works of art which have found their way into the galleries. It is pointed out that the clearance need not mean a financial loss to the institution, as such objects could easily be sold to wealthy Americans.

It now appears that the eclipse of the sun last week was due to the appearance of the *Blue Moon* at the Lyric, accompanied by a number of brilliant stars.

During the eclipse a number of the natives of Sfax banged violently on various utensils, and ultimately succeeded in scaring it away. By this prompt action an end was put to what was threatening to become a nuisance.

According to the *Daily Telegraph*, an epidemic of baldness has evidently broken out at Lowestoft. "Many ladies," says our contemporary, "have adopted the fashion of wearing lace scarves instead of hats, but many more wear no head-covering at all." The Simple Life again.

The Lansdowne Council School was struck last week by a ball of fire, but the Government intends to stick to the Education Bill.

Objection has been taken by a Conservative agent against the votes of passive resisters whose poor rates were paid "unknown to them," on the ground that they themselves paid no rates. This will press hardly on such as paid their own rates anonymously.

A remarkable instance of rejuvenation is reported. Now that the statement of JOHN VAUGHAN to the effect that he was a bugler at the battle of Waterloo has been proved to be a fabrication, the old gentleman has frankly acknowledged that he will not be a centenarian any longer.

We quite agree with the Magistrates who hold that there are too many assaults on the police, but we must say that the constables sometimes provoke such treatment. Last week, for instance, it transpired, in a charge brought against a man for this offence, that he was privately engaged in beating his wife when the constable interfered.

Crowds watched KUBELIK take a bath in the sea at Morecambe last week, but other foreign musicians deny that the famous violinist is an innovator.

Truth is of the opinion that the disfavour into which sea-bathing has fallen is due to the increased size of the feet of what are known as "open-air girls." We believe it is an indisputable fact that when the members of a certain ladies' hockey club recently went paddling at a certain seaside resort an abnormally high tide ensued.

A petition will shortly be presented to the KING for the founding of a Royal Academy in South Africa. In one respect, we believe, the proposed institution will be an improvement on Burlington House, as it will admit black and white men as members.

The Persian Government is negotiating for the purchase of two gunboats, ostensibly with the idea of putting a stop to the operations of smugglers in the Persian Gulf, but actually, it is thought, to be in a position to snap its fingers at Russia.

Were it not that the following paragraph appears in an American newspaper, we should refuse to accept its accuracy. "For the United Verde Copper Mine in Arizona," says the *Chicago Record Herald*, "Senator WILLIAM CLARK, of Montana, was recently offered £5,000,000 by an English syndicate, but refused the offer, as he said he did not know what to do with the money."

Our English newspapers have no monopoly of exquisite taste. A Spanish journal has started a guessing competition among its readers as to the lady who will be chosen as a bride by King ALFONSO.

Mr. JOHN D. HAMLYN has returned from the forests of South-West Africa with a number of wild animals. We were sorry to see from a list that among them was a tiger bittern. Not badly, we hope.



"BANZAI!!"

A SUGGESTION WAS RECENTLY REFERRED TO IN MR. PUNCH'S "CHARIVARIA," THAT MEMBERS OF THE POLICE FORCE BECOMING PROFICIENT IN JIU-JITSU SHOULD FORTHWITH BE PERMITTED TO ADOPT SOMETHING NEAT IN THE WAY OF JAPANESE COSTUME. OUR ARTIST IS DISTINCTLY OF OPINION THAT THERE ARE POSSIBILITIES IN THE IDEA.

A FAIRY TALE.

THE pier is crowded. Overhead the sun shines with that genial disregard of Autumn that has made the fortunes of so many Burnmouth landladies; sea and sky are alike of a pale luminous blue, and to the south the Isle of Wight lies like a faint cloud upon the horizon. Because the place is famous as a health-resort the crowd includes a sufficiency of invalids in bath-chairs, and the general tone of the assembly is such as to suggest the cheerfulness of persons who have enjoyed "a somewhat better night." In the centre an excellent band is discoursing a programme of very popular music; and at the extreme end of the pier an intermittent diver pursues some mysterious avocation below water. In short, the scene presents what the *Daily Telegraph* will next morning describe as "an animated and summer-like aspect."

She—the heroine of this incident—is seated, when I first become conscious of her presence, upon one of the benches that edge the pier; her back to the sea. She is aged perhaps eighteen summers, slightly pretty in a common-place fashion, with a youthful anæmic-looking figure atrociously dressed, and a general appearance of answering to the name of FLOSSIE. Closer, but furtive, inspection explains her as in all probability a lady-clerk on a holiday enforced by ill-health, and reveals the fact that she is at present entirely and happily absorbed in a perusal of *The Piebald Fairy Book*, a volume which she has selected from an unfrequented shelf in the local library. As having myself enjoyed the delights of this same book, "read to music,"

her choice seems to me to furnish an interesting sidelight upon her personality. I become vaguely curious.

"Now the Princess Myra" (as she reads she follows the words just audibly with her lips) "was so lovely that her like was never before seen, and the Princes of many lands sought her hand in marriage." I catch a rapturous sigh. "Going to be the sort of tale I love, this is," she says, unconsciously speaking half aloud. "Those must have been the times to live!"

On a lower staging of the pier, where is a perforated promenade for the use of steamboat passengers, amateur anglers

and the like, I now perceive a youth standing whistling softly to himself. He is about twenty years old, with an expressionless face and pale eyes. He wears a black short-tailed coat and a motor-cap. His occupation might be anything or nothing, and a friend who is with him addresses him, not without apparent justice, as ALBERT. He is staring vacantly over the sea towards the distant island, though it seems probable that he does not notice it, as, from something in the expression of his profile, I surmise

harmless eavesdropping proves more entertaining than my own literature, a superior and very hand-made collection of poems, wherein so far I have not got beyond the first, a lyric commencing:—

"Romance is fled, the world is drear,
We laugh at love, we face not fear."

Instead, I prefer to share the contents of *The Piebald Fairy Book*. "So when the day came on which election should be made of the suitors, the Princess clad herself in a gown of pure white all embroidered with silver apples, and on

her head was a crown of gold, wondrous rich, so that from under it her hair fell round about her even unto her feet." Again the *sotto-voce* comment of the reader interrupts the text, this time with perhaps a shade of wistfulness. "My! Fancy being got up like that! Must ha' looked just lovely!" Half unconsciously I see her extend one arm along the back of the seat and endeavour to achieve as regal an effect as circumstances permit.

Perhaps a little ashamed I here endeavour to reconcentrate my attention upon the poet, but it is no use. Presently I again find myself an involuntary auditor of the adventures of the Princess Myra, who at this juncture appears to have just "taken the crown of gold from her head and cast it into the depths of the sea, saying, 'Whosoever shall recover me my crown from the waves, him only will I wed!'" "Well!" exclaims my companion, as before, "she had a nerve; no mistake!"—an opinion in which I am inclined to concur.

As we reach this conclusion, however, something happens. With the same unconscious dramatisation the girl is illustrating the scene by a slight flinging gesture of the hand that rests upon the back of the seat, when there is a glitter, a flop, and the bangle on her wrist, a jewel of native Earl's Court manufacture, has slipped over her fingers into the water.

Glancing hastily over the side to mark its course, I observe the upturned countenance of the youth named ALBERT, close to whom the bangle fell. He is not looking at me. His gaze has been caught and held by that of the owner of the trinket. For the space of ten seconds they remained thus motionless, while the vexed flush on the cheeks of the Damsel changes and deepens. Then with an effort she averts her head, and



THE AMATEUR PUNTER.

BRING YOUR WATERPROOFS.

that change of scene, unwonted leisure, sunshine, and music are combining to effect that process in the youth which is known as "touching a chord."

Presently he speaks, partly to himself, partly to his friend. "Not 'arf a bad mornin' this: not 'arf . . . so sunny and wide. Umph! Wonder what made me think of that word . . . and yet it is somehow . . . kind of wide." He resumes his whistling abstractedly.

Meanwhile, immediately above his head, she is still reading. From my position at the other corner of the same seat, I continue to be able to follow every word. For some reason this

the Youth slowly turns away. From his expression I should hazard a guess that the chord has been completed.

The Damsel takes a deep breath. "Well," she says, this time fully aloud, and to me, "that's gone, I suppose. No help for it!" She again endeavours to fix her attention upon the book, her lips moving as though in a resolute effort to overcome the memory of those ten seconds. "Then Prince Florizel pondered greatly (I wonder if he stared like him!) and betook himself

to a certain Monster of the sea, very fearful of approach, and besought the Monster to restore to him the crown of the Princess" (here I suspect her of skipping half a page absently). "So he brought the crown to the Princess." The book is still open in her hands, but her attention appears to wander. "Expect," I hear her murmur, "she was jolly well pleased. Guess I'd be pleased enough if—but we aren't in those days now, worse luck! I sha'n't ever see him again, most likely, and certainly not the bracelet."

During these reflections I observe that ALBERT, still appearing in a somewhat dream-like condition and strangely uncertain about the knees, has deserted his companion and wandered as far as the steps used by the intermittent diver, just as the latter, looking, with his great eyes and glistening armour, like some monstrous creature of the deep, appears above the surface and is hauled forth by his assistants. At the sight an idea seemed to strike the Youth. Out of the corner of my eye I see him hesitate for a moment; then, taking his courage in both hands, and nerved, perhaps, by a keen recollection of the Damsel, he approaches.

"Oh," he begins, in a squeaky and embarrassed voice, too high to be natural, "a lady 'as just dropped 'er bracelet overboard, and I was wonderin' if—" His voice sinks to a more confident key and becomes inaudible; money is displayed; and eventually the Monster re-descends; his assistants exchanging signals of derision as they turn the handles of the air-pump.

An interval, during which I feign an attention for my poet which I am far from feeling. The Damsel has allowed



THE EXTORTIONIST.

SUGGESTED COSTUME FOR AN UP-RIVER WAITER.

her book to fall into her lap and is gazing dreamily before her into vacancy. Presently however she rouses herself to a sense of duty; once again the adventures of the Princess are resumed, though with an obvious effort.

"So when the Princess saw Prince Florizel approaching with the crown of gold in his hand, she rose up from her ivory throne and cried with a loud voice—Well, I am obliged to you! How on earth did you ever get it?"

The change in her tone has made me look up hastily. ALBERT is standing before us, holding the lost bracelet. He giggles in some confusion.

fact neither of them takes the smallest notice of me. By the time that I have realised this, ALBERT has seated himself, and the music gliding suddenly into a waltz refrain, the subtle effect of 3-4 time causes them to lower their voices till only a confused murmur is audible. When the band ceases they appear to be on terms of intimacy.

"Yes," she says, "Jubilee Terrace, No. 5. You can't mistake the house; it's called Marina." Adding in an explanatory tone, "Spelt with an A, you know; not the material!"

"Then," ALBERT's voice responds, "if yer aunt wouldn't object, or you—" They exchange glances. Clearly I must not observe any more. For the last time I focus my attention determinedly upon my book. The concluding verse of the poem catches my eye; it is in much the same strain as the rest—

"Life's wings are furled; life's feet are lead;
The last wild words of love are said,
And from a world all cold and dead
Romance is fled!"

At this point I close the volume with a bang. Next moment there is a second gentle splash. The poems have followed the bracelet; but I shall not trouble the diver. ALBERT and the Damsel are walking up the pier side by side. It is time for lunch.

LIVE FISH.—Order direct; carriage paid; dressed for cooking.—*Advt. in "Daily Mail."*

There seems something rather gruesome in this idea of a live fish being put to the trouble of dressing for a function at which he is to be killed. Probably, however, it would be nothing formal—just a dinner jacket, or, in the case of kippers, what our neighbours call *un smoking*.



ECHOES FROM THE HIGHLANDS.

JONES SAYS IT IS ABSOLUTELY UNTRUE THAT A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN COULD NOT BE SEEN IN SCOTLAND!

THE SIMIAN MUSE.

[The *New York Journal* suggests that Rhyme and Rhythm came from the baboon swaying on a wind-swept bough, and expressing his satisfaction, or his admiration for a lady monkey in the distance, in time to the rocking of the branch.]

Poet Laureate cantat:

YES, I knew it! when I'm singing,
I can hear the monkeys swinging
To and fro in beat and cadence on the prehistoric bough;
All the winged words I'm saying
Are in measure with the swaying
Of the primal Ape that's in us through the ages until now!

For the Poet's evolution
Now admits of this solution—
Erató's initial *opus* was composed among the trees;
Do not think the picture shocking—
As a simian, she was rocking
With a love-song as she held on with all fours against the breeze!

So the early quadrumana
Learnt the lyrical *arcana*
And the mysteries of rhythm and the niceties of rhyme,
While, *desipiens in loco*,
Each would throw his nut of coco
At his fellow or his lady-love by way of marking time.

I can feel a kind of jingle
Set my tympanum a-tingle,
Like my laureated ancestors all tossing in the air!
You might find, no doubt, a neater
Or more undulating metre,
But the old Ape-ollo, lord of song (not *doggrel*), yet is there!

When my Muse is getting dried up,
I shall mark myself "This side up!"
With trapeze I'll go a-swinging till my brain begins to act;
If the output still is halting,
I will do some airy vaulting,
Like a lemur, and my threatened ode will soon become a fact!

I shall hire a smart *Entellus*
And a *Cebus fatuellus*,
Or a chimpanzee to coach me on a *vivâ voce* plan;
Or with GARNER's kind assistance
I will study (from a distance)
In the Zoo the blue baboon and learn how simian verses scan!
Zig-Zag.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FASCINATINGLY horrible is the narrative of life on board a slaver in a book entitled *The Black Barque*, written by T. JENKINS HAINS (DEAN, AND SON). Among the awfully repulsive brutish characters crowded together on this vessel, and associated with her owners' inhuman and illegal trade ashore, there is but one man that seems to have retained any vestige of the dignity of humanity and to be above the level of the least savage of the crew which, at its worst, is filthily devilish. The Baron may be a trifle nice in his distinctions, but there are some situations in this account of the malpractices on board *The Gentle Hand* that fairly made him squirm, shut his eyes, and deliberate whether he should continue his perusal. That he determined to finish the book is clear testimony to the power of the author's descriptive art. There is only one ray of pure light among all this reeking foulness and densest darkness, illumined, as it is, from time to time, by lurid diabolical flashes of fire, and this is the presence of *Rose Allen*, daughter of the trader, *Yankee Dan*; and though we are encouraged to believe that salvation will come to more than one of these unprincipled scoundrels through her

agency, yet this promise is never fulfilled, nor is the girl allowed to be anything more than a mild relief to the surrounding devilry and carnage. Except for this artistic purpose the character of *Rose Allen* is utterly thrown away, and with her goes every chance of humanising romance. It is unpleasant reading, for there is little else recorded save slashing, swearing, quarrelling, biting and fighting. Pandemonium afloat is this story of life on board a slave-ship. Stirring, indeed, is the description of the pursuit of two escaping sailors by trained blood-hounds. The fugitives have their choice of plunging in the sea and risking death by sharks, or of being pinned by blood-hounds ashore and captured by those in command aboard the slave-ship. This incident is powerfully absorbing, as is also the weird description of the hurricane. But all these are but strong "situations," and the reader goes on hoping to find that by the writer's ingenuity he will come upon hero and heroine, *per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum*, united at last. But love is absent. The girl whom the Baron and every reader in turn will have mistaken for the heroine, released from her betrothal to a man she detested, turns to the narrator, and, "her eyes flooding scorn and contempt,"—the Baron thinks he understands what this is intended to convey—cries, "You, a sailor, let him die, and ran to save yourself?" "Only after he refused to go," answers the narrator, excusing himself; "I did all I could to persuade him." "She looked long and steadily at me. Then she turned and went slowly below, and I saw her no more on board." That is all. There ends whatever there was of romantic love, or passion, in the narrative. We have been interested in these horrors; and nothing comes of it all. There should have been a second part.

The Queen's Man (CONSTABLE), by ELEANOR C. PRICE, is the right book for a rainy day. It purports, says my Nautical Retainer, to be "A Romance of the Wars of the Roses," and appears, appositely enough, just at the moment when the conflict between Lancaster and York for the County Championship is still fresh in the public imagination. No previous knowledge of history is required, though perhaps a little subsequent reference to the chronicled facts might be useful to correct the author's account of the fascinating qualities of MARGARET of Anjou. All the right ingredients of romance are here—a feudal castle, a dark weir below its walls, secret passages and hanging arras, a Fellowship of Gentlemen Brigands, a crypt beneath the old chapel, a donjon, flapping banners, trusty servitors, sturdy English archers, a crafty Italian, a wicked dowager with a dagger, and a young and beauteous *châteleine* with no fewer than four beaux to her string. The style is neither bad nor disturbingly good; there is no descriptive padding; no tedious delay over subtleties of analysis: nothing, in fact, to divert attention from a narrative replete with every form of moving adventure. Finally, all the awkward people are disposed of at appropriate junctures by different forms of death, pleasantly varied; leaving just the right ones that were wanted for a happy finish. Captious, indeed, would be the reader who asks for a more engaging romance than *The Queen's Man*.



CENTENARIAN CONFIDENCE.—"THE total eclipse which is announced for the year 1999 is now awaited with redoubled expectancy by old and young alike."

Daily Express (italics by Mr. Punch).



"HULLO! I'M OUT OF IT THIS TIME!"

LAYS OF A LONDONER.

Kew.

A SECOND Eden, garden of delight,
Where jaded mollers seek a brief respite
From ledger, stool, and suit of rusty black,
The beetling boss, the intermittent sack;
Where prosperous cits that all the long week through
Have weighed out tea, sliced ham or brandished glue,
Reclining in sublime and portly ease
Admire the flowers and criticise the trees,
Or extricate with true paternal care
Young ALBERT from his little sister's hair;—
I love the place; its air of spacious calm,
Its alien atmosphere of plant and palm,
The feathered choirs that chant their ceaseless song,
And most of all the varied human throng—
Solace a soul (financially oppressed)
And dower existence with a livelier zest.
Deep in the grove that crowns yon rising hill,
Young DAPHNIS (known familiarly as BILL)
Pours out the old, old tale of Love's sharp pain
In CHLOE's shell-like ear, nor pours in vain;
While wrapped in spotless napery hard by
Their mutual lunch eludes the public eye.
Observe yon greybeard and his young girl wife,
She gazing with a listless eye on life,
He waxing eloquent about the blossom
Of some new Cattleya or Odontoglossum;
An ill-matched couple, passers-by declare,
Nor doubt some hidden tragedy is there,
Like that of *Robin Gray's* misplaced affection,
And poor young *Jamie's* fruitless resurrection.

But that's no theme for me; besides, I rather
Fancy she's merely bored—and he's her father.
See now yon cherub with the curly head,
Feeding the ducks with lumps of cast-off bread;
How rosy-cheeked! With what brave health endured!
How positively tight with wholesome food!
How calm he stands amid the raucous din
Of hungry wildfowl—Snakes! he's tumbled in!
O rosy-cheeked! O soundly warmed behind!
The hand is Nursie's, but tis Fate's unkind!

But here are other interests beside
The human throng's kaleidoscopic tide
For him who loves, in some secluded nook,
To scan the page of Nature's picture book.
Here in security that none disturb
Bloom the exotic and the native herb;
Here sweet-voiced birds disport on easy wing,
And some that don't habitually sing;
Here smile from rockery and rustic dell
The simple home-made flowers we love so well,
Whose quaint old-fashioned names are by-words to
The Briton's tongue (I wish I knew a few!)
While yonder, warmed by artificial heat,
The tropics' gorgeous denizens compete,
The painted wantons of a passionate zone
(The simile is chaste, but not my own).
Garden of London! One who knows the yoke
Of streets and offices and dust and smoke,
Who wots of toil's unedifying grind,
He ever bears thy verdant haunts in mind,
He hastens (if the Editor allows)
To bind this vocal garland on thy brows.

ALGOL.

A CORRECTIVE FOR THE GODS.

WHEN a lady's horse takes fright and drops his rider in a ditch; and she is taken to a farm-house and finds a distinguished London doctor installed on the premises; and he binds up her arm and mends her habit and they fall in mutual love at sight; and she is a daughter of the Peerage and he the son of the honest yeoman who tills the adjacent soil; and they separate without discovering one another's identity;—you have the ingredients of a very pleasant comedy-plot. But he would indeed be an old fogey who should imagine that at this time of day the difference in station between these two would appreciably retard the course of true love. Birth is so fast going out of fashion—as proved by other signs than the Census—that my lord *St. Olbyn* would scarce escape ridicule for not marching with the times, if on the mere dull ground of obscure origin he should refuse his daughter's hand to a fashionable doctor, drawing, no doubt, the most enormous fees from smart society.

It was obligatory therefore that the authors of the new Adelphi play, *Dr. Wake's Patient*, should devise some shock to the congruities so gross as to revive the logic of class prejudice, if the happy ending was to be staved off to the Fourth Act. This they achieve, but at the risk of reducing a very charming comedy to the level of popular melodrama.

They manage it as follows. The *Lady Gerania*, unable to discover the name and address of the binder-up of wounds (though she could easily have found it out by sending a reply post-card to the farm-house) is daily losing flesh, together with all proper interest in evening parties. Accordingly her father sends her to consult a fashionable doctor in town, having first advised him by letter that he attributes his daughter's loss of weight and spirits to the debilitating effects of an obscure infatuation. The celebrated physician is naturally no other than the hero of the farm-house. So transparent is her delight at finding him that the play must then and there have reached an untimely conclusion if he had only prescribed the treatment thus obviously indicated. His failure to do so can only be explained, like much else, by the dramatic exigencies of the case. As it is, he contents himself with recommending a change of air at Seton Barr, a little seaside spot where he has another patient to visit.

Here, then, there is a gathering of her clan; the doctor joins them, and once more a premature end is in sight. But at this juncture his father and mother intervene with a wild project for paying him a surprise visit. *Lady Gerania's* mother, hearing through an industrious maid that *Dr. Wake's* parents are expected by the hotel-manager, sends them an invitation to dine with the family. They arrive by excursion train, and walk up on a hot afternoon with their bundles, which include a bottle of elder-berry wine for their boy. And here it should be explained that *Dr. Wake* has always obeyed the fifth Commandment to such good purpose that he now entertains no apprehension as to the part his parents are likely to play at their hosts' table, piously contriving to forget that the habit of dressing for dinner had never been regarded as *de rigueur* in his home circle. When the rustic pair reappear after a convenient stroll, dusty and "swattin'" (as the farmer puts it), to find my lord and lady, cool and nicely groomed, awaiting their guests, the situation has passed the limits of laughable incongruity, and a cruel sense of embarrassment, totally unshared by the good yeoman, unnerves the petrified audience. As soon as the dreadful facts penetrate the intelligence of nobility, the engagement, just ratified, of its daughter to the son of such parents is at once, and with frank brutality, repudiated. The indignation of the staggered yeoman finds vent in a storm of platitudes worthy of the best traditions of the old Adelphi. Had not he and his father, and that father's father before him for several hundred years (why not have stretched a point and

gone back to the *Hereward Wakes* of Ely?) tilled the same land? and was not one man as good as another, or even better? Standing there in his permanent costume of breeches and gaiters, a flush of honest pride mantling his tawny cheek, he was a spectacle for gods and men; and a tempest of applause swept through pit and gallery. Perorating on the significant word "Home! Home!" he drew off his tearful spouse in that direction, accompanied by their son, disilluminated and broken-hearted.

Next day the faithful girl runs away after her lover, who, however, with his pronounced views on filial obligations, naturally cannot countenance this defection from the path of duty. Parents are still parents, even in the most exalted circles. Meanwhile his own father has had a night in which to readjust his opinions on the equality of man, and repents an exhibition which threatens permanently to blight his son's prospects. On the arrival of the lady's father in hot pursuit the good yeoman bravely owns his error; confesses to a naughty and obstinate stomach; and admits the propriety of an arrangement by which one star in the social firmament is permitted to differ from another in point of precedence. During this recantation the gods sit rebuked for their previous applause of sentiments now withdrawn as erroneous.

Then follows a passage of real and, I think, very fresh pathos. Rather than stand in the way of their son's happiness the old couple will themselves renounce all claim to a share in his life; and if *Lord St. Olbyn* will promise his daughter to him in marriage, they on their part will undertake, at whatever sacrifice, to go away and never see their son again. Touched, as he well might be, by this offer of renunciation, the Earl unconditionally surrenders his child to the son of the noblest fellow he ever remembers to have met.

The Second Act, in Harley Street, was richest of all in the diversions of pure comedy. It was an admirable idea that *Lord St. Olbyn* should innocently send his daughter to her vanished lover to be cured of a depression of which his absence was the solitary cause. The situation which preceded their meeting offered opportunities, unusual in a consulting-room, for a pretty play of Sophoclean irony; and of these the authors made full use. This Act also introduced to us Mr. GAYER MACKAY, one of the two clever authors of the play, in the character of a man about town, with shattered nerves and an irrepressible tendency to qualify all his epithets with the word "*ab-so-lute-ly*"—a tag which was quick to find favour. The part must have been written for himself; certainly it could not have found a more attractive and discreet interpreter.

As *Lady Gerania*, Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE had at last a character in which she could do herself justice; and she was simply adorable. It was an easy part to get through, but difficult enough to play as she played it. Her sympathetic charm of voice and manner, not only during the lighter scenes, but where something more serious was demanded of her, conquered and held all hearts. Mr. HALLARD, as *Dr. Wake*, played with great keenness and buoyancy: but for a famous physician with wide social experience, he was too jerky and angular and restless. Mr. CHARLES ROCK displayed an admirable vigour as the doctor's father. When evoking that furore of applause by his denunciation of caste distinctions, it must have been a grim satisfaction to him to know how badly he was going to let the gods down in the next Act. Miss ELSIE CHESTER gave a most finished study of the character of the yeowoman, somewhat overshadowed by the masculine dominance of her good man. Miss HILDA THORPE was very happy in her portrayal of *Lady St. Olbyn's* egoism and inconsequence and delectable lack of all sense of proportion. As the *Bishop of Selby*, Mr. ADAM ALEXANDER was irresistible; and in the small part of a gipsy-girl Miss INA PELLY, making her first appearance, played with spirit and intelligence, and should be heard of again.

O. S.



A DREAM OF POWER.

SIR H. C-MPB-LL-B-NN-RM-N. "HELP! HELP! HELP! SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!"

CHARIVARIA.

GENERAL LINIEVITCH has been appointed Viceroy of the Far East. He has certainly earned a rest.

Much has been made of the generosity of Japan in the matter of the Peace terms, but surely a word is due to the Russians also for their magnanimity. It seems from a telegram sent by the Czar that the Russian Army was not only prepared to ward off the enemy, but also to inflict on them an important defeat.

The SHAH, it is said, had no idea that the Russians had beaten the Japanese in the War until he met the Czar last week.

Possibly we are not out of the wood yet, but, up to the date of going to press, the Poet Laureate has not published any verses on the subject of Peace in the Far East. We have so often had occasion to chide Mr. ACSTIN that we think it only fair to mention this.

While it is a fact that a motor omnibus last week damaged the pedestal of the Cobden statue at Camden Town, it is untrue that the driver has received a letter of thanks from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The ex-Colonial Minister conducts no correspondence in his holidays.

On Friday week news reached us of the official inauguration of Alberta, Canada's new Province. On the following Monday our daily paper contained an account of a collision between the *Alberta* and the *Dominion*. *Absit omen!*

All who like to see old customs kept up will be pleased to hear that two Irish ferrymen sighted the sea-serpent last week.

An employee of the Government money factory at Washington has engraved two full alphabets, a date, and a name on the head of a tiny pin only sixty-five thousandths of an inch in diameter. It is not known why he did it.

The Vicar of St. Mary's, Swansea, has peremptorily ordered the removal of telephone receivers (installed in the church during his absence on a holiday) by which persons who were prevented attending could hear the service, whether they had hats on or not.

A Ryde gentleman has just left his entire estate to his man-servant; and yet people say that nobody is a hero to his valet.

A dear old lady, having read that a steamer from the West Coast of Africa



Lady ('o her travelling companion, who has just had his finger-nail pinched badly). "How HORRID! I ALWAYS THINK ANYTHING WRONG WITH ONE'S NAILS SETS ONE'S TEETH ON EDGE ALL DOWN ONE'S BACK!"

had brought home six cases of beri-beri, wrote to her fruiterers to try and gether some, as she was tired of bananas.

It is rumoured that, as a result of the following pretty lines which appeared in a recent number of the *Express* on the subject of the Royal Exchange:—

"... where the folk of the frescoes look out with their wondering eyes
On the back of an old-world beadle, who dozes,
and slumbers, and sighs,"

the beadle is to be dismissed.

The choice between marriage and gaol was presented to a woman prisoner in a Police Court last week, and she chose marriage. How like a woman!

Publishers are sometimes unnecessarily brutal. The other day a humorous writer received some advance copies of a forthcoming work of his. On the parcel

was a label:—"Books with care. Keep dry."

A committee which has been sitting on the subject of dress for our navy-men has, according to the *Express*, proposed the abolition of straw hats, loose tunics, baggy trousers, white starched shirts, and waistcoats. The human skin, however, is to be retained.

We had often wondered what it was that made employment with the National Telephone Company so popular. We know now. From a recent case it transpires that every operator is entitled, after two years' service, to a fortnight's holiday.

Poor Russia! It has evidently been resolved by the Fates that she shall drink the cup of humiliation to the dregs. HACKENSCHMIDT has now been defeated at the Bristol Empire,

NATURE STUDIES.

THE SEASIDE RETRIEVER.

THE dog whom I have recently been studying is a handsome black retriever who frequents for his own purposes a stretch of sandy beach on the Norfolk coast. To particularise more closely would be unfair to the many hundreds of dogs who are to be found similarly frequenting such other stretches of this coast as happen to be populated by juvenile visitors during the warmer months of the year. Indeed, every seaside resort has, I am sure, at least one dog exhibiting the aquatic characteristics that mark the one whom for literary convenience I will call mine.

When I say "my dog" I do not wish to convey any false impressions of ownership. I have met this dog; he has on more than one occasion shaken over me some of the sea water with which he was then, as he always is, saturated; he has barked round about me; has laid at my feet large and useless stones which he had rescued from the surf; has, in order to rivet my attention and inveigle me into a game, buried these stones elaborately in the sand, and has then, with all the surprised eagerness of a discoverer, unburied them again—all these things he has done repeatedly, but I am convinced he would energetically repudiate any inference of possession or any suggestion of command which I might endeavour to base on such exhibitions of energy. Indeed, I have never yet seen a seaside retriever who could be said in the proper sense of the term to be owned by a master or a mistress, and my dog is no exception to the rule.

I do not know where my dog sleeps or how he gets his food. Imagination permits me to believe that he takes his rest upon the large buoy which bobs up and down about a mile out, and that he has his meals brought to him now and then by gulls. What I do know is that at ten o'clock of a morning he is to be found on the beach busily engaged in those industries which occupy his undivided attention during the rest of the day. This morning, for instance, when I arrived upon the scene of his activities, I found him joyously enslaving a boy whom he had persuaded to throw stones sometimes into the sea and sometimes along the shore. In pursuit of these he plunged into the waves, swam round in short circles, barking vigorously all the time, occasionally dived, and then came to land again, always stoneless, but never disheartened. Or again, if the stone happened to be flung along the shore, he raced after it with incredible speed, rolled over and over as he attained it, burrowed furiously after it, and arrived back, clogged with sand, but triumphant.

It chanced that after some minutes of this sport the boy was summoned by his parents, and left the beach for the heights above. The dog looked after him wistfully, but, finding there was no prospect of a renewal of that game, he soon made up his mind. A short distance away he observed a group consisting of three small girl children, two nurses and a mother who, with her back propped against a heap of sand, was dividing her mind between a novel and such exhortations as the requirements of her family from time to time demanded. My dog studied this innocent assortment of females with great attention, and then proceeded with sublime craft to mould them to his desires. To have rushed upon them violently would have defeated his purpose, for he could have hoped nothing from them after casting them into terror and sprinkling them with sand and sea. He advanced slowly and humbly, pausing every now and again to see if he was observed. No notice having been taken of him, he at last arrived at the edge of the circle of frocks and bare feet, and there sat down with a most deprecating expression on his moist black face.

"Oh, isn't that a pretty dog!" said one of the nurses.

At this encouragement my friend seemed to emerge from an abyss of depression. He presented a paw to the apprecia-

tive nurse, and licked the plump hand of the smallest child. Being still further encouraged and admired he now felt that his moment had come. He retired a few feet, picked up a stone in his mouth and laid it submissively down in the midst of the group. "Throw it for him, POLLY," said the deceived mother to her eldest. "He wants to play with you."

Instantly the dog was on the run, rapturously barking, and for the next half-hour he had no lack of willing victims, all of whom in turn he succeeded in bowling over on the sand. Finally he saw a larger party newly arrived, and with a disgusting faithlessness removed himself at once to them.

Of such a nature are the proceedings of the seaside retriever. He might have been employed in tracking the running partridge or adding rabbits to a sportsman's bag. Instead of these congenial feats a perversion of nature has imposed upon him the research of stones and futile plunges into the sea. It is probable that some such dog was the original progenitor of the tribe of seals—whom, in truth, in his damp state he much resembles. Once a seaside retriever always a seaside retriever. There is no human power that could lure my dog, at any rate, from the watery games on which he spends his time and his strength.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

THE offer of the altruistic Mexican to pay off the national debt of Mexico has, we are glad to say, incited several of our eminent men to impulses of equally Quixotic patriotism. Offers, indeed, come in daily, and where more fittingly than to *Mr. Punch's* letter-box?

MR. BRODRICK has risen to great heights. In these days of selfish personal advancement, he says, a stand must be made by some one in an exalted position, and that stand he, for one, is prepared to make. Under no conditions, he informs us, will he consent to be made Viceroy of India.

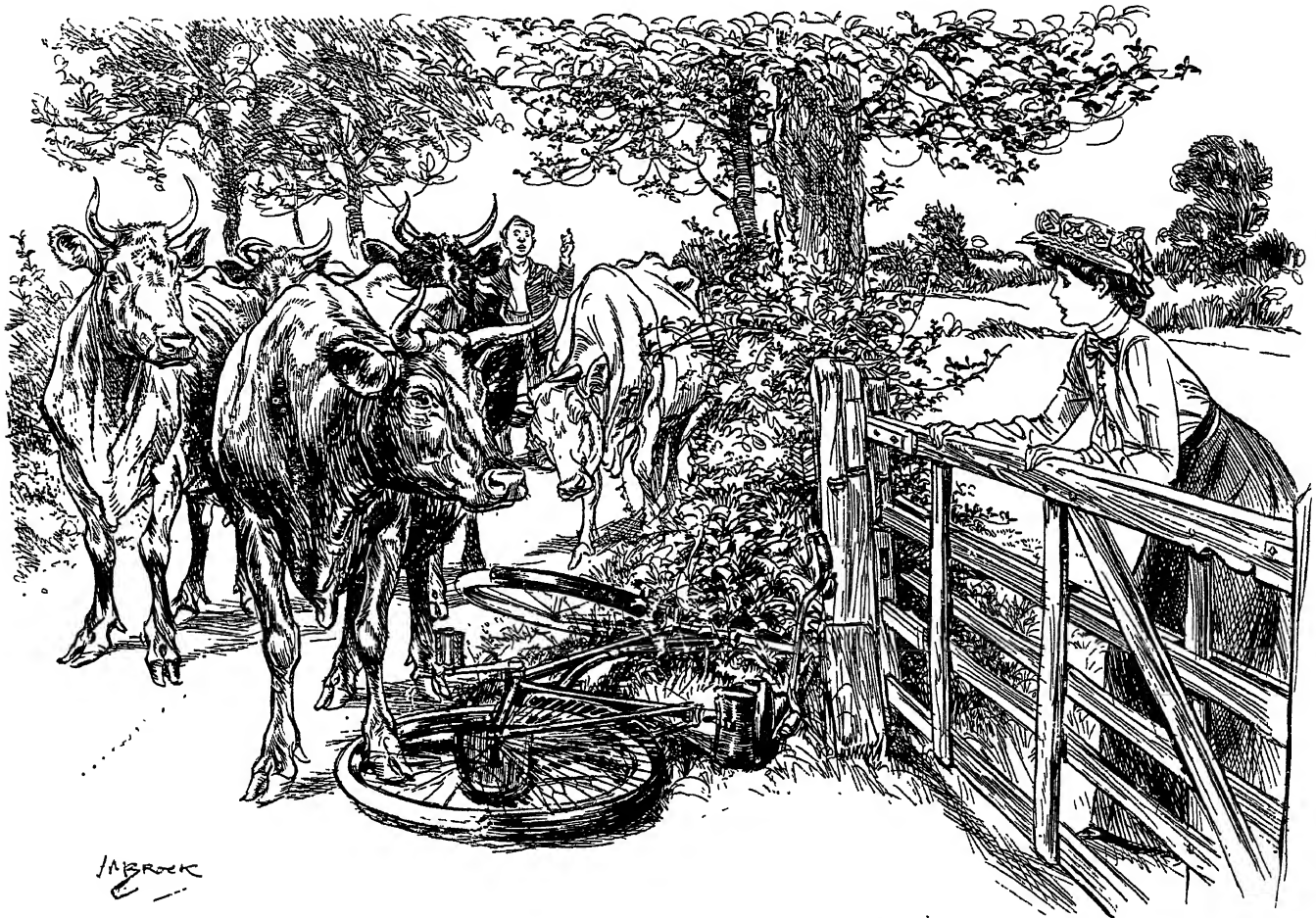
MR. WILL CROOKS, M.P., the genial and Progressive Member for Woolwich, has offered to cease from criticism of the Government if an explicit understanding is given that no Conservative will ever again quote Latin in the House. *Verb. sap.* No answer has yet been received.

MR. HALL CAINE, the talented novelist, with a Daily Telegraphic circulation and a *coiffure* that is the envy of the loveliest village of the plain, is as full as usual of bounding benevolence. He will, he says, write no more novels and no more plays, and will cease to be photographed and interviewed, if, on his evacuation of office, Mr. BALFOUR will make him a Peer. By way of services rendered, he points to his illustrious career as a novelist, his busy, self-sacrificing life in the House of Keys, and his duties as cicerone on the occasion of HIS MAJESTY'S visit to the Isle of Man. Enough, enough, all will cry.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, fresh from his attendance on HIS MAJESTY at Marienbad, has a different ideal of patriotism. For him it is not renunciation, but the strenuous life. If only he has the opportunity, he says, he will govern this country as it has never been governed before, and spare no effort or time in the task.

We have the best authority for stating that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, with a heroism that cannot be too highly appreciated by his old colleagues, has resolutely declined to accept the flattering offer of the Chiltern Hundreds. As he wittily puts it, "In politics it is only centenarians who think about Hundreds. I only think of 'scores.'"

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF STARS.—"Other visitors to Scarborough at the present time are EDITH Lady LONDESBOROUGH, Sir HENRY IRVING, Sir RALPH and Lady PAYNE-GALLWEY. . . Mr. F. S. and Mrs. JACKSON, Mr. VICTOR BETHELL, Sir AUGUSTUS HEMMING, and Mr. H. LEVESON-GOWER. In addition to these attractions there are the daily concerts on the Spa."—*Daily Mail*.



Cow-boy (to young lady who has taken refuge). "WOULD YOU MIND OPENIN' THE GATE, MISS? THEY'RE A-COMIN' IN THERE."

THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDER.

[Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN was recently alleged, in the *New York Herald*, to have said that the theatrical producer must make money for everybody but himself. The following verses are entirely based upon this statement, and their author lays no claim to privileged information.]

READER, pause and drop a tear
On this sympathetic page,
For the man who, year by year,
Works without a proper wage.

FR-HM-N never makes a cent,
He has higher objects which
Show a soul of sentiment:
He makes other people rich.

Dramatists are plutocrats,
Thanks to FR-HM-N; they can mock,
With their splendid, shining hats,
His discoloured billycock.

If, for instance, FR-HM-N makes
Thousands over *Peter Pan*,
E-RR-E comes along and takes
All the lot—disgusting man!

While the fatted actors thrive
On their chicken and champagne,
FR-HM-N keeps himself alive
On a diet, good but plain.

While the avaricious "stars"
(Oh, the salaries they draw!)

Rush about in motor-cars,
FR-HM-N takes a 'bus—with KL-W.

Scenic artists have their price;
CL-RKS-N will not make a wig
Gratis. FR-HM-N pays them twice
(FR-HM-N's not a greedy pig).

Supers, sandwich-men and bands
Come in mercenary mobs,
All with eager, outstretched hands;
FR-HM-N pays them for their jobs.

Landlords call on quarter-days.
(Oh, they are a grasping lot!)
FR-HM-N asks them in and pays
All, and more than, he has got.

Charitable reader, think!
Can we let this martyr die
Unrewarded? Do not wink
Your uncharitable eye.

MORE ECLIPSE HUMOURS.

MR. PUNCH's own representative at the recent eclipse, having read Sir NORMAN LOCKYER's side-splitting article in the *Daily Mail* on the humours of that event, hastens to supplement it with a record of his own.

As in the great astronomer's camp, so (he writes) in ours, laughter prevailed.

But we went farther in our sallies than Sir NORMAN. To call the long telescope the Twopenny Tube was delicious, it is true, but how about charging twopence to look through it? That is what we did. No dogs or heavy luggage allowed. We also had a Long Tom, and when time hung at all heavy on our hands (as it will do, even during astronomical picnics) did we not with the highest of spirits affect to load and discharge it? By Jingo, we did, until the very stars could hear our shouts of laughter.

Talk about clowns and King's Jesters, there is no such wag as your watcher of the skies. And what did Sir NORMAN's party call their fillets when they came smoking to the table? Did they call them the Eclipse Steaks? No. We did.

And when the eclipse was in full swing and the darkness came on, how did Sir NORMAN and his jokers take it? Did they say facetious things about turning up the gas or switching on the electric light? Did they ask where was MOSES under similar conditions? We did. I hate to think that any of these chances were missed. Perhaps Sir NORMAN will write another article for the *Mail*, supplementing the drollery of his first.

FROM HIGH ALTITUDES.

A SIMPLE soul—

That lives among the heather,
Where roll the mists for evermore.
What should it know of weather?

I met young PETER with his cow
Far from the haunts of men.
The early sun was on the knowe,
The mist was on the Ben.

"Good morning. What about," said I,
"The weather, PETER GRAY?"
And PETER straightway made reply,
"A wee thing saft the day."

Again I met, when noon was high,
Young PETER with his cow.
The sun had vanished from the sky,
The rain was falling now.

"Good day," said I. "The rain is sore
Upon the new-cut hay."
And PETER answered as before,
"A wee thing saft the day."

At eve descended sheets of rain
That hid the nearest knowe,
And on the road I met again
Young PETER with his cow.

Still through the mist I seemed to hear
The voice of PETER GRAY
Falling familiar on my ear—
"A wee thing saft the day."

At night a wilder deluge yet
Poured from the hill's black brow,
And in the flood again I met
Young PETER with his cow.

I pass, in sullen silence, by;
But ere I was away
I heard a voice—it said, "Ou ay,
A wee thing saft the day."

BY THE WATERS OF WINDERMERE.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Ambleside, Monday.—Back to Windermere after two years' absence. Aboard the *Anita*, sloop-rigged racer of six tons measurement, rushing down the Lake with her starboard gunwale awash. GEORGE at the helm; Pleasure at the prow and far beyond it. A little late in the season, but a squadron of yachts still out, all sailed by their owners.

There was probably 'yachting' on Windermere in Norse times. Doubtless ONUNDR and GUNNAR raced each other from Lakehead to the Ferry, their clansmen looking on. Certainly, as records tell, there has been yachting on the Lake for more than a hundred years. The Royal Windermere Yacht Club have in their house on the Lake, delightful picture of a race at some undated time. The costumes bewray the period of GEORGE THE FOURTH. The ladies

watching the struggle from broad-bottomed boats wear coal-scuttle bonnets and shoulder capes with broad white collars. As for the gentlemen, the sign and token of a good waterman in that far-off day apparently was to wear a top hat narrowing to the brim, and display a pair of braces crossing a coatless, vestless back.

Those not privileged to see this quaint picture in the Club-house will find a perfect reproduction in the record of the Club edited by Sir WILLIAM FORWOOD, illustrated by the Vice-Commodore ISAAC STOREY, with "some account of Windermere," charmingly written by Canon RAWNSLEY, Vicar of Crosthwaite.

To the outsider Windermere is chiefly associated with the name of WORDSWORTH and his brother poets of the Lakes. But there were other men of letters of whom one thinks as the *Anita* cleaves the brown waters with her graceful prow. In the days of *Maga* CHRISTOPHER NORTH lived, nay reigned, here. Elleray still stands at the lower end of the Lake.

Just eighty years ago there were great doings on Windermere, under the direction of Lord High Admiral CHRISTOPHER. A grand regatta was decreed in honour of the poets. WALTER SCOTT was there, and in a letter dated August 22, 1825, gives an account of the proceedings. Among other honoured guests were WORDSWORTH, LOCKHART, and CANNING, then nearing his end, already broken down in health, and, as LOCKHART reports WORDSWORTH to have genially remarked, "seeming to have no mind at all."

CHRISTOPHER, not at the moment "crusty" as TENNYSON found him, led the procession of boats, with Mrs. WILSON in the seat of honour, crowned with a grand turban and streamers. Fifty barges followed, decorated with flags, "accompanied," as crabbed LOCKHART writes, "by two execrable bands of music."

Gone is the leading barge now, sailed on to cross the Styx, with CHRISTOPHER NORTH's grand figure in the stern, tiller in hand; for fellow-passengers the worn-out statesman whom GLADSTONE revered, the biographer of WALTER SCOTT, and the poet who did for the Lake Country what the Wizard of the North did for Scotland. Their fame is deathless as the hills that looked down on the procession, and to-day see the smart craft of the Royal Yacht Club skimming across the Lake,

... trim skiffs unknown of yore
On winding lakes and rivers wide
That fear no spite of wind or tide.

But I was going to write about GEORGE, captain and crew of the *Anita*. GEORGE must wait till next week.

The Dangers of a little English.

"JEUNE HOMME (22 ans) CHERCHE PLACE en famille comme Parlourmaid."—*Advt. in the "Morning Post."*

THE BRIGHT ROSALEEN.

(A Study in Manganese metre.)

["Ireland grows less fearful with every season. . . . The Tourist Association is working hard to take the terror out of Irish hotels. You can now live decently in almost every quarter of Ireland. . . . The smallest jest makes one cheerful in this happy kingdom. . . . It will be in time, I believe, as popular with the tourists of all nations as Switzerland, and that is the brightest destiny to which it can look, and for which it should work."—Mr. HAROLD BEBBIE in the *Daily Mail*, September 6, 1905.]

O MY rare ROSALEEN,
Do not wail, do not weep!
The pressmen are on the swift turbine,
They fly across the deep.
BART KENNEDY's on the tramp,
He is painting all London green,
And the *Daily Mail* on your shores shall

camp,
My rich ROSALEEN!
My own ROSALEEN!
Shall cure your ills, shall dry your damp,
Shall make you expand like a verdant

gamp,
My bright ROSALEEN!
All day long in unrest
Up and down do I rove,
I've wept upon Carn Tual's crest,
I've smiled in Blarney's Grove.

But yet will I relume
Your fame with my stylo's sheen:
'Tis you shall blossom and bound and boom,

My bright ROSALEEN!
My own ROSALEEN!
'Tis you for all tripperdom shall find room

From now until the ding of doom,
My bright ROSALEEN!

Over dikes, over dells
Will I fly for your weal,
I'll brave your terrible hotels,
Your meagre mid-day meal.

Until on your lawns and links,
From the screech of dawn till e'en
You join in all my high old jinks,
My gay ROSALEEN!

My own ROSALEEN!
You'll pledge me in the longest drinks,
My amiable, my Emerald Sphinx,
My bright ROSALEEN!

I could scale the North Pole,
I could drink up the Clyde,
Oh, I could eat sea-serpents whole
To make you the Tripper's Bride!

For, however poor and slim,
One joke from your lips, I ween,
Can thrill the pulses in ev'ry limb,
My arch ROSALEEN!

My quaint ROSALEEN!
Can lend my copy a juicy vim,
Can give it the lilt of the Cherubim,
My bright ROSALEEN!

O the Liffey shall turn
To a crystalline stream,
And Mr. WALTER LONG discern
Good in DUNRAVEN's scheme,

And the Gaels shall take to tea,
 And boycott the best potheen,
 Ere you forget the Mail and Me,
 My rare ROSALEEN!
 My own ROSALEEN!
 O Ireland's Fye shall be sunk in the sea,
 Ere you recover from HAROLD B.
 My bright ROSALEEN!

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Our first thought this month must be the all-important one of *chapeaux*. And, by the way, I hear that the post-bag of a certain Cornish Vicar has been crammed lately with grateful letters from milliners, who wish to endorse his remarks about the shameful conduct of women who dare to appear *sans toque*, *sans chapeau* in his dear little church. There is also some talk of a deputation of prominent *artistes* attending the Church Congress to present a resolution on the subject, and to urge the Bishops to stand firm.

As little Madame JULIETTE said to me the other day with tears in her eyes, "It is not as eef *chapeaux* could not be arranged for every face. If those ladies who made the objection would but have come to me, I would have found them something to suit them. Me, I fail never!"

And now for the autumn fashions.

After a careful inspection of all the leading milliners' windows it is evident that this autumn will find our dear little songsters with us more than ever. Feathers, wings, plumes—all are being used for the tasteful and beautiful creations with which we women must cover our heads. And this reminds me of a beautiful thought that I saw sweetly carried out—in a well-known *artiste's* window, not many yards from a certain shop where they sell leather belts! The window was full of hats trimmed with birds' feathers and plumes. From all lands the little dickies had flown to perch on the crowns and brims—humming birds, birds of paradise—as I heard a charming American girl saying, "I guess there'll be a good many birds in Paradise this fall!"—and our own little feathered friends from the woods and hedgerows—all were there. But what brought happy tears to my eyes was the placard in front of the window. In one corner was the picture of a nest of young birds, with the mother sitting on it, while underneath was written, "Aids to church worship." Could anything have been sweeter and more appropriate? It was just that little touch of thoughtfulness and reverence that is so much needed in this dear worldly London of ours, and as I stood in front of that window I could not help wishing that that dear man in Cornwall could have been there beside me. How it would have rejoiced his heart!

Then about dress.



A NEW INTERPRETATION.

TIME—The Sabbath Day.

The Elder. "TAMMAS, D' YOU KEN THE MEANIN' O' A WORK O' NECESSITY?"

Tammas. "AY FINE THAT."

The Elder. "WIS SHOOTIN' THAT HARE A WORK O' NECESSITY?"

Tammas. "IT WIS THAT."

The Elder. "HOO D' YOU MAK' THAT OOT?"

Tammas. "WEEL, YE SEE, IF I'D WAITET TILL THE MORN, THE HARE W'ULD HAE BEEN AWA'!"

Our Scottish friends—the JEANS, and MARGARETS, and ELSPETHS, and JANETS—will be glad to know that their nice bright tartans will be much worn this autumn. The effect will be exceedingly martial and inspiring. One well-known tailor is making up the tartans in what he calls "the Knox Pattern," in allusion,

of course, to that disagreeable man's phrase, "the regiment of women." I hear that "tartan parties" are being got up already, where prizes will be given to the guests who name correctly the greatest number of tartans present.

Altogether, there is every prospect of a busy, happy autumn.



Nurse. "BRIDGET, COME HERE AND SEE A FRENCH BABY BORN IN DUBLIN."

Bridget. "POOR LITTLE DARLINT! IT'S A GREAT PERPLEXITY YOU'LL BE TO YOURSELF, I'M THINKIN', WHEN YOU BEGIN SHPEAKIN'!"

A NEW GUIDE TO THE LAKES.

[MR. ALFRED AUSTIN has been visiting Cumberland and has recorded his opinion that: "People need not go to Switzerland for more beautiful scenery than this—there is nothing like it."]

Of all the divers charms that dot
The pleasant face of rural Britain,
There lingers yet a beauty spot
Whose rare attractions are unwritten;
Accessible (by means of brakes
From Keswick) to the casual tourist,
Our recognition of the Lakes—
Till recently—has been the poorest.

It needs a modern poet's eye
To note their restfulness and greenery
That more than adequately vie
With all your Continental scenery.
How little on a theme like this
The language of the common herd's
worth!

SOUTHEY, *e.g.*, appeared to miss
A lot of points, and so did WORDS-
WORTH.

True, they were Laureates: COLERIDGE too
(Although from want of inspiration

He never won like them and you
That priceless piece of vegetation)
Has left behind some scattered tips
Upon the country's scenic merit,
Yet never caught the note that grips
Imagination like a ferret.

What did they know of flowers and trees?
Their shallow songs are mere mono-
tony.

They hadn't spent a cultured ease
In writing versicles on botany.
Living, besides, so near the place,
How could they feel the tripper's duty
Of crying with enraptured face,
"Observe that mountain! What a
beauty!"

But you—who tramp in tourist's boots
(We like to fancy) up Helvellyn,
You can appraise the various routes,
And rub the local colour well in;
You see at once the classic side,
You know the Naiad like a daughter;
Where could we find a better guide
To Bassenthwaite and Derwentwater?

The psychologic fashion stales;
We need another Nature poet;

Write—we implore—till fancy fails,
And mere exhaustion makes you stow
it;
So shall it be your lot perhaps
To lead the steps of after ages,
Published in parts with coloured maps,
8vo, cloth, and gilt-edged pages.

EXTRACT from a gentleman's letter to
the "*Western Morning News*":—

"At about one o'clock, when the eclipse was
on the sun, I saw a most beautiful star shining
very bright, just to the northward of the sun,
and I pointed it out to three ladies (who were
watching the eclipse in a bath of water)....
Is this an unusual occurrence?"

We sincerely hope and believe that
it is.

A DIVERTING example of absent-minded-
ness occurred at an indoor concert the
other day. A loyal old gentleman who
had been dozing was suddenly awakened
by the strains of "*God Save the King*."
He arose hurriedly, snatched off his wig,
and held it reverently in his hand until
the anthem was at an end.



THE TRIUMPH OF INNOCENCE.

(Portrait of a Gentleman who is thoroughly satisfied with the Terms of Peace.)

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



NINETEENTH FRAGMENT.

1. Now did the Bit-Jappis, the heroes
of Nippon
2. with *koppa-komplekshanz* and *öblikh-aisokhetz*
3. half-moltke, half-ghurka
4. with the brains of *markonih*, the
thews of a panther, . . .
5. descendants of *daimios* with *Buddha-laik*
features
6. who sat stiffly brocaded in turreted
castles
7. looking sadly *ennuyés* in preposter-
ous armour,
8. like so many bronzes, . . with Fuji-
no-yama and
9. red-lacquered temples as a perma-
nent
10. background, while in secret they
11. *mugdup* the art of *Jiu-jitsu*
12. to how to grip an opponent, and
put
13. the *lokkonnim*, just playing
14. the deuce with his limbs and his
15. muscles, in fact his entire *anato-
mik-al-strukture*
16. (now we come to the verb—a
trifle belated,—
17. it's usual to have one and perhaps
18. it is better to, even in
19. tablets! So here it is),
20. play the same very trick on
21. with Russia.
22. They got all their armies, their
miriadz-ov-kossaks
23. in *moth-tten-kaftans*,

24. their *moujiks-in-knapsakz*, their
miyopikh-kurnuls
25. and *rouél-ef-tenantz*
26. all stymied and *bunkahd*, check-
mated
27. and flummoxed, . . all up to their
necks in
28. *saugars* and *sandbags*, in the land of
29. the Manchus (though no man
would choose it)
30. reading *nihilist-tih-flets* and other
31. *inflamabul-matta . . . mhost sub-
versiv*
32. of order. While their wily com-
mander
33. inspired by a positive passion
34. for fighting . . on paper (not to
mention a
35. bottle of something that *luks-al-
koholik*
36. —is it *vodki* or *rodka*?—it doesn't
much
37. matter, it's *ikuali laib'lous* how-
ever
38. you spell it) sits and twirls his
mustashiz
39. (mendaciously martial)
40. writes fire-eating despatches
describing the pitiful state of
41. Kuroki! Tells his poor little
master
42. who *crouchiz-in-ermin* that all is
now ready
43. —one word will let loose his
victorious legions;

44. he proposes to take for his break-
fast next morning
45. Oyama - on-toast, with Oku, and
Nogi and Nōdzu
46. for luncheon that he
can't quite decide which quarter of Tokio
47. he'll live in.
48. Then did Teddy the Toothful,
the lord of
49. the Yankiz, the king of the Cow-
boys,
50. the ruler of Hennessy, Dooley and
51. others, — a wonderful blend,
Hohenzollern-
52. cum-Cody,—who dwells in the
White House,
53. exchange his rough-riding, *vaquero-
laik*
54. garments for a more or less
accurate
55. classical costume with property
wings
56. safety-pinned to his shoulders,—
a sweeter
57. presentment of Peace one can
hardly
58. imagine adjusting
59. his *pinzneh*, his face wreathed in
smiles that
60. would easily reach from New York
to Vancouver,
61. his prominent teeth fairly gleam-
ing with *hai-laitz*,
62. with the olive-branch sweetly
extended towards them

63. in nice little portly and spatulate fingers
 64. and pointing his toes in a dancing position
 65. he advanced to the parties concerned and—
 66. well, really, they *couldn't* resist him.
 67. To the bay of the oyster did they come . . .
 68. The Bit-Jappis Komura did send
 69. *sedét, maikroskopik*, frock-coated and silent
 70. And like as the shell of the oyster were his lips
 71. closed and the pushing reporter could get no admittance
 72. and wore out his boots and his language together
 73. as he tramped the *piyazza*.
 74. But Nikkithetsar sent the doughty Dewitte
 75. (they expected some *muskovait-ghaïl* and they
 76. got it); with a *makhia-velyan keutniss* selected
 77. an *honest* diplomatist (no doubt of malice
 78. aforethought) who shared dear George Washington's
 79. sad limitation
 80. that cerebral defect which is always referred to
 81. with kindly regret by those who never yet suffered
 82. in *that* way. . . .
 83. Imagine the horrible misunderstandings, the claims that
 84. were yielded, the ghastly confusion into which the thing
 85. got when a Russian—I ask you, a *Russian*, sat there
 86. telling *truths*, saying *what he intended*, displaying an
 87. arrant and shameless uprightness in place of the usual *tergiverséshan*.
 88. In the history of Russia this infamous treatment
 89. of hon'able foemen, this orgie of mean and contemptible
 90. frankness, will stand out in evil and black isolation. (Like the bold *samurai*, it is really too-sordid.)
 91. Considering all things it's really a marvel
 92. the poor little Japs didn't give up
 93. Port Arthur, surrender their navy and Togo
 94. and Tokio, the Emperor and Empress
 95. and pay something handsome to show their
 96. regret for the trouble the Russians
 97. were put to . . . E. T. R.

Old Lady (reading headline of paper).
 "Conclusion of Peace?" Why, I quite thought it had only just begun!

THE DUST-BIN ERA.

AMONGST other suggestions made by a writer in the *Queen* towards the simplification of domestic help is a hint that the disagreeable business of "washing up" might be entirely obviated by eating off "paper plates and dishes which might be burnt after use." We seem to see here the dawn of a new epoch in which the house will be a mere annex to the Dust-bin, and the Sink will lapse into oblivion. "No cleaning" will be the motto of the scullery-maid, and there shall be no necessity to scrub the steps every morning. We shall simply tear off a leaf of prepared surface after the manner of a blotting-pad, and apply to the nearest stationer when the levels of the threshold are getting low. In like manner the yearly tenant will lay down his fifty-two paper carpets one on top of another when entering upon his lease, and convey a stratum to the ash-heap week by week. Laundresses, of course, are doomed, the waste-paper basket, when necessary, acting as their substitute. We have already "no-hatters" and "no-booters," and the principle will be extended, and we shall probably hear of "no-shirters" and "anti-collarites." The handkerchief question can be solved on the Chinese system. Where, however, a foolish prejudice retains these various articles of costume, a bonfire every Monday morning will soon dispose of all the soiled imitation-linen. The paper-drafter is going to replace the haberdasher and the modiste. Paper boots have long been obtainable from army contractors, so these can be bought and used up by the gross, thereby doing away with the distasteful task of blacking them day by day. Other portions of dress, if worn, may be constructed of brown paper, but much is to be said in favour of a return to the fashions of our early British ancestors. Darning and sewing will be classed among the lost arts, if indeed they are not so already.

At mealtime we foresee great changes. In old-fashioned households, where families still feed at home and do not patronise the restaurant, we shall have the service performed by dumb plate-bins, *alias* receptacles into which each dish can be thrown when done with. Paper knives and forks, it may be thought, present a difficulty, but, with the Japanisation of the world, we shall most probably learn to handle chopsticks. Paper constitutions and paper Acts of Parliament, and much else that looks well on paper, we have been familiar with for many years past, and now we are promised the reality.

It will not matter if anything "comes off in the 'and'" of the few remaining Phyllises of the future, as nothing will be made to last.

When most things go, after twenty-four hours' use, to the Dust-hole and the Destructor, the problem of the Simple Life for Housemaids will be solved.

The weary charwoman also, whose epitaph records her satiety of washing and scrubbing and sweeping, will achieve her desire on earth and be "going to do nothing for ever and ever."

SHOULD MILLERS WEAR WHITE HATS?

DEAR SIR,—What on earth is Canon SLICER driving at? In my young days a miller without a hat would have been considered a positive impropriety. In the case of the Miller's Daughter the matter is even more serious, and I regard some form of decent head-gear as absolutely indispensable.

Yours faithfully,

VICAR OF BRANSTOCK.

SIR,—As a prominent member of the No-Hat League, and one who has never yet been compelled to wear any ridiculous form of frippery, I wish to record emphatically my protest.

Yours ever,

Regent's Park. ZOË CROWTHER (Miss).

HOND. SIR,—The practice of mixing sand, seidlitz powder, dynamite and other deleterious substances with ordinary wheat-flour— [This letter seems to have strayed into the wrong column. —Ed.]

DEAR SIR,—A faint pearl-grey is more fashionable, Yours in haste,

THE MAD HATTER.

DEAR SIR,—Only for photos.

Yours, etc.

GERTRUDE MILLAR.

DEAR SIR,—Why not?

JOE MILLER.

DEAR SIR,—I remember my grandmother saying that she recollected meeting a friend of a certain very notable miller of the time, who pursued his unselfish vocation in the vicinity of the river Dee. She is not quite clear as to his opinion upon this very interesting topic, but believes him to have stated more than once that he was entirely indifferent to the opinions of the rest of the world, and that (so far as he was able to judge) they (the rest of the world) reciprocated this sentiment towards himself. Yours sincerely,

H. T. TOLLEMACHE TOLLEMACHE.

Other correspondents appear to have confounded the main issue of the question with more or less irrelevant topics, such as Should Cats eat Bats? What are the Wild Waves saying? and Are Mushrooms poisonous? Their effusions are therefore reluctantly withheld.



"SPOILING THE MARKET."

Young Spatchcock (who has just peppered a Beater). "IT'S DEUCED U-FOOTUNATE, BASS. NOW TELL ME WHAT HAD I BETTER GIVE HIM?"
 Bags (meditatively). "WELL, SIR, I CAN'T RIGHTLY SAY. IT'S THIS WAY, YOU KNOW. BEATERS 'AS GOT VERY EXPENSIVE 'ERRA'OUTS EVER SINCE MR. GUILDERSTEIN 'AD THE SHOOTIN',
 'E USED TO 'IT ONE OR TWO OF 'EM MOST EVERY DAY. AND MONEY WASN'T NO ORREG' TO 'IM."

LILLIAN.

I.—HER NARROW ESCAPE.

IN answer to certain questions of mine, LILLIAN has told me several times that she is not going to marry me. That may be so or not, but in the meantime I am taking care that she doesn't marry anybody else. This I do for her own sake, as it is so obvious to me that she doesn't know her own mind. For instance, that affair of the Vicar——

One imagines a Vicar an oldish man with an innumerable family. But this one was quite young. He must have got his Vicarage very early; at the record age, I should say. When he came down to us, the village immediately went mad over him, and LILLIAN simply threw herself at his head. He all but caught her. It was what the *Sportsman* would call "a sharp one-handed chance that the reverend gentleman got to, but could not hold."

The reverend gentleman's name was HAYLING. He had the ordinary sort of face, and the only point about him that I could see was that he couldn't pronounce his "r's." You would think that this would rather do for a Vicar, but the fellow had a positive genius for getting hold of words that hadn't got an "r" in them. Of course he couldn't help himself in the actual service, but he never once said "my brethren" in his sermons, which is pretty casual in a Vicar who has got his majority so early. And out of church he would often go through a whole week without giving himself away. He was awfully sensitive on the subject.

Well, LILLIAN, as I say, made herself silly about him; and I saw at once that it would want all my skill and tact to lure her away from the HAYLING's net. I used to spend days trying to have him on about his "r's," but the brute was extraordinarily cunning, especially when LILLIAN was about. We talked over the war a good deal, and of course I thought I had him there. But no. It was always "The People of the Czar," or the "Slav," or—what are those things you scratch?—oh yes, the "Tartar"; never once Russia or the Russians. Jolly luckily for him LINIEVITCH was in command just then, but once, when I did get round to KUROPATKIN, hang me if he didn't begin: "Ah yes. The KITCHENER of the East, as that gallant soldier has been well-named, is indeed of the kind

that——" something or other. Naturally I dropped KUROPATKIN after this.

HAYLING was very fond of dogs. Almost the first day he came into the village he practically asked for a fox-terrier pup that I was trying to give away. As I promised it to him then, there was no getting out of it; so some weeks later I took it up to him.

"Ah, thanks, thanks," he said. "I began to think you had forgotten that I had consented to take it off your hands. Have you given it a name yet?"

"Oh yes," I said airily. "I've taught the beast to answer its name. Here! *Raffles, Raffles!* Come along, old dog! Good dog, *Raffles.*"

the secret about the dog; and of course she knew about LILLIAN and me. We were all in the garden, and suddenly GRACE said:

"Oh, you've brought your dear little dog, Mr. HAYLING. What is its name?"

The Vicar looked away.

"*Waffles,*" he said.

"Oh, what did you say?"

"*Waffles,*" said HAYLING, angrily.

"Dick, if you make such a noise with your pipe I can't hear anything. I beg your pardon, Mr. HAYLING?"

"*Waffles,*" said the Vicar, looking absolutely furious.

"Ah, yes," said GRACE, vaguely. And we camped there for the night, so to speak.

After tea the attack was renewed. *Raffles* was being taught by LILLIAN to beg, and we were all sitting around and watching.

"Oh, by the way, HAYLING," I said, "HOLT's got two ripping little Irish terriers he wants to get rid of. I said I'd take one, and recommended you for the other. Was that right?"

"I should be happy to do Mr. Holt a good turn," said the Vicar, complacently.

"Right. I'll tell him. They're splendid little chaps. *Ruffles* and *Luffles* he calls them."

There was a moment's silence. Then the Vicar blew his nose.

"HOLT is very keen that we shouldn't change their names, and as he's taught them no end of tricks——"

"I hate dogs who play the fool," said HAYLING, shortly.

It was a bit unlucky for him, for *Raffles* seized that very moment to stand on his hind legs and balance a sand-

wich on his nose. LILLIAN, whose idea it was, glanced angrily at the Vicar. I lit a pipe very deliberately.

"By the way, HAYLING," I said, "you won't mind, I'm sure, but as I was up there I chose mine."

There was really a fine pause here, just as I wanted. Then said HAYLING—he simply couldn't help himself—

"Which—which one did you choose?"

I lit another match.

"*Buffles,*" I said.

GRACE came in eagerly.

"Oh, then Mr. HAYLING's is *Ruffles!* What funny names he has for his dogs! What do you call this? Something like *Apples* or *Raffles*, didn't you say?"

Then Mr. HAYLING said something that wasn't a bit like *Apples*—or *Raffles*.



Benevolent Lady. "NOW MIND THAT YOU DON'T GO AND SPEND THAT AT THE FIRST PUBLIC-HOUSE YOU COME TO."

Disreputable Old Pauper. "YOU BET I WON'T, MUM. YOU MEANS THE 'SPOTTED DOG.' NOT ME. YOU'RE A GOOD JUDGE, YOU ARE. I'M FOR THE 'GREEN DUCK' FURTHER ON. I AGREE WITH YOU—THE 'SPOTTED DOG' AIN'T NO CLASS AT ALL."

HAYLING went red.

"An unusual name, am I not wight?" he said, dropping his guard for the moment.

"Oh! he's called after the famous criminal *RAFFLES*," I explained.

"And who is this famous—ah—malefactor?"

"I am afraid you don't read your *Pall Mall Magazine*, HAYLING."

"I have no time to waste on minor fiction. HALL CAINE and Miss—that is, the lady of Avon—have no charms for me."

"*RAFFLES* was a thief," I said, "and so is this *Raffles*. He'll steal your slippers, HAYLING."

Three days later my sister-in-law and I went over to LILLIAN'S. As we expected, HAYLING was there. I had let GRACE into

"Really, Mr. HAYLING!" said GRACE, getting up indignantly . . .

Five minutes after we had gone the Vicar proposed to LILLIAN and was refused. She pretends, of course, that she would have refused him anyhow. But that is hardly fair after the disinterested and unselfish way in which I worked to save her.

A HARD CASE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I write to you for advice and assistance. Mine is, I hope and believe, a peculiar case, and only you can help me. The circumstances are as follows:—A month ago I met a man in the neighbourhood of Bouverie Street, and, *à propos* of nothing in particular, he told me a story. I know it was a very amusing story, for I remember laughing immoderately at it. I laughed so much that he clapped me on the shoulder and said, "There, my dear fellow, you put that on paper and send it to *Punch*. I present it to you." Then he turned and walked towards the Strand. There may have been something sinister in his eye as he looked at me, but if so it escaped me.

Fired with his generous offer I climbed to the attic in which I reside and proceeded to commit the story to paper. It was not a long story. It could have gone easily into one of your columns. I felt I could write it in half-an-hour. Mr. Punch, I am still writing that story. There was nothing involved about it. It only required plain telling to be irresistibly humorous. But I am still wrestling with the task of setting it down in writing. I thought half an hour would suffice for the task. Four weeks have elapsed, and it is still unaccomplished. At this moment I am sitting at my desk knee-deep in my own rejected efforts. I have written the beginning a hundred times and thrown it aside as unsatisfactory. Then, when I seemed to have got the beginning all right, the middle began to puzzle me, and every time I altered the middle I had to change the beginning. It is not a long story, as I have said, but my attempts to narrate it would fill

volumes. At the end of my first week of work on it my brain was dull and I ceased to sleep at night. At the end of a fortnight the floor of my chamber was entirely covered with discarded beginnings and middles, while the end was not even in sight. By this time I was so worn out that I could scarcely hold a pen. Then I think I must have become delirious. From constantly writing and rewriting that story I had lost all power of criticism. I ceased to be able to give what remains of my mind to its composition, and wrote and destroyed my copy, as it were, automatically.

Meantime at intervals I used to meet the other man in Fleet Street, and he never failed to smile at me with elabo-

short of patients issuing forth into Fleet Street and presenting his story to someone. After a few weeks the victim passes into his keeping. Or perhaps he also has suffered under the story, and the only way to get rid of the burden is to hand it on to someone else. But can I in cold blood save myself thus at the expense of another? My conscience revolts at the idea. Yet it is useless to suggest that I should merely cease trying to write it. That is out of my power. I can now think of nothing else. It has hypnotised me, and I cannot free myself from its deadly fascination. If however you have any habitual contributor whom you wish to get rid of, perhaps you will send me his name in confidence. I will then tell him the story and suggest that he should write it for your columns. In six weeks or less you will be rid of him for ever.

Yours despairingly,
A MEMBER OF THE
SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.



FORCE OF HABIT.

Hotel Clerk. "ANY OF THE ROOMS NUMBERED FROM EIGHTY-FIVE TO A HUNDRED ARE VACANT, SIR. HAVE YOU ANY PREFERENCE?"

Dr. Lirrip, F.R.C.P. (author of "*Lirrip on Lungs*," "*Lungs and their Troubles*").
"SAY NINETY-NINE."

rate friendliness and ask how I was getting on with his story. I even thought I detected a lurking malice in the inquiry as the days went on, and became afraid of meeting him. I shut myself up in my room and laboured at that accursed story, and only ventured out at night when I could count on escaping his hateful inquiry.

Meantime I am still writing it, and I begin to think it will never be finished. I sit at my desk with blood-shot eyes and aching head, my pen rushing feverishly across the paper until now I can hardly believe that there was ever a time when I was not pursuing an elusive jest through reams of manuscript. And it is gradually being borne in on me that it is all a plot on the part of the other man. I suspect him of keeping a private asylum, and whenever he is

to her to know that her first Governor, as the *Times* informs us, is the Hon. A. FORGET.

The Altruist at Home.

THE following testimonial reaches us from a Colonial Paper:—"My wife was all twisted out of shape with facial paralysis, and five doctors failed to cure or even relieve. By the persistent use of Dr. —'s — Food I have been entirely cured, and have returned to work strong and well. I have gained in weight, and feel that I have a new lease of life."

By one of the intelligent Japanese rioters the *Times* correspondent was informed that their object in setting fire to the House of the Minister of the Interior at Tokio was to enlighten the EMPEROR.

CHANGE AND REST.

If your holiday should take you to a continental land,
And you meet a figure strange and hollow-eyed,
With a guide-rope girt about him and a Murray in his hand,
Rushing frantically up a mountain side;
Oh! think not 'tis a madman who has broken loose again,
Or a felon, by police officials pressed,
It is merely dear old JOHNSON, who, to soothe his weary brain,
Is seeking for a little change and rest.

He has only got a month, and there are scores of peaks to climb,

So he cannot waste his days in sluggish ease;
He wants to visit Nuremberg and Munich in the time,
With a détour by the Spanish Pyrenees.
Then to Sheringham or Cromer he will swiftly wend his way,
Where, to give, he says, his appetite a zest,
He will bicycle and bathe, and play two rounds of golf a day—
His notion of a pleasant change and rest.

If, later on, it chance that down Throgmorton Street you pace,
And you meet a being hollow-cheeked and pale,
With nervous breakdown stamped on ev'ry feature of his face,
And knees that, in his going, droop and fail,
With garments hanging loosely on his worn and shrunken frame,

That once was plump and scrupulously dressed,
You'll recognise poor JOHNSON. He will tell you, to his shame,
That he's better for his jolly change and rest.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Shakspeare's Christmas (SMITH, ELDER) is the title of half a dozen stories "Q" collects and presents in a handy volume. Presumably, as he places this particular story first and gives its name to the book, he regards it as head, if not shoulders, above its fellows. That is a point of preference on which my Baronite does not agree with his gifted friend. He frankly admits that he is not in a position to judge of the work as a whole, since, to tell the truth, after honest endeavour he was obliged to give up the attempt to read it through. That fact has, however, its bearing on the case. For the rest, the stories are delightful, far beyond the average of this most difficult literary labour. They are full of character and action, touched up here and there with flashes of humour. For the most part "Q" goes back to historic epochs for his narrative plot and characters, and has evidently spent loving endeavour in acquiring local colour. The portrait of *Captain Bligh*, late of the *Bounty*, for example, is admirable. "The Rain of Dollars," an episode in the retreat of Sir JOHN MOORE's army from Corunna, is a masterful piece of vivid writing, and so is the story with the alluring title, "The Man Behind the Curtain."

The Queer Quakeress of the North and the Sly Seductive Southerner might comprehensively have been the title of *The Quakeress*, by MAX ADELER (WARD, LOCK & Co.). The plot is well conceived, and, certainly, it is a powerfully written novel. The story opens just before the commencement of the fratricidal American Civil War, and is carried through the earlier part of that deadly struggle between North and South. This somewhat dangerous ground is treated with artistic self-restraint, and we are spared the horrors in which MAX ADELER, had he given way to Zolaesque inspiration, might have plunged us. The interest aroused at the very first in the principal characters is well sustained up to the end. That to many English readers it may recall the earlier part of the story of *Steerforth*, *Little Emily*, and *Ham* is not improbable; but, unprincipled as was *David Copperfield's* hero, yet the gay young Southerner

Clayton, as a reprobate, can give *Steerforth* several points, and win easily. To compare the well-instructed Quakeress *Abby* with the uneducated *Emily* would be manifestly unfair, but though the former does not take the irreparable step that ruined *Peggotty's* niece yet her will consents, and there is little left of strict virtue in the beautiful Quakeress who retains only the peculiar costume and language of "The Friends." It is a clever and interesting portrait of a self-deceiving girl, who is necessarily a deceiver of those nearest and dearest to her. The character of the model young Quaker *George Fotherly* is admirably depicted, as is also that of the would-be seducer *Clayton*, physically brave, morally contemptible. The other secondary personages are all well drawn, and the comedy provided by the *Ponder* family, though lacking in originality, is not obtrusive. Altogether a book that the Baron has no hesitation in recommending.

Driven (FISHER UNWIN) is a story gleaned amid the simple annals of the poor. It is set in the good old times of "the hungry forties," when statesmen did not bandy phrases about Retaliation, Colonial Preference, and the like. They honestly spelt Protection with a big P, and openly enforced it. Mistress MARGARET WATSON, without attempt at preaching a moral, or effort at picturesque writing, tells, with pathos the more powerful, how the agricultural labourer and his family lived when corn was ten shillings a bushel, bacon eightpence a pound, wages for the head of the family nine shillings a week; the dulness of domestic life being varied by sending to jail for a month a starving man who ate a pennyworth of turnips pilfered from his master's field, fourteen days being the penalty for stealing five eggs. In such a state of things, crime in the way of poaching, burglary or highway robbery was common, not infrequently ending in the head of the family or other of its main supports being sent "over seas" for seven or fourteen years. My Baronite cannot recommend the book to any who when they take up a novel delight to find themselves in the society of those who siller hae and walk in silk attire. It is all very sad, but it is very human, and, by chance or design, has its special lesson for to-day.

The Fate of Luke Ormerod (HURST AND BLACKETT), by RICHARD DOWLING, commences so well that even a partial failure on the part of the author to keep up to his own standard is exceptionally disappointing. The leading notion has sufficient originality to be strongly attractive. "Blessed are they who expect nothing," says that irreverent old rascal *Major Monsoon*, "for verily they shall not be disappointed." Now, the earlier part of this novel leads the reader to be on the constant look-out for a mystery that shall puzzle the sharpest plot-detector among the most experienced novel-readers. A trifle more excogitation on the part of the author, another wet towel round his throbbing brain, just an extra day's isolation, and we might have had such a romance of real life as would have created a profound impression. Good as the plot is, it might so easily have been so much better. Yet can the Baron conscientiously recommend it, and much would he have liked to be able to add that here, at last, was an Englishman who had outgaboriau'd GABORIAU.



Answer to Correspondent.—"ENQUIRER." No: Esperanto is not fit to eat: it must not be confused with other Potted Tongues.

LIST, YE LADIES.

[Prompted by the laudable desire to keep his columns thoroughly up-to-date and at the same time to promote national efficiency, Mr. Punch has resolved, in deference to repeated requests, to open a "Woman's Exchange Column" in which the legitimate curiosity of his fair readers will be fully and rationally gratified. The subjoined specimen inquiries and replies are accordingly submitted as a guide to intending correspondents.]

WHAT MANY GIRLS WANT TO KNOW.

"How can I break my engagement?" asks a correspondent, pathetically. "What is the best way to set about it?" Possibly some cynics may snort at the ingenuous candour of this question, but when we reflect that after all two lives may be wrecked by the perseverance in a course rashly adopted in a moment of expansion, compassion and not mockery should be aroused.

We fear, however, that no infallible remedy can be prescribed to solve this problem. Circumstances alter cases, and elopement can only be justified by results, or perhaps we should say, if the favoured swain is more eligible as well as more muscular than his rival. A few weeks earlier we should have been inclined to recommend swimming the Channel as a convenient means of extrication, but it is not all skins that will stand shark's oil supplemented by a coat of resin.—"AUNT SARAH."

TO-DAY'S INQUIRIES.

1. How can I cure my parrot (aged forty-five) of swearing?—VERONICA (Ashford).

2. What is the best way to make a Macedonia jelly?—Mrs. McTURK (Bexhill-on-Sea).

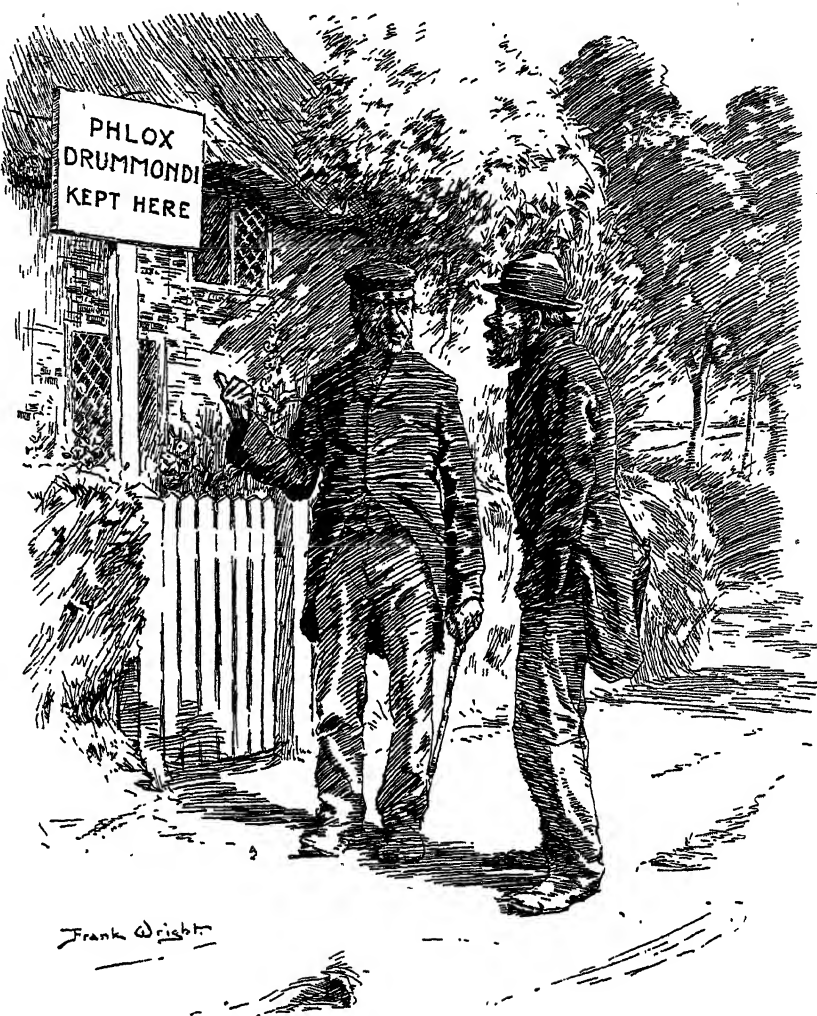
3. How can I make a horse and cabbage dumpling as in Germany?—Hippo (Sadlers Wells).

4. What is the right way to extract the greatest amount of nourishment from a vegetable marrow-bone?—ANXIOUS HAIGITE (Poplar).

5. The figs on my tree never ripen. Would it be safe to make them into a fig pudding? My husband is a man of violent temper.—ANGELA (Peckham Rye).

TO-DAY'S REPLIES.

Cure for Laryngitis.—If anyone suffering from laryngitis, tonsillitis, or any kindred complaints, will put a heaped-up tablespoonful of red pepper into a half tumblerful of methylated spirits, light the liquid with a braided fusee and gargle for a quarter of an hour, the complaint will be completely and permanently cured. I can state positively that whenever and wherever the above remedy has been faithfully used, the sufferer has never complained of any recurrence of the symptoms, or indeed raised any complaint at all.—(Miss) WINNIE P. (Hanwell).



OMNE IGNOTUM PRO TERRIFICO.

"WOT'RE WE TER DO, BILL? IF IT WUS ONLY A DORG I'D CHAVNOR IT—BUT THEM THINGS!"

How to make a Chocolate Mould sit up.—If the mould is in a state of complete collapse, and the weather very warm, of course nothing can be done. But if it is only limp an injection of isinglass and shellac will work wonders. Failing that, it is best to prop up the mould with a small zareba of whalebone, which, however, must not be included in the portion served to each guest.—MARIA JOLY (Bangor).

AMBIGUOUS.—The visitors' book at a seaside resort contains the following entry:—"The Rev. — returned and was again made comfortable. The needs of an entomologist are simple, if generally numerous, but the landlord was indefatigable and successful in supplying all wants."

A. NEWSPAPER asks the question, "Are yachtsmen rude?" We don't know, but they are certainly often in Solent.

DEFINITIONS.

A **SPEECH** may be delivered at any length, on any subject, at any distance from that subject.

When that which is said on one side of a question is equal to that which is said on the other side of the same question by the same speaker, the figure of speech is called Balfourian.

A half-sheet of notepaper has position and magnitude, but no weight.

A legal joke is that which possesses length and breadth, but is without point.

A snob is a superficial figure consisting of nothing but side.

A sermon is the longest distance between two points, namely, the point at which it begins, and the point at which it leaves off.

It is computed that £800 a year is received in fines from motorists at Andover. Why omit the aspirate?

THE SEAMY SIDE OF MOTLEY.

LADY, when we sat together,
And your flow of talk that turned
On the Peace, the Play, the Weather,
Left me frankly unconcerned,
I could see how hard you labour'd
Till your brain was stiff and sore,
Never having yet been neighbour'd
By so dull a bore.

Later on, from information
Gathered elsewhere after lunch,
You had got at my vocation,
Learned that I belonged to *Punch*,
And in tones of milk and honey
You invited me to speak
On the art of being funny,
Funny once a week.

Madam, though your heart, I know,
meant
Well—in its peculiar way,
Yet I could not, at the moment,
Find a fitting word to say;
I could not for love or money
Own, aloud, the quite unique
Strain of trying to be funny,
Funny every week.

'Tis a task that haunts me waking,
Like a vampire on the chest,
Spoils my peace, prevents my taking
Joyance in another's jest;
Makes me move abroad distracted,
Trailing speculative feet;
Makes me wear at home a rack'd head
In a sodden sheet.

Women hint that I am blinded
To their chaste, but obvious, charms;
Sportsmen deem me absent-minded
When addressed to feats of arms;
If the sudden partridge rises
I but rend the ambient air;
And the rabbit's rude surprises
Take me unaware.

Life for me's no game of skittles
As at first you might opine;
I have lost my love of victuals
And a pretty taste in wine;
When at lunch your talk was wasted,
Did you notice what occurred,—
How I left the hock untasted,
How I passed the bird?

If my wits were vaguely wandering,
Here must lie my poor excuse,—
They were in the act of pondering
O'er a *mot* for public use;
Theme (a horrid one)—the slaughter
Where the wells of Baku boil;
Joke—the need of pouring water
On the troubled oil.

Madam, haply you may miss it;
Mots ere now have fallen flat;
I could make it more explicit,
But we'll leave the thing at that:

Don't for *my* sake mar your beauty,
Tracking down the devious clue;
I have simply done the duty
I was bound to do.

Yet, if you would grant a favour,
In your orisons recall
One whose smile could scarce be graver
If his mouth were full of gall;
Let your lips (that shame the ruby)
Pray for mine all wan and bleak
With the strain of trying to be
Funny every week. O. S.

MILITARY NOTES.

[The announcement that the latest style of tunic adopted by the German Army is "cut like a blouse" has, it is said, aroused great interest at the War Office, and it is thought probable in many quarters that, at no very distant date, we shall see the idea adopted and very possibly developed in this country. If such is the case, the military notes of the future will, presumably, be couched in the following strain:—]

NEVER has the Dress Reform Committee of the War Office given us more striking proof of the excellence of its taste than in the latest issue of the *Army Fashions Intelligence*. Those amazingly clever modistic experts, Mesdames BLANCHE, ROSE and LILY, are ever on the *qui vive* for all that is new and *chic* in the world of dress, and it is mainly owing to their efforts that the British Army can now boast that it is the best dressed force in Europe. A few words on the latest ideas that have emanated from those active brains will probably not be unwelcome to our readers.

Especially fetching is the new mess jacket of the Ninety-ninth Hussars. Fashioned of a peculiarly effective cloud-grey estrella, it is made to fit closely at the waist, the coat being outlined daintily with deep orange velvet, which also appears on the prettily puffed sleeves. Over it the charmingly cut double collar fastens with fichu effect, crossing quite low down to show a V-shaped vest of Valenciennes lace. A swathed belt of taffetas is afterwards hooked over the left side and forms the finishing touch to what is really the daintiest uniform imaginable.

As is only natural, in the regiments of the Line a rather quieter tone is to prevail. The committee of experts, however, have left no stone unturned to make the uniforms as *chic* and attractive as possible consistently with lowness of price, and very well they have done their work. We cannot but hold, for example, that the Mudfords' new bolero, with its blue velvet-faced collar, strappings, and rows of little metal buttons, is a miracle of cheapness at 69s. 11d. Extremely reasonable, too, at

48s. 3½d. is the Slopshires' latest tunic, an exquisite creation in black chiffon, accordion pleated and lined with *glacé* silk, a relief to the dead black being afforded by *motifs* of jet.

Our American cousins have a taste that is not to be despised in the matter of *chaussure*, and the committee have done well to go to them for their designs for this all-important department of military clothing. Is not the new button boot, with patent kid golosh, of most attractive *ligne*? It has a well-out heel, specially worthy of praise in that it maintains a graceful outline for the foot without being in the least fatiguing on the longest march, as a heel of narrower proportions is apt to be. Especially to be commended, too, are the latest evening shoes, in *glacé* kid with straps and plain silver buckles. Worn with the regulation openwork stockings they will look unutterably modish.

Next week there is to be a really enthralling display of the latest things in military headgear at the house of Messrs. CUTTER AND CAPP, the well-known firm of military outfitters. The unpopular service cap has now been replaced by a very fetching toque in Parsifal blue or Duck's-egg green cloth, with a *chou* of satin and a prettily curved quill, just imported from *la ville lumière*. Another captivating design is a hat in brown *glacé* ruched in squares, each square being finished with a wee velvet button. Raised on the head by means of a bandeau of green velvet it should prove a most practical and becoming *genre*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAJOR.—We think you are very sensible to make your new uniform at home; it will certainly come far cheaper in the end. We can supply you with a paper pattern for 6s. 1d., post free, stamps with order. You need not fear any difficulty with the kiltings. If, as you say, your wife has a new machine it will turn them out quite easily, or they will be made by any one who does pinking, &c., for a few pence.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL.—We quite understand from what you tell us that the Dahlias and new Titian reds in your full-dress uniform do not go well with your complexion. As you intend to be in town for the next few days, we should strongly advise you to try a course of Mrs. BLENKINSOP's complexion treatment, which will effectively dissipate the roughness you complain of. When you return to camp, you should take with you her special "Beauty Chest," containing a tin of Lily cream, powder, peach bloom, lip salve, powder-puff, pencil, and a bottle of sunburn lotion. The price is only five guineas, and it is well worth the money.



“THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.”

F.-M. MacPunch. “I AM GLAD THAT YOU, SIR, TAKE AN INTEREST IN THE VOLUNTEERS.”



THE AMERICAN RUSH.

American Tourist. "SAY. HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO SEE OVER THE RUINS?"

Caretaker. "ABOUT AN HOUR, SIR."

American Tourist. "AND HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE YOU TO TELL US ABOUT IT?"

MY COMEDY.

FAR from the loud and madding scene
Where trippers make high holiday,
O Reader, I have lately been
In silent travail of a Play;
A Comedy, which ought to run
For months—if I could get it done.

My plot is in the last degree
Funny; the stage has seldom heard
Such wit, such brilliant repartee.
I've done two Acts and half the
Third—

But, through a startling oversight,
I cannot get the climax right.

You see my leading lady, Z.,
Is wooed by X. (a knightly soul,
Whose qualities of heart and head
Acclaim him for a hero's rôle),
And Y. (a purely minor swain),
Who I proposed should love in vain.

Now, as at first the plot was hatched,
Z. would have sealed a lifelong bond
With X. (to whom I'm much attached);
And Y. (of whom I wasn't fond)
Would, by his agonies, emit
Some homely pathos for the Pit.

But Y., though otherwise designed,
Has burgeoned slowly from the start
Into the noblest of his kind,
With qualities of head and heart
That give him quite an equal claim
With that of X. to win the game.

And thus the basis of my plot
Has at the climax fallen through:—
I have *two* heroes now—there's not
A pin to choose between the two—
And, as my hero, one must win
The hand of Z., my heroine.

But, which? Were X. to gain his point,
The Public taste would never bear
His putting Y.'s nose out of joint,
Which plainly settles *his* affair!
Nor can I let the lady go
To Y., for that would spoil the Show!

That does for Y. In point of fact
It also seems to do for Z.!
And as in my concluding Act
I cannot let her go unwed,
It does for *me*! Which simply means
That everything's in smithereens.

It seems an obvious resource
To introduce a second bride

(Z.'s peer, in all respects, of course),
And thus get all the three supplied.
Or, failing that, to choose one's man
And kill him, seems the only plan.

But Z. "there is none like her, none!"
Z. is the concentrated blend
Of all I've ever loved, in one!
And though, no doubt, the sudden end
Of X. (or Y.) would solve the hitch,
Still there's the old conundrum—
Which?

O Reader, I would have you muse
On this obstructive point of mine,
And, if you find a likely ruse,
Don't hesitate to send a line!
This is a Play that ought to bring
In pounds—if I could end the thing.
DUM-DUM.

ALMOST CENT-HENARIANS.—"The following advertisement," says a correspondent, "might suit you":—

ON SALE, 80 year old HENS, good condition, from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d. each.—*Bury Times*.

The advertisement suits us, but the hens would not.

"THE PRODIGY SON."

"What a game it is!" said the elder Mr. Weller, with a chuckle.
 "A reg'lar prodigy son!"—*Pickwick*, chap. xv.

A DRURY Lane drama is supposed to demand, as essential to its success, crowd and show, both of which, in this present instance, seem to be brought in only by way of concession to tradition, as they could be entirely dispensed with, without injury to, nay, rather to the advantage of, Mr. HALL CAINE's play entitled *The Prodigal Son*. The title is incorrect, as, evidently, it should have been *A Prodigal Son*. "*The Prodigal Son*," strictly speaking (which would not have much effect on the author of this drama), is definitely scriptural. This play has little to do with scripture, except in the last Act, where the prayer, offending not a few, and the reading of the Bible, should have been altogether omitted.

It is the story of two brothers, *Magnus Stephenson* (Mr. FRANK COOPER), and *Oscar Stephenson* (Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER) in love with the same girl, *Thora Neilsen* (Miss LILY HALL CAINE), *Magnus*, the elder of the pair, sacrificing himself for the sake of *Thora's* happiness, and getting himself very generally disliked by his decidedly objectionable way of doing it.

Oscar, married to *Thora*, falls in love with his wife's wicked sister *Helga* (Miss NANCY PRICE), with whom, after he has ruined his father, *Stephen Magnusson* (in which character Mr. HENRY NEVILLE appears in full uniform as Governor-General of Iceland), broken his mother *Anna's* (Miss MARY RORKE) heart, and been the immediate cause of his wife's death in her confinement, *Oscar* goes away for five years. At the expiration of this period, we find *Oscar* and *Helga* together in one of Tom Tiddler's grounds, i.e. Monte Carlo, where, after a course of gambling and finally cheating, an awakened conscience causes its wobbling possessor, *Oscar*, to break the chain that binds him to *Helga* at once and for ever. An immorally reasoning Mephistophelian medical man, *Doctor Olsen* (Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE), much interested in the prodigal, prescribes suicide for *Oscar*. But when *Oscar* positively rejects this strong remedy, the Doctor, inspired by a "happy thought," discharges the pistol, pockets it, and calmly announces to the inquiring public that *Oscar* has committed suicide. As such an event need not stop the merriment of the evening the *bal masqué* proceeds, while *Oscar*—about whom as to "Where he goes Or how he fares Nobody knows and Nobody cares,"—makes a moonlight flitting.

Ten years elapse. *Oscar*, under the name of *Christian Christiansen*, has not only become a world-famous poet, but has also made a colossal fortune by his work! Here, indeed, is *The Prodigy Son*! *The Prodigal* has become *The Prodigy*. He returns home laden with money; nobody recognises him as *Oscar*; and, to put it shortly, after making every one happy, he is quitting his native land, when he is brought back by his brother, is welcomed by his mother, embraced by his daughter, who, not being the exceptionally wise child, does not know her own father when she sees him, and at the descent of the final curtain, it is to be inferred that *Oscar*, surrounded by this family circle, lives happily ever afterwards.

Now this is a drama without a sensation scene. What is wanted in "sensation" is supplied by tableaux, and by music in the orchestra furnished and conducted by Mr. J. M. GLOVER with all his usual energetic sympathy. But "sensation" is not missed when we have such excellent acting as is given us by Mr. FRANK COOPER impersonating the rough, honest, kindly brother, who is the real hero of the piece; by Miss MARY RORKE as the unobtrusive, affectionate mother; and by Mr. HENRY NEVILLE as the expansive Governor-General of Iceland, bearing himself as bravely as if he were a warrior of fifty, and looking some ten years younger than either of his sons.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD, a hostess in herself, supplies all the light and low comedy there is in the piece. She is wonderful. Risky sentences and words can be put into her mouth, and can come out of it, not only with safety, but so uttered as to compel the heartiest laughter and applause from a house crowded in every part. In this piece we have an example of a *casus belli* in an epigrammatic speech which from the lips of any other living actress would have led to a row in the house, perhaps even to an Old Drury riot. The part is comparatively small, but every line tells; they are the author's best, and Mrs. WOOD gives them inimitably. But for her the play would be sombre.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER plays the repellant part of *Oscar*, and carries it through triumphantly. But does he think he is so changed after fifteen years' absence that no one will know him in the last Act? Why, his *Oscar* returns home rather more like himself than ever! He is at once recognised by the entire audience, while his mother and his brother have not the slightest idea of his identity! The Returned Prodigal ought to be absolutely unrecognisable.

The part of *Helga* falls to Miss NANCY PRICE, but it cannot be reckoned among her successes. Miss LILY HALL CAINE is effective, perhaps sufficiently so, as the gentle *Thora*; but that she should afterwards appear as *Elin*, *Thora's* daughter, seems, as such an arrangement generally does, a dramatic mistake. She does it prettily enough.

The scenery by Messrs. McCLEERY, EMDEN, and BRUCE SMITH, is strikingly effective. The play has made a hit, and Old Drury is sure to be full up every night until the arrival of King Pantomime. "He may call himself CAINE," says Mr. ARTHUR CLEGG, "but as a dramatist he is 'able.'"

NATURE STUDIES.

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

I HAVE come to the conclusion that no good reason exists why such products of human nature and human activity as are in their essence not merely alive but also susceptible of change and development should not occasionally be included in this series. The supply of animals faithfully studied and intimately known to me, though it is not exhausted, is yet strictly limited. I propose, therefore, to vary their description by that of an American periodical which has been for many years the pleasant companion of my leisure.

I shall not investigate the question of this great magazine's origin. It suffices for me that it exists and has achieved its six hundred and sixty-fourth number. A division by twelve in the approved method results by way of quotient in the surprising knowledge that it is now in its fifty-sixth year. If fifteen years was *grande mortalitatis ævi spatium*, what shall be said of fifty-six?—especially when it is remembered that these fifty-six cover the most stirring and fruitful period in the history of the American Republic. Before ABRAHAM LINCOLN was heard of *Harper's Monthly* existed; it passed through the great Secession struggle; witnessed the reconstruction period; flourished under the Presidencies of GRANT, and now lives vigorously in the mild and magnificent eye (to say nothing of the *pince-nez* and the flashing teeth) of THEODORE ROOSEVELT. It is a considerable record of mere existence, a brilliant one when the distinguished merits that have marked that existence are taken into account. Long may it continue to instruct, to interest, and to amuse!

Let me, however, proceed to consider some of the elements that go to the making up of my companion's character. There is Mr. W. D. HOWELLS, novelist, essayist, man of the world—*nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*. He was once—I think my memory serves me right; I know I have been told that the penalties its lapses entail do so—he was once the editor of *Harper's Monthly*, and he still illuminates its columns. He has been writing in it about London and England, writing

with a grace, a peculiar charm, a vividness and a lightness both of touch and of fancy that would have conferred distinction upon the most brilliant magazine that even the rapt imagination of one of *Harper's* own poetesses could conceive in a moment of supreme exaltation. Besides, he is so reasonable and sane and human; shakes you by the hand (I speak in a literary sense) and links his arm in yours just as if you were the one friend he had been looking for through the wide world, and away you go with him on a voyage of delightful discovery through the murky streets of London or the hazy landscape of rural England. There never was so pleasant a guide or one who made you see so clearly and feel so keenly all the queer and fascinating beauties of our great city and our mother land. Hats off to Mr. W. D. HOWELLS!

I wonder if I am right in my conviction, carefully acquired from a perusal of *Harper's* pages, that all American poetesses own the name of JOSEPHINE? I cannot remember when the light of this knowledge first burst upon me, but now I hold it as an article of faith. It is a pretty name, obviously an American development of SAPPHO, and any poetess might be proud to be called by it even if American poetesses had not set the fashion in *Harper's Magazine*. Disguise in this matter is useless. It may happen that now and then one of *Harper's* poetesses tries to pass herself off as ETHEL or LOUISE or even as MARY or ALICE; but I know well enough that this is mere paltering and play. In sober earnest and in their poetical workshops they are all, without exception, JOSEPHINES.

Nothing in all *Harper's* strikes the heavy-minded Englishman with a greater astonishment than the extraordinary mass and variety of American women who write stories. I take up my *Harper* for September and I find stories by ABBEY MEGUIRE ROACH, ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL, OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR, MARY R. S. ANDREWS, and MARY VAN VORST. From this list it will be seen, by the way, that if you happen to be a woman and want to write stories for *Harper's*, the rule is—Miss VAN VORST is not really an exception because the VAN ought to count—that you must have at least three names. Miss ANDREWS has four, but then she doesn't print them all in full as the trinominal ones do. Another sound rule is that your short story must have a HENRY JAMES feeling about it. It must read as if it was not absolutely complete in itself, but had in reality been extracted from a longer story, or even from a novel. The reader is not told anything about the characters; he is violently flung at their heads, without the semblance of an introduction, and is expected to know all about them and to take the



FORCE OF HABIT.

(Express stopping between Stations.)

Irate Motorist (to Guard). "ARE WE PUNCTURED?"

deepest possible interest in their variations of feeling or caprice. It's a little puzzling at first to come upon a story ('tis an effort of fancy, not an actual quotation from *Harper's*) that begins something after the following fashion:—"Tuesday morning found *Sigsbee* still wearily engaged upon the old business. His look travelled from the waste of chimneys on which his window opened to a vagrant curl trailing coquettishly down the back of *Helen's* neck. He sighed and pushed the papers from him."

Mechanically your hand turns the leaves back so that you may discover the origins of these people, but it's quite useless. That is how the story starts, and you must take it or leave it at that.

A truce, however, to jesting. I know I wish September would hurry along so that I might get the six hundred and sixty-fifth number of *Harper's* and seek relaxation in its pages—and that is about the best compliment I can pay my old friend.

TOO MUCH STRAIN.

In Music I may fairly claim
Some catholicity of taste,
For Music is to me a name
For anything that can be faced.

Like everybody else I know
I find it thrills me to the quick
To hear an oratorio
Or listen to a KUBELIK;

But that my range goes far beyond
These limits is my greatest boast,
In that I am extremely fond
Of things that don't appeal to most.

I simply love a German band;
I cannot think why people write
To curse the enterprising land
That sends these spirits of delight.

I dote upon the dulcet strains
That reach us through the party wall,
And really why my wife complains
I never can make out at all.

And yet, and yet, I must confess
My sympathy knows certain bounds;
My ears just now are in duress
To two quite independent sounds.

The time has deflected my song,
The clash has affected my nerves;
To start this new metre was wrong,
But the change in emergency serves.

Ah, this is too heavy a load,
I am rolling in pain on the floor;
There's the "Promise of Life" in the
road,
And the "Garden of Love" next
door!

THE ART OF LETTER WRITING.

*A series of specimen letters designed to meet
the exigencies of ordinary life.*

ASKING TO BE EXCUSED FROM WORK ON
ACCOUNT OF ILLNESS.

*Letter from a gas-fitter and plumber,
accidentally gored by a highly com-
mended bullock at the Agricultural
Hall, to his employer, explaining that
it will be impossible for him to be at
27, The Boltons, at 8 o'clock on Monday
morning to inquire into an impediment
in the sink, as arranged.*

41, Rosebery Buildings, Islington.
December 8, 1902.

To MR. JAMES REDLED,

SIR,—Having met with an accident
which makes it impossible for me to
walk, I shall not be able to go to
Kensington on Monday. I hope to be
well again by the middle of the week.
With regret for the inconvenience I may
be causing you, Believe me,

Yours respectfully,
ARTHUR PUTTEY.

OFFERING TICKETS.

*Letter from the widow of a rich soap-
boiler, living on Richmond Hill, whose
son is taking the part of the second
footman in an amateur performance
of "The School for Scandal," at the
Richmond Town Hall, in aid of the
funds of a Convalescent Home for the
children of reduced investors, to the
newly arrived lady at Vinolia Lodge
on the opposite side of the road, on
whom she has left cards, but who has
not returned the call, accompanying
tickets for the second row of the best
seats at the performance in question.*

*The Nest, Richmond Hill.
January 14, 1903.*

Mrs. GLOVER presents her compliments
to Mrs. PINSENT and begs her acceptance
of the enclosed tickets for Saturday
evening.

DECLINING TICKETS.

*Letter from the newly arrived occupant
of Vinolia Lodge, Richmond Hill, to
Mrs. GLOVER, a neighbour opposite,
whom she does not wish to know, but
who has left cards upon her and has
just sent over two tickets for the second
row of the best seats at an amateur
performance of "The School for
Scandal," in aid of the funds of a
Convalescent Home for the children of
reduced investors, in which her son is
playing the part of the second footman.*

*Vinolia Lodge, Richmond Hill.
January 14, 1903.*

Mrs. PINSENT begs to return Mrs.
GLOVER's tickets, as she makes it a fixed
rule never to witness amateur theatricals.

APPLYING FOR SITUATION.

*Letter from a youth of seventeen residing
with his parents, who are respectively
a bricklayer and a sempstress, at 13,
Nelson Row, Chatham, to a wealthy
Lieut.-Colonel, who owns a park in the
neighbourhood of Rochester, reminding
him of his need of an under-boots,
and suggesting the possession of many
qualifications for the post.*

SIR,—My aunt Mrs. MOODY, whose step-
daughter is scullery-maid at the Hall
and engaged to an ostler in your service,
tells me that you are in need of an
under-boots. I should be glad to serve
you in this position, for although I have
never filled such a situation before, my
grandfather used to supply milk to Mr.
MARTIN, of DAY AND MARTINS. I am at
present employed to scare rooks for
Farmer BLATHERWICK, who I am sure will
give me a good character. I think I
should give you terrible satisfaction, as
I am an early riser and have a large
appetite. I am fifteen next week and
very strong. I have a bass voice and
sing in the choir. Respectfully yours,
WILLIAM BUNN.

REFUSING APPLICATION FOR INCREASE OF
SALARY (RISE).

*Letter from the manager of a firm of
patent medicine makers, who have a
popular pill much in demand among
pillionaires, to a clerk of a year's
standing, with red hair and a slight
stutter, who has had the audacity to
suggest that twenty-five shillings a
week is an insufficient sum on which
to support life.*

17, Pilltry, E.C.

SIR,—We are unable to entertain your
request for a rise in your salary, and for
the following reasons. On the 3rd inst.
you came in three-quarters of an hour
late; on the 9th you absented yourself
on the plea that your youngest child was
suffering from convulsions; on the 13th
you asked and obtained permission to
attend the funeral of your wife's sister.
We have since discovered, by the aid of
our research assistant, that you are a
bachelor, and that you spent the greater
part of the 9th inst. at Kempton Park.

But while we are unable to accede to
your proposal, we are so favourably
impressed by your fertility of resource
and command of language that we
propose to transfer you to the advertise-
ment department, when it will be your
duty to compile testimonials in praise of
the efficiency of our pills.—Faithfully
yours,

SANDSTONE AND WIGG.

pp. WALTER SWEEP.

ANSWERING AN INVITATION INTENDED FOR
SOMEONE ELSE.

*Letter from Mrs. JONES, residing at "The
Elms," North Hill, Putney, the widow
of a Major of Volunteers who resigned
his commission in consequence of his
refusal during some manoeuvres to
comply with the order that Volunteer
bands should not play when in ambush,
to Mrs. PENNEFATHER, a total stranger,
explaining how it came about that she
had opened a letter addressed to Mrs.
JAMES, who lives in the same road.*

Mrs. JONES presents her compliments
to Mrs. PENNEFATHER and regrets that
she is unable to accept her kind invita-
tion to dinner on the 14th inst., though
I am disengaged on that date, owing to
the postman's mistake, who delivered it
here instead of to Mrs. JAMES, the wife
of the dentist, who lives at "The Gums"
a few doors lower down.

CONGRATULATIONS ON ENGAGEMENT.

*Letter from a young lady who, having
been engaged to a gentleman for three
years, has been badly jilted in favour
of an acquaintance, to that acquaint-
ance, on the public announcement that
she and the gentleman are engaged.*

Belle Vue, Sydenham Hill.

DEAREST MILLY,—I wish you joy.
Your sincere friend, PHYLLIDA WING.



COURTESY AND COUNTER-COURTESY.

SCENE—A Third-class Railway Smoking Carriage.

Lady (just seated, to Workman, who is knocking ashes out of his clay). "PLEASE DON'T STOP SMOKING."
Workman. "NOA. I BE JUST A-GOIN' TO FILL AGAIN!"

IL RUSTICO.

(From a Highland Inn.)

HENCE, stuffy, stifling town,
The godless work of man's ungainly
hand,
Where toils the pallid band
Of city slaves, effete and trodden down!
Hence, with your tubes and trains,
That through the bowels of the earth do
tear,
Filling the poisoned air
With horrid shrieks and sounds and
smells unholy,
Through darkness black and coaly,
Where tortured mortals curse their
aching brains.

But hail, ye Highlands, fair and bright,
Birchen-clad and heather-dight!
Hail, Schiehallion's noble ridge,
Hail, delights of Tummel Bridge,
Where tumbling Tummel, all a-foam,
Fresh from his mist and mountain home,
Brawls evermore by rock and boulder
Around the great ben's mighty shoulder.

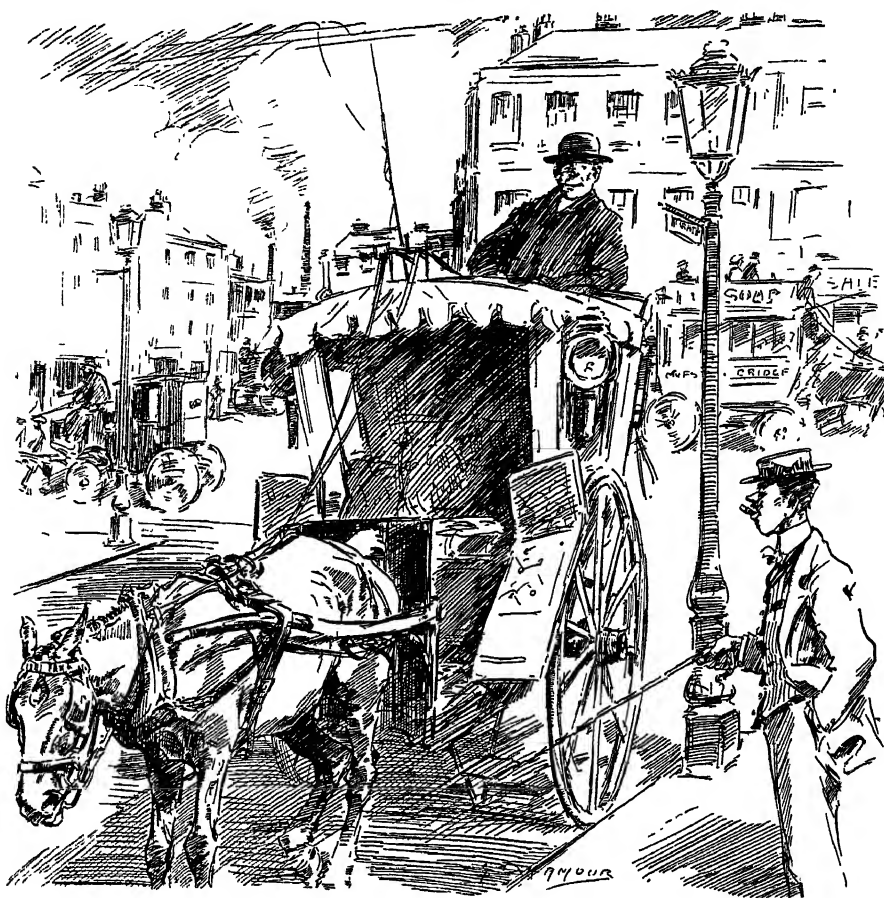
Here let me at my length be spread,
Bog-myrtle, heath and thyme my bed,
To breathe the breath of heaven that
blows
Straight from the land of cloud and
snows.

Here let me watch the waters splash,
And mark the sportive troutlet flash,
Or from some stilly peat-black deep
See a silver salmon leap;
While, as I laze upon the hill,
Let PHYLLIS' dainty fingers fill
With fragrant weed the briar bowl
That soothes and solaces my soul;
And mindful of her other task,
May she tilt the gurgling flask,
And with allaying Tummel tame
The mellow fire of Scotland's flame;
Till when the golden sunset sky
Proclaims the hour of dinner nigh,
When snell and nipping grows the air,
We hungry to the inn repair,
Whose hospitable door stands wide
To hint a table well supplied
With grouse and other Highland messes
Which the neat-handed hostess dresses.

Here amid the gathering gloom
Ghostly memories haunt the room.
Hither, once upon a time,
JEWETT in his golden prime
From the Isis loved to lead
Bands of chosen spirits to read.
Oft these walls have heard of yore
Subtle talk of PLATO's lore,
And subtle worldly wisdom too
From the Master's mind who knew
Things of heaven and things of earth.
Nor was wanting gayest mirth,
For often at the side of JOWETT
Sparkled A. C. S., the poet,
From whose inspired and tuneful lip
Fell startling paradox and quip,
Or tale of Mrs. Gamp, once more
To set the table in a roar.

These delights as thou canst give,
Tummel Bridge, by thee I'd live.

NO OTHERS NEED APPLY.—"Wanted, a
VEGETABLE GROOM, who can neither read
nor write."—Haverfordwest and Milford
Haven Telegraph.



CHAFF.

Would-be "Knowing One" (who has been chaffing Cabman about the horse). "WON THE DERBY, DIDN'T 'E?"

Cabman. "'E DID—TWICE!"

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to the *Vossische Zeitung*, the SULTAN, always jealous of his rights, is taking steps to prevent a continued encroachment on a monopoly of his. He is stated to have protested to the Russian Government against the recent massacres of Armenians.

At all the villages around Czarskoe Selo arrangements are being made for providing winter quarters for large numbers of Cossacks. These cantonments will form a close cordon round the Imperial residence. The CZAR, however, denies that he intends to attempt to escape.

Upon leaving New York, M. WITTE, in addressing a party of newspaper men, stated that never before had it been so forcibly impressed on him that the pen was mightier than the sword. We should have thought that some of the despatches of the Russian Commanders-in-Chief gave the lie to this assertion.

To show her disapproval of the Peace

terms, the Mikasa has committed harakiri.

A well-known firm of picture post-card manufacturers writes to a contemporary putting forward the pretty proposal that "every individual who appreciates the untiring efforts of President ROOSEVELT on behalf of humanity at large, which have culminated in so splendid a success," should send him a picture post-card with a line of congratulation.

President ROOSEVELT's repeated exhortations to his countrymen to have big families is having a curious effect. An epidemic of bigamy has broken out, and it may become necessary for the PRESIDENT to issue an explanatory statement to the effect that he wishes to see families of children, not of wives.

The doctors and warders at Carmarthen Prison have been much puzzled to decide whether a German prisoner there, who remains as motionless as a statue, is shamming, or is the victim of a strange disease. Our own opinion is that he is neither. He is merely attempting to

carry out the instructions given to his countrymen in the Baltic to be dignified in the presence of Englishmen.

Miss KELLERMAN, it is said, ate two chickens during her swim in the Seine last week. The local ducks are congratulating themselves on their escape.

The Bishop of MANCHESTER declares that if the people will not come to the Church the Church must go to the people, and follow them to their week-end resorts. It is, we hear, proposed to make a start by supplying golf-links with missionaries, who will sing a short hymn after each drive. In the event of a fizzle the hymn will be sung with extraordinary vigour in order to drown any lay remarks that may be made.

All the cats in the town of Frankfort, Kentucky, were ordered by the local Board of Health to be killed, because they were held responsible for the introduction of an epidemic of diphtheria. We hear that they died stoutly protesting their innocence, and bringing the wildest accusations against dogs.

Grave dissatisfaction is being expressed in the animal world at the omissions from the Drury Lane programme, which mentions everyone else who appears in the *Prodigal Son*, but fails to give the names of the sheep who take part in the piece.

French official statistics show that there are 17,107 motor-cars in France, and 3,355,155 dogs. This works out at 196 ^{2,183}/_{1,707}th dogs apiece, which nobody can deny is a generous allowance.

A QUESTION.

["Indigestion in grouseland during the shooting season," says a contemporary, "is unheard of and unknown."]

Good food for thought is offered here,

If to research you have a leaning,
For simple though the words appear
They have a double-barrelled meaning.
The shooter is it, or the shot

Whose cause a friendly fate espouses?
Whose is this enviable lot—

The sportsman's or the little grouse's?

The Church Militant.

OKHAMPTON (NEAR).—RECTORY, situated high, in extensive grounds, to LET for three or four weeks; £1 weekly to clergyman taking light Sunday duty. Donkey and jingle shooting.

Donkey shooting should alone mitigate the disadvantages of any rectory, but when jingle (? jungle) shooting is added, who could resist? A chance for a minor cannon.



BEWILDERED.

MR. BULL (*utterly puzzled*). "WHAT ON EARTH'S THE USE OF A SIGN-POST LIKE THIS?"



Visitor. "WILL YOU TELL ME WHERE I SHALL FIND A SEAT?"

Verger. "WEEL, SIR, THERE'S A GUID WHEN VEESITORS IN INVERNESS THE NOO; SO SIT WHAUR YE CAN SEE YER UMBRELLA!"

THE GENTLE CRAFT.

I ROSE at dawn. The silent leas
Were dressed in dewy spangles,
A pleasant breeze bestirred the trees
(Important when one angles).
I waded out into the stream,
By yellow pool and torrent,
And falls that gleam like curdled cream
(Whose chill was most abhorrent).

Smiling to think (the crisis past)
Of sluggards on their pillows,
I raised my cast and caught it fast
Upon some hanging willows;
My buoyant hope some fathoms sank;
It was a bright beginning,
Yet up the bank through rushes dank
I bravely started shinning.

I freed the gut (the branches tied
Long arms around my shoulder),
Then stepping wide sat down and tried
Conclusions with a boulder.
(The fools who praise that greenish gloss
One gets in river views, if
They'd slipped across some slimy moss,
Would not be so effusive.)

Rebounding with undaunted pluck
I mopped my streaming features;
Once more—worse luck—those flies
were stuck,
Once more I cleared the creatures;
For hours I flung that feathered sham,
For hours the "finny nations"
Unheeding swam; they cared no whit—
For worthless imitations.

Then poising on some sharpish rocks,
And 'ware that winged legions
From shirt to socks devoured in flocks
My more unguarded regions,
I said, "You too might seek a meal;"
I did, and lo! the hand which
With sanguine zeal explored my creel
Came back without a sandwich.

What had I done to suffer so?
I rose and flogged the water;
The sun grew low; I would not go;
I felt the lust of slaughter:
Onward I splashed with sodden soles
And saturated uppers,
While startled voles resumed their holes,
And went without their suppers.

Then, as the sinking daylight sought
Its screen of mountain ridges,
And Evening brought her mood of
thought
Accompanied by midges,
I rose at last a tardy trout,
(I never threw so neatly)
Two pounds no doubt—I grazed his snout
And missed the brute completely!

A Double Difficulty.

Foggy morning in September.

Head Keeper. It's no use shooting to-day, Sir. They can't see we, and we can't see they. Can us?

MRS. DUNDERHEAD was dreadfully startled by the following item of news in one of our leading journals a few weeks ago:—"The Royal Special Train ran into the Victoria Station."

A RARE BARGAIN.—"Officials for sale. Board of Education, 5d. Government parcels, set of five, 7s. 9d.; all guaranteed genuine."—*Exchange and Mart.*

GEORGE AGAIN.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Ambleside, Monday.—I made GEORGE'S acquaintance when last at Windermere, two years ago. Entry made at the time in this Diary of his strange experiences and his wise sayings; how out in stormy seas by Morecambe Bay his sole companion in the fishing lugger was washed overboard; how sometime later GEORGE, mastering his emotion at loss of a cherished companion, characteristically resumed business operations; how, hauling up the net, he was cheered by its unaccustomed weight; how his thoughts turned sadly to his lost mate and his founded opportunity of sharing in the proceeds of the haul; how with herculean effort he landed the net on the deck, and behold! enmeshed in it was the lost JIM, apparently, like DOUGLAS GORDON, "drowned in the sea."

Always practical, GEORGE laid his prize out on the deck and proceeded, in accordance with familiar directions, to "bring him round." So vigorously did he carry on the process, that the hapless JIM spent the succeeding fortnight in hospital, victim of a fractured rib. When GEORGE undertakes to do a particular job he does it thoroughly. But on reflection JIM prefers being drowned.

A born seaman, with long lineage of sailor forbears, GEORGE is never so happy as when aboard his lugger under a stiff breeze off Morecambe, or on the *Anita* in the changing circumstance of Windermere winds, which blow where they list without notice of sudden, frequent, change. Single-handed he controls the buoyant boat, as a skilled rider sits and guides a restive thoroughbred. GEORGE admits that the master, as becomes the Vice-Commodore of the Yachting Club, can handle a boat in any weather. But he laments a tendency on his part to share his affection with the *Phantom*, a commodious steam-launch, which upon hospitable occasion has been known to accommodate forty guests.

On Sunday mornings the Vice-Commodore is accustomed to go about "making a collection" in quite new fashion. It is a far cry by road from Ambleside and Lowood to Wray Church. As the crow—or rather the seagull—flies across the Lake it is, by steam-launch, a ten-minute voyage. So the Vice-Commodore, always intent on doing kind things, sets out early on Sunday morning in the *Phantom*, "collects" friends and neighbours waiting at their various private landing-places, and delivers them, carriage unpaid, at the pier by Wray Castle.

That is very well in its way. Still GEORGE is constrained to admit that he "doesn't think much of them lanches." In idle moments he has estimated the amount of coal the *Phantom* burns in a

day. It is really ruinous. Becomes monstrous when contrasted with the absolute freedom from analogous charges enjoyed by the fleet-footed *Anita*. Then there is steering the launch. GEORGE can take the *Anita* up to any pierhead or any boat or buoy afloat, almost without necessity of using the boat-hook. But there are two to work in "them lanches"—the blue-jacket at the tiller, the engineer in charge of the engine. Just as the tiller is touched with sure intent of bringing the launch alongside, the engine either forges ahead or gives a stroke astern, and where are you?

GEORGE still leads a dual life, both phases full of strenuous work sedulously performed. When the yachting season is over at Windermere he tacks back to Morecambe Bay, ready to put out in all kinds of weather, a-fishing in his own little lugger. If there were room for a glimmer of conceit in this shrewd, simple nature, it would betray itself in reference to the fact that the seasons have no influence upon his sartorial habits. Summer and winter, in sunshine or snow, he wears the same clothes—trousers of rough pilot cloth and "a jarsey" (usually spelt jersey). In these, with contented mind and healthy body, he fronts any fortune the revolving seasons bring.

GEORGE more or less gratefully accepts whatever gifts the sea may yield to his net—including, as we have seen, an occasional half-drowned mate. His speciality is shrimps. He will take prawns if they come. But, to be quite frank, "give him shrimps." With characteristic loyalty he holds the opinion that no shrimp caught in any sea can compare with your real Morecambe Bay native. That this is not prejudice is established by the fact that the brand commands the market, bringing pennies a quart above the price of meaner brethren.

And here comes the rub. Germany steps in and robs the Bay fishermen of the fruits of their patrimony. Of course Germans may not fish in Morecambe Bay. But they have in or near their own coasts a thing they, in their own language, presumptuously call a shrimp. This they pot and send over to England, where it is feloniously labelled "Morecambe Bay Shrimps," and by the unwary is entertained as such.

The consequence is seen in reduction of price of the real article. Time was, and yet lingers in GEORGE'S glowing memory, when a quart of *vrai* Morecambe Bay shelled shrimps brought half-a-crown. Now a pampered middleman proffers eighteenpence. You may take it or leave it. Shrimps flourish in the waters of Morecambe Bay; but they are also "made in Germany."

Whether it be due to patriotic tenacity in holding on to office displayed by Mr.

BALFOUR and his Ministerial colleagues, or whether it be apprehension as to what may follow upon the apparently inevitable succession to office of C. B., are matters GEORGE does not discuss. The fact remains that the fishing business is not what it used to be. He remembers hearing his grandfather relate how it was his custom of an afternoon to put out a few miles to sea, casually spread his net, and bring it up "full of herrin's." Now there isn't a herring within hail of Morecambe.

The profits of sail-making, adjunct to the income of sturdy fisher-folk, have also gruesomely fallen off. Moreover, German competition affecting the sale of shrimps adversely influences the business of shelling undertaken by female members of the family. This reflection brings to GEORGE memories of his mother. He speaks of her with the tenderest affection. But his port uplifts, his honest eyes gleam with pride, when he recalls how she could in an hour shell more shrimps than any woman dwelling by the Bay.

THE YOUNG IDEA.

I.

AN advertisement recently put in the *Glasgow Herald* asking for a lad who could write shorthand and manipulate the typewriter, produced the following reply:—"I notice your advertisement in the *Glasgow Herald*. In reply to same I am not a shorthand writer, neither can I manipulate the typewriter, but at the interview which I am sure you will grant, I flatter myself I can prove to you that I have other abilities which will far outweigh the want of knowledge in regard to shorthand and typewriting. I had a certificate of merit, but I burnt it, as I did not consider that my abilities should rest upon the opinion therein expressed by a third party."

II.

TOM (aged five and a-half) was interested in Natural History. He had already spent several mornings taking the slugs and snails out of the fishpond for the benefit of the fishes' health. The other morning he ran up to his mother's room with his pinafore wet through and his hands undried.

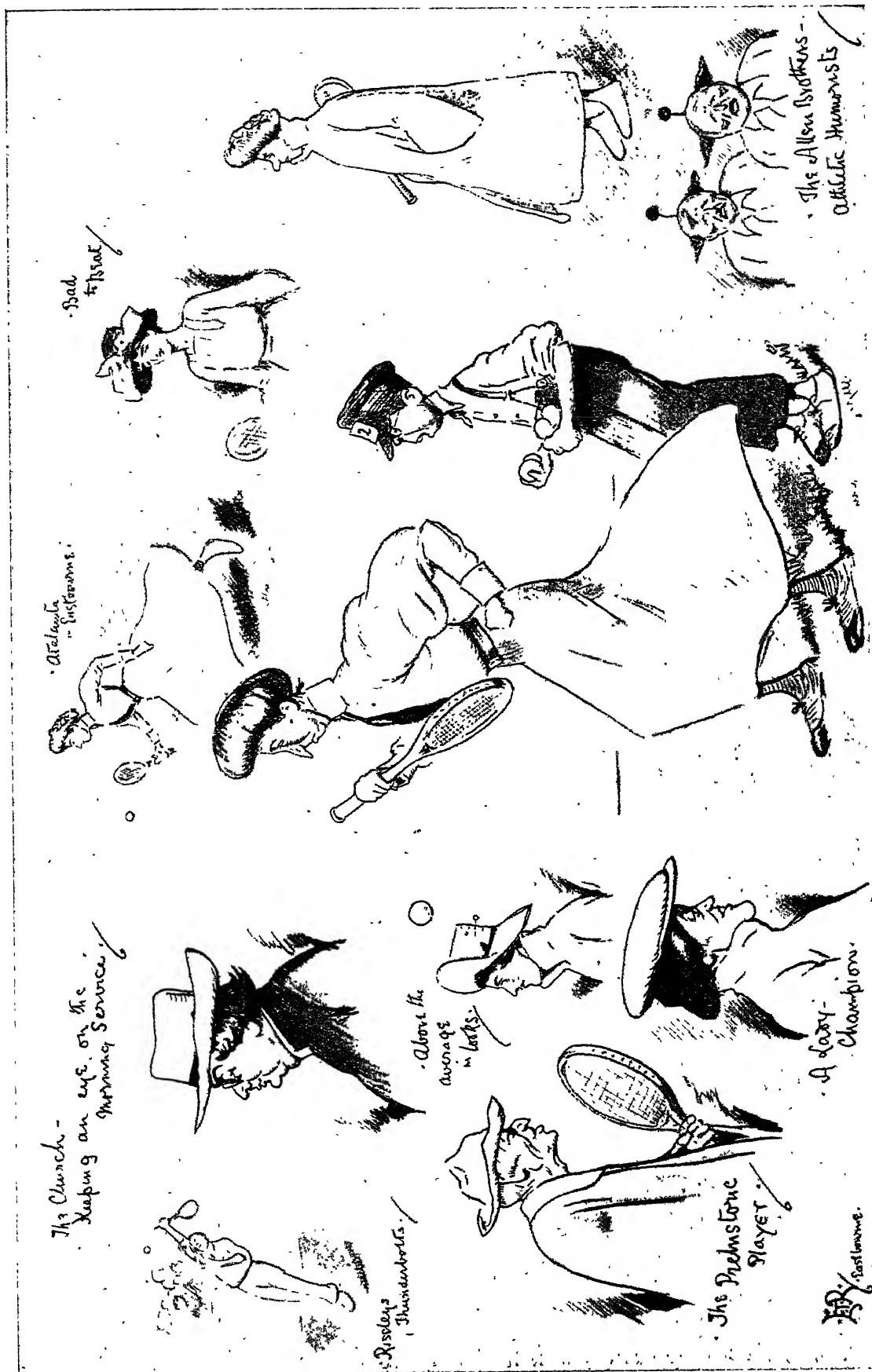
"Oh, Mother!" he cried, "I've been putting back all the slugs I could find into the pond, because I read in Wood's *Natural History* that carp thrive best in sluggish water."

III.

Tommy (in perplexity over his sums). I say, Mummy, I wish I was a rabbit!

Mother. Why, dear, do you want to be a rabbit?

Tommy. 'Cause father says they multiply so fast.



OUR ARTIST'S "NET" PROFITS.

NOTES AT THE EASTBOURNE LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

FORGOTTEN HISTORY.

THE STORY OF HE-OF-THE-OPEN-MIND.

"THE past," as Miss MARIE CORELLI has so truthfully and epigrammatically expressed it, "is past;" and we often fail to realise how much we owe to our forgotten ancestors. We are far too ready to attribute to modern ingenuity the invention of our more successful modern institutions, many of which can trace their origin right back to what the Poet Laureate has so magnificently called "the dawn of History." Our present system of government, for instance, which is universally admitted in England to be the best in the world, is not by any means the mushroom edifice, founded on the Magna Charta, that most people suppose it to be. Recent discoveries in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road, where considerable excavations have lately been taking place, have brought to light some interesting antiquarian knowledge, which has shown us that the British Constitution is, comparatively speaking, in its dotage.

The discoveries were made in a most romantic manner, fully in keeping with the sensational character of their revelations. For about two and a-half years several hundred workmen had been usefully employed in tearing up the roadway opposite the Horseshoe Hotel. They had already reached the depth of some six feet, when work was temporarily suspended, owing to the fact that they had apparently struck a layer of exceedingly hard soil, the removal of which would have entailed such tremendous exertion, that those in authority scarcely felt justified in continuing the work. By a fortunate inspiration, however, Mr. BRODRICK was consulted as to the best means of removing the obstinate impediment; and with a couple of happily-worded telegrams he succeeded in dislodging it. It proved to be a large slab of exceedingly hard material, probably brick or early English bread, covered with strange hieroglyphics bearing a remote resemblance to figures. At first sight it was mistaken for some form of old-fashioned bank pass-book; but the antiquarian authorities at the British Museum, to whom it was submitted, declared it to be nothing more or less than an authentic history of the British Constitution between the years

19,005 and 19,000 B.C. We have the privilege of being the first paper to submit its contents to the nation; though we have been compelled, owing to the broken and defaced character of the tablet, to tell its story in our own words rather than in a literal and unintelligible translation of the actual narrative.

As far as we can make out, it was called "The History of Our Own Times," and was published on the instalment system. The author's name, apparently written in French, is almost obliterated, but seems to have been something like "HE-OF-THE-RED-HILL," which is probably a *nom de plume*, and merely intended to convey the fact that

House of Wrong-'uns, however, was thoroughly representative of the nation, its members being returned by public election every seven years. Each district was supposed to select the most dangerous criminal in its area, and he was then sentenced to seven years' hard labour in the House of Wrong-'uns; at the end of which period, if he was still alive, his capacity for wrong-doing was practically exhausted. The idea underlying this scheme was extremely ingenious; for law breaking, both active and passive, was then the most popular sport in the country, so it was obvious that if the laws were bad, as they invariably were, owing to the character of the legislators, the fact that they were invariably broken kept the country in a thoroughly satisfactory condition.

Roughly speaking, the modern idea of party government was in force: that is to say, the more numerous and better armed party held control of the public finances under the leadership of the most powerful member of the assembly, who was known as the Prime Monster. The debates were presided over by an official called The Squeaker, whose duties consisted of calling "Time" between the different rounds. He maintained his authority by the possession of what was known as the casting vote—a large and carefully sharpened flint javelin, which he cast with almost unerring aim at anyone who ventured to question his ruling. From the rare occasions on which he missed probably arose the phrase "A near squeak."

The Prime Monster, at the period with which the tablet deals, was a distinguished statesman known as HE-OF-THE-OPEN-MIND. His designation, however, in follytricks, which was the name by which Parliamentary affairs were generally described, was the Right Horrible ARTFUL BAFFLER, a complimentary title bestowed on him as a tribute to his extraordinary power of dodging the Squeaker's javelin and evading the well-aimed weapons of the Opposition. The latter were under the control of HE-WHO-CARRIED-THE-FLAG, a distinguished orator who wielded enormous power in the country owing to his popularity with the Army, and bore the honoured cognomen of Sir CANWELL-SHAMAMAN. So he could too, upon occasion, but not well enough to deceive the Right Hor. ARTFUL BAFFLER. In fact, as time went on, the Prime Monster became so powerful that he even aroused the jealousy of his own side, a large portion



Voice from the Hill. "NOW THEN, YOU YOUNG COWARD, DON'T STAND ABOUT ALL DAY. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT AWAY FROM THE DOG?"

he was not far off being a "bright 'un." The narrative starts with a brief but illuminating treatise upon the nature of the British Constitution at that time; showing that our present form of government is practically the same as that which flourished in Great Britain over 20,000 years before the birth of Mr. HALL CAINE. In the poignant query of that great author himself: "What is time, when compared with eternity?"

The government of the country appears to have been carried on in two large caves, known respectively as "The House of Wrong-'uns" and "The House of Frauds." The latter, as far as we can make out, seems to have been a kind of charitable institution for people who would probably have starved to death if compelled to work for their living. The

of whom rebelled against his authority under the leadership of HE-OF-THE-GLASS-EYE. The latter was an ambitious chieftain, who believed firmly in the motto, "Nothing venture, nothing win"; so the tactics which he and his friends adopted to destroy the power of the Prime Monster were popularly known as the "Riskall Follycy." As far as we can learn from the tablet, it consisted of a determined attempt to keep out the supply of immigrants, furs, and flint instruments, which were being imported from Germany by the Anglo-Saxons; for, as HE-OF-THE-GLASS-EYE was never tired of pointing out, that race were a miserable set of foreigners who had no right on this planet at all.

How this great rebellion ended, and

Here at the end of the parade
(No doubt it's disinfected)
I catch the smell of fish decayed—
"Ozone?"—I stand corrected.

The gay hours fly, no moment limps,
Too soon the day is ended;
Homeward we go to tea and shrimps—
"To dine?"—You're not offended?

I hope forgiveness you'll extend,
These side-slips don't be hard on;
A charming place is gay Southend—
"Westcliff?"—I beg your pardon.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

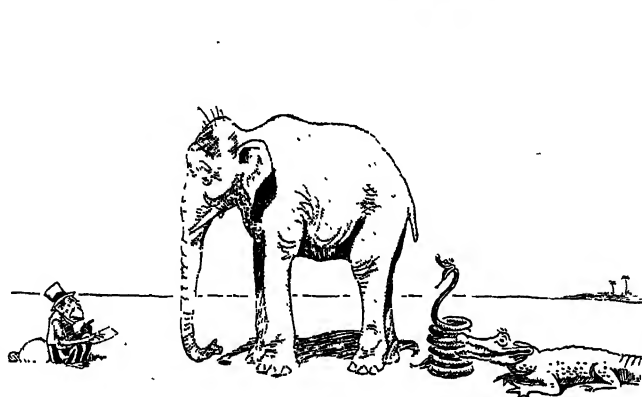
AMATEUR.—To make hens pay, you can, of course, take out a County Court summons in the usual way, but you must

house is certainly an Ancient Light, and if you were to attempt to build your flats round it you could be stopped by an interim injunction. Try another site.

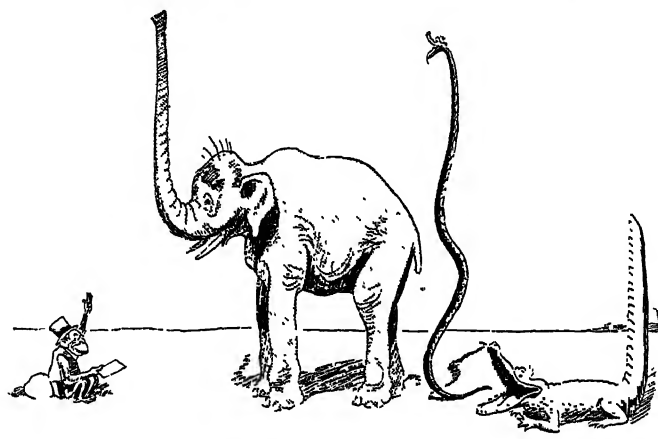
MERECAT.—For a cat to look at a King is not an indictable offence. If the look implies a threat of personal violence amounting to intimidation, the King would be justified in having the cat forcibly ejected.

WORS.—A Bee-hive is not a public place within the meaning of the Act.

BUNNY.—You must submit plans, elevations, and sections of the proposed rabbit-hutch to the County Council. If the rabbits sleep in the hutch, an iron ladder in case of fire must be provided giving access to the roof.



Mr. Monk (at the Jungle Election Meeting). "ALL THOSE
IN FAVOUR, PLEASE SHOW—"



—IN THE USUAL WAY."

whether HE-OF-THE-GLASS-EYE proved too strong for HE-OF-THE-OPEN-MIND, is a matter which 'in all probability will never be cleared up; for unfortunately one of the workmen, while attempting to shift the tablet, had placed his foot upon it in order to get a good leverage, and thereby obliterated about a yard and a-half of these priceless hieroglyphics. We have presented our readers, however, with sufficient of the narrative to encourage them, we trust, to visit the British Museum and study this unique record for themselves; for, in the deathless phrase of Mr. RIDER HAGGARD: "If you plough at all, plough deep."

SOLECISMS.

"We live at Westcliff-on-Sea, not Southend."
—Extract from a letter.

WHEN backward creeps the surging flood,
In noble thoughts I lose me,
Gazing entranced across the mud—
"The beach?"—You will excuse me?

Yon noble/bark the wild wave stems,
By wind and tide hard driven,
Fighting the fury of the Thames—
"The sea?"—Am I forgiven?

remember that an egg is not evidence of means.

DISTURBED.—You say the child is only six weeks old, and keeps you awake at night. What remedy have you? As the child has no visible means of support, why not deal with it under the Vagrancy Act?

DILEMMA.—Taking a bull by the horns does not constitute a technical assault, and the plea of self-defence would be a sound one; on the other hand a red rag would certainly be regarded as a provocation on your part. We cannot advise on the probability of success, as the result of any action taken by the bull would be a mere toss-up.

SIMPLE LIFE.—(i.) Your friend is quite mistaken. A man cannot just as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, in this country; this is due to the fact that he cannot be hanged for either. (ii.) A horse, on being led to the water, is acting within its rights in refusing to drink thereof.

PASSENGER.—A Railway Company's legal charge for travelling on the roof of a carriage is, (i.) Not less than 40s. any distance, (ii.) One month (free).

SPECULATOR.—The Eddystone Light-

THE NO-HAT CRUSADE.

(An appeal to sundry young lady-pioneers observed at the seaside lately.)

COME, ladies of the Bare Brigade,
Desert the pier and esplanade,
Where, hatless and unkempt, you've strayed,

For now has come the wane of summer;
The clerk with nothing on his head
Back to his office-stool has fled,
The undergrad will soon be sped,
A "shop" will claim the resting mummer.

Old-fangled folk may look askance
At your unorthodox advance,
The scribbler seize his annual chance
And scarify you in the D. T. !
The ladies' hatter may go mad,
As trade is going to the bad;
You do not care—and yet we'll add
A note of desperate entreaty !

Come home—your time is overdue !
We have a place, a use for you,
A mighty mission to pursue—
We breathlessly abide the issue;
You'll find it in the stalls and pit,
Where Man has vainly plied his wit,
Endeavouring to cope with It—
And there, I greatly fear, we'll miss you !

A GREAT LITERARY MYSTERY.

SPECULATION is still riotously rife in literary circles as to the meaning of *Carniola*, the title chosen by Mr. WATTS-DUNTON for his famous new forthcoming romance, and our representative, on calling at the Authors' Club last Saturday, found that the premises had been open night and day for the last week to enable a debate on the subject to proceed continuously.

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, who was intercepted by our representative just as he was starting to catch the Flying Scotman, courteously granted a few words of illuminative comment on the great question of the day. "*Carniola*," he said, "is not and has nothing to do with any form of extract of meat. My theory is this—I give it you for what it is worth—that this word is an anagram for *Craniola*, i.e. little craniums, and affords a clue to the contents, which will, I believe, turn out to be a scathing satire on the epidemic of swelled-head from which so many politicians, publicists, and theologians are now suffering. The only thing that causes me to waver in this interpretation is that the fishermen of the east coast of Scotland measure herrings by the 'cran,' from which it may be deduced that the romance will have a decidedly briny flavour, and that the scene will be laid at Aberdeen, Peterhead, Burghead, or possibly Lossiemouth, where Mr. ASQUITH has recently been playing golf. 'Iola,' I incline to think, will prove to be the euphonious name of the heroine, a fisher lassie of extraordinary fascinations and supra-Borrobian *bonhomie*."

Mr. HENRY NORMAN, M.P., who had driven up in his motor-car from his constituency to join in the debate, had not the slightest hesitation about the solution of this great cosmic riddle. "Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL," he observed, "was on the right scent when he said that the word was an anagram, but he has rearranged the letters wrongly. *Carniola*—why it simply leaps to the eyes—is simply 'An oil car!' The romance, I have not the slightest doubt, will prove to be the most splendid apotheosis of the motoring industry that has yet been perpetrated."

Mr. C. K. SHORTER, also adhering to the anagram theory, expressed his belief that *Carniola* = *Calinora*, i.e., beautiful NORA, and that the heroine would prove to be of Irish extraction, "unless, indeed," added Mr. SHORTER, "we are to rearrange the letters '*Lira cano*,' i.e., 'O lyre, I sing,' or possibly '*Cara Nilo*,' which would of course suggest an Egyptian atmosphere, with a background of pyramids, donkey-boys and similar amenities."

Meantime we are assured that "*Carniola*" soap, an exquisitely super-fatted variety of toilet detergent, and calculated not to irritate even the most delicate and sensitive skins, will shortly be put on the market in myriads of fragrant tablets.

THERE were once two young fellows of Cambridge,
Who too freely indulged in that game, Bridge,
And lost all their cash;
But they made a good splash
By jumping at once from the same bridge.

CONTRIBUTION TO THE NEXT EDITION OF THAT MOST VALUABLE EDUCATIONAL MANUAL, "THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE."—Q. What proof have we that the celebrated beauty of her day, CLEOPATRA Queen of Egypt, was an uneducated person? A. Because only once in her life she used an asp-irate, and died of it immediately.

RAPID SCORING.—"The Gentlemen had about four minutes' batting, and in that time lost two wickets for fifty-four runs."—*Leicester Daily Post*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"MANY Englishmen have travelled in Holland, and have set down the record of their experiences. But the country has not been inspiring, and Dutch travels are poor reading." Thus Mr. E. V. LUCAS in one of his thoughtful asides. A *Wanderer in Holland* (METHUEN) has broken the record, removed the reproach. My Baronite has not for a long time read a more delightful book. Many passages recall the style of Mr. LUCAS's revered master, CHARLES LAMB. To be precise it is an amalgam of *Elia* and the modern special correspondent in search of human character and local colour. Accompanying the Wanderer by barge and train, the reader insensibly acquires vivid impressions of our ancient enemy the Dutch, and of the country ANDREW MARVELL savagely described as

Holland that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but th' offscouring of the British sand,
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heaved the lead;
Or what by ocean's slow alluvion fell
Of shipwreck cockle and the muscle shell.

The picture galleries have special attraction for the Wanderer, who not only discourses on their treasures but adds value to his volume by reproducing by photogravure thirty-four masterpieces. Having read all that has been written about Holland, Mr. LUCAS boldly, with happy effect, annexes passages from MOTLEY and others which cause to live again historic episodes relating to the town in which he chances to be sojourning. Holland is an ancient country, rich in historic associations. The Wanderer has added to it a new charm.

In *Alton of Somasco* (JOHN LONG) Mr. HAROLD BINDLOSS has given us a striking romance. The protagonist is a fine manly character, intrepid, straightforward, generous; of rough material to be softened by love, and to be planed by civilised society. The perilous situations in which he, with a few devoted friends, finds himself, are admirably described. The gradual development of the best qualities in the heroine, *Alice Deringham*, a girl who in her first phase is quite unworthy to be the wife of *Alton of Somasco*, is cleverly worked out, although the result is not convincing, as the future of so radically selfish and essentially vain a woman as is *Alice* when she becomes the wife of this genuinely honest man, is a problem which only the author, in a continuation of their story on their return as landed proprietors to England, might satisfactorily solve. There are faults in style to which it is needless to draw attention when recommending, as the Baron heartily does, this story as a powerfully written and thoroughly interesting romance.

THE BARON



The Headless Man again.

Stock-jobber (to new Irish clerk, who is working out the Bull and Bear list). Hullo, why do you put "B" against your results?

Clerk. Shure, Sir, that's for "Bull," to distinguish them from "Bear."

MOTOR ARITHMETIC.—"Licences have been granted for 2,435 motor-cycles in France this year. This is 7,611 more than in 1904."—*Portsmouth Evening News*.



SCENE—At a Fire. Inn burning.

Irishman (who has run up a score there, to Firemen). "PLAY ON THE SLATE, BHOYS!"

IN MEMORIAM.

Thomas John Barnardo, F.R.C.S.

BORN, 1845.. DIED, SEPTEMBER 19, 1905.

"SUFFER the children unto Me to come,
The little children," said the voice of Christ,
And for his law whose lips to-day are dumb
The Master's word sufficed.

"Suffer the little children—" so He spake,
And in His steps that true disciple trod,
Lifting the helpless ones, for love's pure sake,
Up to the arms of God.

Naked, he clothed them; hungry, gave them food;
Homeless and sick, a hearth and healing care;
Led them from haunts where vice and squalor brood
To gardens clean and fair.

By birthright pledged to misery, crime and shame,
Jetson of London's streets, her "waifs and strays,"

Whom she, the Mother, bore without a name,
And left, and went her ways—

He stooped to save them, set them by his side,
Breathed conscious life into the still-born soul,
Taught truth and honour, love and loyal pride,
Courage and self-control.

Till of her manhood, here and overseas,
On whose supporting strength her state is throned,
None better serves the Motherland than these
Her sons the once disowned.

To-day, in what far lands, their eyes are dim,
Children again, with tears they well may shed,
Orphaned a second time who mourn in him
A foster-father dead.

But he, who had their love for sole reward,
In that far home to which his feet have won—
He hears at last the greeting of his Lord:
"Servant of Mine, well done!"

O. S.

MILLIONAIRES AT BAY.

["Talking of his next book, Mr. HALL CAINE, who sailed for America on Saturday, said that, as on previous American trips he had made a study of the life of the American millionaire and the problems which beset him, it would in all probability deal with the great commercial rulers of America."—*Evening Standard*.]

Mr. YERKES, who was caught by our representative just as he was on the point of descending into the Baker Street and Waterloo Tube, said that he had decided, on hearing of Mr. HALL CAINE's plans, to remain in England until the danger was past. If on the gifted Manxman's return any assaults were made on him for fictional purposes, the millionaire proposed to retire permanently into a CAINE-proof subterranean cell which was being excavated for him at that moment. He had always, he added, maintained that the joys and privileges of the millionaire's life were greatly overrated, but he had never been believed. He should now expect to be taken at his word.

Mr. J. D. ROCKEFELLER, who was interviewed in his new grey wig, said that he doubted if Mr. HALL CAINE would get much change out of him. He had not spent a long and not wholly unsuccessful life among oil and oilers for nothing.

Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN declined to be interviewed; but his chief office-boy, a gentleman of the highest position in New York financial circles, and himself the owner of one of the finest estates on the banks of the Hudson, pointed significantly to the Cold Storage chamber where the less welcome of Mr. MORGAN's callers were kept waiting—sometimes for several weeks. "I hope Mr. CAINE has brought his Iceland sheepskin with him," he said. "He will want it."

Mr. W. W. ASTOR was also invisible, but the seneschal of Hever Castle, acting as his representative, gave some interesting information as to Mr. ASTOR's feelings on the subject. "Mr. HALL CAINE's plan of campaign," quoth the seneschal, a fine commanding figure of a man, sanguine and loose-limbed, clad in a flame-hued tabard with a mangonel slung across his strapping shoulders, "maketh it clear why my master took up his abode in the old Motherland." Here he drained a gigantic beer-horn and went on in a terrible undertone, cracking his fingers and spluttering with rage. "There be few *oubliettes* in America, when prying varlets seek to worm themselves into the sacred privacy of a noble's home. But at Hever, by Godes, there are fifty-three!" And here he cut a gigantic caper, and, shouting "Loo, loo, Vixen! Hue, hue, Brock! Haro, haro, Hall Caine!" and other gross noises, withdrew to superintend the operations of the 1,200 lackeys over whom he exercises plenary overlordship.

MOTOR NOTES OF THE FUTURE.

["A young Swiss engineer is said to have succeeded in manufacturing a pair of stout boots, each of which is nothing more or less than a miniature motor-car mounted on four wheels."—*Evening Standard*.]

THE Motor-Boot, like the old-fashioned car which satisfied our fathers, is gradually overcoming the absurd prejudices with which it was first regarded. The opprobrious epithet "Boot-hog," which used to be hurled indiscriminately at all Motorbootists, is now, we are glad to see, very seldom heard. People are at last awakening to the fact that the old unwieldy car with its complicated mechanism, its ungainly body, and enormous wheels, must sooner or later disappear altogether from our roads to make way for its successor. The Moboot, as it is beginning to be called, has certainly come to stay.

The Eliminating Trials, we understand, will be held this year in the Calf of Man. While the 'Phit-eesi Panhard' is undoubtedly the favourite at present, from what we have seen of them, we are inclined to favour the 'Waukenphast-Wolseley.'

The Andover magistrates are evidently determined to keep up the evil reputation which their predecessors won among the old-school of 'motorists' (how old-fashioned the term sounds now!) Seventeen Mo-bootists were mulcted yesterday in sums amounting in the aggregate to £35 4s. 6d. for not displaying their numbers in a prominent position.

We notice that the De Dion Bootong Co. is now introducing a novelty in the shape of elastic-sided "Mo-shoes" for children. These tiny vehicles are in every respect equal in quality and workmanship to their famous "Bootong Mo-Boots," while the sparking-plug arrangement is admirably adapted for those who will have to use it, being exceedingly simple in its application. There is now no excuse for parents to leave their children at home when going for short runs into the country.

One effect of the unfortunate accident on the Ripley Road (where a City gentleman skidded into and knocked over an elderly lady), is a large increase in the number of police traps.

A Lancashire correspondent sends a timely warning about Bootle, where babies are being used by the constabulary as bait for Mo-bootists.

MUSICAL COMEDY FOR VEGETARIANS.

["M. ROSTAND, the author of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, announces a new play for the winter in which all the characters are either to be birds or animals. M. COQUELIN is to take the part of a big dog."—*The Tatler*.]

MR. GEORGE EDWARDES, who is one of our most enterprising Managers, intends, should it be required, to produce an entirely new Musical Comedy during the winter season, entitled *The French Beano and the Spring Cabbage*. All the characters are to be named after the vegetable world, or associated ideas.

There are to be two Acts. The first Scene is laid "three feet under the earth," and we are told that Mr. EDMUND PAYNE as *Lug*, a worm, has full scope for his wonderful powers. The Second Act, "The back garden of 4, Station Cottages, East Margate," is to be perfectly beautiful. It is said that Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES has paid over £10,000 for this "set." We are promised many surprises, and some very pretty numbers. Miss GERTIE MILLAR as *Birdie Grounsel* will sing a dainty ditty called "*The Canary is nipping me now*," which is sure to be one of the songs of the season.

We are able to publish, for the first time, the probable cast, which, the public will see, is a very powerful one:—

CHARACTERS.

<i>Mr. Spring Cabbage (an early visitor)</i>	Mr. FRED KAYE
<i>Sprout (his son, straight from Brussels)</i>	Mr. LIONEL MACKINDER
<i>Lord Dan de Lyon (a Peer)</i>	Mr. G. P. HUNTLEY
<i>Mr. Walter Melon (a landed proprietor)</i>	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN
<i>Capt. Scarlett-Runner (a hanger-on)</i>	Mr. G. GROSSMITH, jun.
<i>Bill Bury (a gravedigger)</i>	Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT
<i>Mr. Jerusalem Artichoke (a Hebrew)</i>	Mr. JOHN LE HAY
<i>Baron Onion (a Spanish spy)</i>	Mr. ROBERT NAINBY
and	
<i>Lug (a worm)</i>	Mr. EDMUND PAYNE
<i>Mrs. Pumpkin (a milkman's wife)</i>	Miss CONNIE EDISS
<i>Marrow (her daughter)</i>	Miss OLIVE MORRELL
<i>Thistle Down (a little bit of fluff)</i>	Miss GABRIELLE RAY
<i>Rosie</i>	Miss MABEL GREEN
<i>Posie</i>	Miss ADRIENNE AUGARDE
<i>Nectarine (a perfect peach)</i>	Miss KITTY MASON
<i>Birdie Grounsel (a maid)</i>	Miss GERTIE MILLAR
and	
<i>The Sweet Pea</i>	Miss EDNA MAY
<i>Radishes, Turnips, Toadstools, Grapes, Cauliflowers, Medlars, &c., &c.</i>	



ONE WHO KNOWS.

SULTAN OF MOROCCO. "I SAY, WHAT AM I TO DO? THEY'RE GOING TO HOLD THAT CONFERENCE ON ME, AFTER ALL!"

SULTAN OF TURKEY. "SPLENDID, MY BOY! WHY, LOOK AT ME. I SIMPLY *LIVE* ON CONFERENCES!"



THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

[Speaking at Salisbury, Rhodesia, Professor Darwin told a story of a Johannesburg workman, who declined to pass an opinion upon the merits of the British Association (which he evidently took to be a Soccer Team), because, he said, he "had not yet seen them play." We hear that the B. A., fired by this idea, got up a team and put in a little practice, but had to leave for home before a match could be arranged against a local representative eleven.]

PAST AND PRESENT.

(To E. B. L.)

I WENT last week to live again
My dim forgotten joy-days;
To find once more in Southwood Lane
The spirit of my boy-days.
I pierced the mists that roll between,
Shook off the years that load me,
And tried to fit the living scene
To what my memory showed me.

Far as my roving eye could reach
One villa flanked another,
Red-bricked, and each as like to each
As twin to twin-born brother.
With gates and doors and bells to ring,
And rooms for food or slumber,
They were alike in everything,
Except in name or number.

Upon my left I saw with grief
The woods we used to play through;
The mighty trees so thick in leaf
They hardly let the day through.
Where once the undergrowth was dense,
And all was green disorder,
Each prim retreat now owned a fence,
And every path a border.

'Twas there we had a fight one day—
I know not why it started.
I know we hammered them, and they
Hit back, and then we parted.
Where WILLIE gained a battered face,
And I a blackened peeper,
Behold a neat and gravelled space,
Paraded by a keeper.

His staff, his coat of velveteen
Would much have changed our
greeting;
How mild and fistless would have been
That sanguinary meeting!
My brow had never been embossed,
Nor WILLIE'S nose been gory;
And all our schoolboy friends had lost
A most exciting story.

Close by the spot where we had bled
There rose a rustic *chalet*;
A scent of tea and buttered bread
Was wafted o'er the valley.
I know it would have wrung your heart,
You would have felt as I did,
To see the place in every part
So resolutely tidied.

Well, well; I strolled along the road,
And scanned each undulation:
At every step some memory glowed
With fond anticipation.
And, as I dreamed and wandered on,
All modern sights had vanished;
The gaudy, whirring trams were gone,
And all the "buses banished.

The villas were dissolved away;
The woods resumed their wildness;
On all the lonely landscape lay
Its ancient air of mildness.
And, oh, it made my soul rejoice,
And gave my dream consistence,
To think I heard our mother's voice
That called me in the distance.

A sudden shock unsealed my eyes—
My joy was evanescent—
For, lo, I stood by "Woodlands Rise"
And gazed on "Woodlands Crescent."

Gone was the magic of the spot
That drew my vagrant mind there;
The place itself I found, but not
The home I hoped to find there.

Gone, like a dome that melts in air
Before a genie's malice,
Like some thin bubble rainbow fair,
Was all our childhood's palace.
The shady lawns that felt our feet,
And heard our young carouses,
Were turned into a dusty street
Between two tiers of houses.

The stables on the other side,
Whose guardians were our cronies,
Where light of heart we'd mount and
ride

Our friendly little ponies,
All, yielding to an equal rule,
By change were desecrated;
Six shops did business o'er the pool
Where erst we fished or skated.

This was no place for me; I burned
To leave it and be gone thence.
With moody brow my steps I turned,
And swiftly hurried on thence.
Yet, since I dreamed my dream that day,
Though cynic tongues may quiz it,
No power can take *that* joy away,
Or make me rue the visit. R. C. L.

AN account in the *Gentlewoman* of a lieutenant's wedding at Didsbury contains the passage—"Two submarines brought up the rear of the bridal procession."—This must be the most thorough naval wedding on record.

THE IMITABLE PERCY.

Being a humble essay in the manner of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's new "Life of Charles Dickens."

Though SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, JOHNSON, SCOTT, none read,—

What matter? Boz says everything we need.

THE autobiographical character of the works of the radiant and inimitable Boz has never been properly appreciated. Such was his Protean industry and universality that he never invented anything. Everything in his book had occurred in his own life. You remember, for example, how Mr. *Pickwick* lodges in the Goswell Road. Well, in one of his long and piquant conversations with me, of which however I forget so much, I remember the veracious and companionable Boz remarking that he himself once thought of that thoroughfare as a good place in which to live. *Verb. sap.* Again, in *Martin Chuzzlewit* there is a bird-fancier and barber named *Succeedle-pipe*. I remember as if it were to-day going into the office of *All the Year Round*, for which I wrote so many novels, and finding the witty and delightful Boz fondling a pipe of Swedish manufacture which had just been sent to him by JENNY LIND, the famous and engaging cantatrice. How reasonable to assume that therein lay the germ of the immortal friend of young *Bailey*! I need not multiply examples.

How well I recall that first red letter gala night on which I was asked to meet the amiable and ever-brilliant Boz! Nothing is so firmly fixed in my memory except the other occasions. On referring to my diary I find the entry, "At last, at last have I met the affectionate and refreshing Boz. I have long been the most valued contributor on his staff. I have written novels for him with both hands at once;* but never till to-day have I seen him in what St. Paul calls the flesh. How my heart beat, is beating still."† My diary ends there, but I can supply the rest from a vivid memory. The amazing and bewildering Boz was getting into a railway carriage at Belfast and had thrown away his cigar at the door. I rushed forward and picked it up, and it is needless to say that I have it

* One of these novels was christened by the ever-ready Boz *Never Forgotten*, which is, I consider, the finest title a book ever had. It says so much so emphatically. *Hardly-ever Forgotten* or *Remembered Now and Then*—how tame these titles would be, although, perhaps, more accurate, for no one can continually keep a thing in mind: there are moments when even I lose sight of the dazzling and electrical Boz—compared with *Never Forgotten*. It is still sold like hot cakes, and a perfume has been named after it.

† This is one of the curious paradoxical phrases which even the best English writers have to use now and then. But how absurd—for if a heart is beating how can it be still?

still, set in a gold mount of my own design, with a suitable inscription from his own magic wand, i.e., pen. "Your cigar end, Mr. DICKENS," I said. "You're welcome," said he. The ice was broken, and I told him who I was. "Ah," he said, in his rich burr, "one of my young men. Come to Gadshill whenever you can." It was the proudest moment of my life. I can see him now as he stood there, the most famous man in the world, and shook hands with me, up and down. Always showy, he was wearing clothes.

I recall distinctly my first visit to Gadshill. There was a dinner party. I went upstairs to dress and looked out of the window as I buttoned my collar. It was a snowy night, and I saw the carriages coming to the house bringing the guests. The quaint and hospitable Boz's guests often drove to his house, and invariably so on snowy nights. One of these vehicles was the vicar's, Mr. HINDLE'S. How many novelists to-day, in these degenerate times, entertain vicars? But the humorous and tolerant Boz had such infinite variety. The guests in their turn had their eyes fixed on Boz's cheerful red curtains, illuminated from within, and giving promise of snug blazing fires and logs, and maybe something to eat. For Gadshill was none of your sham hospitable houses such as great authors now dwell in. If you were asked to dinner by the generous and tactful Boz you were given some dinner.

Afterwards we had games. "Kiss in the Ring," "Hunt the Slipper," and so on. No one who was not there can conceive of the motor force of the high-spirited and divine Boz on such occasions. He was everywhere at once. Nowadays there is not an author who will play with or even notice his children or his guests. But the superb and energetic Boz was a man, not a mere writing machine. How he threw himself into the fun, how he joked and sang and danced and mixed the punch! Great nights, great nights! After the evening was over we went to bed, for Gadshill was an exceptional home.

To read the works of DICKENS with the complete knowledge of his character and habits that can come only from intimate personal intercourse, which is my privilege and, perhaps, mine alone, is to convert one's life into a series of eye-openers, so wonderful are the similarities between the novels and our own times. For not only did the inspired and prophetic Boz draw exclusively from his own experience, as I have shown, for the incidents of his novels, but he was so great and Titanic as to force Life to copy him. Thus, how could there have been at Woodbridge the inoperative unproductive author of my own name (but no relation) had not Boz first invented

Captain Cuttle? Again every day, almost, the papers contain descriptions of a *fracas* (as the French say) with a cabman, which could not be so had not the creative and buoyant Boz shown the way in the early chapters of the immortal *Pickwick*.

I can see the gentle and convivial Boz at this moment mixing a steaming beverage. He was almost a wizard with a ladle. I remember him making a drink entirely from borage and water, of which I partook very freely. Of the night itself I remember nothing, nor does my diary help me, but the next morning I had a splitting headache. How gay and raillery-full was the ever-droll Boz as I sat at breakfast and ate nothing! "What would you be like, my boy," he said, "if there had been anything stronger than borage in it?" I can see him now, as he ate his own meal. The brilliant and showy Boz used a knife and fork and stirred his coffee with a silver spoon. A delightful breakfast party it was! How many are gone now! I left early, and the ever-courteous and kindly Boz suspended his operations to accompany me to the door. How condescending in one so great! What literary man would do as much to-day? "Good bye! good bye!" he cried. I can hear him now, I can see him now, as he stood there framed in his piquant porch. If he had lived until 1912 he would have been a hundred years old.

How nobly the gay and hilarious Boz used to come down stairs! I seem to see him now descending in his own inimitable fashion, with his hand on the balustrade and putting one foot before the other. O those nights at Gadshill! There was a billiard table, and now and then the resplendent and eccentric Boz and I would play a game. I can see him now as he chalked the cue as surely none but he could, rubbing the chalk on the little leather tip and then looking keenly at the table with those wonderful eyes of his—seeing eyes—to decide which ball he would aim at. He was a fair player.

Gadshill was indeed a home. It is now a shrine for English and American pilgrims from all over the world. Never shall I forget my first visit to the house, with its rubicund exterior and piquant cupola. It was midsummer, and the ever-friendly and galvanic Boz insisted on my seeing the *châlet*. "No shilly-shallying about this," I remember saying, and the joke pleased him. He repeated it at dinner; not, as some literary men would have done, as his own, but giving me the credit, such was his bountiful and self-sacrificing nature.

L'Entente Cordiale in Scandinavia.

Sweden (to her neighbour.) "Norway, with all thy forts I love thee still."

BOLD RELIEF. OUR COUNCIL AND THE ACT.



"But when it occurred to them three that the Ratepayer 'ud be payin' their workmen instead o' themselves doin' it, they agreed."

"The ratepayer," says our District Council, "I'll be disappointed if we don't make a rate of a sovereign or so in the pound for the noo Unemployed Act. The Unemployed might build us a noo Council Palace, and we can use the one we've jest built as a pig-sty, or they might clear the dustbins, or plant flowers in the school-yard asphalt."

"'Old 'ard!' says the Chairman (who'd appointed hisself Builder to the Council), and two other members (who lately nominated themselves Council Dust-Contractor and Council Gardener), 'that's injurin' Trade and Vestried Int'rests!'"



"'The Ratepayer's outside a-lookin' dis-appointed,' says a member: so we made the rate £2 10s. to please 'im."



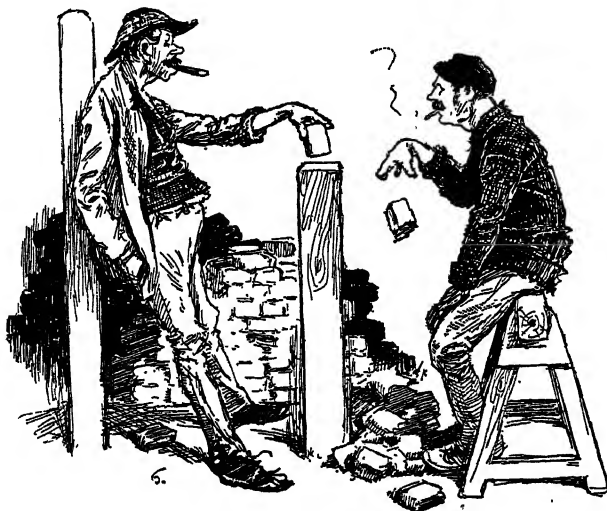
"'The tradesmen as ain't on the Board are makin' a fuss now,' says the Chairman; 'they say the noo scheme 'll injure them.'"

"But unfortunately there *wasn't* any Unemployed in our district; so we advertised for some."



"We got 'eaps. 'Ere's one of the applicants."

"Then, so as not to injure trade, we set 'em to work in pairs—one man layin' arf-bricks on a post, and t'other takin' 'em orf."



"Then came a 'itch. 'I ain't used to workin' with my 'ands,' says the Unemployed. 'It's my feet as I uses in *my* trade. Look at my 'ands! I'm orf to the infirmary—at tuppence a hour extra.'"

"So we 'ad to raise the rate; but the noo scheme didn't injure trade."



LILLIAN.

II.—HER DISGRACEFUL STRATAGEM.

EVERY year Miss MALLEY's XI. plays Mr. BOODLE's XI. on the Boodle Ashurst ground. ("Miss MALLEY" is what Mr. BOODLE and many other people call LILLIAN.) Every year SOMERS and I help LILLIAN choose her team. (SOMERS is the doctor's son, and bowls long-hops with his left hand. I am sorry for all these brackets, but there are some things that have to be explained, and I think SOMERS' bowling is one.)

This year the committee sat on LILLIAN's lawn, and said hard things about Mr. BOODLE, and cricketers generally, and Mr. BOODLE's eleventh man in particular. "It's BELLAMY of Somerset," I said. "He made a century yesterday. Who knows FRY?"

"Surely you do, BILL," said LILLIAN.

SOMERS thought a moment.

"I know a sort of cousin of CHAMBERLAIN's," he said at last. He said it very proudly, being rather keen on cementing the Empire.

"Dear BILL, so have we often heard. When I have an hour to spare we'll talk politics together. DICK, BILL's hopeless. Can't you help?"

"No."

"I wonder how Mr. BOODLE has the cheek to get a first-class cricketer down. He's no sportsman."

"BOODLE's doing it very quietly. A friend of his knows the BELLAMY man and said he'd send him down. They'll probably put him in the score book as JONES."

LILLIAN sat thinking.

"Well, never mind that," said SOMERS. "What about our eleventh man?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" said LILLIAN, suddenly. "I've got a man coming by the ten train to-morrow. TOMMY's sending him." TOMMY is generally spoken of in the country as "LILLIAN's brother." I believe in town he has a proper profession of his own.

The ten train is the only decent train from town. It gets into Ashurst Junction at 11.30, and from there you go by a single line to Boodle Ashurst. That is, of course, if you want to go to Boodle Ashurst. For our village the Junction is the best station.

LILLIAN drove in next morning to meet, as she said, TOMMY's friend. She had told her family that she didn't know him, but could easily tell him by his cricket-bag. Well, the ten train puffed in, and out came a man with his bag. He spoke to the guard, and then walked along the platform to the local line. LILLIAN rushed up breathless.

"Mr. BELLAMY?" she asked.

Mr. BELLAMY bowed.

"Come along," said LILLIAN, "I'm

going to drive you out. It will be nicer than a stuffy train."

Do you begin to realise the enormity of LILLIAN's conduct?

"It's so good of you to come and play for us," said LILLIAN, taking the reins. "Come up, Derry."

"Derry?" said Mr. BELLAMY.

"Yes, isn't he a dear?"

Mr. BELLAMY began to laugh.

"And that reminds me," said LILLIAN, artfully; "we don't want the other side to know we've got such a splendid player on our side. Would you mind—of course it's awful cheek our asking you—playing under some other name?"

"Certainly, if you like."

"You may choose any name," said LILLIAN, magnanimously.

"Well—really—this is so sudden—"

"There's a man in our village called OAKEGGER, but I shouldn't have that."

"Well, what about DERRY, after your pony?"

LILLIAN gave a sigh of relief.

"Thanks so much," she said. "And, Mr. BELLAMY," she went on hurriedly, "it would be rather awkward, wouldn't it, if people called you DERRY on the field and you didn't answer at once, so may we all call you DERRY now, and I'll introduce you to father as DERRY, and then you'll get used to it?"

She stopped anxiously.

"What a joke!" said Mr. BELLAMY, and began to laugh again.

"You dear!" cried LILLIAN. She held out her hand. "How do you do, Mr. DERRY?"

"How do you do, Miss BOODLE?"

LILLIAN pulled up the original Derry with a jerk, and looked despairingly at his namesake.

"BOODLE?"

"I understood my host's name was BOODLE."

"Oh no, no. BOODLE's the man we're playing against. You must have muddled up the names somehow. Mine is MALLEY."

"Then how do you do, Miss MALLEY? and I hope we shall beat Mr. BOODLE."

"Oh, hooray," said LILLIAN to herself. "I've done it, I've done it, and all on my lonesome."

At lunch we were all introduced to Mr. DERRY, and he seemed a pretty decent chap. Afterwards we drove to the ground, where we found Mr. BOODLE looking as sick as if he had just been refused by LILLIAN. He tried to buck up when he saw us, but it was a pretty painful sight. It appeared that his eleventh man had not turned up.

"That's BELLAMY," I whispered to LILLIAN. "What luck!"

"I wonder why he hasn't come," said LILLIAN innocently. "Perhaps he missed his train."

They won the toss, but I am not

thinking of describing the game all over again. I did one account for the *Mid-Kent Herald*, and I recommend you to go for that. You will notice the modesty with which I treated my own brilliant bowling, and the sympathetic reference to a heady piece of work on SOMERS' part which led to a fine catch on the leg-boundary, this being his only wicket.

DERRY didn't bowl, he said, so we put him at cover, where he was safe enough. Altogether they took a hundred and ten, which is not bad for the wicket. "After tea Miss MALLEY's XI. started upon their arduous task, SOMERS and RAVEN opening the innings—," all of which is pure *Kent Herald*. DERRY was given the place of honour, No. 3.

But DERRY never batted; for how the first pair defied the bowlers, and how SOMERS hit while RAVEN blocked, and how we won by ten wickets—is it not written in the *Mid-Kent Herald* afore-said? (But in different language. "SOMERS," I wrote, "went for the gloves, while RAVEN played for keeps.")

At dinner that night LILLIAN was extremely pleased with herself, and of course we thought it was because we had won so easily. But when the dessert came on she picked up her glass and looked at DERRY and said, "I beg to propose Mr. BELLAMY's health."

We all stared at her, and DERRY looked rather an ass.

Then LILLIAN told us her sad, sad story. Of course we all yelled, and drank the BELLAMY's health, and said he was a jolly good fellow and all that, and we made him give us a speech.

He got up slowly with a smile, and said:

"Miss MALLEY, Ladies and Gentlemen. Many thanks. I think it was a splendid joke, and it has had very happy results for me. But I know a joke almost as good. BELLAMY is playing for the M.C.C. to-day, so he sent me to take his place. We thought it would be rather fun to pretend I was a county cricketer, as I nearly always make nought."

He couldn't say any more, because we were all howling with laughter at LILLIAN. At last she gasped out:

"Then who are you?"

"My name," he said, "happens to be DERRY."

LILLIAN screamed.

"And after twenty-five years I am quite used to it," he smiled.

It was rather a score off LILLIAN, don't you think?

The Dangers of Homoeopathy.

FROM a "Notice to Smokers" on the Palace Pier at Brighton: "You are requested not to throw lighted matches, cigar or cigarette ends, on the Deck as a prevention against Fire."

ANY BARD TO ANY TYPIST.

So vile the script that once I scrawled,
So blotted and so blurred,
Some centipede might well have crawled,
Ink-footed, o'er each word.

In fact, my "fist" was such, it turned
Each correspondent sick;
Some swore 'twas Greek, but some discerned
Traces of Arabic.

And though my thought was bold and clear,
Mellifluous my song,
No Editor would lend his ear
Until *you* came along.

'Twas you who wrought, ingenious Maid,
The miracle I sing;
My work, thanks to your kindly aid,
Now sells like anything!

You disentangle words that seem
A mass of awful knots;
You cross my "t's" with skill supreme,
You give my "i's" their dots.

Thanks to those swift and cunning types,
By your fair hands caressed,
This singer simply sits and pipes,
And you do all the rest!

Now all my crooked lines are straight,
And you, with wondrous ease,
Unlock the editorial gate
With deftly-fingered "keys!"

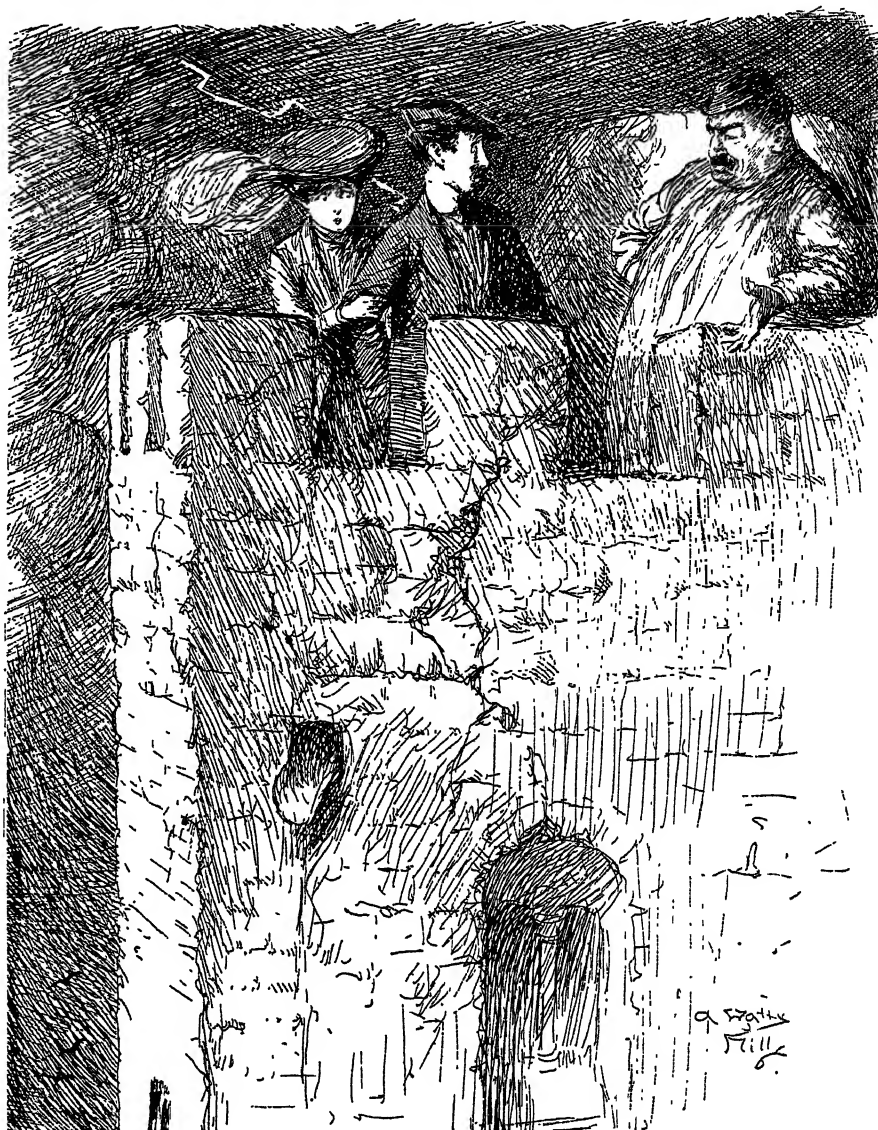
RIPER YEARS.

FOR LADIES IN SOCIETY.

THE middle-aged woman for several years past (says the *Daily Mail*) has been a genus extinct, but there are now indisputable signs of her re-appearance. This is good news from a humanitarian point of view, and relieves us of a haunting fear that we should be reduced to studying stuffed specimens of her in the Natural History Museum. It seems, however, to have been a near thing, and we can only marvel at the persistent vitality of a species thus re-asserting itself after annihilation.

If it is the mode in the near future to be middle-aged, we shall doubtless witness a rivalry in the middle-aged sex as to who shall be the *most* middle-aged. We shall thus have an extreme in the middle, which is illogical and unthinkable, but doubtless within the possibilities of dressmakers and coiffeurs. And, as a woman is as old as she looks, we fear her looks will be but middling. Still, better be *très médiocre* in point of age and appearance than be out of the fashion.

The various and hitherto rather unhappy ladies who were christened ALMA



A PLEASANT UNCERTAINTY.

Gigantic Guide. "ZE LAST PARTY ZAT WAS 'ERE—NO ONE KNEW WHEZZER ZEY SHUMPED OVER OR WAS THROWN OVER!"

about the time of the Crimean war may now take heart of grace (whatever that may be) and pass a belated vote of thanks to their respective godfathers. Any one with the name of AMELIA, ALBERTA, AUGUSTA, or other mid-Victorian appellation, can similarly work it for all it is worth.

The holiday season is now nearly over, and we are thus spared a symposium in the papers under the headings "Is Middle Age on the Increase?" "Are we too Mature?" "Is the British Matron a Failure?" and such-like heart-searchings. Nevertheless, let the younger and the older generation see to it, and strive with all speed to mend their ways in point of Anno Domini.

Meanwhile, we think the Home Secretary, or whoever handles these matters,

has been somewhat lax in the first instance in taking no measures to prevent the elimination of a most useful class of the community. We can only suppose it died of inanition with the diminishing demand for chaperons. But now that the Young Person is put in her proper place, Mellow Maturity, it appears, is again to the fore.

We trust, we other male creatures *entre deux âges*, that we shall not come down to breakfast one fine morning, and read in cold print that our genus, too, is regrettably extinct, even though there is a chance of resuscitation. We do not like these matutinal shocks, and enter a caveat in advance. This trifling with climacterics is unworthy of the best traditions of the Newest Journalism.

ZIG-ZAG.



"MUMMY, DO MOSQUITOES BITE US BECAUSE THEY LIKE US, OR BECAUSE THEY DON'T LIKE US?"

A BALLADE OF SHATTERED IDEALS.

[According to the *Irish Independent* a sea-serpent has been caught at Derry. It was barely five feet when measured.]

On fair traditions lit with golden haze,
Destined, alas! to vanish soon or late;
Castles whose distant glories Hope displays,
That prove on nearer view but brick and slate;
How does grim science, fiercely up-to-date,
Delight to prove our old convictions wrong;
Now one more myth must share the self-same fate—
The Great Sea-Serpent's only five feet long.

Giants who trod the earth in other days,
Colossus set astride the ocean's strait,
Titans, whose bulk filled mortals with amaze,
Children of Anak, long revered as great—
What discount from your claims must we abate?
Were demigods much like the vulgar throng?
Was HERCULES (like us) some five foot eight?
The Great Sea-Serpent's only five feet long.

Back! puny monster, then, avoid the ways
And haunts of man; in some dim cavern wait,
Until mendacious mariners shall raise
Afresh (your old repute to renovate)
Old crusted yarns, and to its pristine state
Restore your legend, till, when faith grows strong,
Men may forget the dismal estimate—
The Great Sea-Serpent's only five feet long.

Envoy.

Punch, prince of Editors, long obdurate
To these my feeble flights of slender song,
An easier test henceforth I supplicate—
The Great Sea-Serpent's only five feet long.

The Edinburgh Catastrophe.

MR. PUNCH, who sincerely hopes that Sir THOMAS LIPTON is now well on the way to recovery after his fall at the Volunteer Review, disapproves of the attitude of levity adopted towards Sir THOMAS's unfortunate accident by various persons. Thus, could anything be in worse taste than this heading in the *Daily Dispatch*?—

A MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON THROWN FROM HIS HORSE.

Or the remark, from a correspondent who shall be nameless, that "Everything at the Review came off beautifully?" or the suggestion that the gallant Bart. is to be known in future as Sir THOMAS LIPTOFF?

"Pathetic Fallacy?"

THE *Daily Chronicle* of the 22nd announced on its poster:

TOWN BURIED.

COLLAPSE OF MOUNTAIN.

Assuming that the *Chronicle* has got its facts in the right order, we consider it most unusual for a large piece of landscape to be so sensitively sympathetic.



Linley Sambourne del.

THE PARTING.

THE KING OF SWEDEN (to Norway)—
"SINCE THERE'S NO HELP, COME, LET US KISS AND PART;
* * * * *
SHAKE HANDS FOR EVER, CANCEL ALL OUR VOWS."—*Michael Drayton.*

CHILD POETRY.

[In view of the interest now being taken in the above-mentioned phase of the poetic art, as exemplified chiefly in the *Windsor Magazine*, Mr. Punch has been studying the matter, and has come to the conclusion that what is required to make such poems comprehensible by the average adult reader is a word or two of explanation in the last verse. He therefore offers the following as a model for future writers of child-poetry. It will be seen that the example given preserves the general style, while at the same time the last four lines explain the whole of the poem.]

I FLEW through Goblin-gardens once,
And half was land and half was sea.
I saw the Moon go spinning round,
As white as white could be.
The windows writhed like fiery snakes,
I saw a Comet flashing by,
And all the Stars went flaring up
Like rockets in the sky.

I saw the Road-hog's lantern flash,
I heard his great big carriage roll,
And the Cellar-man kept pouring down
A ton of Kitchen Coal.
The Steeple quivered like a flame,
It set a passing cloud alight,
And where it burned, the sparks flew out
As bright as bright as bright.

I heard the Fairy Bell toll nine,
It tolled until it broke its tongue,
I heard the Anvil-man at work,—
His hammer rung and rung.
I heard the Goblin-train roar past,
The Guard called out, "Hullo! he's
down!"
And the Pavement-folk went waltzing by,
Each with a fiery crown.

I saw the Blue Man come along,
With a glowing lantern in his belt.
His feet were hot, and where he walked
I saw the pavement melt.
He picked me up, and there I found
A fragment of banana-peel
Some boy had thrown upon the path,
Adhering to my heel.

AN AUTHORITY ON EDUCATION.

SPEAKING the other day Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE is reported to have said: "They did not want the educational standard in Wales to be set by Lord LONDONERRY, who, with all the advantages that wealth could confer, could not pass his Little Go at Oxford." The instantaneous success of this sneer will doubtless lead Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE on to more ambitious efforts, and we may hope to read the following:—

"Speaking at Pwllheli the other day Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE said: 'They did not want the Army to be led by officers, many of whom had never passed their Smalls at Sandhurst.' (Loud applause.)"

"Speaking at Festiniog the other day



Angler (who has been shown a rather elaborate salmon fly). "WOULD YOU KINDLY TELL ME HOW THIS FLY IS TIED, AS I DELIGHT IN TYING MY OWN."

Shop-keeper. "CERTAINLY, SIR. THE BODY IS OF THE DOWN OF A BEE'S BACK, DRESSED WITH OIL OF A PLANT FROM NORTHERN INDIA. THE HACKLE IS OF THE THREE FRONT FEATHERS ON THE BACK OF A GOLDEN EAGLE. THE TAIL IS OF THE FOUR LONGEST HAIRS FROM THE INSIDE OF THE EAR OF THE MALE SABLE BEAR, FOUND ONLY NEAR THE NORTH POLE."

Angler (reflectively). "AND I LIVE AT BRIXTON!"

Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE said: 'They did not want to be governed by a set of politicians to whom a rocketing partridge brought down with a left and right appealed so strongly that the Parliament of the people had to cease its labours by August the Twelfth at the latest.' (Loud and continued sensation.)

"Speaking at Llanfairfechan the other day Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE said: 'They did not want the House of Commons to be led by a man who gave more time and care to the choosing of a putter or a stymie than he did to the destinies of a nation.' (Breathless silence.)"

"Speaking at Machynlleth the other day Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE said: 'They did not want the finances of the Empire to

be controlled by gentlemen who mixed freely in a Society where Bridge was not only played for pound points, but where at the beginning of each game one of the players asked another whether or not he would care to double the club stakes.' (Stealthy groans.)"

ACCORDING to the *Yorkshire Daily Observer* the recent race for the Motor Tourist Trophy in the Isle of Man was marked by many accidents. Thus, while Mr. HADLEY ran into a hedge, Mr. DOWNIE (is there nothing in a name?) ran into a public-house, and only continued the race "after considerable delay."

A QUESTIONABLE STYLE.

["It is expected that in a few weeks those ladies with sufficient enterprise to thoroughly acquire the new poise will become perambulating imitations of the note of interrogation."—*Daily Express*, Sept. 21.]

THE new perambulating mode

Appears a trifle eerie;
When walking (says the latest code),
A lady looks a ?

This fashion will no doubt amuse
The streetboy, ever cheery;
And Madame, when he airs his views,
Will feel more queer than ?

Is it that Woman, fully drest,
Must grow of Nature weary,
And stay, in feminine unrest,
An everlasting ?

Is it that she may cut a —
And beat the GIBSON Peri?
Is it the charm of something rash?
Is everything a ?

I give it up—such riddles make
Existence simply dreary—
And with a ! my leave I'll take
Of this, the latest Query !

A BLANK ON THE 'SCUTCHEON.

I was immensely proud of that bag. It was not so much the old associations that clung to it—though it awakened memories of many a pleasant jaunt in a peculiarly vivid way—as the distinction it conferred on the person who travelled with it. It had accumulated in the course of years such a covering of labels, indicative of what Mr. Cook calls first-class travel, that to carry it was a proclamation of cosmopolitanism, and merely to look at it a liberal education. The labels were of every shape and colour, giving to the bag, quite apart from their literary interest, a kaleidoscopic aspect that at once arrested attention; whilst the frequent partial superposition of one legend upon another offered to an intelligent public a most improving kind of missing-word competition, by which many of my fellow passengers were wont covertly to reinforce their knowledge of geography and modern languages. The national colours of many foreign countries might also, if necessary, be studied from that bag: the somewhat conventional view of Vesuvius, for instance, in green and red and white which adorned one end was still partly visible beneath the red, white and blue of a Paris label. I think I set as much store by its potential power of instruction as by its actual announcement, several times repeated, that its owner had been a cabin passenger.

It can readily be understood that I seldom allowed a bag of so much significance—sentimental and snobbish—to

separate itself far from me when travelling in this country. The average railway porter, armed with a paste-brush, has but little sense of the romantic, and would cheerfully obliterate the record of a journey to Baghdad or Bokhara with a Birmingham label, if in an unguarded moment you told him you were going to the latter place. Never shall I forget the Vandal who, having robbed me of a part of the reputation this very bag gave me by pasting the words *Little Gaddesden over Oberammergau*, actually expected to be rewarded for the outrage. It was only with the kindly help of *BELLA* the housemaid, and some hot water, that I succeeded, on my return from Hertfordshire, in wiping out much of this vulgarity.

That was the last occasion on which the bag had been out with me. It had for some weeks lain in the dark unfathomed cave known as the box-room, but with the coming of August I began to feel that it ought not much longer to waste its sweetness and light in such a situation. Fortune soon provided me with another opportunity of being seen about with it, and even of adding to its adhesive attractions. My old friend *HARRIS*, who comes of an ancient Highland family, has people who reside in the Island of Mull for at least a fortnight every year. I wrote to him two or three times, mentioning that I hardly knew whither to carry my bag this autumn, and after a considerable interval he replied that as I was evidently fond of fishing he supposed I might as well come to Tobermory. I at once accepted his genial invitation. Curiously enough, it was just what I wanted. Tobermory, sufficiently remote, and associated romantically with the Spanish Armada, was really not unworthy to have its name labelled upon the bag. Besides, there were several charming *Miss HARRISES*. I pictured them all meeting the boat, whilst I, as the steamer was being slowly moored to the quay, would stand on the upper deck, and, with a conspicuous display of the bag's many-coloured testimony to my culture make the beginning of a favourable impression that might end in—who could say what?

The idea enchanted me. "Get out my bag!" I cried, as a knight of old might call for his emblazoned shield when about to fare forth in quest of adventures, "the one with the labels, *BELLA*;" and presently from an adjoining room there proceeded that unmistakable bang which means that *BELLA* has placed something on the top of something else. As presumably my precious bag was involved in the disturbance I went to protect my property. And there, on the bedroom floor, was certainly a bag—but surely not *my* bag. *BELLA*, on her knees, was dusting the smooth, naked,

unlettered thing with a strange tenderness. "I've got all them dirty bits o' paper off it," she explained cheerfully, "in my spare time."

* * * * *
There are thoughts that lie too deep for tears, just as there are bags (mine was now one of them) which have the air of never having been on land or sea.

THE NEW BROOM AND THE NEW BIRCH.

Eton College,
Sept. 22, 1905.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You know, of course, that when we have a new Head the Captain of the school gives him a birch tied up with Eton-blue ribbons. Well, my tutor gave us the subject for verses. This is what I shewed up. He said it wouldn't do because the metre isn't right. All the same it seems to me jolly good. What do you think? Yours truly,

FOURTH FORM.

SALVE, LYTTELTON, Magister !

Virgam hanc cœruleis ter
Vittis rite decoratam
Sume, quæsumus, oblatam.
Cædat culpæ gravis recs,
Levis decidad in eos
Studiorum qui obliti
Ludis fuerint periti.

Tuum, O Magister, nomen,
(Faustum sit et felix omen !)
Omni civitatis statu
Bello, Legibus, Senatu
Et Ecclesia, honores
Tulit. Propter bonos mores,
Tuis, et exempla bona,
Quid non debeat Etona !

Arbiter nostrorum fati
Parce priscæ libertati !
Aurem, siquid Genius Loci
Susurrarit, tende voci ;
Noli leges alienas
Legibus, vel pœnis pœnas,
Addere, vel pensa pensis,
Puer olim Etonensis !

Sic alumni te, Magister,
* "Festum bonum socium" bis, ter,
Pleno gutture canemus ;
Sic amore te colemus ;
Melius sic ibunt dies ;
Grata sic regnabit quies ;
Sic pendebit ista virga,
Flebilis quod desint terga !

* "A jolly good fellow."—F. F.

THE old Croydon Palace Theatre of Varieties is being renovated, and will re-open on Boxing Day under the title of the New Empire Palace. As the *Croydon Guardian* allusively puts it, "a sphinx is preparing to rise from the ashes."

HISTORY ANTICIPATES ITSELF.

"BANDS OF BRIGANDS, CALLED 'CHAUFFEURS,' HAD BEEN ORGANISED, WHO SCoured THE COUNTRY IN ALL DIRECTIONS, COMMITTING THE MOST HORRIBLE EXCESSES."—*Dyer's "Modern Europe," Vol. V., p. 27.*



COOKING A PARTRIDGE.

(By an Occasional Suburban Correspondent)

WHEN HARRY came home from the City last night I knew from his face that something had happened.

"Oh! what is it?" I said. "Is anybody dead?" And of course my thoughts flew to poor Auntie.

"No," he replied, "but Dixon has had a brace of partridges sent him, and he's given me half of it."

I breathed again. "How sweet of him!" I said; "when shall we have it?"

"It's ready for cooking now," said HARRY. "Couldn't we have it to-night?"

I thought for a moment. "Yes," I said. "The hash will keep; it's SARAH's night out, so I'll put my apron on and cook it at once."

It was a plump young bird, and really looked a picture when

I had placed it on the grid of the baking pan, nicely floured, with a lump of dripping on the top of it. At that moment the kitchen door opened, and HARRY came briskly in, with five or six copies of the *Daily Mail* in his hand.

"Let's see," he said, sitting down on a corner of the table, "how are you going to cook it?"

"In the oven, darling," I replied, smiling.

"Yes," said HARRY, after a pause, "but you know, dear, it oughtn't to be on a grid; and where's its little overcoat of bacon?"

I may be unduly sensitive, but aspersions on my cooking always upset me.

"It isn't going to have one," I replied, forcing a smile.

"Oh! and where's the sausage?" said HARRY. "There ought to be some long sausages, you know."

"Why, darling," I said, glancing at the morsel in the baking tin, "you've mistaken it for a turkey."

"Oh, no," said HARRY, resenting my flippant tone, "I know what I'm talking about. And there ought to be a carrot cut in rounds, and white cabbage cut in quarters. The *Daily Mail* says so."

This was a facer, and I was nonplussed, as he deliberately opened the paper at the column headed "How to Cook a Partridge."

"Look here, HARRY," I said, sullenly, "you'd better let me do it my own way."

"Then it will be dry," he said with conviction. I felt my cheeks redden under the insult.

"Was it dry last time?" I said quietly.

"Dryish," he replied. "Look here, darling, you're not too old to learn, you know; let me read you one or two extracts from the recipes of experienced cooks. 'It should

be roasted with a little overcoat of bacon,' 'cooked in layers of pickled white cabbage, fried shalots, a little white wine and enough water to cover it,' and you must be very careful not to use the *flambeau* until it is *saignant*. But just you read them for yourself, and you'll see how it ought to be done."

"I'll do it my own way," I said, choking back a sob, "or not at all." Here HARRY lost his temper as usual.

"But it's so simple," he said, cuttingly; "any idiot could do it."

"Then you can cook it yourself," I replied, as with trembling fingers I untied my apron, "and eat it yourself!"

"Right O!" said HARRY, with an unpleasant smile.

"And you'll find the anchovy sauce and the candied peel in the cupboard," I added, "and I haven't any pickled cabbage, but there are plenty of

pickled onions, and if I'd known you were going to interfere in the kitchen I'd never have married you." With that I left him, and hurrying up stairs flung myself on the sofa in a passion of tears.

Half-an-hour later, in spite of my grief, I became conscious of a nauseous odour rising from the kitchen, and, drying my eyes, I leant over the banisters and sniffed it gratefully. I also heard muffled ejaculations in HARRY's voice, and concluded he was talking to the partridge. Presently there came the smash of crockery and more conversation, and then the back-kitchen door was violently opened, and HARRY,

apparently, went through into the garden. Next minute I heard him coming up the kitchen stairs, and I whisked back into the room and was deep in a book as he entered. He was very pale.

"Where's the partridge?" I said.

"In the dusthole," he replied fiercely; and then for the first time I saw his hand was wrapped up in a handkerchief.

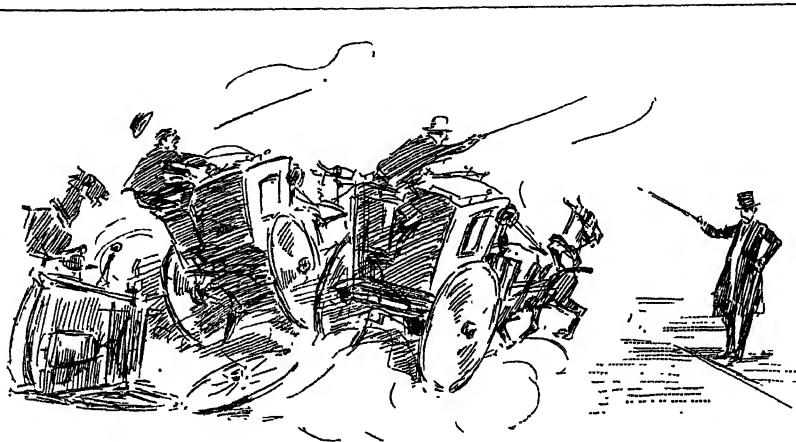
"Oh, darling," I cried, "what have you done?"

"I caught hold of the oven door," he said. "I forgot it was hot."

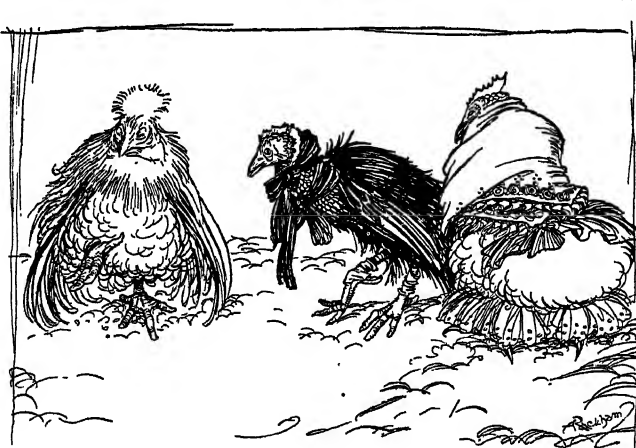
He smiled wanly, and, as I dressed his burns, I knew he was mine once more; the

partridge no longer stood between us; we kissed again, with tears, and had the hash after all.

MISS EDITH KING, the young American lady detective, who spends her time capturing deserters, has announced to a press-man that she does not court notoriety, and *never allows herself to be photographed*. We cannot recall a more remarkable instance of the sacrifices demanded by Art.



NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FARE.



LAST WEEK WE CALLED ATTENTION TO AN ADVERTISEMENT IN THE BURY TIMES OF "80 YEAR OLD HENS FOR SALE." WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED THEIR PORTRAITS.

CHARIVARIA.

It is authoritatively declared at St. Petersburg that the Russian Government proposes to address the Foreign Powers with regard to summoning a second Hague Peace Conference. Measures will, we understand, be put forward with a view to making it impossible, in the future, for a little Power to bully a big Power.

Both the French and German couriers who left Tangier for Fez on the 8th inst. have been robbed by the natives, and a better feeling between the representatives of the two Great Powers is now said to prevail.

The Germans are about to attempt to make peace with the Herreros. They are said to have got the idea from the Russians, who, it will be remembered, recently came to terms with the victorious Japanese.

With reference to the lists of war-vessels belonging to Norway and Sweden which have been published in the Press, we are asked to state that in both cases several powerful outriggers and canoes have been omitted.

The Sultan of Turkey has forbidden the introduction of wireless telegraphy into his country on the ground that it is "an invention of the Evil One." Curiously enough this is the very personage, if we remember rightly, of whom the SULTAN was alleged by a distinguished poet to be the most intimate acquaintance.

Some persons learn a foreign language less easily than others. A notice has been issued in Paris to the effect that the Shah of PERSIA requires six teachers of French.

As babies are constantly dwindling in numbers, a Congress has been sitting at Liège with a view to considering whether increased comforts and attractions cannot be offered to them.

At the same time the babies themselves are asking what possible good can come from a Congress to the deliberations of which not one of their own number has been invited, and they intend to refuse to be bound by such of its decisions as may be distasteful to them.

It has been suggested that steps should be taken by the L.C.C. to enforce a rule to prevent the industrial classes from riding in trams and trains when garbed in clothing which proves offensive to fellow-passengers. The proposal is likely to meet with keen opposition from those concerned, as at present they are free from the unpleasant overcrowding to which other persons are subjected.

"Motor-cars as Boots" is the sensational heading of a paragraph recording

Theatrical Managers' Association for allowing the performance of a sketch entitled "Our Curate."

Beads, it is announced, are to be all the vogue this season for the fair sex, and ladies with beady eyes are brightening up wonderfully. Meanwhile, for men, grouse bags are still the fashion.

"EDWIN LUTGENS," says the *Express*, "a tinsmith of Sparta, Wisconsin, scratched his name and address on a tin cup made by himself. The cup was eventually purchased by LOUISA HENSON, at Gothenburg, Sweden. She sailed on Thursday for America to marry LUTGENS." We hope that the above notice will reach Mr. LUTGENS in time!

A well-known motorist has been complaining of the campaign waged against motor-cars by humorous artists, who never seem to tire of depicting accidents. "One common and ludicrous error in many drawings," he said, "is the placing of the driver on the wrong side of the car." But surely, in an accident, that is just where he would find himself?

The report of the Metropolitan Commissioners of Police just issued shows that in the past year among the 52,131 articles left in public conveyances were a rabbit, a pigeon, a cat, and a dog, but not a single elephant. Can any of our readers explain this?

THE tongue spoken by the youth arrested in Paris, and now proved to be a Tyrolese criminal, so baffled the interpreters that at one time they were convinced that he was speaking some Universal language.

OUR DUMB FRIENDS.—"Captain MACDONALD, knowing that his boats were insufficient to hold everyone aboard, called for volunteers to stand by the ship with him and give others, including four women, a chance of getting ashore. Six horses responded, including the first and second mates, two wheelmen, and two watchmen."—*Worcestershire Echo*.

THE COURTESIES OF SPORT.—According to the *Globe* of the 21st, "the Earl of PEMBROKE has been entertaining a house partridge at Wilton."



Little Blithers. "OH, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE PYGMIES WHEN YOU WERE IN TOWN. THE ODDEST LITTLE BEGGARS YOU EVER SAW IN YOUR LIFE, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

the invention of motor-boots. We must confess that upon the only occasion when we had a motor-car upon one foot, the sensation was far from agreeable.

The total of the fines levied on motorists by the Andover Bench during the present year is stated to be now close upon £1000. The present fee for exceeding the speed limit is £3, but it is hoped that it will be possible to reduce this should the numbers be kept up.

The *rapprochement* between Church and Stage has suffered a set-back. The managers of the Empire Music Hall at Islington have been summoned by the

THE DEAD AND THE QUICK;

Or, How the Books of the Year are Written.

WHILE Mr. SAMUEL SMITH, "Vidi" of the *Times*, and other pessimistic observers are lamenting the decadence of national fibre and the dry rot of London Society, our novelists, at least, show no symptoms of slackness or decline. Thus, in a publisher's announcement relating to "the novel of the year," we read how "Mr. — keeps the romance well to the fore, although his characters play their parts in historical scenes and amid personages who have made and unmade history. To secure this effect has involved much careful study of the period, and no small amount of travel over the ground. Mr. — has motored over many of the roads along which NAPOLEON rode so slowly ninety years ago, but his chief concern has not been to re-write history, but to show it to us as it must have presented itself to those whose romance came to them while they were in the train of NAPOLEON, the most romantic figure of the last hundred years."

It is reassuring to learn that this noble example is not likely to be thrown away. Thanks to the resources of modern engineering Mr. SETH BULGIN has been able to pierce the heart of the Alps in a sumptuously equipped *train de luxe* many thousand feet below the exposed summits which HANNIBAL, the hero of his new romance, laboriously scaled on foot, splitting the most formidable obstacles by the lavish expenditure of the best Tarragon vinegar. These advantages will lend a peculiar vividness and vivacity to *From Carthage to Capua*, the marvellous narrative in which, by a free but wholly legitimate use of chronology, the rôle of heroine is entrusted to Dido, and that of villain to the notorious Carthaginian General.

In order to get a more detached view of the theatre of his new novel, *The Fall of Xerxes*, than was possible to BYRON, we learn that Mr. SILAS K. CROCKING proposes to employ a swift turbine yacht, in which he will career from the Hellespont to Salamis in a hundredth part of the time occupied by the Persian potentate. Again, thanks to the invaluable enterprise of Dr. LUNN, Mr. CROCKING will be able to eat a quick lunch on the very spot where LEONIDAS and his 300 Spartans painfully partook of their last meal.

Readers who revel in wars and rumours of wars will be able to sup full of those delightful horrors in *A Royal Flute Player*, the great novel which Mr. BERT MAXIMUM has written round the crucial period of the reign of FREDERICK THE GREAT. Mr. MAXIMUM, always a conscientious workman, has spared neither time nor travel in mastering his subject, and, thanks to the generosity of his publishers, Messrs. BOODLE AND DIBBS, who placed a magnificent 80 h.p. Mercédès at his disposal, he has been able, in less than seven days, to cover all the ground over which FREDERICK THE GREAT spent seven years laboriously marching and counter-marching.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

As *Dogberry* had his losses, so Mr. BRAM STOKER, reckoned as a novelist, has had his successes. But his earlier works, popular as they remain, do not approach the level of *The Man* (HEINEMANN). My Baronite recognizes its place among the best half-dozen novels of the year. It starts on a note of originality rare in days when novels are turned out by the hundred. The heroine, a beautiful, high-spirited girl, conceives the idea that, woman being at least the equal of man, there is no logical reason why he should have the monopoly of selecting a partner for life. She accordingly proposes to her childhood's friend, *Leonard Everard*, who, exercising the equal right of man, declines the proffered hand. This is a fantasy that would bore if carried too far. Mr. BRAM STOKER skilfully uses it as the basis of his plot, and for the development

of the character of his chief *dramatis personæ*. The story is full of episodes that hold the reader at breathless attention. He will think nothing could be finer than the account of the saving of a child swept off the decks of a steamer in mid-Atlantic, till he comes to the story of the shipwreck on the English coast. This need not shrink from comparison with DICKENS's classic narrative of the wreck off Yarmouth to which *Peggotty* went to the rescue of *Steerforth*. It may be added that *Miss Norman* and *Harold* are the kind of woman and man with whom THACKERAY occasionally made us acquainted. Admirably written, vivid in narrative, rich in character, pure in tone, absorbing in interest, *The Man* will be found well worth knowing.

Sir GEORGE TREVELLYAN has done the State fresh service by revising and re-arranging his *jeux d'esprit* of more than forty years ago. The title selected, *Interludes in Verse and Prose* (GEORGE BELL), is the only unsatisfactory thing about the book. For the rest we have some of the brilliant things tossed off with the energy and vivacity of the clever University man who is just beginning to feel his feet in the larger world outside the college quadrangle. The sparkling, tripping verse looks alluring, easy to write. Disillusion would follow upon attempt to supply a few supplementary stanzas. The prose portion, including the vivid narrative of the Siege of Arrah, a piece of literary work the uncles might have envied the nephew, is chiefly selected from the "Letters of a Competition Wallah." Our old favourite, "Ladies in Parliament" (not improved by the new title bestowed upon it), reminds us that in those happy days of youth, the ex-Chief Secretary of Ireland was a constant contributor to the historic *Owl*, pioneer of the abundant Society papers of to-day. As far as my Baronite knows, there are only two other survivors of the light-hearted companionship—Lord GLENESK, then known as ALGERNON BORTHWICK, and DRUMMOND WOLFF, to-day a grave and reverend seigneur in whose spacious bosom are stored the secrets of many Chancelleries. In "Horace at Athens," an extravaganza in the classics written forty-four years ago, occurs the famous passage:

Can this be BALBUS, household word to all,
Whose earliest exploit was to build a wall?
Who, with a frankness that I'm sure must charm ye,
Declared it was all over with the army.

Sir GEORGE in the process of revision has resisted the temptation to bring the allusion up-to-date. It is obviously easy, and striking as showing how history repeats itself:

Can this be BOBBUS, household word to all,
Whose latest exploit gave the Boer a fall?
Who, with a frankness that should much alarm ye,
Declares it is all over with the army.

To do the undergraduate justice the faultiness of the last rhyme is as exceptional as it is daring.

The Zoo: A Scamper (ALSTON RIVERS) by WALTER EMANUEL, with illustrations by JOHN HASSALL, will be a source of infinite delight to childhood and old age, and all that lies between. My Nautical Retainer finds that the charming humour which Mr. EMANUEL brought to those most popular of animal studies, *A Dog Day*, and *The Snob*, is here renewed in all its freshness and piquancy; while Mr. HASSALL's pictures are astonishingly clever and sympathetic.

THE BARON



MODES FOR MEN.

(With grateful acknowledgments to several weekly journals.)

THE turning up of the cuffs of a frock-coat in order to show the rich sleeve lining will be quite the smart thing by the time London is full again. Two young men who strolled through the Park last week exhibiting this new fashion attracted marked attention. My readers should take good note of the change so as to allow proper length to the sleeves when ordering the new frock-coat, as very few tailors, so far, are aware of this clever notion, which has been devised as a pleasant change from the turning up of the trousers. Readers may be warned against the mistake of having both trousers and sleeves turned up simultaneously when walking. Such a style is only correct for carriage wear.

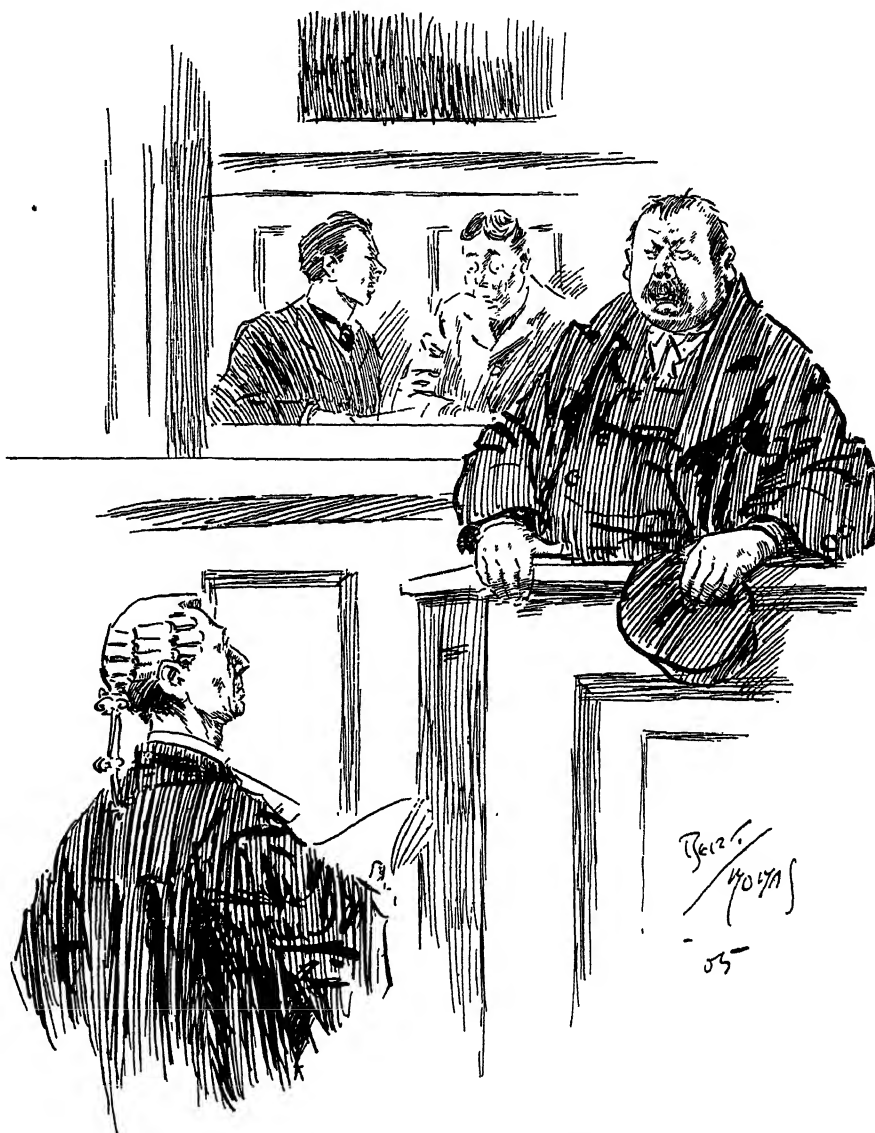
The new colour for ties is a plain canary (not shot) with a small pattern, not exceeding the size of a florin, in a shade to match the three-quarter hose, which should be of champagne silk with openwork on the heel and instep.

The new wing collar is coming in by leaps and bounds, and I have ordered a couple of gross to give it a trial. It is surprisingly comfortable, and does much to bring out the lines of a man's throat. For those who wear long beards the change to this collar is not, perhaps, of much importance, but I may add that long beards are not likely to be thought smart this winter.

Now that the evenings are drawing in and there is an occasional nip in the air, most men are longing to know of a serviceable under-vest. I have seen a very excellent article in scalded cream flannel. Chest protectors are never really fashionable, and I predict for this under-vest a great success. If it is guaranteed unshrinkable it will only occupy half the space after washing, and will be found to fit quite tightly everywhere, yielding the grateful warmth so indispensable in this treacherous climate.

The best type of overcoat for the coming winter will be Roehampton in shape, but with the new Australian shoulder, and lined with velvet. There will be four seams at the back and three tails, while the pockets, which will have neatly pleated flaps, will be at an angle of thirty degrees. At the same time the new pyjama overcoat should not be overlooked. It is excellent for camping-out in December, when the air is often more chilly than in September.

Trousers will get wider as the winter advances, and Melton cloths are likely to be a rage for these garments, so essential to the appearance of the well-dressed man. An attempt to reintroduce front pockets has been frustrated, but a happy and rather neat compromise has been hit



CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

Counsel (during a salvage case). "AND HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR REMEMBERING THAT INCIDENT OF THREE MONTHS AGO SO PERFECTLY?"
Bo'sun. "BRAINS, SIR—JUST BRAINS!"

upon in the shape of a pocket cut on the cross. It should be noted, however, that there must be no pocket on the left side, the perfect balance of the figure being maintained by wearing the handkerchief in the left side of the opening of the vest. The handkerchief up the sleeve is now considered common, but it may be carried in the hand, a hand-bag for the purpose being rather effeminate.

The cummerbund will not be worn by really smart men this winter. Waistcoats will button in front, and the opening for the tie will be about one in seven, a distinguished personage having set his face against anything more extreme in this detail. Colours have not yet been settled, but I fancy that vests of crushed salmon with checks of some quiet scheme, such as Stewart clan tartan, will be much affected.

Now that so many men are out with the guns the subject of dickies is especially appropriate. For walking up birds they have become quite modish; but when the game is driven they are still rather *risqué*. Another article of sporting attire, the respirator, changes little in cut as time goes on, and all the old favourite styles are as safe to-day as ever they were. Button boots are very little worn for shooting now, and for fastening the sportsman's foot-wear Honiton laces are completely driving out the old mohair and porpoise, the hides of which animals may consequently be expected to drop in price. Panama hats will be incorrect for cover-shooting.

The new breakfast jacket has a storm collar lined with bear. It is best with two yokes and coffee-proof lapels. List-slippers give it a very effective finish.

THE HORRORS OF PEACE.

[Being the bitter complaint of a Radical M.P., who finds himself greatly inconvenienced by the new Anglo-Japanese Treaty, and deems it advisable that his engagement to address his constituents should be postponed till the effect of this Tory triumph has blown over.]

THIS is a very awkward thing for me,
This new Alliance in the name of Peace,
Sealed by Conservative diplomacy
Which guarantees to her a ten years' lease;
Others may count it as a common boon;
Myself, I call it *most* inopportune.

For, being full of excellent ozone,
I was to blow it off upon the stump,
Explaining how I never yet had known
A Government with so pronounced a slump;
And now this feat of diplomatic art
Threatens to dislocate my apple-cart!

When, willy-nilly, all the World admits
That they have done a monstrous clever deal,
How can I well apply to Tory wits
The usual epithet of imbecile?
Or say, "What wonder if the Greater Powers
Mock at a maudlin Ministry like ours?"

How can I aptly urge that British arms,
Strong in their own unaided force and weight,
Are good enough to cope with all alarms
In or about our Empire's Eastern gate?
I that have never kept this truth concealed:—
We have no Army fit to take the field!

How can I argue it is *infra dig.*
To own a weakness in the Lion's whelp,
To own that India finds her task too big
And needs to call KUROKI in to help?
I that have always very loudly said
That our prestige is practically dead!

How can I hint that by this fatal pact
We plunge a sword in Russia's riven hide?
When well I know that, once she grasps the fact
Of certain frontiers not to be defied,
She will console herself with these amends:—
"Since there's no use in fighting, let's be friends."

And, lastly, if I said that this combine,
Rankling in jealous bosoms, might embroil
Our cousinly *entente* across the Rhine,
I doubt if anybody's blood would boil;
I even apprehend that ribald folk
Might treat it as a pleasantry, or joke.

All which considered, I had best defer
The apostolic progress I had planned,
Till more congenial events occur
(Such as a mutiny upon the Rand)
To put the Tories' triumph out of mind,
And prove them, once again, obtuse and blind.

O. S.

"The Long Result of Time."

"MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P. for Oldham, has grown a moustache. He has nearly finished the important work upon which he has been engaged for the last three years. . . ."
—*Halifax Evening Courier.*

Zoological Specialist (gazing at solitary sea-lion in the Dublin Zoo). Where's his mate?

Irish Keeper. He has no mate, Sorr. We just fade him on fish.

A REMINISCENCE.

WE had missed him again—a closer shave than ever. If the lieutenant had put a few men to block the spruit, as HARRY entreated, we should most certainly have bottled up the slim DE WET. But that spruit behind the farm served as his back door, and all we had for our trouble were six of the raggedest warriors ever seen, and a score of played-out screws. HARRY was our colonial scout and general godfather; born at Heilbron, and knowing the country like the palm of his hand. But what is that to coming out near the top of the list at Sandhurst?

So there we were, jogging back to Kroonstad through the bush, and full of swear-words as a Kaffir's dog is of industrious fleas.

Presently we passed a cleared patch of, perhaps, fifty acres. Evidently some time had elapsed since it was cropped. "My c'lonial oath!" remarked our Australian Briton, "if this yere don't remind me of the Gawd-forsaken Murray scrub, an' no mistake 'bout that. Was we in *this* burn-out, 'ARRY?"

He pointed to some charred walls and a chimney, mute and melancholy remnants of the original skillion and barn.

"Lor', old son," Harry answered, good-naturedly superior, "that's DALY's old place. The fire happened years ago. Didn't none of you never 'ear tell of *Bosthoon*?"

We had not. So he told us how this same clearing had been celebrated for its first-class mealies and an instance of extraordinary equine acuteness. JIM DALY belonged to one of the early circus shows coming to South Africa. He met with an accident which lamed him and compelled him to retire from the profession. He settled on this particular clearing in company with a horse imported from Ireland, and therefore christened *Bosthoon*. The animal was preternaturally gifted and sagacious. Being a bachelor, DALY had no woman near to make things lively, and time passed somewhat heavily on the lonely holding. Teaching his horse the old tricks grew from a casual amusement into a serious habit with DALY, who wonderingly noted that *Bosthoon's* imitative faculties were seldom at fault.

By degrees he trained the horse to lie on its back and keep an empty kerosine tin dancing in the air with its feet. *Bosthoon*, besides, soon became able to sit on a bench, smoke a pipe, and drink tea out of a pannikin specially provided with a big broad handle through which the horse could pass a hoof. For want of better company, DALY used to spend most of his evenings in *Bosthoon's* society. Sitting before the shanty thus, DALY got to talking at *Bosthoon*, who, watching the movements of his master's lips, would attempt a reply. The intelligent animal's inclination was diligently cultivated, and presently DALY had the intense satisfaction of hearing *Bosthoon* distinctly pronounce the words "Papa," "Mamma," "Tea," "More," in a rough, deep, loud voice. Curiously enough the animal seemed incapable of whispering, a drawback which made the safe exchange of confidences impracticable.

Among other exercises, DALY taught *Bosthoon* to open the front door every morning at five o'clock. He accustomed the horse to march from the stable when an alarum, set always at that hour, went off, lift one foot up to the old-fashioned latch, and press against it until the door yielded. By degrees the manœuvre was performed so punctually that DALY found all necessity for setting the alarum entirely obviated.

It occurred to DALY one night, after the usual practice with the horse, that if *Bosthoon* could be taught to cry "Fire!" should accident bring it, and give the alarm, the chance of damage from the terrible element to his large, new, neatly thatched barn would be greatly lessened. He endeavoured to accomplish this by holding a shovelful of burning embers under *Bosthoon's* muzzle, shouting "Fire!" meanwhile, and inducing repetitions of the latch trick. After spending



A LIGHTNING CHANGE.

NICHOLAS, THE MUSCOVITE MARVEL. "DEAD FROST THAT WAR TURN. I'LL GIVE 'EM THE HAGUE BUSINESS AGAIN. HURRY UP WITH THE DOVE AND OLIVE BRANCH!"



Beggar (on receiving sixpence). "GOD BLESS YER HONOUR! THE SAINTS PRESERVE YE! MAY THE HEAVENS BE YER BED!"
Benevolent, but Modest, Old Gentleman. "NOT AT ALL—NOT AT ALL!"

an hour in the task, DALY could not obtain from the horse a single formulation of the desired word, and, pitching the embers carelessly away, went disappointed to bed.

He could never tell whether that first hoarse cry of "Fire!" rang through his brain as an accompaniment of nightmare, or after he had awakened. But it seemed as if he was no sooner comfortably asleep again than "Fire!" formed the staple of another cry. Next came the sound of the latch's opening, with an additional yell of "Fire!" DALY recognised *Bosthoon's* voice, smiled to think how the effectiveness of his training had thus been practically exemplified, struck a light, found it barely past midnight, anathematised the clever animal, and dropped once more into peaceful slumber.

Again that cry of "Fire!" and battering at the latch forced him awake. He started up, annoyed at *Bosthoon's* conceit. Presumption on a newly acquired accomplishment formed just the one thing which in animals or men roused DALY's bitterest spirit of opposition. A

long bullock whip hung conveniently near. Gripping this, JIM sallied in his night-shirt from the front door, firmly intending to teach *Bosthoon* a lesson in proper modesty. To his utter dismay he saw the barn in flames and nearly burnt to the ground, while *Bosthoon* capered madly about, bellowing "Fire!" in tones calculated to bring an envious blush on the bulb of a fog horn. Then sparks rained on the tindery shingle roof of the shanty, and soon nothing remained of JIM's possessions beyond the charred walls and chimney, scanned by every passing traveller ever afterwards.

It was clear that the live ashes so lightly thrown away had worked the entire mischief. It was, as well, none the less clear that had JIM given *Bosthoon's* warning the attention which the intelligence of the noble animal deserved, the disastrous fire might easily have been put out.

Bosthoon did not long survive this want of confidence on the part of his master, dying peacefully at Ermelo, smoking a long sweet briar to which he was passionately attached. DALY went

fossicking on the Rand, struck heavy gold, and later bought back the desolate acres merely for the sake of their inextinguishable associations.

HARRY's artless recital—here faithfully summarised—was just ended when the terse order rang in our ears:—

"Trot! Gallop!"

And miles were quickly separating us from what had once been the home of *Bosthoon*.

The Pedantry of Sport.

First Golf Maniac. I played a round with Captain BULGER the other day.

Second G. M. When did you get to know him?

First G. M. Oh, about the end of the Gutter Ball Period.

Life's Little Ironies.

A SHOP in the Strand has been exhibiting some engravings of celebrated Judges (framed complete), together with the sinister legend—

"ALL THESE ARE READY FOR HANGING."

LILLIAN.

III.—A BIT OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

"I SUPPOSE you do really want to marry LILLIAN?" said GRACE.

This was too much. I stood up and became heavily sarcastic. SOMERS says that sarcasm is bad for me, and being a doctor's son he should know. But there are times when one must take one's life in one's hands.

"Do the Liberals want a dissolution?" I said, bitterly. "Oh no! Does the *Times* want new subscribers? Does M. WITTE want to be interviewed by Mr. BLATHWATT? Do the farmers want—"

"Yes, yes. And how do people get what they want? By sticking to it."

"As the fly said."

"What fly? Oh, I see. It's a joke. Well now, do pull yourself together, and I'll help you however I can."

And then GRACE smiled very prettily to herself, and blushed a little, and I know she was thinking of how LILLIAN and I helped her to marry ARTHUR. Or the other way round.

ARTHUR is my elder brother. We four were staying at GRACE's father's place at the time, and GRACE's father is a very enthusiastic golfer. He is too old to play now, but in the days of his prime he collected all his lawns and orchards and chicken runs and brick walls and turned them into a small links. Here

the four of us used to play. LILLIAN was much the better of the two girls, and though I'm not much good myself I am a bit classier than ARTHUR. So, you see, GRACE and I used to take on LILLIAN and ARTHUR about three times a day.

In those days I hadn't yet got that all-devouring passion for LILLIAN that occupies my present waking moments. In fact, I was rather leaving her for ARTHUR, GRACE looking quite decent when "driving." But on a never-to-be-forgotten day ARTHUR came into the smoking-room after lunch with a look of grim determination on his face, and LILLIAN's clubs in his hands.

"DICK," he said, with the air of a conspirator, "I want to speak to you."

"Speak on," I said.

"Well, it's like this. This is my last day here. We're having our last game together, and we've only just time for it before my train goes. May I play with GRACE this once? I've a particular reason for asking."

He looked such a fool as he said it that I knew directly what was up.

"I thought it was LILLIAN," I said.

"No, GRACE."

"Hang it, you might have told me before. Here I've been wasting my time being pleasant to another man's girl. All right, play with her. We shall beat you badly."

"Oh, DICK, thanks awfully," he said.

"But I don't know when you'll get your chance," I went on. "We can never be far away from each other on links this size."

"Oh, I've thought of that," he said eagerly. "If you slice your ball at the eighth tee it'll be all right." And he added most unnecessarily, "You generally do."

Well, after all he was a brother. At the eighth tee (being then seven up) I

I started well by finding the ball, standing on it, and issuing vague directions to LILLIAN as to where it was. This might have gone on indefinitely, had she not decided on a business-like method of looking for it. She mapped out a little square for me some yards off, and then as soon as my back was turned she actually went and found the thing.

"Now let's see what I can do. Where's my mashie?"

I should have said a "spud" was more the kind of thing she wanted, but somehow she got the ball out, and about five yards further on.

"Two. Now, DICK, one of your really brilliant shots."

I took a mashie and looked round. I saw GRACE swing her club, and the two of them walk on a bit. I should have to hold the fort a little longer. I hit as hard as I could.

"Bother," I said, "it's in again. Three."

"Dick! You aren't knocking in nails. Four. Well, that's a bit better. Now do be careful."

"Five. I say, I am sorry."

"Oh, let's pick it up."

"No, no. We must win every hole now. And they aren't out of the long grass yet. Six. Bad luck."

ARTHUR is a nervous sort of chap, and takes some time to pull himself together. If you had walked across to him and GRACE at, say, our ninth shot, you would probably have

arrived just in time for the proposal. As far as I can gather from the two of them this was how it was done.

"Sixteen. Now, Mr. ARTHUR, do try and hit the ball this time."

"Seventeen. GRACE, I may call you GRACE, mayn't I? GRACE—"

"You're deliberately hitting the ball into the thickest places you can find. Eighteen. Oh, I shall pick it up."

"No, no. Look, they're still stuck there. GRACE, dear, I have been waiting—nineteen, bother, your turn—"

"I don't think—twenty—you ought to talk to me like this."

"GRACE, I must tell you—twenty-one—"

"You're not trying—twenty-two—"

"Oh, if you only knew how I want—twenty-three—to tell you—"

"Twenty-four. Oh, but this is too ridiculous!"

"This is much the most difficult hole—twenty-five—GRACE!"

"Well—twenty-six."

A PROTEST.

Any

(Vide "Any Bard To Typist.")

"Punch," 27th Sept. 1905)

You lately sir addvanced the creed

(W ith which i cannot say i'm bitten)

"What manuscrib'd no man can read

is lucid when typ e-writer writTen

Plaeea Se tell me how you .% came to sing

In fa vourof thissortofthing!?

drove off for us. The ball fairly flew in the direction of cover point, and dropped in the long grass there.

"Good old DICK," said ARTHUR. "There he goes again!" (And poets say there is such a thing as gratitude!)

"Oh, DICK," said LILLIAN. "We shall never get out of that."

"I bet ARTHUR's is worse."

It was. Never in my life have I seen a ball pulled so badly. It rose up against the wind, and then fell plumb into a patch of dandelions, marguerites, and things—all as thick as could be. "I say!" said GRACE, reproachfully.

LILLIAN and I marched to the right, GRACE and ARTHUR to the left. Now GRACE all through had been talking no end, in a nervous sort of way, and ARTHUR had hardly said a word. So I guessed he would want all the time he could get to bring the thing off, and that GRACE would do all she could to keep him away from it. (I can't think why girls are like this.) And I thought I might help him a bit.

"GRACE, I love you—twenty-seven."

"Oh, ARTHUR!—twenty-eight."

"Oh, my darling!"

"Don't. They can see us. Quick, it's your turn. Twenty-nine. Good shot, dear. We shall do it in thirty-one, I do believe."

I saw them walking slowly (and very close together) towards the green. I seized my mashie. I took the Taylor stance and the Braid grip.

"Now," said LILLIAN, "we've got it a bit out at last. You're playing the twenty-ninth."

"Fore!" I cried—and played the twenty-ninth.

"The most extraordinary shot I've ever seen," said ARTHUR, as we came up. "Holed from there!"

"Pretty decent," I said, airily. "What did you take?"

"Thirty-one."

"Thirty-one? Great Scot! We just—er—toddled across in—twenty-eight, LILLIAN?"

"Twenty-nine."

"Twenty-nine. It's not much of a match for you, I'm afraid."

ARTHUR took GRACE's hand.

"Good enough for me," he said.

* * *

And I fancy that was what GRACE was thinking of when she said she would help me with LILLIAN whenever she could.

THE SEAL AND THE POLAR BEAR.

ONCE there lived a Polar Bear,
Where the North's magnetic;
Creamy white his trousers were,
And his glance pathetic.
For he loved a little Seal,
Who despised his passion,
Scorning every fond appeal
In the coldest fashion.

Serenades in vain he played,
Vainly corybantic,
Danced the Arctic fling and made
Half the Penguins frantic;
Climbed the Pole that coyly shuns
Expedition leaders;
Begged imaginary buns
From pretended feeders.

Up she turned her nose in pride,
Down she curled her whiskers,
Vowed she never could abide
Sentimental friskers.
He, rebuffed each day anew,
Found his health affected,
Lost his appetite, and grew
More and more dejected.

Desperate he made his way
To an iceberg sailing
For the Continent one day;
Then she started wailing.
"ALGERNON" (such was his name),
"Let us not be parted!"



"Is MR. FORBES IN?"—"No, SIR." "Is HE ON THE TELEPHONE?"—"I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS, SIR."

Ah! too late repentance came,
For the berg had started.

ALGY soon in sunny France
Drew large audiences,
Sang his songs and danced his dance,
More than paid expenses.
But the little Seal, bereft,
Couldn't stand the racket,
Pined away till nought was left
Save a sealskin jacket.

Wayward beauties! Notice here
For yourselves a warning;
Waywardness may cost you dear,
Take no pride in scorning.

She, whose haughty maidenhood
Bade her say she wouldn't,
When at last she thought she would,
Found, poor dear, she couldn't.

A Probable Exchange of Courtesies.

["M. BOULIGUENE, Minister of the Interior, has decided that Siberia may have fifteen representatives in the Duma."—*Daily Mail*.]

It is not yet decided in what numbers the Duma will eventually be represented in Siberia; but it is anticipated that the latter will be more than repaid.

SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF A
PET BOMBAY DUCK.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—Knowing your deep and affectionate interest in the animal world, I venture to send you the following simple narrative. On Thursday morning last I read aloud to my family at the breakfast table that extraordinarily beautiful and poignantly pathetic letter of Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE on "The Death of a Dog," from the *Daily Mail* of the previous day. My wife and children, aged respectively 39, 7, 9, 14, 16, and 18, were deeply affected by the touching recital, and our parlour-maid, who came in during its progress with a further supply of bacon and eggs, was so engrossed that she dropped the dish on the floor, which had only been covered with fresh linoleum last week. But the member of our family circle who was most affected by Mr. BEGBIE's noble prose was our great pet *Quambo*, a beautiful little semi-Bombay duck, endeared to us and to a large circle of our friends by reason of a remarkable joyousness and vivacity of disposition, which could not fail to inspire sympathy and create affection even in those who never have and never will set eyes on him.

But from the moment of my reading that letter *Quambo* was a changed being. His appetite dwindled, his plumage wilted; he no longer joined in our part-songs after dinner—in which his rich and oily contralto was quite inimitable—his joy left him, and he crawled painfully about the house and garden, with arched back and drooping fins, gazing up at us with a sublime piquancy in his eyes which was enough to out-harold HAROLD BEGBIE himself. None of us could stand it. The parlour-maid gave warning, and to make matters worse a robin "wept" all the time close to the house. On Friday night we missed our faithful little friend. Round and round the garden and through the shrubberies, with candles, with acetylene bicycle-lamps, tändstickors, braided fusees, bulls-eyes, fireflies, in short with every form of illuminant that science could supply or fancy prompt, we hunted and we hollæd, calling him by all his endearing aliases, promising him every form of entertainment, including *Drake's Drum*, the *Harmsworth's Encyclopædia*, and even half-an-hour's tête-à-tête with BART KENNEDY. All in vain. And all the while the robin "wept" roundly, and the Cochins, moved by some strange Asiatic affinity to their lost playmate, sobbed in solemn unison.

Personally, I had given up the chase in stark despair and was making my way home at 6 A.M. thoroughly worn out, when a sudden inspiration seized me

and I turned back to the artesian well at the corner of my Dutch garden. Truth, says the proverb, lies at the bottom of the well, and *Quambo* was the soul of veracity. With the aid of willing hands I was swiftly lowered down the abyss, and there, sure enough, faintly quacking, I discovered the beloved truant, with the portions of a newspaper protruding from his bill. We were swiftly hauled up to the outer air, and further examination revealed the unquestioned fact that our devoted little friend had literally endeavoured to swallow the narrative which I had read aloud at breakfast the previous day, but failing in his heroic attempt had descended the well to hide his humiliation. Restoratives were applied—amongst which Kümmel was by far the most effective—and I am thankful to say that at the moment of writing, *Quambo* is in a fair way to convalescence.

Why he should have chosen this spot I have already endeavoured tentatively to explain. For as I review all the facts of the case I cannot help thinking that in thus stealing away from human caresses, he sought to hide the pain of his loss from those young lives so devoted to his pleasure, driven by that mystic sympathy with Truth which, when all is said and done, is the guiding star of feathered as well as featherless bipeds.

H. O. PHIBBS.

Fair 'Oaks Villa, Fakenham.

A CANINE WONDER.

DEAR PUNCH,—Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE's soul-stirring letter in the *Daily Mail* of September 27 has roused my deepest sympathy. It is some time since I wrote of the weird insight into the soul of things displayed by the spaniel *Sniff*, who committed suicide on the general lines of CATO UTICENSIS, but with the assistance of poisoned meat. I have now to record a worthy parallel in the behaviour of my beloved mongrel, *Tim*. *Tim* has been brought up hand and glove with a Persian pussy of the most refined instincts. Dearly did they love one another, till the feline mew was hushed by the hand of death. We held a solemn funeral, and *Tim* looked on. He would willingly have been buried in the same grave, but could do nothing, absolutely nothing, to assist. Mark the sequel. The next morning I saw the grief-stricken animal rehearsing every detail of the ceremony. He carried a big bone to represent his departed friend, dug a grave with his forepaws, and deposited his burden within it. So distracted was he in his sorrow that, when I sympathetically interfered, he snapped at me! I need say no more, but will add my signature of a few years ago.

A REAL ENTHUSIAST.

AMERICAN MODESTY.

["The Americans have the reputation of being a boastful people, but the recorded facts of history make exaggeration impossible."—*The New York Army and Navy Journal*.]

I GUESS it used to rile me some
To hear you British say
We Yankees brag about our flag
Across in U. S. A.
But now I hear such charges come
With dignified sedateness;
My appetite they do not mar,
Nor even give my pride a jar,
Because I realise they are
The penalty of greatness.

We tell of some historic act—
James River or Bull Run—
And you suppose we draw long bows
About the deeds we've done.
We simply can't! The very fact
Forbids exaggeration;
For any sane and truthful quill
Admits that ALEXANDER's skill
Pales before ours at Bunker's Hill
When we became a nation.

You talk of MARLBOROUGH, you prate
Of CLIVE and RALEIGH too,
You boast of BLAKE and FRANCIS DRAKE,
You vaunt your Waterloo;
But you forget our greater great
Who fought in gallant manner—
The countless Colonels who have filled
Our annals—heroes who were killed,
Or, at the very lowest, drilled
Beneath the spangled banner.

The least event, the smallest deed
Recorded of our land,
Is big with fate, supremely great,
Superlatively grand.
Then when we use the word we need
Why brand us empty braggers?
If we describe our naval men
As staggering the world, can pen
Use any other language when,
In point of fact, it staggers?

Our cheeks would blush with shame
to use
Exaggeration's art;
If there's a thing to which we cling
It is a modest heart.
But Truth must also have her dues,
And therefore it is clear to us,
If we have been designed by Fate
As preternaturally great,
Our bounden duty is to state
The facts as they appear to us.

Is nothing to remain sacred from the curious eyes of municipal authorities? "In Chicago," we learn from the *Belfast Evening Telegraph*, "loaves of bread must bear the weight and the name of the baker." We can understand their wanting to know his name; but his weight! Surely this is an impertinence.



First Frenchman. "AH, MON CHER AMI!" Second Frenchman. "AH, O'EST MON CHER ALPHONSE!" British Workman. "BLOOMIN' GERMANS!"

CHURCH AND STAGE.

[The recent participation of a Congregational minister in a theatrical performance, with a view to making his religious services more widely known, suggests the following possibility:]

No more extraordinary scene has probably ever been presented upon the stage than that witnessed on Saturday night at the Southsea Pantechnicon, when the Bishop of PORTSMOUTH AND WIGHT carried out his project of appearing in a travesty of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, with a view to commending the Decayed Curates Fund to the audience. Opinions may differ as to the methods of the Rt. Rev. Gentleman—indeed he candidly admitted to an interviewer that they do among his brethren of the Cloth—but no one after being a spectator of the enthusiasm that greeted his appearance on this novel occasion can question the popularity of the Prelate, or do otherwise than admire him as an exponent of wide-aproned philanthropy. A packed house was laughing heartily at the clever antics of the protagonist who had just uttered the words "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" when a gaitered figure sprang through a trap-door, grace-

fully leapt before the footlights, waved an episcopal crosier and, without further ceremony, said:—

"This is the first time I have had the pleasure of addressing a music-hall audience, though I have assisted at numerous diocesan councils."

The incongruity of the situation was at once apparent, and it became more striking when his Lordship added, in a friendly, colloquial way, "I think you know me, but I really doubt my own identity to-night." Hearty laughter and applause greeted these words. The Bishop then plunged into the Decayed Curates Fund. Though he could hardly be called an old stager, he knew a good deal about what SHAKESPEARE, doubtless thinking of his (the speaker's) diocese, had rightly called "A see of troubles." (*Applause.*) He was there, to quote the immortal Bard again, to "take up alms" on behalf of decayed and indigent curates. He had arranged for his hat to be sent round, and the only request he had to make was that threepenny bits should be regarded as "outside the radius," a sally received with great cheering.

The Right Rev. Gentleman then moved to the "wings;" thunderous applause

accompanied his steps. Returning to the front he made the following remarks:

"I have consulted a lexicon of slang, and find that this ebullition of feeling corresponds to what is there termed a 'call.' What shall I do?" "Sing 'Goodbye, Little Girls, Goodbye,'" burst from scores of lips. The Bishop thereupon without any form of accompaniment broke forth into the well-known song, the audience joining in the chorus. At the conclusion he left the stage, and the protagonist, again repeating "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" proceeded with his piece of resistance.

In the interview referred to, his Lordship justified his action by saying he dared do all that might become a Bishop: who dared do more was none.

Vicarious Religion.

ACCORDING to the *Scotsman*, the prospective Unionist candidate for Berwick maintained, before a meeting of electors, that "the only way to deal with the religious question was to allow each denomination to provide religious teaching in school hours for the parents of such children as desired it."



"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE."

[When a name is given to a greyhound, the almost invariable rule is that it should begin with the same letter as that of its owner.]

J. Hinks, Esq. "WE'LL 'AVE TO GET A NAME FOR THAT BIG PUPPY, 'ARRY. WHAT WOULD YOU CALL 'IM?"

Kennel-man. "I WAS A THINKIN' HINKSTAND WOULDN'T BE BAD, SIR."

J. Hinks, Esq. "WHY, YOU HIGNORANT HASS, DON'T YOU KNOW HINKSTAND BEGINS WITH A HI."

TO ANDREW LANG.

At the Sign of the Ship.

[The publication of *Longmans' Magazine*, to which Mr. LANG has been the most constant and brilliant contributor for many years, will be discontinued after the October number.]

FORMERLY, when, sated by sensation,
Gentle readers sought an air serene,
Refuge from the snapshot's domination
Might be found in *Longmans' Magazine*.

There at least the roaring cult of dollars
Never took its devastating way;
There the pens of gentlemen and scholars
Held their uncontaminating sway.

There no parasitic bookman prated,
No malarious poetasters sang,
There all themes were touched and decorated
By your nimble fancy, ANDREW LANG.

True, some hobbies you were always riding,
—Spooks and spies and totemistic lore;
But so deft, so dext'rous was your guiding,
No one ever labelled you a bore.

But alas! the landmarks that we cherish,
Standing for the earlier, better way,
Vanquished by vulgarity must perish,
Overthrown by "enterprise," decay.

Still with fairy books will you regale us,
Still pay homage to the sacred Nine,
But no more hereafter will you hail us
Monthly at the Ship's familiar Sign.

There no longer faithfully and gaily
Will you deal alike with foes and friends;
Wherefore, crying *Ave atque vale!*
Punch his parting salutation sends.



Lindsey Sambourne. Del.

ALLIES.

*"Oh, East is East, and West is West
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!"—RUDYARD KIPLING.*



"ENOUGH IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST."

Nervous Lady Cyclist. "I HOPE IT ISN'T VERY DEEP HERE."

Ferryman. "SAX HOONDERD AN' FIFTY-NINE FEET, MISS."

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

PACK up your traps, September ; you're moving very slow ;
Look how the leaves are falling ; it's time for you to go.
The *Ampelopsis* blushes to see how long you stay,
You paltry half-and-half month, you ought to be away.

October's up and stirring ; I hear him stepping on.
He won't delay his coming when once he knows you're gone.
Put off your hesitation and swiftly disappear,
And let me feel the Autumn is actually here.

The leaves, I said, are falling ; the mists rise chill and thin.
My rustic friends inform me the days are drawing in.
At six o'clock each evening, when things are getting dark,
It is their sacred custom to make the same remark.

The lord of light, Apollo, has ripened all our corn,
And, daily growing idler, postpones the hour of morn.
It does not reconcile me or mitigate my pain
To know our loss is only Antipodean gain.

And, oh, the leaves are falling—I've said it twice before.
The wind has started howling ; the rain begins to pour.
And twice five hundred freshmen, all stuffed for their exam.,
Prepare to haste to Isis or hurry off to Cam.

Last year I saw some freshmen ; I cannot bring my tongue
To say how green I thought them and how absurdly young,
How enviously I scanned them and wished that I might be
Once more myself a freshman agape in Trinity.

From the *South Wales Daily Post* :—

TO LET, 3 Unfurnished Rooms, with young married couple.
The advertisement comes under the head of "Too late for
Classification." This may explain, but can hardly excuse it.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

MR. PUNCH has endeavoured to oblige the lady who wrote the following letter to MIRANDA, "Hints" Editress, and inadvertently addressed it to 10, Bouverie Street :—

MY DEAR "HINTS" EDITRESS,—Though I don't know you of course—personally, I mean, but it is so clever of you to answer all those letters every week : I remember Lady MURIEL, only yesterday—but I must not waste your valuable time. What I want to tell you is, I never can remember people's addresses. I am afraid it is very silly of me. I do hope you will be able to give me one of your "hints"—if you are sure it won't be bothering you awfully much. Yours, with very many thanks, ENID.

[Here follows the answer to the above.]

ENID.—Cut out with a pair of scissors (a pen-knife will do) the addresses on the letters you wish to answer, and paste neatly in an address book (quite inexpensive at any reliable stationer's). Now pay attention carefully to this, or you may go wrong. When wishing to address a letter to—the Marchioness of GRIMSBY, we will suppose—run your thumb (or fore-finger) slowly down the steps of the alphabet, so cleverly arranged at the right-hand side in all these little books, until you reach the letter G (not M) ; retain the thumb in position, deftly jerk back the preceding pages, when the address you are looking for will at once be seen ; unless you have put the paste on the wrong side, in which case it will be found face downwards on the opposite page. Copy this at once on the envelope, taking care not to put the Marchioness of GRIMSBY's address on the letter intended for Miss ROBINSON, say, or what would of course be still worse, *vice versa*. Not at all. I shall be pleased to help you at any time.

THE ART OF LETTER WRITING.

(Conveyed in Illustrative Examples from Real Life.)

THANKS FOR A PRESENT OF GAME.

A letter from a widow lady residing in a semi-detached villa at Bournemouth to Sir HANBURY VOKES, a Yorkshire gentleman and ex-Member of Parliament, whom her husband, a florid capable man of mixed Irish and Scotch extraction, had served for some years in the capacity of election agent and general factotum until death cut him down by an attack of diphtheria which, owing to the incompetence of the local practitioner, had been treated as follicular tonsillitis, thanking him for a brace of partridges which he had sent her.

The Nook, Bournemouth,
September 13, 19—.

Mrs. LARK begs to thank Sir HANBURY VOKES for his kind present of a brace of partridges.

COMMUNICATION OF BAD NEWS.

Letter from Mr. WYMARK POTT, L.R.C.P., Principal of the Eastern College, Dover, to Mr. HARRIS HARRIS, a Welsh merchant in Lothbury with a private residence at Penge, on the Sydenham side, informing him that his second son, DAVID HARRIS, known in the school either as HARRIS MINOR or MARROW BONE (after the theft by "Taffy" in the old rhyme), while pulling the roller over the cricket pitch in company with a number of other boys, among them a nephew of the late SIDNEY LOCOCK, the composer, slipped and fell, and before anyone could stop it, was rolled into the ground by the heavy cylinder.

Eastern College, Dover,
July 8, 19—.

DEAR SIR,—It is my painful duty to inform you that your second son, a very promising lad, was completely flattened by the cricket roller this morning. Our medical attendants, both of them men with the highest credentials, have reluctantly come to the conclusion that life is extinct. Need I say that Mrs. POTT and myself sympathise with you very deeply? I think not. Awaiting your instructions, believe me sincerely yours,

WYMARK POTT.

ORDERING DECORATIONS FOR A PARTY OF A HUNDRED.

Letter from a lady in Cadogan Square, who is about to give an evening's entertainment, consisting of a dinner-party of twenty-two, at which the principal guest is a big-game hunter from the Zambesi, accompanied by two native chiefs who eat nothing but raw pork and bananas, followed by a small dance to which a hundred and eighty guests

have been invited and to which she is expecting a hundred will come, to a firm of ball furnishers who have lately moved to Marylebone from Paddington, ordering suitable decorations.

19, Cadogan Square, S.W.
December 8, 19—.

Mrs. LUNN-PARKES would be obliged if Messrs. TOPLADY would again prepare her house for the 14th as they did so efficiently on December 12th last year.

THANKS FOR A GIFT OF A BOOK FROM THE AUTHOR.

Letter from a Cabinet Minister who has received a copy of a novel entitled "Blood and Borax" from the authoress, Miss LOUIE BALMANNO, who is personally unknown to him, but who, owing to a motor accident, had recently to be accommodated for an hour or two in his sister's house near Tisbury while a doctor was fetched to stitch up a cut over her left eye, to Miss BALMANNO, acknowledging the receipt of her book; the letter being written by his Private Secretary, a young and very ornamental man of twenty-eight, who, after being President of the Union, had left Oxford with a great future before him, but up to the present had done nothing.

House of Commons,
March 14, 19—.

DEAR MADAM,—I am instructed by Mr. FIREBRACE WENDOVER to say that he is in receipt of your kind present, and that he will spare no pains to give it the attention which it deserves.

Dear Madam, I am yours faithfully,
ALGERNON LOSTWITHIEL.

INVITATION TO GOLDEN WEDDING.

Letter from a lady of more than middle age, residing at Bedford with her father, a retired tea merchant of eighty-three, who, after beginning in a very small way as a shop-boy in the Theobald's (pronounced Tibbles) Road, found a situation at a tea-house in Mincing Lane, and by dint of hard work and not a little cunning, became a taster, and married his employer's daughter, a good-looking girl of twenty-five, who had been educated at Clapham and Dieppe, and sang solos from "Mariana" very charmingly, and ultimately became a partner, but was now bed-ridden, while his wife suffered from total deafness and rheumatism in the right limb so acute as to make it impossible sometimes to stand up, to her second cousin, a Baptist minister at Pudsey, in Yorkshire, asking him to be present at her parents' Golden Wedding on the third of the next month.

The Limes, Bedford,
April 8, 19—.

DEAR COUSIN BERNARD,—The great day

is fixed for May 3, and we all hope you will be able to come.

Your affectionate Cousin,
MATILDA BINNS.

MAKING APPOINTMENT.

Letter from a rural Dean who has had toothache consistently for three nights in spite of all kinds of remedies suggested by his family, including a plaster of brown paper, whiskey and pepper, similar to one which once gave instant relief to the cook's grandfather, but which has only burned his cheek, to his dentist in Wimpole Street, asking if it is convenient for him to make an appointment for the next day at noon.

The Rectory, Little Grayling,
August 4, 19—.

The Rev. WILLIAM SLACK will be glad to know if Mr. TONKS can see him at 12 o'clock to-morrow. In the event of no telegram arriving to the contrary, the Rev. WILLIAM SLACK, who is in great pain, will be punctual.

EDITOR'S REGRETS—AND MINE.

My deep compassion marks the one

Who occupies the judgment seat
In matters which concern the run

Of monthly mag. or weekly sheet;
For lo! his workday dawns and sets
To one sad tune—regrets, regrets.

Uneasily, with guilty eyes,

I seek the breakfast-room each day;
Therein with shame, but not surprise,

To let my wistful glances play
On long buff envelopes that wait
Supinely by my placid plate.

For oh! I feel that once again

I've caused some worthy chief distress,
Wrung wantonly his heart with pain,

And filled his soul with bitterness,
By plying him with rhymes for which
The laws of space refuse a niche.

How it must hurt him to refuse

The faultless work which he receives,
When, being favoured by the Muse,
I forward the result in sheaves.

With what dim eyes and trembling lips
He gropes for those "rejection slips."

Instead of coin, sweet thanks I'd earn

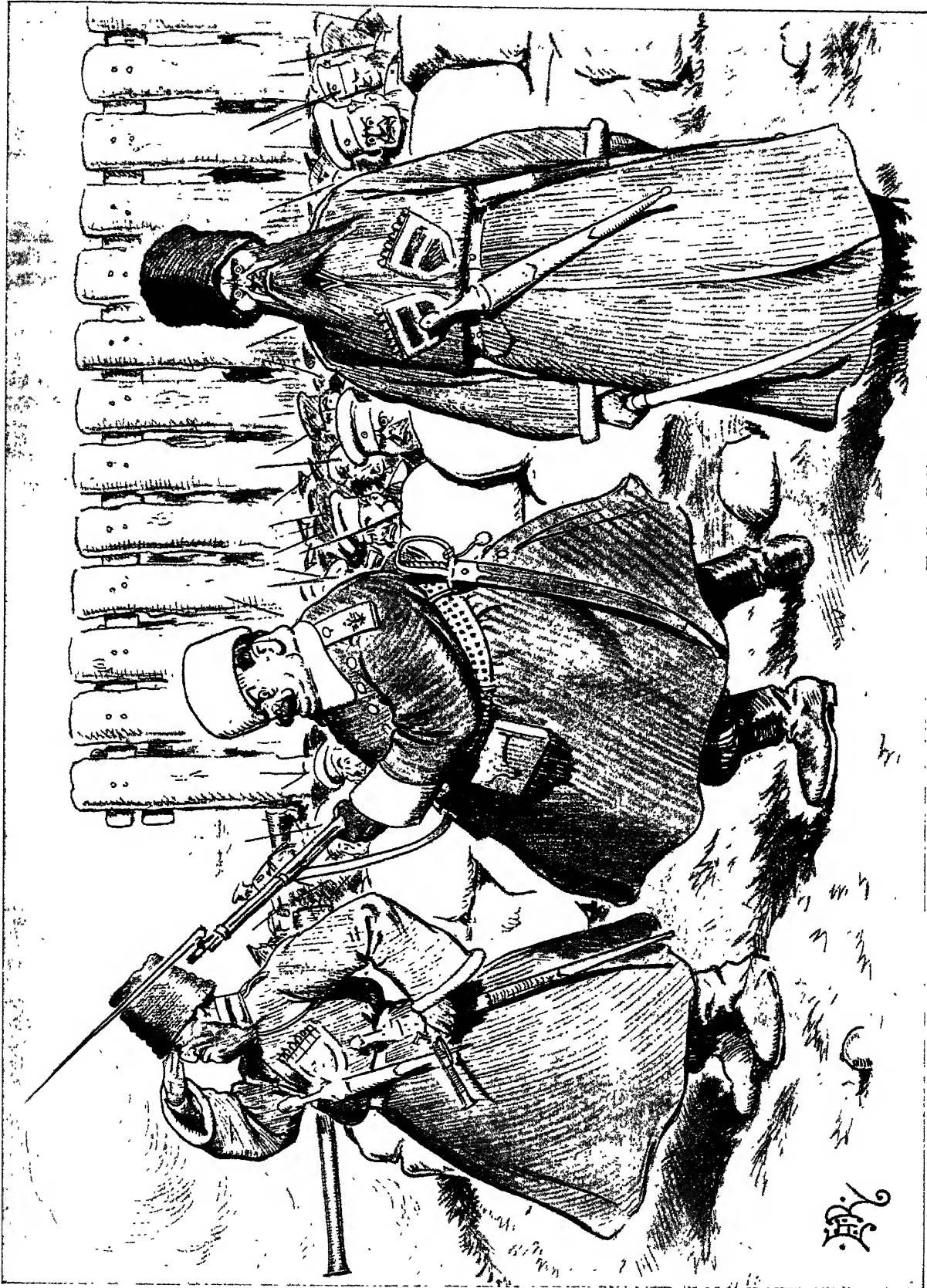
Let I my fountain pen run dry,
But there! new leaves are hard to turn,

And even having turned one I
Should have to check myself in time,
Lest I adorned it with a rhyme.

Perhaps, when life no longer frets,

Some Editor and I may go
Where, in a world without regrets,

Illimitable space we'll know;
And where shall be my lord's delight
To sit accepting all I write.



A NICE QUIET PICNIC IN FINLAND.—EXTERNAL VIEW.

It is stated in the Press that the Tsar has several times landed from his yacht during the last few days and picniced on the shores of Finland. Our Artist would have given anything to be present, but *this* is the nearest he could get to it. (Puzzle, —to pic-Nicholas out. He is in a bomb-proof shelter inside the timber defences.)

CHARIVARIA.

THE fortunes of the members of our Royal Family are followed with an affectionate interest by all loyal subjects, and two successes announced last week have caused genuine pleasure. H.R.H. the Prince of WALES has obtained the coveted position of Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Star of India, and H.R.H. the Princess CHRISTIAN has been awarded second prize for a black Orpington hen at the National Poultry Organisation Show.

The CZAR has held a review of the battleship *Imperator Alexander II.* and the cruisers *Pamyat Azova* and *Admiral Korniloff*, which now form a considerable proportion of his fleet. It is reported that the vessels darted about here, there, and everywhere in a plucky attempt to make themselves look more.

We gather from the papers concerned that the first Battle of the Sea of Japan was an unimportant affair compared with the second one which is now raging between the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Telegraph*.

At a time when we are told every other day that pluck is dying out in our island it is good to read that during the past season the members of the Writtle (Essex) Sparrow Club killed 11,625 of these ferocious birds.

The City Corporation has declined to contribute to the Merton fund for the celebration of the Battle of Trafalgar, the mover of the resolution expressing the opinion that we ought not to rake up these "brutal victories" after a hundred years. A proposal will, no doubt, now be made to celebrate some of our "graceful concessions."

After being blind for a considerable time, a Northampton grocer named VAUGHAN, the *Daily Mail* tells us, "recently ran into a letter-box, and owing to the shock he received suddenly recovered his sight." We hope that steps will now be taken to fatten him.

"If the next Liberal Government fail to remove the obnoxious coal impost, I shall cease to be a Liberal," said Sir CHRISTOPHER FURNESS at the annual meeting of shareholders of the Broomhill Collieries. The Liberal leaders are

gradually having a programme forced on them.

Leicester has made a profit of £30,785 out of its gas, and we see no reason why, with careful management, the House of Commons should not become a paying concern.

Mr. SANDOW has returned from abroad with an international troupe consisting of two Americans, a New Zealander, two South Africans, a Swiss, an Irishman, an Italian, two Sikhs, a Japanese and a Chinaman, and the CZAR is summoning a new Hague Tribunal.

day are greatly enjoying their money-moon.

Mr. ROCKEFELLER has advised young men to turn their thoughts to higher things than money, which is not all there is in the world. If the young men will look after the higher things, Mr. ROCKEFELLER will look after the money.

Among the charges brought against M. GENTIL, the Agent-General of the French Congo, was one to the effect that he had beaten a negro named MAPAKO to death. MAPAKO has now been found and denies the statement. M. GENTIL's enemies, however, refuse to believe him.

We seem to be in for an epidemic of mysterious disappearances. "The last horse omnibus," states a contemporary, "has just disappeared from the streets of Sheffield."

One by one all our dear quaint old British customs are slowly going. The unwritten rule by which at the end of a man-of-war's commission all the mess plate is sold off and the furniture destroyed is now to be abolished.

The unfortunate monkey with a short twisted tail (like that of the domestic pig) who arrived at the Zoo from the Malay Peninsula the other day is, we are sorry to hear, suffering the mortification of social ostracism. Neither the monkeys nor the domestic pigs will have anything to do with him.

FOLLOWING close upon the sympathetic action of a Mountain which suffered from collapse on the occasion of the burial of a Town (as recorded in our last issue on the strength of a *Daily Chronicle* poster) we read in the *Eastern Daily Press* of a somewhat similar, though less hysterical, display of feeling on the part of a portion of the cliff at Southwold. There had been a "high tide combined with a north-easterly gale," and damage was apprehended. Accordingly, as we are told, "during the afternoon a lamp-post, standing on the cliff, was pulled down by means of a rope, and the cliff" (presumably with the idea of making kind enquiries) "went shortly afterwards up to the spot where the lamp-post had stood."

SUGGESTED NAME FOR MOTOR-BOATS.—Watermobiles.



"I WISH, MADAM, YOU WOULD NOT INTERRUPT ME EVERY TIME I TRY TO SAY SOMETHING. DO I EVER BREAK IN WHEN YOU'RE TALKING?"

"No, YOU BRUTE, YOU GO TO SLEEP!"

"Cooking by Electricity" is one of the features of the Show at Olympia, but the operation appeared to offer no attraction to some passengers on the Liverpool electric railway, who hurriedly left a train last week when flames appeared in their compartment.

The proprietor of the Scala Theatre, it is announced, intends to build another play-house on a scale of even greater magnificence, a feature of which will be improved methods of seating and emptying a theatre. The method of bringing about the latter consummation by means of the play itself is certainly a clumsy one.

We hear that the Millionaire and the Millionairess who wedded the other

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr. E. V. LUCAS modestly claims for his *Life of Charles Lamb* (METHUEN) that it is the first attempt made since TALFOURD's day to write the story of the brother and sister. He has done much more. From a variety of sources he has gleaned particulars that throw light on the home life and the personality of the singularly interesting literary brotherhood in whose centre *Elia* shone with lambent light. There are innumerable odd jottings, sometimes by their own hand, anon by friends and companions more or less dear, about COLERIDGE, WORDSWORTH, LEIGH HUNT, SOUTHEY, HAZLITT, WILLIAM GODWIN and his loveless wife, DE QUINCEY, CRABB ROBINSON and others. It cannot be said that these famous persons are endeared by closer acquaintance. To tell the truth, they are revealed as being, in the main, an impecunious, dissatisfied, quarrelsome, drinking, self-drugging lot. The most delightful is GEORGE DYER, an eccentric of whom, though a voluminous writer, the world outside parochial limits would, save for LAMB, never have heard. To him he was a perennial pleasure. It is probable he invented some particulars, notably in his narrative of DYER's Sunday visit to him at his cottage at Islington. "Upon taking leave, instead of turning down the right-hand path by which he had entered, staff in hand and at noonday, he deliberately marched right forward into the midst of the stream that runs by us, and totally disappeared." It is doubtless true that, entertaining PROCTOR at breakfast, DYER quite forgot the tea. The omission being pointed out, he set it right by emptying a paper of ginger into the teapot. Spending an evening with LEIGH HUNT at Hampstead Heath, he came back a quarter of an hour after leaving, the family meanwhile having retired to their bedrooms. "What's the matter?"

asked HUNT. "I think, Sir," said DYER, in his simpering, apologetic way, "I have left one of my shoes behind." He had shuffled it off under the table, and did not observe his loss until he had gone a long way. On another occasion, visiting elsewhere, he marched off with the footman's cockaded hat, oblivious to the mistake until someone commiserated him on his fall in fortune. To LAMB he was a great consolation in his saddest moments, and these were many in proportion to the length of the day. His earlier years were a constant struggle for the necessities of life. At the age of twenty-six, his aspirations were bounded by desire for £50 a year to be earned in journalism in supplement of his salary of £150 drawn from the India House. LAMB was "the onlie begetter" of those pointed paragraphs perversely dealing with current news, to-day common in our journals. He avers that his payment was at the rate of sixpence a joke, in itself a very poor joke. Here, including italics, is one of them, rescued from the *Morning Post* of 1802. "The bird that *can* sing and *won't* sing, must be made to sing. PYE (Poet Laureate) is a bird that *will* sing and *can't* sing and never was *made* for singing." Which in a personal particular suggests curiously close parallel in the opening years of two successive centuries. Of LAMB's work Mr. LUCAS skims the cream, handing the dish round to a company that never can have too much of its contents. Of his home life

we have intimate glimpses, loving LAMB the more the closer we draw near to him. His life-long, self-sacrificing devotion to his sister, a thing of beauty, is truly a joy for ever. My Baronite can conceive nothing more pathetic than where MARY LAMB, feeling her paroxysm recurring, tells her brother. Then, arm-in-arm, they walk to the Asylum at Hoxton, where he leaves her, going back to his desolate home to wait patiently for her recovery and return. In his *Life of Charles Lamb* Mr. LUCAS has contrived a double debt to pay. He has done a service not only to Literature but to Humanity.

My Nautical Retainer writes:—A *Servant of the Public* (METHUEN), by ANTHONY HOPE, is a faithful study of the disturbing influence which may be exerted upon a variety of typical existences by a personality that escapes classification. Though *Ora Pinsent* breaks no hearts and ruins no lives, and though in the end she makes a commonplace choice from among her own kind, yet meantime, of all those with whom she comes in close contact, she leaves no man or woman quite as she found them. An irresponsible nature, altogether devoid of moral balance, she is capable of anything, even of a

technical fidelity, sustained through many years, to her miserable first husband; and also of a breach of faith, after only a few months' absence, with the only man who ever really possessed her heart. The excuse which she pleads—namely, that he had knowledge of certain facts which might have brought about her freedom by divorce, but had declined to use them—is of the most inadequate, since she herself, when her need was sorest, had never suggested, or even seemed to entertain, the idea of instituting investigations into her husband's obscure career with a view to this desirable process. But to all such charges of inconsistency Mr. HOPE has the sufficient answer that this is the very key-note

of her temperament as he defines it; she is a woman *tantum constans in levitate sua*. That she remains adorable is a high tribute to the author's art. But the epithet of "fearless," which one critic applies to his study of this character, is scarcely justified. Mr. HOPE has deliberately foregone the courage of his earlier cynicism. Something of sterner judgment has here been sacrificed to the mellowness that comes with maturity and the philosophic mind. This development is evident, too, in his obvious resolution not to combat the unromantic tendency of things, but let his characters go eventually the way of least resistance, drifting into natural combinations, like with like.

How far the unconscious insincerity of *Ora* was due to qualities inherent in her nature, and how far it should be referred to that exposure of herself, physical and emotional, which her profession of actress entailed, are questions that the author leaves unsolved. Little assistance for our doubt is to be had from the title. It has the air of implying that the service which her genius owed to the public reacted on her own individuality, compelling her to renounce its realisation at the demand of an art of make-believe. But this is not clear, and the title seems to suggest something for which the book itself never gives a perfect authority. Why could it not have been called *La Prima Donna è mobile*, or just *The Excursions of Ora*? But this last was anticipated by *The Intrusions of Peggy*, that delightful figure which offers so



THE LAST MAN AT THE SEASIDE.

END OF THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

With acknowledgments to "The Prodigal Son" poster.

admirable a foil to this other heroine from the borderland of *La Bohème*.

Brilliant as a study of character, I find the book not less remarkable for its perfection of technique. For a critic to associate the author's methods with those of Mr. HENRY JAMES is to make a flourish of his own superficiality. Careful and penetrative in his analysis, Mr. HOPE never fails to avoid the meticulous obscurity of Mr. JAMES; he is, indeed, lucid to the verge of fastidiousness. And not only in isolated passages, but in the linked sequence of his arguments, there is about his style a fine flavour of Latinity. But the features proper to analysis and narrative—the studied logic and the nicely-balanced rhythm—these are never allowed to impose themselves upon the dialogue; his conversations remain as ever a model of spontaneity.

If the autumn season, which this book so notably inaugurates, is to give us any other work that is likely to make a stronger appeal at once to the general reader and to the lover of style, I shall be glad to hear of it.

The Dreamer, by LUCAS CLEEVE (DIGBY, LONG & Co.). *John Page* is the dreamer, a man gifted with talents which bring him up to a certain point, within half a yard, apparently, of the ladder of fame. A few more steps in the right direction and he will be able to place his foot firmly on the first rung. Steps, indeed, he does take, but either to right or left, never absolutely straightforward. He is always "to be or not to be;" he is "to be" something great in the future; he is "not to be" anything at all, save a failure. He never "arrives," because he is really never near "arriving." Capable of being swayed by a grand passion, he is also capable of considerable self-restraint. He is *toujours à peu près*. In *Gray Moreton* he meets a kindred spirit. She, too, is a dreamer of dreams; she, too, is swayed by a grand passion, and hers dominates his. *Miss Moreton* is the only child and sole heiress of an ambitious millionaire; she is a beautiful girl, of the sweetest possible disposition. She loves *John Page* as ardently as he loves her; sacrifices her position and her brilliant future in order to become the wife of the man she adores, the poet she worships, in whose great future she fully believes. She joyfully anticipates the time when her father shall forgive her elopement and offer a welcome to her husband. After awhile her mother secretly visits her; and her father, without word by letter or message, sends her some money. The love of this unhappily happy pair suffers no diminution. Children are born to them, but sweet *Mrs. Page* cannot last out the struggle. Dying, a mere child-mother, she fondly commits her children to her husband's care, and so, loving and hopeful to the last, she dies. Then follows the sad story of his *décadence*, painful to read, because described with true artistic power. The drama is incomplete, as it is in two Acts which represent the first two parts of his life; and the deeply interested reader will be disappointed at discovering that the Third Act, which should have told us of his final failure, or of his first, and then of his ultimate success, is withheld. "The new *John Page* goes out with a quick step, leaving his dreams behind him, done with them for ever." Does this same *John Page* turn over a new leaf? Or is this but one wakeful moment ere he relapses, exclaiming "Let me dream again?" Will "LUCAS CLEEVE" make the curtain rise on the Third Act? *The Dreamer Awakened?* *En attendant*, the Baron strongly recommends to all who honour him with their confidence "LUCAS CLEEVE'S" *Dreamer* just as he is.



TO A FAIR BOTANIST.

DELIA, your hobbies I have bravely borne,
Croquet and silkworms, cameras and cycling;
Though your vagaries from your side have torn
Full many a swain, to you still faithful I cling;
But this new mania for horticulture
Is driving me to premature sepulture.

If walking in the garden at your side
I seek to put an end to my anxiety,
You note the roses, and pronounce with pride
The name of each remarkable variety,
Making my dearest wishes unfulfillable
With some brain-devastating polysyllable.

Or if I send to you a choice bouquet
That you may bear it at some social function,
Each rarer bloom you promptly steal away
And press them in a book without compunction.
Think you my righteous anger will be pacified
To see the dashed things ticketed and classified?

Oh, find some other pastime, I implore,
E.g., your tenants' children in admonishing:
The little beasts, when lesson time was o'er,
Would vanish with a keenness quite astonishing;
And such an occupation has the benison
Of the immortal ALFRED, late Lord TENNYSON.

For though, no doubt, that which I call a rose
(It often proves to be a large carnation)
Would waft the same effluvium to the nose
If known by any other appellation,
It seems to lose its fragrance (if it's got any)
When viewed as raw material for botany.

ÆSOP ON TOUR.

THERE was once (or twice) a Drama which included amongst its characters a Detective. Off the stage, however, he was only Mortal, and so on a day he fell ill when the Company was touring far away from the purlieus of Covent Garden, and his Substitute only arrived just as the Curtain was going up.

"Sorry we can't rehearse you, old chap," said the Stage-Manager to the Newcomer, "but all you need do to-night is to walk up to the Hero in the Ball-Room scene, arrest him in the Name of the Law (or words to that effect), and drag him off the stage in spite of his Determined Resistance. Here are the Bracelets."

"Right O!" remarked the Newcomer, with true detective laconicism, as he hurried away to dress, and affix his side-whiskers. And being suddenly called for the Ball-Room scene he made his entrance and forthwith laid hands upon the Man whom he deemed the most heroic in appearance.

"Ass!" hissed the Man, below his breath, "it isn't Me!"

"Oh, I've heard that before, my Man," said the New Detective at the top of his voice; and encouraged by the rapturous applause of the Audience he adroitly slipped the Handcuffs upon the Man's wrists. "Resistance is useless!" he shouted, amid the Thunders of the Gallery, as he struggled across the stage with his Prisoner—admiring all the time, with an Artist's eye, the latter's remarkable simulation of embarrassment, and proudly conscious that he himself was making a great Hit withal.

But in truth the real Hero was quietly waiting to be handcuffed in another part of the Stage.

MORAL.—Do not be deceived by an heroic exterior.

AN INTERNATIONAL TWOSOME.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

St. Bunker, N.B.

THE great International Golf Match between Major FOOZLE of England and Provost MACDUFF of Scotland commenced here this morning. The players in question represented the maximum handicaps of their respective countries. The weather was wet, and a large company assembled to witness the match.

At the first hole (385 yards) the Major led off with a low, bumping shot to within 350 yards of the pin. The Provost drove to the edge of the tee. Twenty minutes afterwards the hole was halved in fourteen.

The Provost took the lead at the third, the Major having just missed a put of an inch. At the next—the short hole—the Major sliced his seventh into the quarry, and, taking ten to get out, became two down; his opponent having holed out a rather lucky fifteen.

With his drive at the sixth, the Major struck a spectator who had stupidly been standing almost at right-angles to the tee.

On the eighth green the Provost skied his put, and lost the hole. A mechanical eleven followed, and the Scot'sman turned one up.

At the tenth, playing a determined game, the Major smashed his brassie. At the eleventh, the Provost drove a divot 150 yards.

Approaching from the edge of the thirteenth green, the Scottish representative made the second longest shot of the match. At the eleventh, the Major tee'd a dozen Haskells before clearing the burn; the Provost, who went round by the "brig," winning in nineteen.

The long hole was halved in a strenuous twenty-five.

Late in the day, the Major drove into the last bunker on the course, the Provost following with the like. Here, for the next half-hour, play was of an even nature. Then the Major sent for a new niblick.

Later.

After the landslide, the Umpire decided to postpone the Match.

A GERMAN Military Expert who witnessed the recent British Army Manœuvres is said to have reported to the KAISER that, if the Germans landed at Hull, they would cross Trafalgar Square in three days. It sounds very slow going. It may be, of course, that this selected route would engender great stiffness in the joints, but certainly we know many people, not specially trained, who have made the transit of Trafalgar Square under the minute.



"YOU'RE DREADFULLY UNTIDY AGAIN, MARY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE BAKER WILL THINK OF YOU WHEN HE COMES."

"THE BAKER DON'T MATTER, 'M. THE MILKMAN'S BIN!"

JOURNALISM UP-TO-DATE.

SCENE—Editorial office of a "progressive" evening paper.

Editor (as Reporter enters). Any news of the murder case?

Reporter (gloomily). None whatever.

Editor. Didn't you see Detective FINDLATER?

Reporter. Yes; while I was trying to get some information out of him a passer-by pointed out casually that his tie had worked up the back of his neck, and the detective made that an excuse to leave me hastily.

Editor. Do you mean to tell me that you don't see something sensational in that?

Reporter. I don't see anything in it.

Editor. Then you're no good at reporting, young man. Here, SMITH,

take this down quickly and see that it gets well displayed.

"THE GREAT MURDER CASE.

"Mysterious Stranger Gives Information to the Police.

"While our Special Correspondent was in conversation with Detective FINDLATER this afternoon, a stranger came up and volunteered some important information, the nature of which we are not at present at liberty to disclose. The detective ascertained the truth of the man's statement and at once acted upon it. Further developments will be awaited with interest."

There, young fellow, this is a truthful paper and we want facts, but facts must be put before the public in an intelligent and attractive manner!

[Exit Young Fellow.

A DEBT OF HONOUR.

[The failure of General Von TROTHA's campaign against the Hereros has, according to *Reuter*, "not given satisfaction to the authorities" in Berlin.]

In our adolescent time,
 WILLIAM TWO,
 'Twas from your erratic prime
 That our taste for ribald rhyme
 Took its cue;
 Every fresh Imperial caper,
 Every change of martial kit,
 Made us go and put on paper
 What was meant for airy wit;
 Till your foibles reached a stage,
 WILLIAM TWO,
 Where we had to close the page,
 Treating further badinage
 As taboo;
 For it seemed absurd and silly,
 And it left the public cold,
 When we tried to paint the lily,
 Or to gild the purest gold;
 So we left your mailed fist,
 WILLIAM TWO,
 To its only parodist,
 Namely, *you!*

Now at last the lyre emerges
 From the lumber where it lay;
 But our lips are shaped to dirges,
 And the tune will not be gay;
 No, our bosoms melt with pity,
 LORD OF WAR,
 And we'd rather not be witty
 Any more;
 For the news from nigger regions
 In your Hinterlands afar,
 Seems to prove your German legions
 Barely conscious where they are.
 And, because you set the fashion
 When we fought the neighbouring Boer,
 We would show a like compassion,
 We would offer words of healing,
 Since we fear you must be feeling
 Somewhat sore.
 You whose face grew pale as plaster
 When we suffered each disaster,
 LORD OF WAR;
 You whose breast would often moan
 Even over our retreats,
 Must be sad about your own
 Army's Hereroic feats;
 You that, blinded with emotion,
 Still could entertain the notion,
 LORD OF WAR,
 That DE WET and LOUIS BOTHA
 Would, if matched with men like TROTHA,
 In a trice (if not before)
 Bite the floor;
 You, in fine, from whom the nations
 Learn their military lore,—
 You must need our consolations,
 LORD OF WAR,
 So, to salve your disappointment,
 And to pay our honour's debts,
 We enclose you wine and ointment,
 Coupled with our deep regrets.
 If you care to take them, do,
 WILLIAM TWO.

O. S.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE BOY.

THE Boy of whom I propose to speak is not—at least in so far as I mean to deal with him—the ordinary boy, such as you may find in most well, or ill, regulated families in this happy and populous island. He is to be found, no doubt, in a great many households (mine amongst the number), but he is not related by blood to their authorities. In his leisure moments, that is to say in the privacy of his own domestic circle, he is a boy like most others. During the performance of his duties he is a beef-and-mutton-devouring, plate-breaking, mischievous animal, provided with a resonant guffaw, a row of bright metal buttons traversing his chest perpendicularly, and an infinite capacity, not for taking, but for getting into, trouble. He is, in fact, that curious and unaccountable variety of human nature which is set to clean knives or boots inadequately, to stroll, rather than to run, messages, to bear the blame falling justly to his fellow-servants, and generally (except in regard to the last-named detail) to make himself useless about the house. It is possible that he owns a Christian name by which the giggling lady of his awkward affections will on some future day hail him when he prepares, in bashfulness and gloom, to walk out with her; but it is certain that when he enters service he becomes nameless, and is always spoken of as The Boy. No power on earth can persuade me that he ever possessed a surname.

The particular specimen of the Boy tribe who has honoured my house by making it his place of meals and the scene of his varied inactivities is a weedy, pale-faced person of fourteen summers who has a fairly well-pronounced tendency to knock at the knees, and a flow of language (all ill-pronounced) which, though it streams strongly in the passages or the regions adjoining the pantry, becomes suddenly frozen at its dreadful source when one of his employers looms in sight. He can sing too, and does. Every morning, as I sit in my sanctum, I hear him declaring with a gusto as wonderful as his lack of ear is complete that he proposes henceforth to be a bee and live on honeysuckle. There is also a ditty which states very broadly certain home truths as to the mother-in-law of one BILL, and of this he is particularly fond.

The Boy is supposed by those who know nothing about him to rise very early in the morning, and to begin bustling cheerfully about his tasks. But here again his failure is painful and extensive—at least if one may credit what the butler says. Certain it is that the Boy has few, if any, friends. The butler, as I have hinted, pours scorn on his early rising; the footman, smarting under the conviction, impressed upon him by his mistress, that he himself has neglected some duty, takes it out of the boy in cuffs; and the cook, a pattern of benevolence, openly denounces his uncontrollable, butcher's-bill-increasing appetite. I cannot believe that an abhorrence so universal is entirely undeserved. Yet it is marvellous how in this atmosphere of enmity the Boy maintains his impudence, his incapacity, and his gift of casual song, to say nothing of his determination to fray the edges of his trousers, to lead a soapless life, and to be deprived in some mysterious way of the buttons that should adorn his jacket. He is, of course, supported by a tonic sense of martyrdom, for he must realise that, while he is debited and discredited with every fault committed in the household, his size and his lack of years make it impossible for him to defend himself against the countless injustices that are perpetrated upon him. For instance, this morning, when the mistress of the house asked the butler in a tone of frost, "Who hasn't filled the library coal-scuttle?" the butler, instead of answering, as truth permitted him, "King EDWARD THE SEVENTH," or "Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR," or "Sir OLIVER LODGE," at once said "The Boy," and added, under his breath, that he would dust the young rascal's



THE UN-LICKED CUB.

[The New Zealanders have met several of our best Rugby teams, and easily defeated them.]



IN COUNTY CLARE.

"GLORY TO GOODNESS! SURE 'TIS A MOTOR-CAR. WHERE'S ME COAT? BAD SCORAN TO IT, IT'S OVER YONDER ON ME SPADE. NIVER MIND, DARLINT, I'LL PUT ME WAISTCOAT OVER YOUR PURTY FACE THE WAY YE WON'T SEE THE GREAT MURDERIN' SPLUTHERIN' DIVIL."

jacket. This, I haven't the least doubt, he did promptly and with zeal, for the butler, of whom I hope to say something on another occasion, is a stark man of his hands and is frequently addicted to the truth. I assume, however, that the Boy not only survived but was not much hurt, for this afternoon I saw him deviously making his way to the post-office, having under his cheek a bulge of apple, which did not prevent him from exchanging a series of highly elaborated insults with the Boy of a neighbouring establishment. His careless ferocity turned swiftly to meekness when he perceived me; and the other Boy, not being similarly restrained by the presence of his master, got in a last and blood-curdling piece of abuse.

A VOYAGE TO THE VINES.

No. I.

GEORGE JOLLIBOIS, my excellent old friend, whom I have neither seen nor heard from since we last parted in Paris some years ago, took it into his hospitable head to invite me to witness *Les Vendanges* (this is not the name of a French play, but expresses the harvest time of the grapes) in the Médoc country where he passes a considerable part of the year.

"It will give you," he wrote in excellent English, "two days and a-half by sea from London to Bordeaux; and then as long as you like *chez moi*; *et après* you can return to London *via* Southampton. Wire 'Yes,' and you will find your berth secured *aller et retour*. In three days' time from now I will meet you *à l'hôtel Terminus, Bordeaux*."

Did I hesitate? Not for the millionth part of a second.

"*Mon cher*," I wired, at twopence halfpenny a word, "*j'y suis*." As my excellent host had said, so it was all done; and more, as he at once telegraphed, "*JUDKIN is coming; he will be company for you*." JUDKIN is an excellent chap; capital companion,—at least I believe so. I take him on trust. We arrange to meet on Saturday at the Thames Navigation Wharf, and sail by *La Hirondelle*.

With only two bags, and necessary encumbrances of waterproof, rug, and umbrella, I went, *per* Underground Railway, to the far East of London. Here, difficulty to find four-wheeler. At last, in vehicle of one (dilapidated) cab-horse power, we pass the Tower: descending a slippery stone-paved hill, we suddenly find ourselves in labyrinth of warehouses fifteen floors high. The lane winds like the Thames, and the stream of traffic would flow smoothly enough but for its being temporarily choked at intervals by blocks, sometimes perfect icebergs, of traffic. Occasionally these melt away, and we pass along for some fifty yards or so. Another block. Swung high up above our heads are two heavy bales, various threatening crates of enormous capacity, and, further on, when we can move, we shall pass along, like a modern *DAMOCLES en voyage*, with all sorts of dangers in a state of suspense over our heads, that is, the cabman's (unprotected), and mine (protected). There are heavy chests bound (in iron) for Bordeaux, packing-cases packed, big barrels—in fact, anything that, being portable by machinery, could be available for containing anything, however big or heavy, that somebody might wish to send for a change to Bordeaux. Packages mostly in the air at present, as if about to pay flying visits. Some in waggons, some in the last (landing) stage

of transitional existence. It seems as if several giants, with their families and households, bent on immediately going out of town, had settled on taking sea trip, and were now just in the middle of transporting their necessary baggage.

In face of these apparently impenetrable and certainly insuperable obstacles, our gruff-and-grumble cabby becomes the most obsequious of men. In a cajoling tone he addresses himself to the giants' carmen. "I say, old man," says he, wagging his head knowingly, "couldn't you just give us a inch or two? We've to catch a boat at the wharf." "Back a bit, Guv'nor," says the jovial-looking carman, roughly but genially. "Guv'nor" obeys his order. Then a lane is somehow opened out for us, kindly leaving quite a couple of inches between the wheels of our cab and those of the carts. Along this we crawl. There is no policeman visible anywhere. Constables, if required, might spring out of some of the barrels, as the forty thieves would have done had not their intention been cleverly anticipated by *Morgiana*. There is no one to regulate, or control, the congested traffic; it is evidently one of those things that is all done by kindness. Irritate a carman in this narrow lane down by the docks, and if he chooses to stop the way you won't get to Bordeaux this week. That's a certainty. The order of the day is, "Who would catch a boat must keep his temper."

At last! Everybody comes to the boat that waits. "For the Bordeaux boat?" asks a porter, who, in a grimy blouse, suggests the idea of a stoker whose ablutions, just commenced, have been suddenly interrupted.

Yes. Let there be no mistake. The *Hirondelle*. "That's 'er, Sir." And while I am settling up with the cabman, the active member of the Partially Washed, carrying my bags, disappears among a lot of casks, barrels, rope ends, girders, iron spanners, chains, horse-boxes, and odds and ends of all sorts. There is a gangway from the wharf leading on to the deck of *La Hirondelle*. After dodging several mechanical effects and providentially escaping from under a horse-box which is making an aerial ascent, the horse in it looking out over the scene with an air of quiet amusement, I cross the gangway crouchingly and then stand erect, as did *Mr. Micawber* to face his fellow man, on board *La Hirondelle*. I look about me. No one I know. Groups talking together. JUDKIN, my intended companion, not visible. Suddenly I remember my bags; and with them the porter. Gratuity bestowed and porter withdraws. No JUDKIN. Perhaps not coming. A sharp, dapper little man politely requests me to identify myself. I do so, and he does the same service for himself on my behalf, informing me that he is the agent of *Mr. GEORGE JOLLILOIS*, from *MAISON JOLLILOIS ET CIE.*, and has orders to see that everything is all right for JUDKIN and self before we start. Being practical, *Mr. GRAY*, the agent, summons the steward, whom I at once recognise as having been of the greatest service to me years ago on some other ship. No time for reminiscences. I ask him "Does he know JUDKIN?" He refers to his list. Certainly, he recognises the name. "You mean," he asks, "Mr. J. H. JUDKIN, your fellow-passenger?"

I do not like the sound of "fellow" passenger. "Here is your cabin," says WILLIAMS, the steward, opening a door at the head of the stairs, right-hand corner, and showing a cabin as neat as one could wish. Berth above and berth below. Having my suspicions, I at once ask, "Have I got it all to myself?" Steward is doubtful. Good heavens! Not all to myself!! Then, in spite of all JOLLILOIS' kind promises, in spite of his tempting invitation, in spite of my great personal regard for JUDKIN (who may be the best fellow in the world), I would rather turn back at the last moment than have another individual, no matter who he may be, sharing my cabin.

Mr. GRAY is certain it can be arranged. Steward says it depends on whether there may be a passenger short or not. At this moment JUDKIN himself turns up from below. Our

greeting is not marked by the enthusiastic cordiality that characterised our parting years ago.

JUDKIN is a difficulty. I take the bull—that is JUDKIN—by the horns.

"I don't object to sleeping two in a cabin if *you* don't," he says to me, accommodatingly.

"I do object," I return, emphatically.

He tries to make some stupid old joke on the word "berth." If anything could have determined me on ridding myself of JUDKIN as a stable companion, it is his having indulged in this very stupid old joke. Fortunately at this instant up comes the steward with *Mr. GRAY*. There are three persons unavoidably detained ashore; they have sent telegrams. A berth is entirely at JUDKIN's disposal, where he can be all alone, and can practise his own jokes to himself as much as he likes, and die of laughing at them into the bargain, if he chooses. JUDKIN is reinstated as my friend.

Bell sounds. *Mr. GRAY* departs. *Bon voyage!* Crowd melts and is carried away behind the ship, which apparently doesn't move. The wharf, with tubs, casks, and odds and ends still on it and *Mr. GRAY* waving his hand, swiftly floats away, going astern, and in another few minutes it is forced upon my powers of observation that we are proceeding at a comparatively swift pace on our way towards the mouth of the Thames, which is opening voraciously at the sound of "the tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell." It is 1.30 and we throng into the dining saloon, where our stewards place us, as if for some game, and in a general way direct our movements. The river traffic occupies the Captain's attention; so at lunch he is unable to preside.

Passengers, not in couples, are a bit shy of one another at first. The places at our table opposite to JUDKIN and myself are vacant. Both of us being anxious to watch the vessel's progress down the river, we hurry over the mid-day meal and return to the deck.

I am saluted by somebody giving me a hearty slap on the back. I hate hearty slaps anywhere. I am about to protest, when the slapper comes in front of me, which he might just as easily have done at first, and, holding out the offending right hand, in a Cranmery sort of fashion, he exclaims:

"Well! by Jove! this is first rate!"

It is *BILLY BICKERSTIFF*; in full, Colonel *WILLIAM BICKERSTIFF*, whose welcome I return with as much cordiality as can possibly be expected to be shown by one man to another who has just, to put it nautically, taken the wind out of his sails.

"Hallo! Colonel," I say, "this is a treat!"

"Going across to Bordeaux, eh?" asks the Colonel. His observations and deductions are always so original.

JUDKIN, to whom I introduce the Colonel, remarks that his guess as to our destination is a peculiarly sharp one, as this boat is only bound for Bordeaux.

BILLY laughs. He enjoys a joke. "Good boat this," says he. Then, without pause, he tells us its tonnage, carrying power, what it takes and doesn't take, and how often he has travelled by this or some other on the same line, until JUDKIN and I settle down in our deck chairs.

"We shall meet again! *Au revoir!*" cries *BILLY*, cheerily, turning to descend.

"So long!" says JUDKIN, sententiously.

A delightful evening on the river as the sun goes down. We shall be very soon dropping the pilot and making towards the French coast.

In these days of seismic disturbances we are not surprised to hear of entire towns being removed to another neighbourhood. This is what seems to have happened at Leamington and Malvern, which figure in the *Daily Telegraph* under the romantic heading, "By the Silver Sea."

THE ART OF LETTER WRITING.

(Illustrated by examples drawn from real life.)

AGREEING TO PURCHASE A MOTOR-CAR.

Letter from Sir LIMPET LUCK, a Baronet of sporting tastes, after a week's trial of a Puanteur car, which he likes by far the best out of the fourteen varieties which he had been trying, to the Puanteur Motor Car Manufacturing Co. Ltd., 301, Long Acre, in reply to one from them enclosing a prospectus of their business and enlarging upon the merits of their car, agreeing to keep the same, and informing them at the same time that he will no longer require the services of their chauffeur, a very agreeable Swiss mechanic, aged twenty-seven, with a wife and two children in the canton of Berne, and a licence up to the present entirely free from endorsement.

Stork Castle, Wildon, R.S.O.

Sept. 4, 19—.

Sir LIMPET LUCK has decided to take the car at £780. He is sending LEMERCIER back.

CONGRATULATIONS ON BIRTH OF MALE CHILD FROM DISAPPOINTED HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE.

Letter from the brother of a peer who for many years has indulged the reasonable hope of succeeding to the title and estates, his brother being an invalid and childless, and has even raised a considerable amount of money on his property and talked very freely of what he meant to do when the time came, to his brother the Earl, who, after being married for fifteen years without issue has been presented by his wife, a daughter of the Tomato King, an American millionaire, with a son, congratulating him on his good fortune.

94, The Albany,

April 8, 19—.

MY DEAR BILL,—It is impossible for me to say how glad I am. Yours,
HARRY.

PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

Letter from a gentleman of middle age who has retired from business and does nothing all day but watch his investments, play the pianola, and occasionally go to tea with his niece, the wife of a reporter a few streets distant from his own home, which consists of two rooms at Forest Gate, the landlady of which is a Mrs. RIBBONS, the widow of a fish salesman at Billingsgate whose Lodge gave him a very handsome funeral in '89, to a lady in rooms across the road, at No. 8, who has a small dachshund dog and takes the "Church Times," after several months of faint intimacy during which he has been asking himself continually if he really



Friend (below). "ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO WHEN I THROW YOU THE ROPE IS TO MAKE IT FAST TO THAT PROJECTION OVER YOUR HEAD, AND LOWER YOURSELF DOWN!"

wishes to marry or not, and has at last made up his mind that he does.

3, Milton Road, Forest Gate,
December 8, 19—.

DEAR MISS LUCKIN,—Will you marry me? I am forty-five, have £350 a year, and am insured on the most favourable scale for £2000. An answer will oblige
Your obedient servant,
HORACE HOME.

Catastrophe in the Fur Trade.

IN King's Lynn, says the *Standard*, "they had the highest tide that they had had for the past two-and-twenty years, and as a consequence great havoc was wrought there amongst the goods stored in waterside warehouses, rats being drowned literally by the thousand."

Spots on the Sun.

EVEN the best and most loyal natures sometimes lapse from their single-eyed fidelity, as is shown by the following notice in the *Glasgow Herald*:—

"STRAYED from —, devoted Persian Cat (blind of one eye)."

More Reckless Motor-Driving.

"MARIE STUDHOLME," says the *Royal Magazine*, "is a motorist, and in her own garden is a terror to caterpillars when they are eating." We confess that there is something peculiarly sinister in the suggestion that this lady deliberately runs over her victims at the moment when they are preoccupied with their meals.

SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING.

(Being a domestic drama composed by an infant of ten summers, who, after reaching mature years, retrieved it from a box containing his toy theatre, and copied it out with faithful reproduction of the original spelling and punctuation.)

ACTERS

Baron Hearth
Sir Collins
Lady Hearth (the Baron's daughter)
James (the Baron's valet)
Clensdale (Capt of the Baron's men)
Wilson
Williams the Baron's men
Tim
Tom

3 Acts & 3 Sciens

Act I Scien 1 (enter Lady Hearth)

L Hearth What father not home yet (looking out of window) and such a frosty night (she calls out) James (enter James)

James yes my lady

L Hearth Have you had any news from London about my father's return

James no my Lady (bell rings)

L Hearth Listen that may be father (bell rings) go quickly and see (exit James)

L Hearth Who can it be if it is not Father (enter James)

James my lady it is a note for you brought by one of my lord's men saying I shall return to morrow morning at 10 o'clock B Hearth

L Hearth has the man gone

James no my lady

L Hearth then Be quick and give me a pen & paper (she writes) . . . tell the man to deliver this to its owner from Lady Hearth

James yes my lady (exit James)

L Hearth (taking a chair and sitting down) I have written a hurried note telling Sir Collins to come here as my father is out I love him almost more than any one we have always loved each other since we were children much to my father's horror for he hates all the Collins family he said there is a fude between them of which the Collinses take no notice and he swears he will have the house search if he suspects me of having him in the house (knock at door 3)

(L Hearth approaches door and says) is that you Sir Collins

(Sir Collins in a whisper) yes let me in quick (enter Collins)

S Collins I got your not all right shu—What was that

L Hearth Henry hide quickly (he does so)

(enter James)

James My lady my lady there is some one in the house I heard him talking in a wisper

L Hearth go away (laughing) your

getting old it was only your stupid fansey (James exit) (Sir Collins comes from hiding plaes)

L Hearth but Sir Collins what is that noise again hide quick again

S Collins (slowly) it is the tramp of the Barons men

L Hearth no it cant be (faints) & curtain

2 Act Scien 2 2 weeks

L Hearth To weeks have past and I have not heard from Sir Collins and I have not felt half so well since that fright I had and after all it was only James and the gardeners who had come for there wages

B Hearth (behind scien to James) oh I cant bother about dinner Ask my daughter And besides prehaps I shant be here to dinner go and pack my box As I tell you I want to leave this house in ten minutes (enter Baron Hearth)

L Hearth (laughing) Well father I here you are going away I shall have a lonely evening only as you have left the dinner to me I shall have something to do

B Hearth Well I am Blessed I thought you were out for a walk

L Hearth you thought wrong but I have been for a walk

B Hearth well goodbye

L Hearth good bye (exit B Hearth)

L Hearth James

James yes my lady

L Hearth take this note to Sir Collins

James yes my lady (exit James)

L Hearth Sir Collins will soon be hear (bell rings) this cant be him (she goes to door and says) come in (enter Clensdale)

L Hearth Clensdale

Clens my lady

L Hearth what pray do you want hear at this time of night

Clens My Lady I am sent by my master with a warrant to ask you if any one is in the house besides James if you wont answer I must surch the house is there any one or not in the house I want your answer

L Hearth I am Mistress hear when my father is away leave this house at once my answer is NO Curtain

Act 3 Scien 3

(enter Sir Collins finding Lady Hearth sleeping taps her on the shoulder)

S Collins wake up quickly

L Hearth who is that

S Collins Sir Collins

L Hearth Clensdale came here and etc etc (tells him all)

S Collins they are shore to come to night

L Hearth If so there is a trap door under the carpet in wich you can hide

S Collins shu—they are forcing open the back door the trap door quick (before

he has time to get right in the trap door Clensdale and men enter sieze S Collins Suddenly Baron Hearth enters)

B Hearth What is this (Lady H tells her tail)

B Hearth loose this man And you Clensdale I shall send you and your men to custody (turning to L Hearth and S Collins) I give my consent to your marrage as this wrong has been done you for I never mensond this to Clensdale

Clensdale (turning to B Hearth) then you are putting a sheep in wolfs clothing into custody

B Hearth no you are a wolf in sheep clothing and Lady Hearth is the sheep in wolfs clothing Curtain

CHARIVARIA.

PRINCE VON BÜLOW having made a reference to his country's projected isolation, the Sultan of TURKEY has hastened to assure him that, in return for past and future favours, Germany may always rely on his support.

Negotiations, it is said, are now on foot for the formation of an offensive and defensive alliance between Norway and Sweden. We understand that Norway will take the offensive part, while Sweden will do the rest.

It is a pleasant change to hear of practical use being made of the lessons of the Boer War. A constable at Chester has declared that after the War many poachers adopted khaki clothing, as they had discovered that the colour was a protection against the police.

At the Church Missionary meeting at Norwich, the Chairman asked for £100 as the day's collections, and the grand total of the offertories reached £99 19s. 11d. Could not Mr. CARNEGIE be asked to make up the deficiency?

The inventor of the crinoline has died. We hope that this may serve as a warning to others who may be thinking of devising any such hideous fashion.

Dover has been visited by millions of small black flies from the Channel. London still has to be content with the old-fashioned four-wheelers.

A rag and bone dealer of Zivettle, Austria, died, leaving all the money he possessed, amounting to £160, for the benefit of his twelve cats. The man's relatives are now disputing the will, and the result of the case, which is looked upon as a test one, is being anxiously awaited by all cats who have expectations.

"The number of noted Scottish houses," says *The World and His Wife*, "where the lady shot is made really welcome is comparatively small." We must confess that we ourselves prefer a lady who has not been shot.

There are some natures—and, frankly, we admire them—which see poetry in everything. In the list of "Books Received" in a recent issue of the *Daily News*, under the heading "Poetry" appeared (*inter alia*) the following items:—

Peace, and Other Poems. By F. BAINES.

Military Hygiene. By R. CALDWELL.

How to Invest Money. By E. R. GABBOTT.

Political Theories from Luther to Montesquieu. By W. A. DUNNING.

Another unfortunate misprint! A blameless lady has been called "The apostle of the Simple Lie."

The trustees of a new Protestant Episcopal Cathedral have decided to change the faces of thirty or forty female angels which formed part of the original scheme of decoration, because of the protests of several clergymen, who pointed out that the Bible does not mention female angels. Fortunately the alterations will not present much difficulty, the addition of a beard or a moustache being a comparatively easy matter.

A correspondent wishes to know which is the smartest regiment in the British Army. We presume, the 1st Bucks.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has published an article on "The Japanese Smile." We understand that, owing to exigencies of space, "The Russian Smile" was crowded out.

The King of SIAM, whom one had imagined to be a man of poor physique, has opened as many as twelve and a half miles of tramways in Bangkok.

Cremation makes slow but steady headway. Three motor hearses will shortly be at work in Paris.

It is announced that a man 7 ft. 10 ins. high and weighing 255 lbs. has just joined the German army. France is none the less determined not to make any concessions in Morocco.

Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON, it is announced, has withdrawn *The Conqueror*, because the public did not like it. The public, we feel sure, will appreciate the concession.



MUSIC HATH NOT ALL THE CHARMS.

Young Lady (philanthropically slumming). "AND IF YOU COME TO THE MEETING TO-MORROW NIGHT YOU'LL HEAR ME PLAY THE ORGAN."

Guttersnipe. "OH, MISS, AND WILL YOU HAVE A MONKEY?"

Owing to a strike of the pharmacy employes at St. Petersburg, the public are unable to obtain medicines, and patients are recovering in hundreds.

The current number of the *Strand Magazine* contains an article on "The effect of diet on the face." The most disastrous effect we have ever seen was caused by giving a small boy, three years old, some bread and jam.

H.M.S. *Powerful* has lost its pet, *Peter*, the goat, and the Admiralty has decided to abolish the ram on other vessels.

"THE DENE-HOLES OF ESSEX."—Such was a startling heading in a recent number of the *Times*. In our time there has been only one Dean HOLE (bless his memory!) and he was of Rochester.

THE COMING OF AUTUMN.

THE splendour of the Year has gone.
The summer skies are overcast;
Down the dark slope the Year moves on
To his dead fathers in the Past.

He hears no twittering from the eaves,
Nor music from the haggard bough;
He stoops, and twines the fallen leaves
Into a chaplet for his brow.

Beneath his shadow as he goes
The last sad lily pines away;
The rose—the very royal rose—
Drops, and is trampled in the clay.

O golden Summer merged in gloom,
O glory of the land, adieu!
Autumn has come, and I resume
My yearly cold—Atish! Ashoo!
DUM-DUM.



THE MACDUFFER GOES STALKING.—No. 1.

HE MAKES HIS FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH A MOUNTAIN PATH, A HIGHLAND PONY, AND A PACK-SADDLE—NONE OF WHICH HE APPRECIATES AS HE SHOULD.

THE AGE OF EDUCATION.

THE scrubbing-brush is idle; the pick-axe and the spade
Lie rotten, forgotten—unused of man or maid.
The hands that once were horny will no longer bear the stain
Of toiling and moiling—this is the age of brain;
For why should people labour when a thoughtful L.C.C.
Befriends them and sends them to read for a degree?

They're burning for learning,
Their culture-craving hearts
Are turning with yearning
To pedagogic arts
And the golden stores of knowledge
In a Correspondence College.

MARIER ANN's "selected," though her skirts but reach her
knees,

To figure, when bigger, among the girl P.T.'s;*
Before she puts her pigtail up and takes to using "Hinde's,"
MARIER will try her fair hand on youthful minds.
Instead of helping Mother with the babies in the slums
She'll hammer at grammar, psychology and sums.

She's burning, &c.

The policeman's son's an ex-P.T., and views, with nose
turned up,
Pickpocket, lost locket, and law-defying pup;
The butcher's boy is reading for "Matric." and doesn't care
A button for mutton—his fancies fly elsewhere;

* Pupil Teachers.

The grocer's lad is busy with his "Inter. Arts," and he's
Forsaken the bacon, the butter and the cheese.

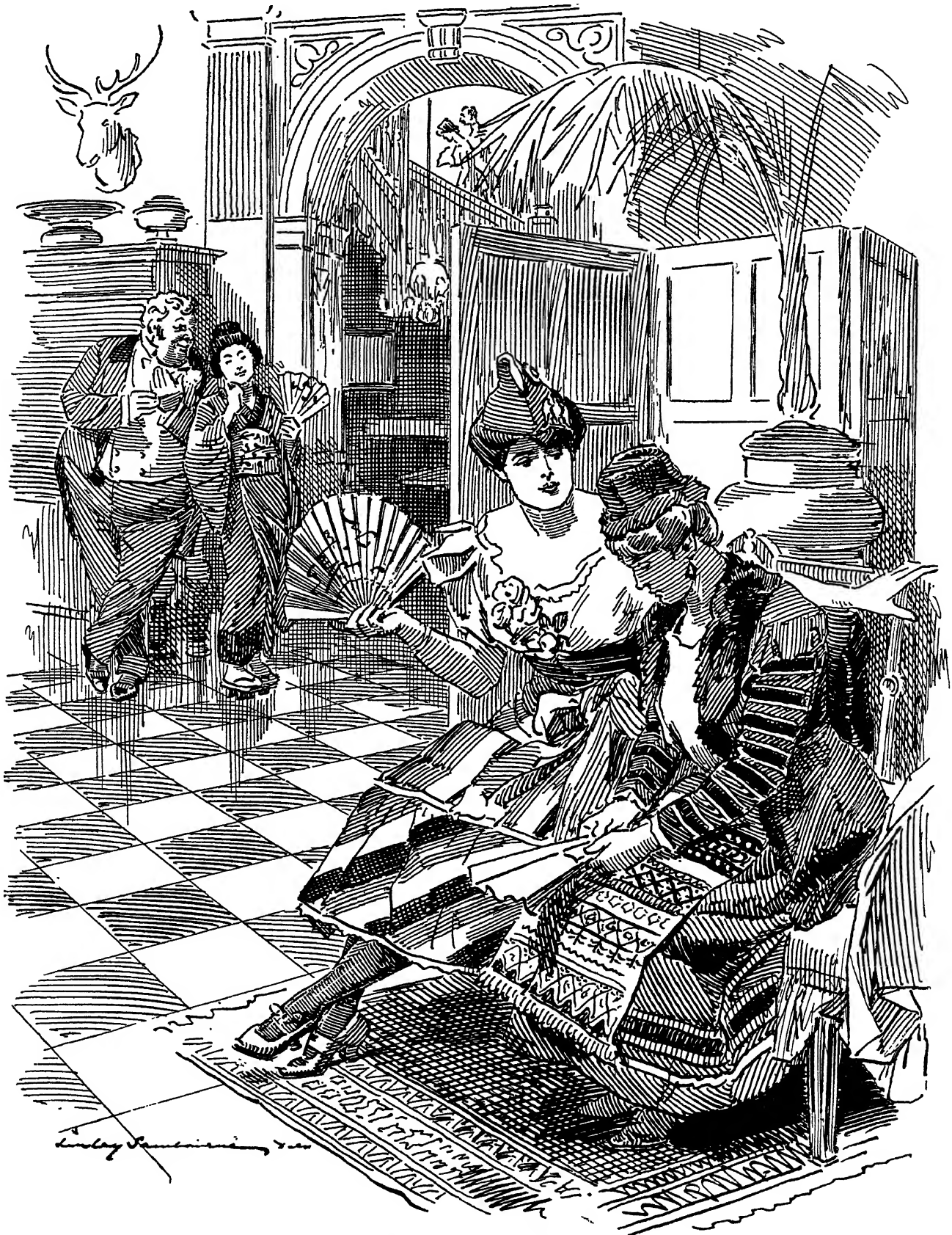
They're turning, &c.

When all the world are graduates at twenty pounds a year,
When biceps and triceps begin to disappear,
There'll be a boom in muscle, and the navvy's day will dawn
All sunny, when money goes hand in hand with brawn.
And so farewell to Trinity, for soon I hope to find
Brick-laying more paying than any skill of mind.

I'm turning from learning,
My money-craving heart
Is burning with yearning
To ply the hodman's art,
And forget the worthless knowledge
Which I gathered up at College.

"If Youth but knew."

UNDER this title "KAPPA" has been writing in the
Westminster Gazette to prove, amongst other things, that
too much time is devoted to athletics in our schools. And
now our contemporary says: "We give this morning a
first selection of the large number of letters which have
reached us during the last few days on the series of articles
by our contributor 'KAPPA' dealing with public-school educa-
tion, which was brought to a close last Saturday." What, no
more education? *If youth but knew!*



WHY NOT?

FRANCE (to RUSSIA). "AREN'T YOU GOING TO DANCE WITH MR. BULL?"

RUSSIA. "I THINK I SHOULD RATHER LIKE TO, IF HE WOULDN'T TREAD ON MY TOES."

FRANCE. "OH, BUT HE WON'T. HE'S IMPROVED IMMENSELY. I FIND HIM ADORABLE!"

THE "HOW TO" PAPERS.

No. I.—How to TAKE A CAB.

CABS as we know them to-day may be taken in at least two ways. The Right Honourable CHARLES JAMES FOX, when in the process of sowing his wild oats, is said to have taken a cab whose driver or "jarvey" was asleep inside, and driven it to the City Temple, where he left it. The famous principle of common law, however, that

He who would steal a pin
Would steal some greater thing,

is now held to apply to cabs as well as to bank-notes and postal-orders, and anyone who would "take a cab" in the sense of appropriating it to his own use without paying for it would soon find himself in trouble, and even liable to a severe punishment.

No. When you announce your intention of "taking a cab" from one place to another, what you actually mean is that the cab is going to take you. It is one of those little inversions of speech common in our language about which there is no difficulty, as they are universally understood.

Let us suppose that you wish to drive from your house in Piccadilly to your Club in the Strand. (You probably do not live in Piccadilly, and there are no Clubs in the Strand, but the example will suffice.) You go out into the street, hold up your stick or umbrella and call out "Hi!" By these means you are understood to be hailing a cab, and two or more hansoms will instantly dash up to you from different directions, the respective drivers of which will immediately start abusing one another. Select the one who comes off *worst* in the contest. He will be more easily disposed of at the end of the journey.

When you have told the driver where you wish him to go, climbed up into the cab, and given a penny to the street loafer who has picked up your hat (which has been knocked off into the mud by the reins), you will have nothing more to do until you reach your journey's end, except sit still and examine yourself in the small pieces of looking-glass supplied for that purpose. In some of the best-appointed hansoms you will find a box of matches and the stump end of a cigar in a little tray by your elbow. It is not advisable to smoke the latter, but there is no objection to your filling your own matchbox from the stock provided. If the horse falls down, sit where you are until he gets up again, and leave somebody else to take the seat of honour on his head.

Arrived at your destination, get out and pay the cabman a shilling. He will hold it in his palm, regard it sceptically and ask, "What's this?" His question is in the nature of a rhetorical utterance,



TRIALS OF A FIANCÉ.

Young Lady (to Fiancé, who has rashly promised to teach her to shoot). "TELL ME, GEORGE, WHEN YOU WANT TO TAKE OUT THE LITTLE RED THINGS, YOU PULL THIS THING BELOW, DON'T YOU?"

for he knows perfectly well what it is. You will reply briefly, "It is your fare," and turn away as if you wished to close the incident. The cabman will then ask if you call yourself a gentleman, and without waiting for a reply will give you to understand that in his opinion your conduct unfits you for the society of your fellow creatures. By this time you will have enticed him off his box into the vestibule of your Club, where you can deal with the situation unhampered by a crowd of spectators.

You will now be in a position to play your trump card. This will take the form of an allusion to the subject of horticulture. In some subtle way you will imply that your adversary's real calling is that of a gardener. You may say, "You ought to be earthing up your celery, not driving a cab;" or, "I suppose there wasn't anything to do in the garden when they sent you out."

This will drive him into a state of apoplectic incoherency, and you must at once follow up your advantage by demanding his number. Press this point firmly. He will at first retort by asking for your card, intimating his intention of summoning you if it costs him a day's work. Do not give him your card, but ask him for his number again, and continue to ask for it until he goes away. He will do so eventually, after a final contemptuous reference to your appearance, birth and behaviour, which you will affect to receive with indifference.

It follows from the foregoing remarks that a man with capabilities for repartee will be in a better position to take a cab than a fool. But those of the slowest wits need not despair of being eventually able to cope with the most abusive of cabmen. Stick to the word "gardener" and you will never suffer crushing defeat.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BAD SHOT.

IN all other respects I have a tolerably good opinion of myself. Also I am good at games, as the saying is—cricket, football (that was in my palmy days), croquet, golf, and the rest of them. At all of these I flatter myself that I am a better performer than the average middle-aged Briton. But when it comes to partridges and pheasants, games in fact in the singular number, which have—no, has—to be shot at, I lose every atom of self-confidence which I possess, and endure a martyrdom of self-conscious agony. I arrive—let me describe my sensations for the benefit of my fellow-sufferers—at the scene of my self-inflicted torture by the train which lands me there in time to dress for dinner. So far so good. Previously, on the platform of the London terminus, I have nervously scanned my fellow travellers, and carefully avoided getting into the same carriage with anyone whose *impedimenta* included a gun-case, so as not to prolong unnecessarily the agony which I am about to endure.

For that is the simple fact. It is almost unmixing agony to me to join a shooting party. And yet, as one finds a certain painful pleasure in poking at an aching tooth, I do it, very occasionally, because—I suppose because I have to live up to my birthright as an Englishman. Every well-bred male Briton is popularly expected to be a sportsman, just as he is credited with the ability to ride, and a complete knowledge of the points of a horse. The horse I can manage, when I am not on his back, and it is comparatively easy to refuse a mount. Also, by a judicious avoidance of technical terms, such as "pastern" and "hock," it is not difficult, when you are doing the stables after lunch on Sunday, to affect, to your own satisfaction at all events, a tolerably familiar acquaintance with the geography of the noble animal. I can slap him on the flank, or whatever the correct term is, and say "get over," with any man in England. But shooting is different. I cannot, except on rare occasions, succeed in hitting what I aim at with a gun. Consequently I do not enjoy the society or the conversation of those who can.

Before the shoot begins, if I pretend to any practical acquaintance with the sport, I am uneasily conscious that in a few hours I shall be regarded as an impostor. And yet, *que faire?*

To feign ignorance is to be looked upon as a dangerous shot, a mad dog to be avoided at all hazards. Consequently I (or perhaps I may say you, for I have a suspicion that there are plenty of us) talk in the evening as though I were a normally good shot, well knowing that

in the morning I shall be revealed in my true colours. And all through dinner, and afterwards at Bridge (I always play Bridge on these occasions, though I've no memory for cards, because, being a silent game, it makes sporting conversation impossible) I suffer, how I suffer, because I know what the morrow will bring forth.

The morrow dawns, and I feel in my bones, from my first appearance at breakfast, that the other men, and the women too, have already seen through my pinchbeck mask. Why on earth, I ask myself, with dismal self-reproach, was I such an idiot as to accept my host's invitation? I might so easily have said that I had another engagement, or even that I could not shoot. ARTHUR BALFOUR doesn't shoot, and he, like me, is a male Briton. But then he is Prime Minister. And a Prime Minister's record is already so black that nothing, not even the inability to shoot, can make it worse. But still, I *might* have been playing golf, or even sporting with AMARYLLIS on the croquet-lawn. There are numbers of Amaryllises here, but I feel instinctively that they shun me with one accord—because I cannot shoot. If it were cricket, now, the most difficult of all games, the case would be different. The best cricketer in the world may miss a catch or get out for nothing. And even if you are a self-confessed or a detected "rabbit," no one despises you for it. But to miss one is anathema maranatha.

The first drive begins. It is always a drive nowadays, which makes matters worse than they used to be. Over dogs I do sometimes hit. Once I even got a right and left. But at the end of a drive, when an officious keeper comes up and asks what birds I have got, attention is drawn to my want of success in a way from which there is no escape. When the next drive is over he doesn't ask, he merely looks, and after that he doesn't even go through the formality of looking for the birds which I ought to have shot. If by some lucky chance I do hold my gun straight, it makes no difference; the man next me, whom, privately, I consider to be almost as bad a shot as myself, always claims the birds which I *know* I have killed, and I am far too generous, or, to tell the truth, far too certain that my protest will be unavailing, to dispute the point. Before lunch arrives (and, to add to my sufferings, the ladies) I have become one of the least self-respecting creatures on God's earth. Wild ideas of sending myself an imperative telegram next morning recalling me to town, or of cutting my trigger-finger with my razor, flit through my disordered brain. But nothing comes of it. I stay on to the bitter end. For the rest of the shoot, I dree my weird, occasionally

knocking over a sluggish bird, always when no one is looking. But nothing can restore my self-respect until I have left the house and all its Nimrods, male and female, behind me. For the time being I am become a criminal and an outcast. And yet what is my crime? I have tried to do the duty which England expects of me. I have gone out after breakfast and endeavoured to kill something, and my only reward is the scorn of my fellow-creatures. Perhaps I even cause them pain, and that hurts me. Which proves that I am no true sportsman. A true sportsman never feels really bad about the pain he inflicts.

MUSICAL NOTES.

As erroneous reports of the name and contents of RICHARD STRAUSS's coming symphony have been widely circulated in the organs of the hardware industry, we think it advisable to state the truth of the matter once and for all. It is *not* true that the title of the work is "*Symphonia Turbinia*," or that it is dedicated to Mr. CHARLES PARSONS, F.R.S. The sober fact is that the new work will be entitled "*Systematica Discordia*," and that its aim is to translate into terms of music some of the most striking features of railway travelling.

The first Section will deal with goods—in which especial prominence will be given to a strepitous episode for milk cans,—the relative merit of trucks of the American and English patterns, and cognate topics. Attention is especially directed to an idyllic passage over which is written in the full score "The Stoker's Bath," where the turbid character of the instrumentation is noticeable, while the composer's preference for liquid fuel as opposed to coal is delicately indicated in the scale passages in the *Coda*. Sect. II., "*Maestoso assai*," is headed "Parliamentary Trains," and is of a uniformly tranquil character, punctuated here and there with an impressive *lunga pausa*. The principal subject is of a distinctly South Eastern type, and in the working out humorous employment is made of a characteristic figure representing an Irish engine-driver stopping suddenly to refresh himself at a wayside inn. Sec. III., "The Express," is cast in the form of a *moto perpetuo* or non-stop run, which is maintained with unflagging energy, passing without a brake into the superbly sonorous Finale (Section IV.) headed "Collision." Here RICHARD STRAUSS has exerted all his powers, with a result that can only be described as Pandemoniacal. Indeed the President of the Amalgamated Society of Boiler Makers, who has been specially retained to assist in the rehearsals of the instruments of percussjon,



'Arry. "Hi, THERE! YOU THERE! HI! COME OFF THE GRASS, CAN'T YOU? DON'T YOU SEE THE NOTICE? IT'S THE LIKES OF YOU TRESPASSIN' CHAPS AS MAKES 'EM SHUT THEIR PARKS."

Noble Owner. "OH, I BEG PARDON. I FORGOT THE NOTICE. I'LL COME OFF AT ONCE!"

is enthusiastic in his praise of the score, and says, "In the whole of my life I have never been so riveted before."

The "Railway Symphony" will be performed on April 1 at the Queen's Hall, and Mr. ROBERT NEWMAN has already made extensive preparations for carrying out the intentions of the gifted composer with a realism and completeness unprecedented in the annals of programme music. Thus, in the Collision Section (*Presto fracassoso*), the orchestra will be reinforced by the following extras:—

- Twenty-four Chinese geese, to imitate the escape of steam from the wrecked engines.
- Four Burmese gongs.
- Two steam hammers.
- Six pompoms.
- One complete Javanese Gamelan.
- Four cow-catchers.
- Twenty surgeons.

- Five anæsthetists.
- Sixteen stretcher-bearers.
- Ten naphtha flare-holders.

It may interest our readers to learn that the Chinese geese, which have been selected on account of their superior sibilatory prowess and are now being trained at Hissarlik, will be accommodated in the organ loft, and will be placed under the exclusive control of Mr. OTTO TWIGG, who has long been a corresponding member of the Ornithological Society. To lend further verisimilitude to the performance Mr. NEWMAN has thoughtfully arranged that the leading officials of the Railway Department of the Board of Trade (Colonel H. A. YORKE, R.E. and Colonel P. G. VON DONOP, R.E.), and the editors of *Bradshaw* and the *A.B.C. Guide*, shall be accommodated with seats in the orchestra, while tablets of corridor soap, Banbury cakes, and luncheon baskets will be circulated

amongst the audience. The attendants will be dressed as railway guards or porters, but it is requested that no gratuities will be given them.

Encouraged by the success which has attended STRAUSS's "*Symphonia Domestica*," KUBELIK has composed a Nursery Overture entitled "*Gemini; or, A Day in the Life of my Twins*." A peculiar feature of the score is that there are two parts for every instrument in the orchestra down to the triangle, and that the use of triplets is rigorously eschewed. The slow movement takes the form of a duet for two muted double-bassinettes. Professor MELLIN HORLICK, the famous Viennese infantologist, has written a masterly analysis of the new work, in which he declares that the florid counterpoint in the whooping-cough episode in the *finale* cannot be matched in the whole range of BACH's compositions.

PERFECTING THE PARENT.

["It is a great development of the times that the ordinary child who is past twenty is altogether better educated, more experienced and wiser than are his parents! It has occurred to me to suggest that after the eldest child reaches twenty the parents should, therefore, come under the control of the children."—*From a letter to the "Graphic."*]

PENDING the time when the above suggestion shall be universally adopted, we have pleasure in submitting one or two hints as to the management of parents which have been prepared for us by an expert.

It is a great mistake to suppose that any parent is amenable to reason, and it is because many children forget this point that so much friction is caused in a number of families. Fathers especially have a most unfortunate idea that because they have lived in the world some twenty or thirty years longer than their children, and have had more experience of men and things, therefore they know better than their offspring what course should be pursued in any given circumstance.

Firmness as a factor in the successful rearing of parents cannot be too strongly insisted upon. The child that allows its father or mother to get the upper hand will inevitably regret this foolish lenience. It is not, moreover, a difficult matter, a well-trained parent being as docile as a lamb. Preferably this part of a parent's up-bringing should be commenced while the child is still an occupant of the cradle. Should a mother attempt to move away from the cot while the babe is awake, screams, cries, and, if necessary, convulsions, should be brought into play until the errant woman returns. The habits of obedience thus learnt will not be easily forgotten.

During the first ten or fifteen years of a child's life much may be done in the way of training. For a child who has the well-being of his parents at heart there are many courses open which, if used intelligently, will eventually cause them to look with pride upon their father and mother. Too much strictness with a parent is to be deprecated. They should be humoured in all sorts of ways, provided always that the indulgence craved will not act to their detriment.

There is, for example, a very harmless little pleasure which may be accorded to nearly all parents; a pleasure which never seems to fail to delight them. It is produced by that sacrifice of time and

energy which is known as "going to school." A child indulging his parents in this little relaxation rarely regrets his generosity. The parent, with that blind faith in human nature which is his most charming characteristic, may believe that "going to school" and "being educated" are synonymous terms; but, of course, the intelligent child knows better. However, the sacrifice is so small a one to make, and it is regarded by parents with such evident delight, that children who are earnestly endeavouring to train their parents are all advised to make it.

Of the two subdivisions into which parents may be divided, the female

intention to come home as and when you please.

An ancient custom has decreed that the male parent should be permitted to control the finances of the family, and that the child should be given only a certain allowance upon which to support himself. This ridiculous prejudice has often before now led to embarrassment, and it is full time that the matter was given careful consideration by the Children of the Empire. To begin with, it is impossible for a parent to know the many calls which are made upon a child, and therefore the allowance which is made to the latter is invariably inadequate. There seems to be but one

solution possible. Until he has reached the age of say twenty or twenty-one, the child should, perhaps, allow the parent to retain his control over the finances. At that age, after the years of experience which he has had, the parent should know exactly what his own yearly expenditure ought to be, and he should therefore be required to hand over the whole of his money to his child, who will make an allowance of the sum per annum which the parent thinks necessary to support him, always provided that the demand is not exorbitant, and that the finances of the child permit the due and regular payment of the amount.

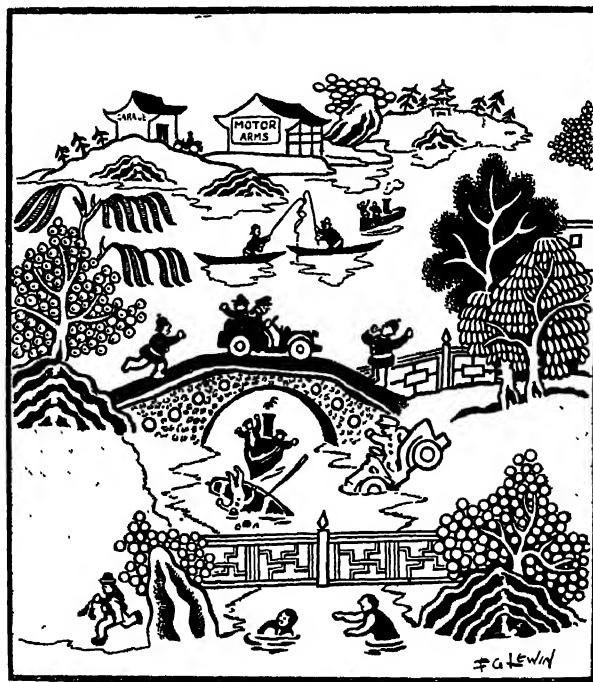
Provided that obedience in matters of principle is insisted upon, parents may be treated with the utmost consideration and kindness, and nothing but good will come of it. Many a child who to-day is most proud of his parents has granted them almost every facility for enjoying themselves, and not permitted their duty as parents to become a burden to them.

In conclusion: be firm but gentle. Remember that many parents are not half "bad sorts." If you would have your parents a credit to you, spare no effort that will lead to the desired effect. Then, when in years to come you are able to show them to your friends, you can say, with your hand on your heart, that "they have all been trained by kindness."

Wedding Modes for Women.

FROM answers to correspondents under the heading "Manners and Customs" in the *Ladies' Field* we cull the following:—

"IRISH GLADYS.—Certainly a frock-coat should be worn at a smart wedding. The correct style of dress is a frock-coat, a high silk hat, a white waistcoat, a coloured tie, and suede gloves in light grey or pale lavender. Grey trousers should be worn, and smart black boots."



ANOTHER REFORM IN CHINA.

Suggestion for an up-to date "Willow Pattern."

section (mothers) is by far the most difficult to cope with. Many a mother who originally had the germs of a well-ordered obedience in her composition has been utterly spoiled by a too lax indulgence of her absurd whims. Who, for instance, has not known the ridiculous disturbance created by a mother on the first occasion on which a son does not return home until after ten o'clock? Some of them, indeed, have been discovered weeping, having convinced themselves, on an entirely baseless ground, that something dreadful must have happened to such son. This weakness, if manifested in a mother, must be firmly and immediately checked. She must clearly be given to understand that you will be seriously annoyed if the thing occurs again, and at the same time she should be informed that it is your



SEPTEMBER.

Pheasant. "HULLO, OLD CHAP! How do? WHAT, REALLY! GOING TO STAND TREAT AGAIN? WELL, YOU DO KNOW HOW TO DO A FELLOW PROUD!"



OCTOBER.

Same Pheasant. "HERE, I SAY! HANG IT ALL! WHAT HAVE I DONE? LAST MONTH NOTHING WAS TOO GOOD FOR ME, AND NOW I'M BEING CHIVIED ALL OVER THE PLACE TILL I'M BLEST IF I KNOW WHICH WAY TO TURN!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

FIRST night of Winter Season, Thursday last, October 5. A good opening for any gifted person with a career before her, and when that gifted person is Madame MELBA, the part her favourite one of *Mimi*, the opera our (at one time) special favourite *La Bohème* (as played at Covent Garden with certain eminent persons whose names are not in the present bill), it may be fairly expected that the winter season will be highly successful, if all the operas promised are up to the generally satisfactory level of to-night's *La Bohème*.

For this *première*, our accepted Bohemian Girl, Madame MELBA, was not at her very best; yet did she not play and sing the part as only she can play and sing it? Has not the representative of *Rodolfo*, Signor DE MARCHI, a beautiful voice? *Musetta*, as represented by Signora TRENTINI, is full of "go" and melodiousness. The three Bohemians, *Marcello*, *Colline*, and *Schaunard*, have not been seen to better advantage than when represented by Signori SAMMARCO, DIDUR, and NIOLA, while landlord *Benoît* and the elderly beau *Alcindoro* were capitally impersonated by two artistic natures rolled into one under the delightful Anglo-Italian designation of Signor WIGLEY.

The Conductor who led the band of orchestral brothers was Signor MUGNONE, an Anglo-slangily suggestive name for a gentleman whose work compels him to keep his face (or "mug" as it would have been termed in the *Alcindoro* period) so entirely away from the audience as to give those who would speak of him behind his back considerable latitude. Royalty was present, enjoying itself and storing up all the best tunes

for future delectation in India. *Bohème* is a great success, not a little of which is due to Signor DE MARCHI. But just a friendly word in the Syndicate's ear: don't overdo this opera, stick to the programme, and let there be variety.

Friday, Oct. 6.—To witness the performance of *Un Ballo in Maschera*, the House was not by any means over-crowded. Royalty conspicuous by absence. But there was little wanting in "numbers," as, musically speaking, every "number" was excellently rendered, and the performance as a whole was thoroughly successful. Signor ZENATELLO as *Riccardo* was first favourite both as singer and actor. Signor SAMMARCO as *Renato*, Madame BUONINSEGNA (*Amelia*), Signora DE CISNEROS (*Ulrica*), all sustained their well-established reputations, and Signor MUGNONE added to his as Conductor.

The Metric System.

ARE WE RIPE FOR IT?

THE answer seems to be No, if we may judge from the *Daily Mail's* account of the MADRALI-JENKINS wrestling match. "Though the American," it says, "stood nearly 5 ft. 10 in., he was conceding a couple of metres in height." This brings the Turk out at about 12 ft. 4 in. Truly, a "Terrible" Turk!

HAS HE COME HOME?—To the Small Mammals House at the Zoo has lately been added an *Arctictis Binturong*, known in its native Assam as *Bhal-billi*. We seem to recognise the name. Can it be our old friend *Bhil-billi* under a slight disguise?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ANYONE taking up Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD's *Life of Charles Dickens* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), expecting to find it a revision, supplement, or extension of FORSTER's classic work, will be disappointed. It does not add anything in the way of biographical detail to information already possessed. It is, in truth, in no sense a *Life of DICKENS*. Rather it is pleasant chat round a selection of quotations from familiar works by a man who knew and loved the great novelist. It is none the worse for that. The clippings, made from many volumes and brought together in one, cast new sidelights upon DICKENS's character, invariably with the effect of endearing him more than ever to his disciples. We see him at work and at play, at which latter occupation he was always ready to lend a hand. His generous, bountiful nature shines forth in many incidents, half forgotten as the years have sped. Admitted to the inner circle of his intimacy, Mr. FITZGERALD came in contact with most of his chums. One of the best chapters in the book is the account of JOHN FORSTER, whom my Baronite suspects Mr. FITZGERALD did not love in the flesh, but to whose best points he manfully does justice. A letter from DICKENS's father, given in facsimile, dispels doubt, if any existed, that he was the original of the immortal *Micawber*. "Will you," he writes to MESSRS. CHAPMAN, "do me the favour to deduct the £4 I owe you from the enclosed bill for £20, due April 7th, with 3s. 4d., the amount of interest, and let me have the balance, fifteen guineas?" In the recorded utterances of Mr. *Micawber* there is nothing more delicious than this. With lofty air of conferring a favour he proposes that his creditor shall pay himself four pounds out of his own pocket, and, that indebtedness comfortably, honourably wiped out, shall advance on the airy nothingness of JOHN DICKENS's security a further sum of fifteen guineas. Mr. FITZGERALD, in an ingenious passage, traces DICKENS's *père* not less in *Dorrit* than in *Micawber*. He sees JOHN FORSTER in *Podsnap*, Mrs. MANNING (hung in a satin frock) in *Hortense*, the French woman of *Bleak House*, but does not accept the popular belief that CHARLES DICKENS's mother sat for the sketch of Mrs. *Nickleby*.

H. H. the Raja-i-Rajgan JAGATJIT SINGH of Kapurthala, to give him his full title and postal address, has written a book. My Baronite warns His Highness's enemies (if he has any) that they will not find in it opportunity of clearing off old scores. *My Travels in China, Japan, and Java* (HUTCHINSON) is a brightly written record of travel by a shrewd observant man. Of China and Java the RAJA has not much to say. Japan had for him the fascination it wields over all visitors. Arriving just before the outbreak of war, H. H. had the opportunity not only of studying the people but of making the personal acquaintance of the MIKADO and the greater powers behind the throne. His MAJESTY appears to be lacking in conversational facility. "He asked me," the RAJA writes, "if I had enjoyed my visit to Japan; if I liked the country and"—here was a flash of originality—"if I had caught any duck at the duck-hunt a few days before." When my replies were translated the EMPEROR gave vent to a loud "Ha-Ha-Hum-Hum." A man of less courage than the RAJA would have trembled at this signal. In accordance with familiar tradition, the natural sequence of the line would have been, "I smell the blood of a Kapurthala man." It happily turned out that "the remark was merely indicative of satisfaction or acquiescence in one's reply." A few minutes later the MIKADO bowed out the RAJA. All was well, and Peace reigns between Punjab and Japan. The sprightly narrative is illustrated by many photogravures which add to its value.

While reading *The Hundred Days* (CASSELL & Co., Ltd.) it

occurred to the Baron that on this occasion its clever author, Mr. MAX PEMBERTON, must surely have been inspired by a fairly clear reminiscence of one of CHARLES LEVER's best works, entitled *Tom Burke of Ours*. The Baron may be wrong, but he cannot help being struck by certain points of resemblance in the two stories. In *Tom Burke* the hero, an Irishman, an exile from his country, enters the service of France under the Great NAPOLEON, whose officer he remains up to the time of the EMPEROR's farewell at Fontainebleau. The romance of LEVER's novel is intensified by the love shown for the gallant young Englishman by *Minette the Vivandière* who is devoted to the EMPEROR, and by *Tom's* tenderness for poor *Minette*. *Tom* did not behave well. In *The Hundred Days*, which of course is after NAPOLEON's return from Elba and immediately before Waterloo, with which decisive event the stirring story concludes, Mr. MAX PEMBERTON's hero of romance is a young officer (with an Irish servant) compelled to self-exile in France. Falling desperately in love, he follows the fortunes of a capricious girl who, though belonging to a Royalist family, is so mad a worshipper of the EMPEROR that she serves him in attire somewhat resembling that of a *vivandière*, as she would sacrifice honour, religion, position, everything, in order to throw herself into NAPOLEON's arms. Yet she returns the Englishman's love, as did *Minette* that of *Tom Burke*; and in the end, when all obstacles have been removed, and when the Battle of Waterloo has put *le petit caporal* out of existence for ever, sending him to St. Helena, then, as BONAPARTE is no longer to be had for the scheming, *Mademoiselle Yvonne de Feyrolles*, "the child of adventure and intrigue, her mission ended," clings to her English lover, *Bernard St. Armand*, "as one who might save her from the débâcle." And so, knowing that the gates of her home are closed upon her, never again to be re-opened; that all had been staked and lost on a NAPOLEON (including her—ahem—male attire), and that nothing was left to her out of this mad enterprise except a brave man's love, she consents to become this brave man's wife (brave indeed!) and returns with him to England, where, being cleared of all charges against him, he can dwell in peace, if only *Yvonne* his wife will let him. Methinks, quoth the Baron, that our author has somewhat hardly treated his hero. Better for him, that is if we are to judge of the possibilities in the future of this adventurous by what has happened in her past, had his eccentric lady-love, to whom female attire has been comparatively strange and certainly unusual, met with the fate of LEVER's broken-hearted *Minette* and expired on the battle-field, as she might well have done, had her author been so minded. It is less a story than a well-arranged series of sensationally romantic adventures, vividly pictured. NAPOLEON always is, and ever will be, an intensely fascinating figure, and this, the penultimate phase of his career, has for all of us the most profound and most painful interest. The romance is called *The Hundred Days*, and we watch for the movements of the EMPEROR, listen for his words, and with anxiety await results in which his success or failure may be involved, rather than dwell upon the stirring parts played by the real heroine and hero of the drama.

THE BARON



DE

B.W.

A Call to Arms.

"WILL any young gentleman with heroic instincts correspond with young lady, age twenty-four, good-looking, with view to matrimony?"—*The Pioneer* (Allahabad).



THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE.

DANCE WHERE AND WHEN YOU LIKE. CHOOSE YOUR OWN TIME AND TUNE. NO COUNTRY HOUSE SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT.

UNCOMMON PETS.

THE recent publication of Mr. RICHARD BELL's interesting volume, *My Strange Pets*, has revealed the existence of numerous private menageries in England and Scotland. Further researches have brought to light the interesting fact that many of our leading men find solace from the strain of their professional duties in the companionship of animals not generally chosen as pets.

Greeba Castle, the palatial residence of Mr. HALL CAINE in the Isle of Man, is famed far and wide for its magnificent aviary, the special feature in which is a gigantic bittern, whose perpetual boom vies with the thunder of the caves of Bradda. This bird, which though tailless, is of an extremely affectionate character, frequently accompanies its master when he is taking horseback exercise, and, perching lightly on his left shoulder, presents so formidable an appearance that it keeps the most inquisitive Baconians at bay.

Sir OLIVER LODGE is also partial to birds, and keeps a small ostrich farm at Birmingham for the digestion of the materials required in his Psychical researches. He has also succeeded in

training a secretary bird to use the typewriter, and is in the habit of dictating to his feathered amanuensis most of the lighter articles which he contributes to the society journals.

Sir HUBERT PARRY, the gifted Director of the Royal College of Music, as becomes an ardent yachtsman, exhibits a marked preference for denizens of the vasty deep. In a large tank adjoining the concert room in Prince Consort Road he keeps two whales, which he captured in a cruise to Iceland in the summer of 1903. They are both "right" whales, but one of them, curious to relate, is left-handed, or perhaps one had better say, left-finned; and by an ingenious mechanical attachment, invented by Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN, every time they blow they sound a Pair of Sirens, which are found to exert a most stimulating effect on the students. Further experiments are now in progress with a view to teaching the whales to blow the organ, in place of the electrical apparatus at present employed.

Sir CHARLES STANFORD, whose command of the orchestra is only equalled by his mastery of the dryfly, keeps a sumptuous aquarium in his back garden at Kensington, where on the occasion of

our representative's visit he was playing on a mouth-organ an arrangement of "The Entrance of the Gods into Wal-hall" to an attentive bevy of rainbow trout. "The curious thing about rainbow trout," remarked Sir CHARLES, "is that, probably owing to their iridescent character, they evince a marked preference for *coloratur* singing. Scale passages, again, appeal to them with peculiar force. I feed my trout frequently from my hand," he continued, after a brief musical interlude. "But the last time I offered that big fellow a chocolate cream, he took in the whole of my thumb instead. He soon discovered his mistake, however, and was greatly distressed, rubbed his head against my hand, and seemed to fear some sort of punishment. Since that time I have had great difficulty in persuading him to eat unless I sing to him in the Mixo-Lydian mode or take him to my study, where he will lie in a finger-glass for hours together, with his head in my hand."

Lord CURZON is another devoted lover of animals. The latest acquisition to his private menagerie is a splendid Thibetan porcupine which goes by the name of "The Brodder," and needs very careful handling.

THE OLD SONGS.

A PARENTAL REBUKE.

[A contemporary has been publishing reminiscences of the comic songs that used to delight an earlier generation, and has issued a warning to our youth not to judge the taste of its parents too severely.]

AND so you find them somewhat thin,
The songs that made your sire to grin
When mid-Victorian modes were in?

You snort at that historic wit
Which once provoked in stall and pit
The frequent apoplectic fit?

The hoar and hallowed tag that got
Home on the intercostal spot
Now seems the most amazing rot?

Yet were it rash, my boy, for you
To entertain the impious view
(Held, as I hear, by one or two),

That, Humour having changed its style
From what inspired your parent's smile,
His taste was relatively vile.

'Tis true that Time has dulled the fame
(Almost, I fear, beyond reclaim)
Of "*Champagne Charlie* is my name;"

'Tis true that rolling years obscure
The subtle charm, the fine allure
That underlay "*The Perfect Cure*."*

But, *en revanche*, the vogue of rhymes
Which you have heard a hundred times
Emitted by your favourite mimes—

The last comedian's lyric verse
On which you waste your nightly purse—
Affects me like a funeral hearse;

Or would, at least, affect me so
If I could be induced to go
To this depressing kind of Show.

Therefore, my son, if you are wise,
You will observe without surprise
The wayward shifts of Humour's guise;

Nor deem another's taste is cheap
If where you laugh he wants to weep,
Or giggles while you go to sleep.

You, too, in turn, may have a son,
And marvel how he finds his fun
In wheezes where you notice none.

For here, on this terrestrial ball,
Nations and markets rise and fall,
But Humour wobbles most of all.

No man may say, with hand on breast,
Challenging Time to be its test,
"Lo! I have wrought a Cosmic Jest."

And he alone of other folk
Can still be stable as an oak,
Who never made, or saw, a joke. O. S.

* The following extract illustrates the tenor of what has been described as "a colossal success of another generation":—

"With my hi gee-wo,
There I do go,
For I'm the perfect cure."

NATURE STUDIES.

THE BUTLER.

IN sketching, as I did last week, the idiosyncrasies of the Boy, I mentioned incidentally the Butler who sometimes dusts his jacket. Let me now describe in such detail as the importance of the subject demands the essentials of the Butler's character.

I have lived under the temporary sway of many Butlers—principally, be it noted, the Butlers of other people—and I have observed that no specimen can ever be classed in the first rank unless he possesses to some extent that staid and solid demeanour which seems to permeate the frivolous atmosphere of our daily life with an old-world dignity and a convinced sense of personal worthiness. Yet it is not necessary that a Butler should always be solemn and impressive. Indeed, if he is, the effect on those to whom he ministers is apt to be too ponderous for perfect happiness: he becomes a creature too bright and good for human nature's daily food and its service to those who sit at table.

It has been my good fortune, not once or twice in my rough island story, to visit the learned Lodges of those who are heads of Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and my judgment is that so far as mere weight of deportment and a deep sobriety of conversation go, the Butler of a Master or President is more highly fitted by nature and his acquired training to regulate a College meeting or rusticate an undergraduate than the learned gentleman whom (for his own ends, no doubt) he serves. Never, while this machine is to me, can I forget the chill that froze my heart and the leaden weight that settled on my being when the Butler of the Provost of St. Mary's received me into the panelled hall of the Provost's Lodge. It was not merely that he was dressed in black—other Butlers are like that—or that the curve of his lower waistcoat was both semicircular and ample, or that he moved noiselessly and spoke his few words in a low and carefully articulating voice. All this I could have stood; but there was about him a sense of mystery which daunted my spirit as much as if he had been a haunted house. How came it, I asked myself (after I had recovered from my terror, *bien entendu*), that this man, whose only fit associates were Chancellors or Prime Ministers or Ambassadors, should have condescended to wait upon a mere mortal like the Provost, and to take from me my coat and hat and deliver cutlets to me at lunch? I have not yet found an answer to the question.

The Butler whom I have in my mind is not quite so highly exalted in the hierarchy of servitude as the Collegiate one of whom I have spoken. Yet he, too, has his dignity and, so far as the Boy is concerned, his dislikes. Far back from the remote and misty days of childhood I can pick out the memory of him, can hear him rated by voices that have long since passed into silence for the faults that he joyously displays to this day, and see him moving across the domestic scene with all the cheerful and kindly *abandon* that still characterises him. A new generation, the third, is springing up about his knees, and impeding him in the performance of his duties, but he continues absolutely without change, the same to-day as when I first set eyes on him a thousand years ago. He was never—I quote the dictum of a fellow-servant, a contemporary and a friend—one to mind the fires or to see that the footman or the Boy minded them. He had from the earliest times a weakness for tripping over the somewhat projecting back-legs of his master's chair; and this afternoon he tripped over them with all his ancient agility and recovered himself with the traditional remark (muttered as though to himself) that he cannot make out how ever he came to do it.

In ancient times it was his custom to forget an elaborately



THE NEW JOHN BOULE-VARD.

MADAM LONDON. "YOU SEE I'VE TAKEN A LEAF OUT OF YOUR FASHION-BOOK, MY DEAR."
MADAME PARIS. "YOU FLATTER ME, CHÉRIE. THE BOOK IS ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE."

[The Municipal Council of Paris has been invited to attend the ceremony of the opening of Kingsway by His MAJESTY, October 18.]

detailed instruction, and he still has rare intervals of brilliantly accurate memory. In short, what he was years and years ago he still is and always will be,—a Butler with a share of human frailty and more than his due share of those serviceable virtues that make of an old retainer an attached friend. His master, whom he remembers in knickerbockers and trundling a hoop, he treats with such indulgence as may be bestowed on a child who will never grow up to manhood, and who still shows those queer little freaks of temper which it is the part of a good Butler to suffer cheerfully and to forget readily. With his mistress, too, he exercises great forbearance, considering her to be a little chit something younger and even more capricious than his master. The children are all devoted to him. The friends of the household are his friends, and so closely does he identify himself with his family that in their momentary absence he has been known to invite a favoured visitor to stay to dinner. He has just come across the lawn singing, and has tripped over a croquet hoop to the rapturous delight of the youngest of his tormentors.

HOW TO BEAT THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

DEAR SIR,—All this hysterical outcry about new methods and re-organisation of our Rugby football teams is sheer feeble-minded nonsense. Our players are good enough for any country under the sun, New Zealand included. The present trouble is merely caused by that immoral innovation of the wing forward, who, being neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring, can only be stigmatised as a *teeny*. The way to meet the difficulty and stop the contagion from spreading in our own country is to produce a referee who will systematically penalise the methods of this tricky gentleman until he is forced to resume his proper place in the pack, being glad, in fact, to hide his head anywhere. If heroic measures of this sort are practised it will be unnecessary to adopt the suggestion that New Zealand tries shall count two, and goals three points.

Yours faithfully, SPORTSMAN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Is our National Physique Deteriorating, indeed! Not a bit of it! Look at Durham and the try we scored. It may be said we were beaten, but when you take into consideration the comparatively small number of points scored against us I consider, and many Durham people agree with me, that a moral victory was ours. Everybody knows we started two men short, but it is not, I think, so well known that HORSLEY had left his football boots in the train. Let them wait till HORSLEY gets his boots on—that's all!

Yours truly, DURHAM LAD.

DEAR SIR,—At a time like the present, when we are on the brink of a tremendous cataclysm in the football world, surely the petty considerations of tradition and convention must be thrust aside. When drastic changes are made in the modelling of our teams, when new styles and unexpected formations are the vogue, when each man plays with the strength of a SANDOW, the speed of a SHRUBB, and the wisdom of a DE WITTE, then, and not till then, shall we top the score of our Colonial Cousins. I have watched the games at Torquay, Redruth, Bristol and Stamford Bridge, and I am convinced that to meet the New Zealanders on an equal footing we must arrange our team as follows:—1 back, 5 three-quarter backs, 2 half backs, 2 five-eighths, and 8 forwards. Even thus we shall be two short of the number of our opponents—that is to say, of their *apparent* number. If this suggestion is adopted I venture to predict that, though the Scotchmen are not to be awarded caps in the forthcoming match, it will be necessary to present the New Zealanders with fresh jerseys.

Yours truly, FAIR PLAY.

MY DEAR SIR,—In consequence of the representations of a great nephew, who was one of the players, I recently attended

a football match at Torquay, and was much shocked at the conduct of our young Colonials. The barbarity of their behaviour was ruthless in the extreme; in fact, each time my dear nephew had the ball, one of the ungentlemanly fellows knocked him down and snatched it away from him, and the same thing occurred to his companions, all young men of good position, not once but many times. Is it sport? Is it even seemly? It would not have been considered so in my young day, or in the young day of my brothers and cousins, who were all excellent cricketers, and it is to be hoped that such an exhibition will never again be witnessed on an English ground. Believe me to remain

Yours very truly, (Miss) MARTHA MYTTENS.

THE GOLFER'S PROTEST.

["MANY worthy golfers, who do not know that they are speaking insincerely, attribute, in conversation, the pleasure they feel in pursuing their game to the agreeable surroundings in which it is pursued; but my secret belief is that they pay more attention to the lie of the little white ball, and the character of the bunkers, than to the pageantry of sea and sky."—"From a College Window," in "Cornhill."]

A NAMELESS writer in the *Cornhill* thinks
That modern golfers, when they're on the links,
Are so besotted by the little ball
As to be deaf and blind to Nature's call.

This proposition, in my humble view,
Is utterly malicious and untrue,
As any honest reader will admit
If he will listen to me for a bit.

Thus, never seems the skylark's note to me
So shrill as when I fozzle off the tee;
Never the duckling tunes a livelier lay
Than when I throw an easy putt away.

Nor do the feathered tribe alone arouse
Emotion in the golfer; sometimes cows
Will stir him strangely, and a casual goat
Has led to language that I dare not quote.

To heedless minds, as WORDSWORTH sang of yore,
A primrose is a primrose, nothing more.
To me a blade of grass, however small,
Becomes a portent if it touch my ball.

Non-golfing persons, when they see a sloe,
Or even several, do not care a blow.
I never see a sloe but I am thrilled
With memories of the gin therefrom distilled.

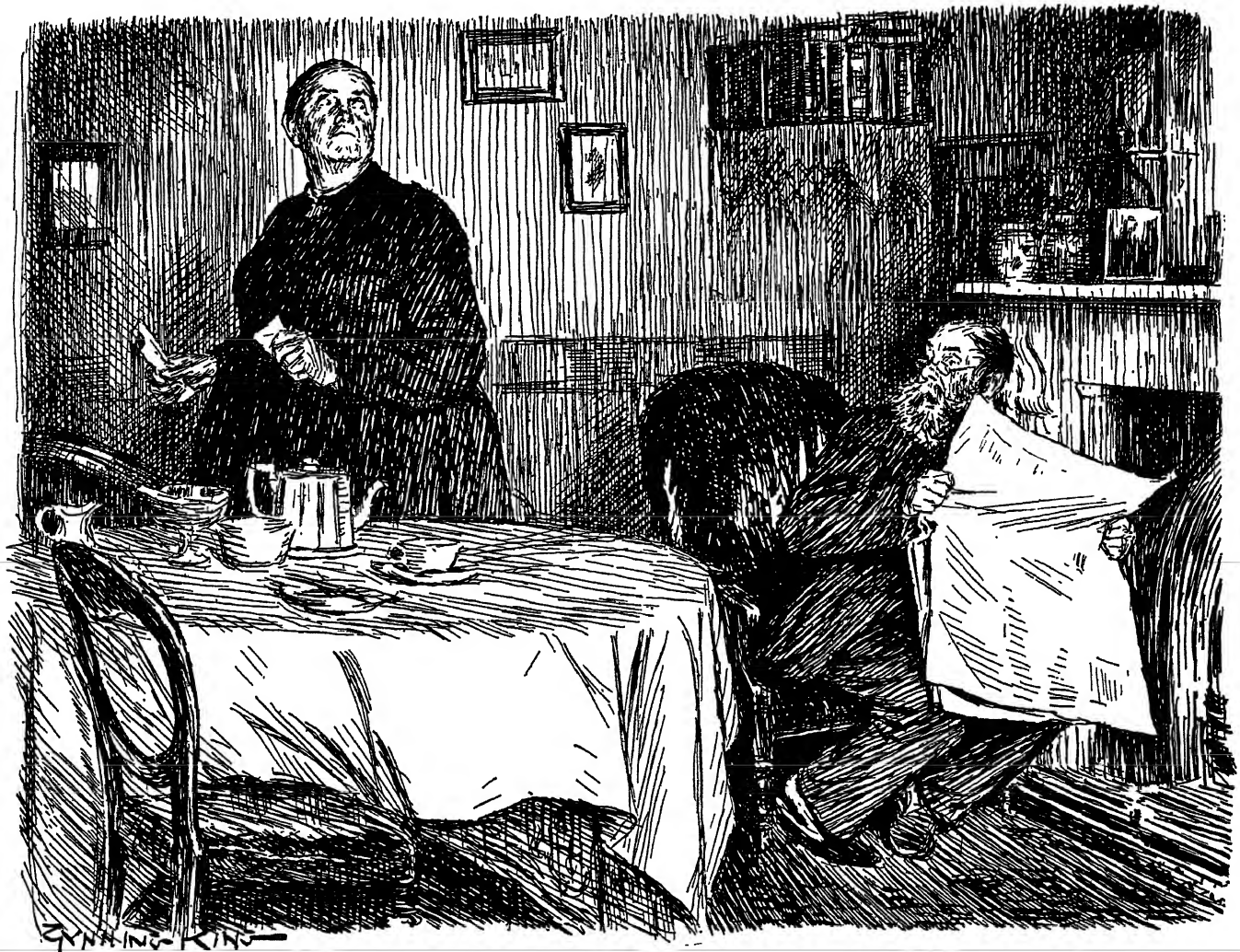
I love the golden glory of the gorse—
When I am in the middle of the course,
And my opponent drives into the whins,
Loses his ball, and scarifies his shins.

Golf, too, has taught me clearly to disting-
-uish heath (with bells) from heather, *alias* ling;
The latter, past all question, of the two
Needing more beef to whack the Haskell through.

Golf also teaches me to note the habits
Of various rodents, notably of rabbits,
Whose burrows oftentimes have I explored
Searching in vain for my Lost (rubber)-Cored.

Again, I take an interest deep and keen
In earthworms, when I'm playing through the green;
Likewise the operations of the mole
Electrify at times my pensive soul.

Need more be said? The case is crystal clear;
The golfer's love of Nature is sincere;
The eye that "from a college window" blinks
Has not the penetration of the lynx.



THE TEST OF COURAGE.

She. "YOU MEN ARE SUCH COWARDS."

He. "AND HOW ONE OF US MARRIED YOU!"

A VOYAGE TO THE VINES.

No. II.

On board the Hironde. Between the Tower and Gravesend.—I explain to JUDKIN, who does not seem to have taken kindly to the acquaintance just sprung upon us, that the Colonel is a man you won't often meet.

"Glad to hear it," says JUDKIN drily.

"Very amusing," I observe.

"Hope so," says JUDKIN.

"Full of information," I add.

"I have no wish to deprive him of any of it," returns JUDKIN.

"He'll want it more than I shall." Then presently he asks, "What is he a Colonel in?"

Oddly enough, although I've known Colonel BICKERSTIFF all these years—off and on—yet it has never occurred to me to ask in what, or of what, he is a Colonel. It is not in my nature to play the private detective or insidious inquisitor. If any friend of mine introduces any friend of his as a "Colonel," I take the rank for granted, and from that moment, to me, that friend of my friend, so introduced, is a Colonel. A Colonel's a Colonel for a' that, an' a' that. The man is what any man of respectability may be, but a Colonel, whether he bear the guinea stamp of Guards, Line, Cavalry, Infantry, or Auxiliary Forces, is a Colonel for a' that.

Thus I am continuing to explain in detail when JUDKIN asks brusquely, "Militia or Yeomanry?"

There is something in his tone that I don't care about. "What does it matter?" I return, with an assumption of careless indifference I am far from feeling. That a doubt should be thrown by JUDKIN on the genuineness of the professional rank of any friend of mine seems to imply a stigma on that friend as an impostor, and on myself as either idiotically, or knowingly, encouraging an imposture.

"Hang it!" continues JUDKIN, with irritating pertinacity, and after all it is really no business of his, "when a man has a distinctive title indicating a certain rank, he must be either a professional, or an amateur. A Colonel can't be in the Navy, can he?"

"All right, old man," I say cajolingly. "What BILLY BICKERSTIFF's rank in the regulars, militia or yeomanry may be, is a matter of no importance to anyone, except himself."

"It's evidently a good deal to him," puts in JUDKIN.

For some minutes we stand side by side, silently watching a mud barge. I never was so nearly quarrelling with a friend—and at the beginning of a voyage too!

La Hironde is a mere infant ship, just out of its cradle, built somewhat on the "P. & O." model. It will not offer many opportunities for getting away from anybody. If two men who have quarrelled are walking the deck at the same time (and it is ten to one they will be doing so) they

are bound to come face to face every other two minutes, and if there's a "bit of a sea on," the meeting would be peculiarly unpleasant.

"Interesting, isn't it?" observes Colonel BILLY, coming up to us as we, JUDKIN and self, in the temporarily assumed character of two nautical pioneers, "stand for'ard" (as JUDKIN expresses it), silently keeping a rather dull look-out.

"Very," says JUDKIN shortly.

"Most interesting," I return emphatically, echoing his own word and throwing into the observation a slight but touching dash of romantic tenderness. I feel that this is required—by way of a little sweetening for the JUDKIN-AND-BILLY mixture.

"Let's see," continues the Colonel, looking round, "we've passed Greenwich, the home of pensioners, and the 'Ship,' the House for Parliamentary whitebait dinners in my time, eh?"

"Not now," says JUDKIN, unyielding.

"Then there's Hampton Court," says the Colonel. "Capital tap there—eh?—and tapestries too."

"My dear Sir," interrupts JUDKIN testily, "Hampton Court is miles away—beyond Richmond."

"Of course it is," continues the Colonel, jovially. "Fact is I was thinking rather of the dinners than the place."

"Ah!" grunts JUDKIN.

"Then there's Purfleet—good dinner at Purfleet," the Colonel says; "that's the place where Queen ELIZABETH—eh?"

"You're thinking of Tilbury," grunts JUDKIN.

The Colonel laughs. "Of course," he says to JUDKIN; "you're right." Then he quotes, "'And in this fort of Tilbury,—eh?—can't beat *Shakespeare!*'"

"That's *Sheridan*," says JUDKIN, frowning.

The Colonel seems to be quite astonished at his own mistake.

"What could I have been thinking of?" he exclaims.

"Why, *Sheridan!* Everyone knows that. Now if my wife were here she'd give you chapter and verse and every line of the scene. Wonderful memory she has!"

"Wonderful indeed!" I echo.

"What an escape we've had!" whispers JUDKIN to me, as the Colonel walks to the side to examine a large building through his glasses.

"That," he explains, on returning to us, "is the new Powder Magazine office—"

"My dear Sir," interrupts JUDKIN, "it's a hotel. I've stayed there."

"Couldn't have stayed there if it had been a Powder Magazine, could you, eh?" asks the Colonel, laughing jocosely. "You're right, I'm wrong; the Magazine is on the other side of the river."

The undefeated Colonel points out to us Blackwall for Southend, Gravesend for Rosherville, Clacton-on-Sea he muddles up with Benfleet, loses himself geographically in the Isle of Dogs, and throws in a few other places of interest, accompanying every mention of them with anecdotes of days long past, when Rosherville Gardens, which he confuses with Vauxhall, the Surrey, and Cremorne, were in their glory. He is perpetually placing the right places on the wrong side or at the wrong end of the river, from which position they are invariably, and without any sort of ceremony, removed by JUDKIN, and restored by him to their proper sites. Then, as *La Hirondelle* is taking its farewell of the river, the Colonel is in the process of shifting Erith round the corner into Essex, when JUDKIN, the land-restorer, rushes to the rescue, and returns it safe to the spot it has occupied with credit to its inhabitants for many years.

"I was wrong," admits the undefeated Colonel, addressing JUDKIN. "Of course you're right. I was thinking of Scarborough. Don't know what made me think of Scarborough." Nor does anyone else.

IN MEMORIAM.

Henry Irving.

BORN, 1838.

DIED, OCTOBER 13, 1905.

RING down the curtain, for the play is done.

Let the brief lights die out, and darkness fall.

Yonder to that real life he has his call;

And the loved face beholds the Eternal Sun.

"MÉSALLIANCES."

[“It is rumoured that an alliance, to be known as the Quadruple Alliance, is projected between Great Britain, France, Japan and Russia.”—*Daily Paper*.]

THIS announcement opens the field to numerous possibilities. The following rumours are already afloat:—

THE GERMAN EMPEROR has announced his intention of forming a world-wide alliance to include all the Powers save the Principality of Monaco. It is thought that moral reasons have dictated the elimination of this State.

THE Isle of Man has entered into an agreement with the Isle of Dogs. Mr. HALL CAINE is leaving shortly to arrange the terms, and it is rumoured that he will be the first Head of the Twin Kingdoms.

IN view of the “splendid isolation” of the Republic of San Martino, it is said that that country will shortly conclude an alliance with the Celestial Empire.

THE Minister of Tierra del Fuego has frequently been seen of late at the Bulgarian Foreign Office, and it is whispered that the SULTAN is preparing for eventualities.

GREAT interest attaches to the recent launching of motor-boats on the Lake of Lucerne. A secret convention with Italy is said to be the reason of this grave step.

THE Queen of MADAGASCAR and the King of SAMOA have lately interchanged numerous visits. Their object is reported to be a coalition against France, Germany, and America.

THE Republics of Venezuela and San Domingo have concluded an agreement on the lines of the Monroe Doctrine. They have conveyed an intimation to the Powers that all foreign interferences with the territory of the United States will be forcibly resisted by them.

"PUSSY."

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

London, Monday.—It is hard to believe that more than fifteen years have sped since I last saw Earl GRANVILLE standing at Table in House of Lords purring into the ear of the MARKISS pleasantly spoken things that left behind a bitter taste. Am reminded of fact by appearance of EDMOND FITZMAURICE's *Life* of his old chief, issued by LONGMAN in two fat volumes.

ENTERING Parliament in the year Queen VICTORIA came to the throne, GRANVILLE for more than fifty years remained at work near the hub of the wheel of public affairs. To write the memoirs of such a man is to annotate the history of a nation. Lord EDMOND has accomplished a stupendous task with skill and discretion. Effacing himself, he allows GRANVILLE to tell his own story in letters, memoranda, and diaries, supplemented by the personal correspondence of his colleagues. In the thousand pages I do not recall a single intrusion of

the first person singular on the part of the biographer. He does not even mention, what should be recalled as adding value to his work, that for three years he was GRANVILLE's colleague at the Foreign Office.

Outsiders reading the biography will have borne in upon them the conviction that they habitually under-estimated its subject. The pet name which, among his wide circle of personal friends, clung to GRANVILLE throughout his long career, is indicative of the error. "PUSSY" suggests a velvet-coated, soft-pawed, benevolent-visaged personage lazily blinking in the sun. This particular "Pussy" could, upon occasion, scratch, as many contemporaries beside the MARKISS discovered. A truer metaphor is supplied by the familiar reference to the steel hand beneath the velvet glove.

GRANVILLE was the sweetest-mannered man that ever sat in a Cabinet. GLADSTONE happily described him as "one holding a position of great impartiality in regard to divergent opinions." He was constitutionally prone to approach a man or a turn of circumstance with disposition to believe that he or it would turn out all right. But the kindness of his heart was not permitted to paralyse his unerring insight or dull the brightness of his intellect. Courteous beyond the manner of the average Englishman, he could, when necessary, lisp a scathing remark whose effect was the greater by contrast with his accustomed suavity.

The curtain lifted from the door of the Cabinet Council, we see GRANVILLE in a light hitherto reserved for his colleagues. Whenever dissension broke forth—and it was equally rife in GLADSTONE's Second and Third Administrations—the disputants straightway sought out GRANVILLE. Both (or all) believed with equal confidence that if matters could be put straight, he was the man to smooth them out. The PRINCE CONSORT whilst he lived, Queen VICTORIA till she died, were in constant private communication with him on Cabinet affairs.

At one time the PRINCE CONSORT showed a disposition to use GRANVILLE as a sort of QUEEN's man in the Cabinet, one who would undertake to keep HER MAJESTY privily informed of what passed in its councils. Under date July 12, 1859, the PRINCE CONSORT, pleading "anxiety of the QUEEN about the deliberations of the Cabinet," tried to pump GRANVILLE. Here, among other examples, was revealed the sterling character of the man, sometimes obscured by the laces and frills of the courtier. For a still young man, the position suggested, HER MAJESTY's confidential representative in the Cabinet, was alluring. GRANVILLE replied with dignity and firmness. "Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL," he wrote, "are



"I'M TAKING MY BOY TO THE ZOO."

"INDEED! I'M SENDING MINE TO ETON."

the Ministers to whom it is natural the QUEEN should look for information respecting discussions in the Cabinet on Foreign Affairs. They would resent such information being afforded through any other channel. They would consider it as a want of confidence on the part of HER MAJESTY and an improper interference on the part of a colleague." This remarkable instance suggests that Royalty, like commoner folk, did not truly estimate the character of "PUSSY."

As disclosing the secret history of successive Liberal Governments Lord EDMOND's massive work supplements MORLEY's *Life of Gladstone* as a priceless contribution to modern history. Correspondence passing between occupants of the Front Opposition Benches

in both Houses proves afresh how history repeats itself. In 1879 the end of DISRAELI's Government was close at hand. But the certainty of Liberal triumph at the poll was marred by personal dissensions among ex-Liberal Ministers. "The varnish is off the Government," GRANVILLE wrote. "But the Opposition is not popular." Twenty-six years later the apophthegm would pointedly and accurately describe the political situation.

For the Liberal Party sorrow comes in with the reflection that the wise counsel, the genial good-humour, the shrewd judgment, the persuasive personality of the Peacemaker is no longer at the service of his colleagues and his Party.



THE MACDUFFER GOES STALKING.—No. 2.

HE SIGHTS A STAG, BUT GETS A LITTLE TOO EXCITED WHEN DESCENDING A SLOPE.

PRIVATE VIEW OF "PUBLIC OPINION."

THERE can be no doubt as to the complete success of Mr. R. C. CARTON'S *Public Opinion* at Wyndham's Theatre. It is neither "a light comedy" nor a "farcical comedy," but it is "a farce," a genuine farce; quite a *tour de farce*. And it is thoroughly original, owing nothing to any French piece bowdlerised to make a Londoner's evening entertainment. There is not the slightest fault to be found with the farce until the Third Act, when there is just some slight danger, at a critical point, of wasting time on what looks like a repetition and over-elaboration of "business" that has already served its purpose. It may be that ere this criticism appears the excision will have been made. But what a cast! Mr. HENRY KEMBLE has only to appear as the *Hon. Mr. Justice Mulley* to be received with shouts of laughter, which are intensified as the difficulty in which he finds himself is clearly placed before a sympathetic and highly appreciative audience. Mr. KEMBLE is immense, and as his brother, *Sir Babington Mulley, F.R.C.P.*, the eminent fashionable physician, Mr. CHARLES ALLAN is so artistically made up as to bear towards him just that unemphasised facial resemblance which is the very note of what is known as a family likeness. Their high social position compels respect, and they are both faced by the awful probability of a dreadful *exposé*. If the compromising revelation be made, if their indiscreet love-letters come into open court, there is an end to the career of the judge and of the eminent physician. Both parts are excellently played.

Capital is the incisive sketch of character given by Mr. CHARLES CRAWFORD as *Viscount Poffley*, the loose, careless young cub who, when we last see him, has engaged himself to *Pansy Bligh*, "of the halls." This fascinating adventures finds an apt representative in Miss ANNIE HUGHES. She is

sprightly, she is sweetly demure, playfully in earnest, and a very tiger cat when thwarted. It is one of the best things clever Miss ANNIE HUGHES has done. *Pansy* has troubled the life of the Judge, of the Doctor, and of Lord Percy Kilgour (neatly rendered by Mr. ATHOL STEWART), whose intended marriage to *Phyllis Dagenham*, prettily and vivaciously impersonated by Miss DAISY ATHERTON, has been placed by the designing music-hall artiste in considerable jeopardy. Then *Pansy Bligh* has another victim in *Horace Wibsey*, the solicitor, in which character Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS is immensely amusing. Mr. FRED KERR, too, as *Spencer Troughton, C.B.*, ex-British Consul at Honduras, is at his very best; in fact this must be said of them all, as from first to last the fun is never allowed to drop for an instant.

Then the plot is so good, so simple, so easily followed; for Miss COMPTON as *Lady Diana Caldershaw* carries it right through from beginning to end. Quietly, unobtrusively, making every line and every action tell, her character is a bit of artistic workmanship, both for herself and for the author, which may well be taken as a model. The serious interest in the farce is with her, and the delighted audience closely watch her every movement, and won't let a word escape them.

The small parts are all good. Neither Mr. HENRY STEPHENSON as the Solicitor's head clerk, nor Mr. HOWARD STURGE as *Fincherp* the junior clerk, could possibly be improved upon. Miss ETHEL BURNAND, as *Charlotte* the music-hall artiste's maid and "dresser," gives a sharply observant bit of low-type character. Mr. DRUCE, as *Towers* the much-tried respectable man-servant of the peppery ex-British Consul, is a perfect little sketch, highly amusing, very natural, and not in the least overdone. How good they all are, and what a laugh it is from beginning to end! Congratulations to the FRANK CURZON management, and to Mr. and Mrs. CARTON, who will have "*Public Opinion*" in their favour for some time to come.



MEN AND MOTTOES.

MR. SOFTROE OUT HUNTING. FAMILY MOTTO—NIL TIMERE.

MORE ABOUT THE "PSYCHIC PARCEL POST."

AFTER the close of the recent Church Congress at Weymouth, as a correspondent of the *Daily Mail* has informed its readers, a "prohibited" lecture on Spiritualism was delivered by a popular Archdeacon to a crowded audience, "which included two Bishops at least and fifteen clergymen." The lecturer, as an illustration of Spiritualism, gave the following highly interesting personal experience: On a particular Friday in June, 1876, he was, it seems, cycling from Southsea to Chichester with several yards of white muslin under his clothes next his skin. Feeling, not unnaturally, "no little discomfort," he, on arriving at Chichester, made "an unwrapped-up small bundle of the attire," and, loosely pinning his card to it, with no other address, made a surprise visit, accompanied by his *fiancée*, to "a young lady medium of his own developing." Close on midnight, "after supper, and two hours of music, he placed the bundle on the little medium's lap and saw it fade away and melt like vapour." He had willed it to go to London, to a friend who did not live there, and whose address he did not know. At Southsea next morning he had a telegram and letter from his friend to the effect that, having been to the opera and missed his last train to his home out of London, he had gone to a hotel, where the bundle had "fallen upon his face just as he had gotten into bed." It was afterwards found that the muslin "and card so insecurely pinned to it" had done the seventy miles from Chichester in something under five minutes!

Mr. Punch frankly admits that, had this anecdote reached him on the authority of any lesser ecclesiastical dignitary

than an Archdeacon, he might have regarded it with some misgivings, at least until it was confirmed by documentary or other evidence.

However, he has received so many communications on the subject from writers whose good faith he has no reason to distrust, that he is now convinced that such occurrences are by no means so singular, or even unusual, as, in his ignorance of psychic matters, he had previously imagined.

He regrets that he can only find space for a very few of the letters with which he has been favoured:

No. I.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I observe that a well-known Archdeacon has lately described, in the course of a lecture on Spiritualism, how he once, in 1876, despatched a bundle of white muslin from Chichester to London by Psychic Parcel Post. May I, without egotism, relate a somewhat similar, though I venture to think, even *more* remarkable experience of my own? On Thursday last, the 12th of October, I had to go down to Birmingham on business. On taking up my newspaper and noticing the date, I suddenly remembered that it was the wedding-day of two very dear and intimate friends, to whom I had forgotten to send the customary offering. After arriving at Birmingham and having luncheon at a hotel there, I went to the nearest silversmith's and selected a suitable gift in the form of a copper stand with spirit lamps for keeping breakfast dishes warm. To this I affixed my card with best wishes. After wrapping it up in brown paper, the assistant asked me to what address I wished it forwarded. I smiled and told the man that I had means of my own for ensuring its delivery.

I shall never forget his dismay when the parcel, which was rather a bulky one, slowly shrivelled into nothing on the glass counter between us.

It was then (as far as I could judge) about two minutes to three; I had willed the thing to my friends, and dismissed the matter from my mind till the next morning, when on opening my paper, what should I see but the following, which I will quote *verbatim*:—

"SENSATIONAL OCCURRENCE AT A SMART WEDDING.

"TITLED BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LAID LOW BY MYSTERIOUS MISSILE.

"The marriage of Lord 'ALGY' COCKSHOTT with the Hon. COCA KNUIT, to witness which a large and aristocratic crowd had assembled in Saint George's, Hanover Square, yesterday afternoon, was interrupted in an unexpected and, at the time of our going to Press, entirely inexplicable manner. Shortly before three o'clock, just as the happy pair were about to exchange their vows, some heavy object, which is believed to have emanated from the free seats in the gallery below the organ-loft, caught them both on the backs of their heads with so much force as to prostrate them at the feet of the Bishop of Knocktopher (Ireland), who was conducting the ceremony. After their injuries had been attended to by a distinguished surgeon, who, by great good luck, happened to be among the invited guests, the unfortunate couple were removed to their respective residences, being too much upset to proceed any further with the service that day, though it is hoped they may be sufficiently recovered to do so by this afternoon. We understand that the missile, on being examined, was found to consist of metal of some kind, but, beyond the fact that it is stamped with the name of a Birmingham firm, there is no further clue to the author of the outrage."

Thus, Sir, I realised that my little token had reached its destination in excellent time, though evidently the card I attached to it had, less fortunate than the Archdeacon's, somehow failed to re-materialise during transit—which, seeing that it was accomplished (so far as I can calculate) in less than ninety seconds, and Birmingham being forty-three miles further than Chichester from London, the increased rate of speed will sufficiently account for. I need hardly say that I wrote at once to let my friends know that I was the person to whom they were indebted, but (and this is, to my mind, the only *really* extraordinary circumstance in the case) I have not hitherto had any letter of thanks, or even acknowledgment!

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,
ALFRED DAVITT.

No. II.

SIR,—I feel it my bounden duty to testify that it is perfectly feasible to transmit any object by psychic current by a simple effort of the will, as is proved by the following instance:—

On a certain night last July, while walking home from an evening party at North Kensington, I happened to pass a street in which there was a house on fire, and stopped to enjoy what was not only a grand, but a gratuitous, spectacle. I was wearing a valuable gold repeater, engraved (inside the case) with my name and address, and, observing that the crowd in which I found myself was of a somewhat disorderly character, I wished with all my will-power that I had not got the watch upon my person. A moment after, on feeling in my pocket, I satisfied myself that the watch was no longer there. I went home in the firm expectation of seeing it lying on my dressing-table, but found that for some reason it had not arrived. However, strange to say, the very next morning a person, quite unknown to me previously, called with the intelligence that my watch had been found inside the pocket of another gentleman, also a complete stranger!

The latter's story—in which, let me say, I have implicit credence—was that, on putting his hand in his pocket, he had been astounded to discover my watch, which he was actually on his way to restore to me when he was apprehended. I am glad to say that my evidence prevented a miscarriage of justice, as the magistrate took the view that, seeing that I did not press the charge, and had admitted that I might uncon-

sciously have myself placed the watch in the prisoner's pocket, he was entitled to a discharge. Whether I failed to concentrate my will-power sufficiently to transport the watch at once to the desired destination, or whether some irregularity in the psychic current caused it to go astray, is not for me to decide. But that it *did* turn up eventually will only surprise those who are still ignorant of the great Force which, if we but knew it, is at the service of all alike.

I remain, yours faithfully,
CYMON PUREFOY.

No. III.

HONOURED SIR,—As a high-class purveyor of meat and firm believer in Spiritualism for many years, should be glad to embrace this opp^t to inform you that what that Archdeacon said at Weymouth touching the Phsyic Parcels Post was nothing particular out of the way. Sir, take my own case. Genrally speaking, I have executed all orders by ordinary trade vehicles, such as a cart and trycicle. Lately, however, I have took into my employment a young person as book-keeper who has turned out to be an advanced medium, which has enabled me to supply customers direct with all but prime joints per Phsyic Parcels Post, and give satisfaction. I will not say that the sistym is always reliable. There have been complaints, as when two kidneys and a lb. of beef suet ordered by a most particular customer by some regrettable oversight materialised inside of the grand piano, not being detected till days afterwards and occasioning some unplesantness. Also it have been asserted that meat has been known to lose weight during psichyc delivery, which (after all) is only what you might expect under such circumstances. Anyhow the plan works so well that I am already thinking of disposing of my horse and cart, if not the trycicle. I enclose price-list, and hoping for the esteemed favour of your patronage, remain

Yours respectfully,
ELIJAH WALKER.

Mr. Punch feels that, in the face of such testimony, of which the above is only a sample, the most hardened sceptic must be reduced to a reverential silence.

F. A.

MASCULINE AND FEMININE.

[According to a contemporary, the mannish element is to be introduced into feminine fashions once more, and the modern girl will not merely wear masculine dress but will also expect presents such as have hitherto been considered suitable only for men.]

KIRRY's birthday's to-morrow; say, what shall I get her?

A diamond heart, or a locket of pearls?

Or think you a necklace or belt would be better?

Or tortoiseshell combs for her dear little curls?

A brooch for her throat, or a ring for her finger?

A bon or a tippet? New kerchiefs or hose?

A desk, where the scents of the Orient linger?

At trifles like these she would turn up her nose.

For KIRRY this winter would have you believe her
The like of her possible master and lord.

A cabby or coachman would covet her beaver,
Her collars and shirt-fronts are stiff as a board.

Her dresses are cut by a tailor of fashion,
Her jackets are homespun, her coats are of frieze,
For knick-knacks men love she's developed a passion
That almost amounts to a kind of disease.

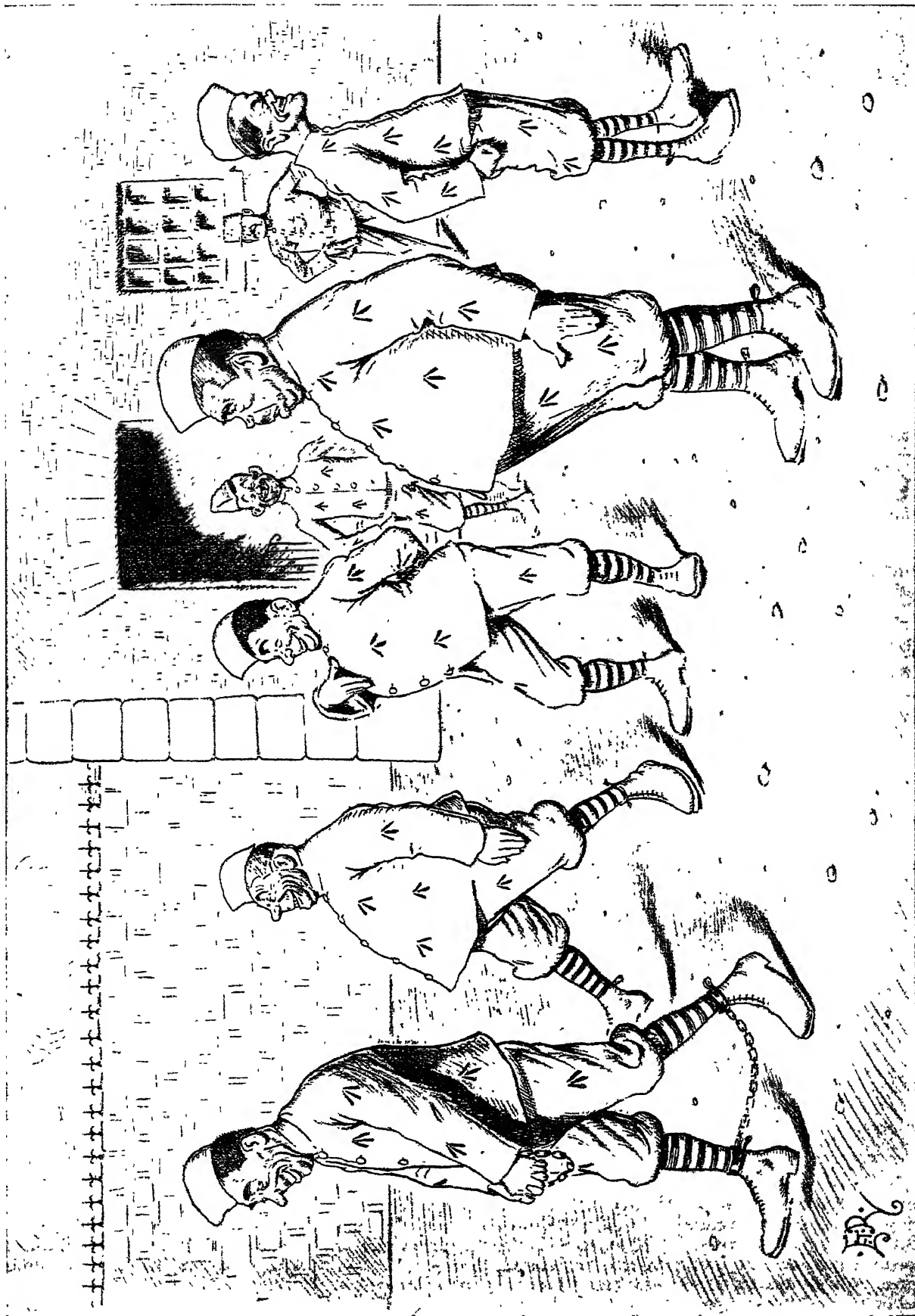
Away then to Bond Street, for clear is my mission.

I'll buy her a cane, or a glass for her eye,
Some links, of the kind that are known as "perdition,"

A hundred cigars, or a masculine tie.

For KIRRY's a man, and you must not forget it,

But sometimes I wish, though I dare not complain,
That Fashion, most captious of tyrants, would let it
Be *chic* for our girls to be women again.



"THE INTERNATIONAL PRISONS CONGRESS."

THE ABOVE GENTLEMEN WOULD HAVE BEEN ONLY TOO PLEASED TO GO TO THE CONGRESS AS DELEGATES OF GREAT BRITAIN BUT FOR A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT ENTERED INTO SOME TIME AGO FROM WHICH THEY SEE NO IMMEDIATE LIKELIHOOD OF RELEASE. IT SEEMS A PITY, TOO, FOR THEY COULD HAVE SPOKEN WITH CONVICTION AND ALMOST LIFE-LONG EXPERIENCE ON SUCH QUESTIONS AS PRISON FARE, MECHANICAL CONTRIVANCES FOR REGULAR HEALTHY EXERCISE, ETC.

CHARIVARIA.

THE rumour that Russia is desirous that her strained relations with ourselves shall cease, is now confirmed. A Russian ice-breaker has recently arrived in the Tyne.

We understand that the South American Governments have consented to participate in the new Hague Peace Conference conditionally on no attempt being made to interfere with their internal Revolutions.

The Servian Government is again negotiating with the British Government with a view to the resumption of diplomatic relations. King PETER, we understand, has pointed out that he is happy to be able to state that no Sovereign has been assassinated in his country for some time now.

The KHEWIDE has presented the Sultan of TURKEY with an electric motor-car. We understand that his Sublime Majesty chose this in preference to a motor-bicycle.

Apparently the struggle between the motorists and the anti-motorists in France is about to enter upon an interesting phase. Prizes are being offered by *Le Journal* to makers of automobiles for a field gun mounted on a motor-carriage.

It is denied that the birch is to be abolished at Eton; on the other hand, the *Military and Civil Gazette* informs us that Mr. WEBSTER has secured patents to do away with the harmful propensities of tannin.

"Nothing short of a good stout rope," says Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, "and two strong horses will ever move Mr. BALFOUR from the position he occupies." We hope that after this pronouncement we shall hear no more of donkeys making the attempt.

The Admiralty have made it known that in future all officers of the Royal Navy occupying cabins will have their pay increased by the sum of one penny *per diem*. The announcement, we hear, has caused great satisfaction to those concerned, and every day little groups of officers may be seen gravely discussing what they shall do with the increase. A

suggestion that each of them shall now be presented with a Savings Bank Book has been well received.

In America the civilization of blacks by whites is progressing. Last week in Georgia a mob of negroes lynched a negro who was accused of an offence against one of their own race.

American multi-millionaires are threatened with beggary. Commander RODNEY, U.S.N., proposes that it shall be made illegal for anyone to hold a fortune exceeding £2,000,000.

The re-opening of His Majesty's Theatre was made the occasion of the issue of a special souvenir booklet containing a portrait of DICKENS, and one of

It was stated at a meeting of the Blackburn Town Council that a man who is now working for the Council had been in its employ for sixty-four years without a break. How many domestic servants can make a similar boast even for one year?

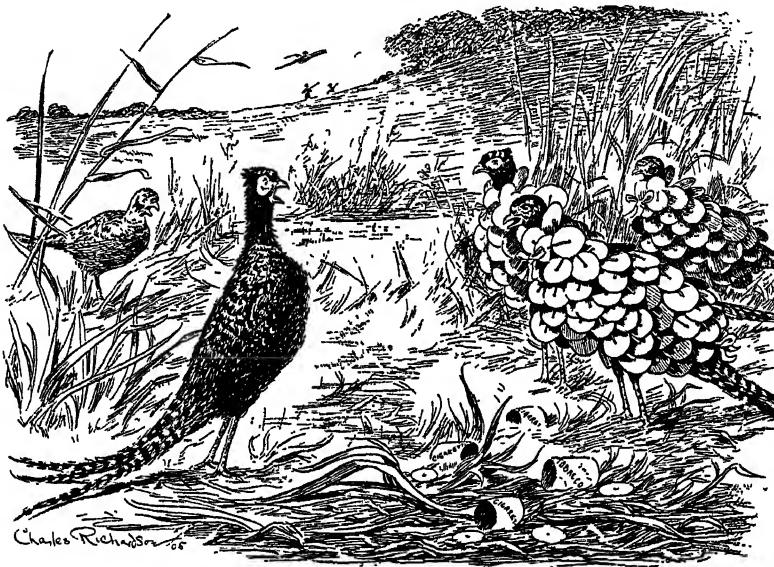
"A mare's nest" is the description given by the *National Zeitung* of the reported negotiations for the transfer of German South-West Africa to Great Britain. That may be a very good name for the rumour, but the country itself is just now more like a *hornets' nest*.

Members of a band of young Hooligans, known as "The Silver Hatchet Gang," wear a silver hatchet on the lapel of the coat bearing the motto, "Tried, trusted, and true!" One of them was tried last week, and is now in prison.

A locomotive jumped the rails at Parson's Green Station last week. The Anglican clergy regard this as a fair set-off to the recent athletic meeting at the Vatican.

Lady (accosted by little girl with collecting card, headed "Centenary of Nelson"). Do you know what this is for? What does "Centenary of NELSON" mean?

Small Girl (after long and thoughtful pause). I think, M'm, it's to help to bury him.



PROFESSOR WALKER, WRITING ON PHEASANTS, SAYS THAT HE NOTICED SOME OF THE MORE INTELLIGENT BIRDS HAD CONSTRUCTED FOR THEMSELVES BULLET-PROOF COVERINGS; THESE WERE MOSTLY MADE FROM THE LIDS OF CIGARETTE TINS LEFT ABOUT BY PICNIC PARTIES.

Mr. TREE. His admirers are asking, "Why only one of Mr. TREE?"

The *Daily Mail* has published an article on "The Inside of a Havana Cigar," by Mr. MACKENZIE, but we understand that its accuracy is to be challenged by the Editor of the *Paper Trade Gazette*.

It is denied that there has been any change in the proprietorship of *The Nineteenth Century*, and *After*. The *démenti* is necessary in view of the KAISER's assertion that the Twentieth Century belongs to the Germans.

The greatest indignation, not unmingled with a certain amount of amusement, has been aroused among dogs throughout the country by a decision of Judge ADDISON awarding damages against a man for killing a cat.

We are glad to see advertised *The Proper Psalms*. We trust that "all to the contrary" will not be allowed to appear.

We anticipate much amusement from *Angry Raspberries*, which has probably been suggested by *Cross Currents*.

A Costly Fowl.

UNDER the general heading of "Poultry, Eggs, &c." the *East Anglian Daily Times* prints the following advertisement:—

BANTAM, very strong frame, all plated and enamelled parts in splendid condition. Price £3.

The New Hair Restorer.

THE management of the Scala Theatre is now advertising its patent remedy on the omnibuses. Thus:—

FOR THE CROWN. CARROTS.
FORBES-ROBERTSON.

Mr. G. R. SIMS must look to his laurels.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, October 9.—A satisfactory operatic night. As an *habitué* of Covent Garden during the regular opera season, I confess to having been at first rather bothered by the novel surroundings in the arrangements of the auditorium. When the place is full, these novelties are decidedly advantageous. What is called The Grand Circle is far preferable, both in appearance and for convenience, to the sort of private pigeon-holes into which, during the season *par excellence*, the reserved dove-cots are divided. Whether such a "redistribution of seats" as is now observed at Covent Garden, with popularisation of prices, would be a lasting financial success is quite another matter.

Manon Lescaut, Puccini's, not Massenet's *Manon* (which I fancy would be found the more popular, as it certainly is the more dramatically effective), was given to-night with great success. Signora GIACHETTI was charming as *Manon*, and the part of her lover *Des Grieux* was admirably rendered by Signor ZENATELLO. Signor SAMMARCO was a perky representative of *Lescaut*. The ill-treatment that *Geronte*, capitably played by Signor WULMANN, receives at the hands of the vivacious cocotte, seemed to have slightly affected some of the naughty old gentleman's notes. The stage management in the First Act was, I regret to say, exceptionally ineffective; and though it was better in the Second Act the action was not by any means clearly intelligible. Towards the close of the Second Act the following stage direction occurs in the book: "*At Lescaut's exclamation an indescribable confusion takes place.*" This was in a most praiseworthy manner carried out to the very letter.

There was a hearty recall for the quartette, Signor ZENATELLO, Signora GIACHETTI, Signor SAMMARCO, and Signor WULMANN, followed by prodigious applause for somebody who, at the first summons, did not appear. It was whispered that GIACOMO PUCCINI (born 1858) was in the house, so all hands went for PUCCINI, and on the curtains being drawn apart, there we saw the quartette just mentioned evidently having exerted their power of adding one to their number by dragging into the centre an apologising, smiling, bowing, protesting, skipping little gentleman in evening dress. Rounds of heartiest applause.

"That," said someone next to me in the stalls, with the air of one who knows, "is PUCCINI!"

"Indeed!" cried a delighted visitor, his neighbour. Down went glasses, up went hands, and voice, with "Bravo, PUCCINI!"

Herr GANZ stood at my elbow. Now what Herr GANZ doesn't know about operatic people isn't worth remembering.

"GANZ," I asked quickly, pointing towards the little black figure on the stage, "is that PUCCINI?"

"No," answered Herr GANZ immediately, "that's MUGNONE."

To my enthusiastic neighbours, both still shouting *vivas* for PUCCINI, I bent down and said, "That's not PUCCINI, that's MUGNONE." They stared at me blankly; the shock had been too much for them. "MUGNONE, the conductor," I whispered impressively, as I hastened away. The poor men had collapsed. GANZ had gone.

Wednesday Night.—Opera going strong. House not great but good. *La Tosca* is rather trying for the *prima donna*, and excellent as is Signora GIACHETTI in the leading

part of *Floria Tosca* yet she seemed compelled to use greater force in production than ought to have been necessary. Her acting rose to the height of her topmost notes; it was admirable, and the song, "*Vissi d' arte è d' amor*," in the Second Act, most feelingly rendered, created a deep impression. Signor DE MARCHI, as *Mario Cavaradossi*, showed himself worthy, both vocally and histrionically, to bear a name so operatically celebrated as MARIO.

For the amusing part of *Il Sagrestano*, no better operatic comedian could be named than the artist with the distinctly and pre-eminently Italian appellation of Signor WIGLEY, who played and sang it to perfection.

It is impossible to forget Signor SCOTTI as the villain *Scarpia*, yet it will not be taken as detracting from the merit of Signor SAMMARCO in the same character to say that "honours" in this case might be considered as "easy" between the two. The part is difficult from every point of view.

The enthusiasm at the descent of the curtain on Act II. was immense, and then came modestly but gaily on the stage Con-

ductor MUGNONE, and after him, to finish up fortissimo, appeared the real Simon Pure, PUCCINI himself. GIACOMO PUCCINI, "born 1858," and thought much of since 1870, a star that ought to have been visible to the naked eye on Monday last, beams to-night. Better late than never! Immense enthusiasm!

Thursday.—*Aida*. A fine performance. Exquisitely staged. Signora BUONINSEGNA as the heroine charming. Third Act a triumph. The *Amneris* of Signora DE CISNEROS was great; the *Radames* of Signor ZENATELLO superb, both in acting and singing. Signor THOS, as *Il Rè*, excellent. The applause was deservedly unstinted. The scenery was, as it always is for this opera at Covent Garden, most effective, and the staging was more than up to its usual high-water mark. The entire performance must be recorded as a distinct and decided success. And this, so far, is true of the series.

A Very Proper Modesty.

THE following notice hangs in the fitting-rooms of a prominent ladies' tailor:—

"As the principal fitter desires to try on his own garments personally, customers are requested not to call between the hours of one and two."

New Source of Food Supply.

WHY should not Londoners consume their own fog? It seems to be done in the more enterprising of the Provinces. The *Doncaster Gazette*, for instance, advertises:—

"FOR SALE, to be eaten off, 15 acres of fog."

A Fortissimo Finale.

ACCORDING to the *Musical Times*, Mr. WILHELM BACKHAUS'S English Tour is to end somewhat noisily. "At its conclusion," we are told, "*he will be heard in Germany, Austria and France.*"

To bring order out of chaos we beg to suggest to the Dublin Corporation that, instead of abolishing the office of Lord Mayor, as one member proposed, they should merely reduce his rank to that of Knight Mayor: thus allowing the official title to indicate, by suggestion, the mutual relations of Head and Corporation.



"IS MIXED HOCKEY DANGEROUS?"—WE ONLY PLAYED IN ONE GAME—BUT WE THINK MOST DECIDEDLY SO.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

If we are to take *Nelson and the Twentieth Century*, by ARNOLD WHITE and E. HALLAM MOORHOUSE (CASSELL), as a fair sample of the books for which the NELSON centenary year is responsible, we may be thankful that we shall not live to witness another crop in the year 2005. The book is a *farrago*, and not well mixed at that. No doubt the chapters on "Dockyards" and "Discipline" may be useful—though it is certain that, if there is substantial truth in the allegations contained in the latter chapter, a very searching inquiry ought to be made into the condition and treatment of our sailors—but the rest is poor stuff, not calculated to do much honour to the great shade of NELSON. Was it, for instance, necessary, or even proper, that in pleading for the erection of statues to NELSON's captains, the writers of this book should speak in a tone of scarcely veiled contempt of NAPIER, HAVELOCK, and GORDON, three of the noblest and most chivalrous names in the history of British warfare? "Where British heroes of the sea ought to stand," they say, "statues of GEORGE IV. and Sir CHARLES NAPIER occupy places of honour. A sum of £30,000 would cover the cost of erecting statues to ten of our sea captains in Trafalgar Square, and of transferring the effigies of the three major-generals and the First Gentleman in Europe to fitter spots for the commemoration of their valour and their virtue." I make the authors a present of GEORGE IV.; but if they suppose that NELSON or any other man can be shamed by association with the three major-generals, I can only submit, with deference, that they are mistaken. Of the Preface, contributed by a "nameless writer" (so the authors describe him), it is difficult to speak with due restraint. It is a mere exercise in hysterics, having the inaccuracy inseparable from hysterics. It was DANTON, not NAPOLEON, who spoke of "*L'audace*" thrice over as the "secret of victory;" and if a great French Admiral ever wrote of "*La génie de Nelson*" he was less highly educated than most French Admirals are. Besides, if my memory serves me, "the golden words on NELSON attributed to Mr. GLADSTONE" were, as a matter of fact, spoken by Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN with reference to Mr. GLADSTONE himself. But it is in his reference to Lady HAMILTON that this nameless writer becomes most gushing. "What fearful effeminate folly," he says, "has been written of NELSON and Lady HAMILTON. It was perhaps the only time he erred, and did he even then really err?"—with more to the same effect in eulogy of the worthless woman who enslaved NELSON and was painted by ROMNEY. The authors of the very book to which this is a preface provide in some degree an antidote to it, and if more is wanted it can be found in the sober pages of MAHAN.

If Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has not made sympathetic study in the art of novel writing as it is ordered in France, it is because, coming to him by nature (like reading and writing to some others), the discipline was superfluous. The only criticism my Baronite offers on *Sacred and Profane Love* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is that the English language is not a suitable conveyance for the story. It should have been written in French. Only once does the indestructible British style obtrude itself. At the height of her career, unblushingly recorded, Mr. BENNETT's heroine dies of appendicitis! A Parisian novelist would have rounded off with a fatality much less prosaic. Nevertheless it is a powerfully presented picture of the class we prim insulars usually keep with its face to the wall.

Once upon a time Mr. H. RIDER HAGGARD made an undeniable hit in romantic literature with *She*. To express it in cockney form, "*He an' She made a 'It.*" Why was he not satisfied? Or was he so hopelessly under the spell of *She*

who-must-be-obeyed that wherever the enchantress, mounted on Pegasus, saddled with a pillion licensed to carry two, chose to take this Rider as her companion, he was perforce compelled to go? And so, when we meet with Mr. RIDER HAGGARD's *Ayesha* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), we are not at all astonished, though indeed somewhat disappointed, to recognise our old friend *She* (may we be pardoned for speaking of her in so familiar a manner), who, in no way changed from what she was before, is simply "continued in our next."

Mr. HAGGARD has made a gallant attempt to revive the first fresh enthusiasm with which *She* was originally received. He has tried to exploit some new properties, to burnish up the tinsel, and to intensify a flagging interest which it is difficult to keep up to anything like the highest pitch of excitement. Rare, very rare, are the instances of success attending the revivification of a once favourite character. *Holly*, *Kahma* and *Leo*, people of Mongolian, or Mongoosian, type who were true to the *Kôr de Bally*, all, as the story proceeds, become less and less real, and then gradually wearisome. Much as the Baron objects to illustrations to stories, yet he has no hesitation in saying that not only are Mr. MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN's excellent, but they are of the greatest assistance as stepping-stones to the weary narrative-tracker.

There is nothing new to be told in the life story of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Few painters have been written about so continuously and from so varied a range of approach as the P.R.A. of the mid-eighteenth century. BOSWELL began it. HORACE WALPOLE, Mrs. PIOZZI, and FANNY BURNEY frequently chatted about him. From the publication of NORTHCOOTE's *Life* in 1818 to Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG's quarto published in 1890 there has been much making of books on the topic. In presenting his *Sir Joshua Reynolds* (METHUEN) Mr. BOULTON makes due acknowledgment of these sources of information. Whilst admittedly he has nothing new to say, he has gleaned the rich stubble land with skill and sympathetic care, presenting what may be accepted as the last word about the popular man, the supreme painter. He gives half a hundred reproductions of REYNOLDS' best work, a picture gallery itself worth the price of the volume.

Had DION CLAYTON CALTHROP been content with writing this amusing and eccentrically clever story entitled *The Guide to Fairyland* (ALSTON RIVERS), and had he employed the services of one or more masters of the black and white art, whom we could name, to do the illustrations, we might have had a work to which, though it specially appeals to Christmas fancies, we could have justly apportioned a place of honour on the bookshelf at no very great distance from the immortal *Alice in Wonderland*. The illustrations are best when least pretentious, and those making any claim to artistic value are lacking in humour. This is a pity, as the writing is light, and full of lively fancy. Had it been half its length, its literary value would have been doubled.



In the *Daily Mail's* account of *Amerika*, the new Hamburg-American liner, we read of a play-room for cosmopolitan child passengers where "nursery heroes of three nations are painted on the walls. French Pierrot grins at the Pied Piper of Hamelin, while the British JACK SPRAT stuffs himself in a corner." There seems, however, to have been no recognition of the claims of the JACK HORNER who could eat no fat.

1805-1905.



DUCAL DÉBUTANTES.

(With acknowledgments to the "Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette" of the 19th inst.)

A GOODLY company of daughters and granddaughters of Dukes are likely to be among the *débutantes* of the winter. Foremost amongst them is Lady VINOLIA BORVIL, third daughter of the Duke and Duchess of OXFORD. Lady VINOLIA is a tall, handsome, spacious girl, with terracotta hair and a salmon-pink complexion, and is an accomplished musician, playing equally well on the gramophone, the jamboon, and the kinkajou.

Lady BETSINDA BORAGE, youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of MULL, is just sixteen, but will probably spend the winter with her mother in the Canary Islands. She is, for the daughter of a Duke, a distinctly good-looking girl, and, like many of her contemporaries, of a decidedly athletic turn, being generally admitted to be the best titled lady hockey player in the island of Mull.

The Duchess of DONNYBROOK's three daughters, Lady PEGGY, Lady OVOCa and Lady BONANZA DARGLE, are not triplets, though their resemblance is so remarkable that the Duke constantly mistakes one for the other. Lady BONANZA's birthday, curious to relate, is on February 14, which interesting date she shares with HARRY VARDON, Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, and Admiral Togo. Lady BONANZA is a lovely girl, tall and willowy in figure, with a superb Wellington nose, dusky hair and wonderful large eau-de-Nil eyes with pale pink pupils. Her elder sister, Lady OVOCa, has a rich contralto voice, and sings in better tune than many untitled amateurs, besides playing a good game at "snooker" pool, and weighing just on 11 stone.

Lady MARSALA DAVIOT, eldest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of CULLODEN, and granddaughter of the Duke of LEITH, is sure to come out at some of the country winter gaieties. She is extremely winsome, with wonderful gamboge hair, emerald eyes, and an astounding complexion. Lady MARSALA, who is a great favourite with the Duke, has marked literary tastes, and makes quite a handsome income by her contributions to the *Leith Pilot* and the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Her presentation was to have taken place last spring, but was postponed on account of an epidemic of measles, from which, happily, she has now completely recovered.

Another Duke's granddaughter whose *début* is imminent is Lady HESTER SALSIFY, the eldest child of the Marquis and Marchioness of SEASCALE. Lady HESTER, though a pronounced vegetarian, never misses a meet of the Thirlmere Stag-hounds, and has several silver-mounted brushes as trophies of her equestrian



Small Boy (to R.A., Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, etc., etc.). "OH, FATHER, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I THINK WE'LL TURN BACK HERE. THERE ARE SOME OF OUR FELLOWS COMING ALONG AND—YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, YOU KNOW—BUT THEY DON'T LIKE YOUR TIE!"

proWess. Lady HESTER is known to her intimates by her charming second name of VASELINA, derived from the fact that one of her ancestors took service under GUSTAVUS VASA. She is a bright, cheery girl, with rich chestnut hair and a brilliant colouring, though she has received the most careful home education.

"CAN any lady recommend a reliable flat servant for a single lady?" This seems to be the plane cook's chance.

THE BETTER PART.

(Concerning the Kimberley-Sapwell duel, proposed and abandoned.)

"I'LL shoot you dead!" cried TWEEDLE-DEE,

"Let's catch the evening boat."

"No guns," said TWEEDLEDUM, "for me," And shed his little coat.

With rage their little hearts were hot, Till peaceful Ffolkes cried "Don't!"

"Well, if you think we'd better not," They both replied, "we won't."

ENGLAND EXPECTS ?

(Thoughts on the Nelson Centenary, October 21.)

If earthward you could wing your flight
And look on London's central zone,
Seizing that eligible site
Where stands your counterfeit in stone,
I wonder, NELSON, if your eye
Would even form the faintest image
Of what emotions underlie
This tumult, this stupendous scrimmage.

Could you desert that heavenly place
Where sailors know their pilot-star
To view the many-peopled space
Named by the name of Trafalgar ;—
Remembering how your signal ran,
That still remains a thing of beauty,
You might expect that every man
This day, as then, would do his duty.

Alas ! we have no ships afloat
Upon the basins in the Square ;
It is the landsman's lusty throat
That rends to-day a saltless air ;
And, save from such as hold the main
To guard her pride among the nations,
England has ceased to entertain
Much in the way of expectations.

O yes ! they 'll shout all right enough !
It costs them little ; noise is cheap ;
But have they hearts of quite the stuff
That made your loyal pulses leap ?
They 'll roar you till their midribs ache
Under the bunting's brave devices,
But wouldn't lift a hand to make
The least of all your sacrifices.

A wind of words—and nothing more !
But if the test were sought in deeds,
If England asked the sons she bore
Each man to serve the Mother's needs ;—
If she "expected" such a debt
To stir the blood of those that owe it,
The sole response that she would get
Would be, "No thanks ; not if we know it."

Just now they pipe a patriot tune ;
Anon they 'll wonder why they spent
A precious football afternoon
Mafficking round a monument ;
And myriads who go mad to-day—
Give them a week, they 'll go yet madder,
Watching the modern heroes' fray,
Where hirelings hoof a bounding bladder.

Much you would have to marvel at
Could you return this autumn-tide ;
You 'd find the Fleet—thank God for that—
Staunch and alert as when you died ;
But, elsewhere, few to play your part,
Ready at need and ripe for action ;
The rest—in idle ease of heart
Smiling an unctuous satisfaction.

I doubt if you could well endure
These new ideals (so changed we are)
Undreamed, HORATIO, in your
Philosophy of Trafalgar ;
And, should you still "expect" to see
The standard reached which you erected,
Nothing just now would seem to be
So certain as the unexpected.

O. S.

SOMETHING WANTING.

The Perfect Lover strikes me as an imperfect play. It is described by its author, Mr. ALFRED SUTRO, as "an original play," and no one, who has seen it, will care to deny either its title to originality, or the merit of its well-written dialogue. It is acted for all it is worth, and its literary and dramatic value is considerable. That Mr. SUTRO does not aim at pointing a moral is evident. In the entire list of characters there is none that doeth good, except the irresponsible young daughter. The high-principled-man falls before a very slight temptation ; his ordinarily good wife has done so before him, and to her he yields. Thus far they have the model of ADAM and EVE. The criminal act of *Joseph Tremblett* (Mr. LEWIS WALLER) aids, abets, and encourages the criminality of *Lord Cardew* (Mr. FRANK MILLS), of *Lilian Tremblett* (Miss EVELYN MILLARD), and of the *Hon. Susan Lesson* (Miss HENRIETTA WATSON) ; the last of whom renounces her principles, her preaching, and her practice, in order to give the sanction of her respectability to the crime of her nephew and her god-daughter. What becomes of this trio of criminals the author does not tell us. With the fall of the curtain they have disappeared, and then are heard of no more.

Too late the unfortunate *Joseph Tremblett* and his wife *Martha* (touchingly impersonated by Miss EDYTH OLIVE) repent of their digression from the path of virtue. *William Tremblett*, the villainous brother, instigator of the deed which has caused the crime,—a part strongly played by Mr. NORMAN McKINNEL,—indeed, had the play been called *The Perfect Villain*, the reason of the title would have been more evident,—takes nothing by his motion, as *Joseph*, returning to the path of virtue, destroys the deed which would have given him twenty thousand pounds and would have made his brother a millionaire.

So the wicked brother, who did love his wife, but didn't show it, and whose wife didn't love him and did show it, loses his chance of making a fortune, and loses his wife into the bargain unless he chooses to follow her to Canada, where, if the *Hon. Susan Lesson* shall have insisted on *Lord Cardew* and *Lilian* being ever with her, always in her presence, on absolutely platonic terms, he may find that there is really no harm done, and that *Lord Cardew* and *Mrs. Tremblett*, having become pretty considerably bored by being fettered, watched, and preached at by *Miss Susan* (aunt and godmother), will both be only too ready to part company, when *William Tremblett* will return to England as a really devoted husband with a vastly improved wife. This is how it ought to end unless all principle be thrown to the winds, and *Lord Cardew*, his aunt *Susan*, and (as she must be) his mistress, *Mrs. Tremblett*, become a trio of scamps.

What is it all ? It may be simply described as an incident in the life of *Joseph Tremblett*, an incident which is fraught with awful consequences to everyone except *Joseph*, who momentarily renounced his principles and went *au diable*, but returned safe and sound. Quite possible, but as a play most unsatisfactory, suggesting the idea that the author had got his characters into a hopeless mess, out of which he could not rescue them without having to reconstruct the play or to add an Act by way of epilogue. Who is *The Perfect Lover* ? Why the name ? Does any one believe in the perfection of a love which induces a married woman to desert her husband, and go off with her old lover, even though there be a third person singular present to play propriety ?

As I have said, all the parts are capitally played, nor must the disreputable *John Collis* of Mr. ARTHUR LEWIS be omitted, as it is one of the very best things in the piece. Miss EVELYN MILLARD makes all that seems possible of a part that offers few opportunities. Miss HENRIETTA WATSON has a telling character, and it loses nothing in her hands. Miss EVE TITHERADGE is nice as *May*, the very youthful daughter, but



TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY IRVING.



OUR EVENING ART CLASSES HAVE COMMENCED.

Mr. X. (our dear Professor, who always puts things so tellingly). "IN CONCLUSION, I CAN ONLY REPEAT WHAT I SAID LAST TERM—'IT'S ALL LIGHT AND SHADE, LADIES, WHETHER YOU'RE PAINTING A BATTLE-PIECE, A BUNCH OF GRAPES, OR A CHILD IN PRAYER!'"

she has to invest with a natural air a creation that is neither child nor woman. Miss TITHERADGE does it well, perhaps she may yet improve upon it; but if there be a really difficult part in the piece to render naturally it is this.

As Lord Cardew Mr. FRANK MILLS is excellent. That Lord Cardew (aged between twenty-three and thirty), being a steady, sensible man, should be absolutely indifferent to making his fortune by coal unexpectedly discovered on his estate, or that he should not effect in some way a compromise between his sentimentalism and his commercial instinct, is indeed most difficult to admit as within the bounds of probability.

Incidentally in the Second Act, Miss HELEN FERRERS cleverly renders an absurd vulgarian, Mrs. Morphitt, most acceptable as some light relief to the serious interest of the play.

As to Mr. LEWIS WALLER, he is impressively natural. His long speeches are rattled off as outbursts of passion, which is just what they are intended to be. There is no fault to be found with his impersonation, except flashes of self-consciousness when the personality of the actor dominates his assumption of character. This never occurs in the earlier portions of the play. But do not we all feel that Mr. WALLER is depriving us of some rare impersonations by choosing plays in which he has to appear in conventional modern dress? Cavalier, Puritan, *Monsieur Beaucaire*, a Shakespearian character, or a hero of romance—what you will in costume, with passion and declamation, such are *par excellence* the parts for Mr. LEWIS WALLER. But, *exceptis excipiendis*, modern up-to-date drawing-room comedy let him regard with affectionate distrust.

At His Majesty's, *Oliver Twist* is going strong. Mr. LYN HARDING's *Bill Sikes* is a performance no less striking than Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER's *Nancy*. Both these impersonations

will be ever memorable in the history of the stage, as will be also the fine acting of Mr. TREE, whose *Fagin*, rendered with hardened conscientiousness, is the most fiendish, ghoulish, repulsively humorous villain, a perfect realization of all the infernal, cowardly, murderously malign instincts with which the lurid imagination of CHARLES DICKENS endowed this repellent monstrosity in human form. It stands apart among Mr. TREE's many weird impersonations as a triumph of histrionic genius. When he first started in this career of crime he was a bit uncertain, but now he's as perfect a devil as anyone could desire to see.

Well contrasted with this *monstrum horrendum* is the *Oliver Twist* of Miss NELLIE BOWMAN, just the very weak little "mealy boy" of CHARLES DICKENS. Where all are so good it is difficult to single out anyone for special praise, but it would be impossible to pass over the Mr. *Grimwig* of Mr. GEORGE SHELTON, a difficult, eccentric, thoroughly "Dickensy" part, in which with one touch of nature, when he begs the "mealy-faced boy's" pardon, he wins the hearty and well-deserved applause of the audience. Mr. COMYNS CARR is once again to be congratulated on the success of his remarkably clever adaptation.

It is officially stated that the air on the Underground Railway is becoming purer every day, but it would be premature as yet to look for the establishment of a Garden City between Portland Road and Gower Street.

SUBMARINE A 4, which nearly caused the death of her crew in Stokes Bay, now stands in the dock charged with attempted murder.

THE SPADE'S PROGRESS:

OR, SOME ADVICE TO LADY CLODHOPPERS.

["Spade parties represent one of the latest outcomes of the mysterious delights of the herbaceous border in 'week-end' country homes, and they cost a hostess almost as much careful consideration as the male head of the family exercises when he makes his plans for a battue. And the woman who is invited to 'bring her spade' feels not a little of that sense of prowess implied which a man experiences when reminded not to forget his gun."—*Lady's Pictorial*.]

THE recent development of spade husbandry in country-house society renders it imperative to add a new chapter or two to *Mr. Punch's Book of Etiquette*. We have pleasure in appending the groundwork or subsoil of the same.

In the first place, as smartness and vulgarity are now practically synonymous, no lady, whatever her looks, banking account or antecedents, need be ashamed to call a spade a spade. To term the now fashionable plaything a *bêche* or a *béquille* is going out of the way to confirm the *entente cordiale*, besides confusing the gardener, who has already as much Latin as he can manage. Young girls in their first season should be chary of using dialect. It is at any rate safer to make a little *moue* when tossing off such phrases to an admirer as "Fetch I the spud, matey," "Where's the bloomin' shovel, Bill?" and the like. Young married ladies who are sure of their ground can of course be more racy of the soil, as occasion demands. If their vocabulary runs short, any enterprising under-gardener will no doubt oblige with a few private lessons.

The more considerate country hostesses now engage "spade-caddies" for their guests. These intelligent lads are of service in carrying the garden implements from flower-bed to flower-bed, and also—it is whispered—in keeping an eye on amateur disarrangements of the landscape. It is as well, therefore, to take their advice as to the lie of the various geranium or calceolaria plants that you may propose to dig up, or when badly bunkered, say, by a tree-root. As the end of October approaches, there is quite a furore for "pleasaunce-golf." The fun, it is almost needless to say, consists in uprooting a nine—or eighteen—*parterre* course with as few strokes of the spade as possible. It is best played in a foursome, as the Bogey score sometimes runs into four figures. A practised golfer will of course avoid "topping" and "slicing" her hostess's hardy annuals. The new lofting-spud will be found invaluable for all doubtful strokes and approach shots. It will ensure the "lying dead" of any lobelia or begonia you may be called upon to tackle. The "putting" into the flower-pot can then easily be effected with a trowel.

Lady spade-wielders must be prepared to encounter an occasional earthworm. There is really no need for fear, as these reptiles have never been known to bite. With a little firmness and manipulation the worm can usually be coaxed on to your neighbour's patch, if you can manage to distract her attention in the meanwhile. It is waste of time trying to discover which is the tail end in order to put salt thereon. If the creature appears recalcitrant and likely to cause a scene, the true sportswoman will keep her presence of mind, and retire slowly, and with dignity, behind the nearest bush. It is bad form to bandy words or enter on a personal struggle with a common or pleasure-garden worm.

All ladies who have any regard for *convenance* should take care that the baby-ribbons round the spade-handle match their costume, and that *écru* or *batiste* frillings are continued down the shank as far as the blade. The instrument should be carefully wiped and scented with eau-de-cologne before being put away in its case for the evening. There it must be left in repose, as it is quite unnecessary to hand your treasure round the Bridge-table, or to exhibit it ostentatiously, should the same happen to be jewelled.

When digging, however dainty and well-turned your ankles may be, do not try to put both feet at once on the blade. Very few ladies can successfully imitate the spade-dance as seen in the music-halls. Also, avoid splashing, as the lady opposite, if you have a *vis-à-vis*, may resent having a shower of mould in her face. Practise at home until you are proficient in the moves before displaying your prowess as a clod-hopper among the landed gentry or the horny-handed nobility of the realm.

ZIG-ZAG.

NOTABILIA FICTA;

Or, Wise Words of the Week.

A LESSON FROM OVER-SEAS.

THE success of the New Zealanders in the football field is perhaps the greatest evidence of the value of the Simple Life that has been forthcoming in the last decade. These stalwart Colonials, who are always in the pink of condition, though they wear black jerseys, have never heard of Harris tweed or suffered from over-pressure. Need I say more?—*Sir James Crichton-Browne* in "*The Daily Scare*."

A LUMINOUS SUGGESTION.

The re-cementing of friendly relations with Germany is at the present moment by far the most important problem of our foreign policy. As a simple but impressive inauguration of the new era I should suggest that the street connect-

ing St. James's and Regent Streets should be re-spelt "German" Street.—*Lord Lonsdale* in "*The Spectator*."

OUR FRUGAL ARISTOCRACY.

On Newmarket Heath Lord BOODLE had only a single pink Malmaison in the buttonhole of his exquisitely fitting pale grey frock-coat.—"*Algy*" in "*The Perfect Gentleman*."

THE DANGER OF "TIPPING."

Ladies do not realise how the system of "tipping" destroys the whole spirit and comfort of Club life. The servants themselves are degraded by this injudicious system. From "tipping" to "tippling" the transition only requires a single liquid.—"*Araminta*" in "*The Woman Abroad*."

A GREAT HISTORIAN'S JOKE.

The British cavalry, now that it is possible to get into it without examination, may be fairly styled "Our Headless Horsemen."—*Mr. Frederic Harrison* in "*The Positivist Review*."

HOME TRUTHS FROM TEDDY.

Non omnia possumus omnes. Golf is a game for Prime Ministers, Grand Dukes, plutocrats and professors. But a President might as soon do crewel work as frequent the links. Bear-shooting, bare-back riding, boxing—these are fit pastimes for the leaders of men. But to waggle a flimsy stick at a little ball and then miss it is unworthy of the strenuous youth of our great Commonwealth.—*President Roosevelt* in "*The Oyster Bay Bulletin*."

A TRIBUTE TO OUR FRENCH VISITORS.

Wherefore in strains of melody profuse
I, wearer of imperishable bays,
And weaver of unprecedented
rhymes,
Salute you, and your leader, Doctor
BROUSSE,

In this the latest of my loyal lays

Communicated solely to *The Times*.
—*Mr. Alfred Austin*, in a sonnet
addressed to the Paris Municipal Councilors in "*The Times*."

IDEAL CRITICISM.

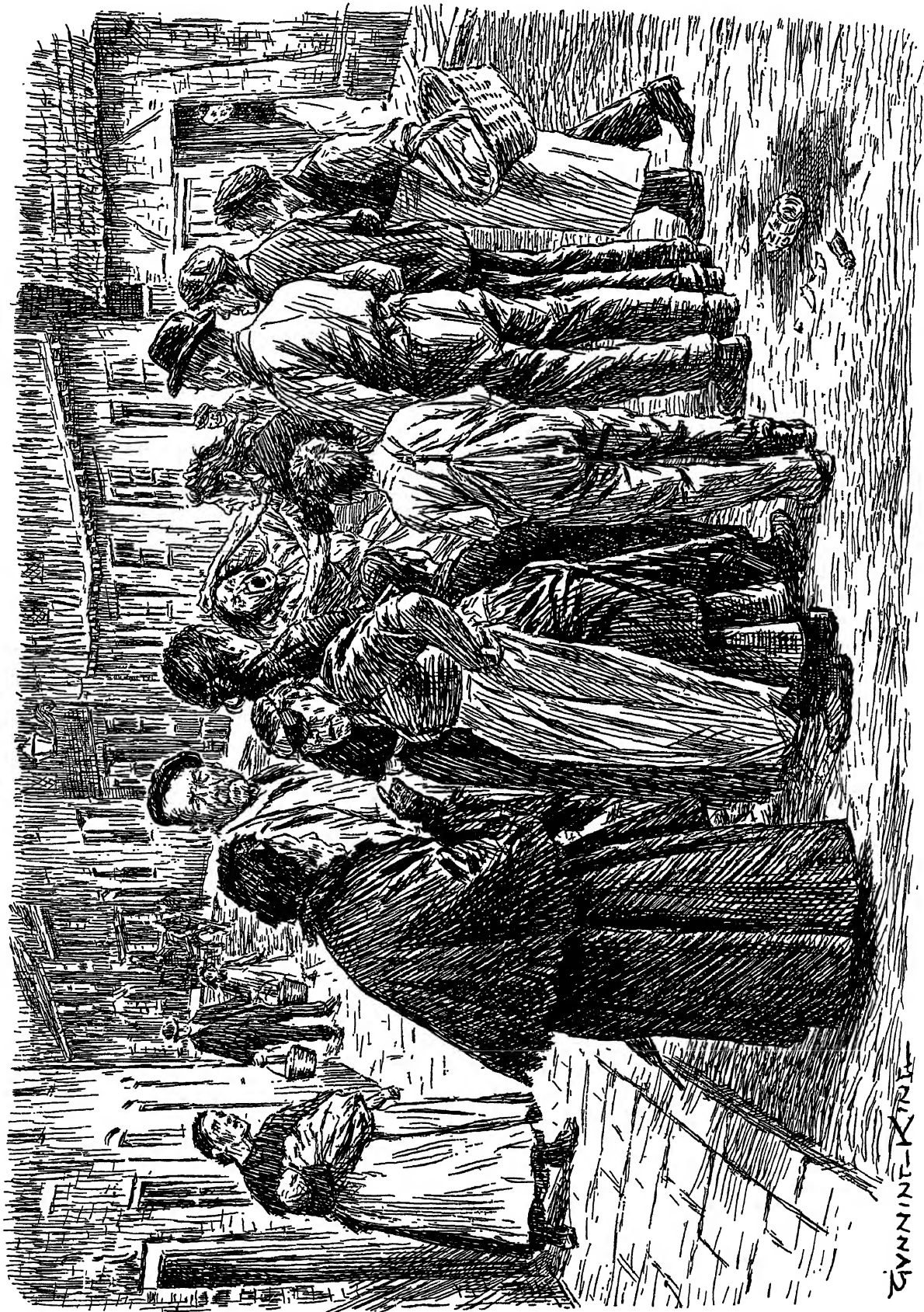
Books should always be reviewed by their writers, for that is the only way to ensure that they have been read by the reviewers.—*Mr. Bernard Shaw* in "*The Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*."

More Commercial Candour.

EVERYBODY IS CRAZY
after

KILPANG

The Great 20th Century
TOOTHACHE CURE.



Old Lady. "HOW CAN YOU USE SUCH SHOCKING LANGUAGE!"
Old Woman. "BEG PARDON, MUM, BUT I BE VERY DEAF, AND I CAWN'T RIGHTLY 'EAR WOT I SAYS."

G. H. GREEN

A VOYAGE TO THE VINES.

No. III.

Aboard La Hirondelle, en route for Bordeaux, between 10 and 11 p.m.—With the exception of a group of three men and two ladies, forming a whispering, arguing, laughing, earnestly chattering committee, poring over maps and pencils, eager to hear casual witnesses and to take evidence with advice, the majority of our fellow passengers have gradually disappeared into their bunks. Perfectly calm night. I should like to read myself to sleep in my berth, but the electric light has been so craftily arranged that I foresee the trouble of having to get out of my berth to extinguish it. To do this involves thorough awakening; and what is the use of going back to your bunk when you are completely wide-awake? I decide to renounce the luxury of reading myself off to sleep in my bunk. Will finish reading outside: then when sleepy will extinguish light, i.e. turn out and turn in. This last-mentioned operation, which has to be at first performed with the extreme caution of an amateur experimentalist, may be ultimately achieved with consummate art. Kneeling, bending, doubling myself up, or rather, halving myself so that by stealthily laying myself out to advantage on one side I may get the maximum of possible comfort with the minimum of hopeless disarrangement of bedclothes. One thing is evident, that as I choose my side so I must lie on it. I close my eyes, feign perfect rest, until sleep comes and catches me absolutely napping.

* * * * *

Morning. Splendid day. Out on the ocean, somewhere. Calm. Marvellous appetites for a meal at 8.30, which on shore I should have called a heavy mid-day lunch, only that we have tea, coffee, and porridge. Breakfast over, and all aboard fresh as larks ashore, that is, as fresh as uncommonly well-fattened larks would be after such a breakfast. Gulls and other sea-birds, having been out all night, look pale and tired; they are sleeping lazily on the water, yet they keep abreast of us.

Colonel and Mrs. Colonel are on deck.

Mrs. Colonel is in raptures about the gulls. "Beautiful! Such poetry of motion!" she exclaims.

"Divers!" cries the Colonel. "There they go!"

There they *have* gone. All disappeared.

"That was a red-breasted Merganser, dear, wasn't it?" asks the lady.

"No, dear, that was a Surf Scoter." Then, turning to JUDKIN and myself, whose attention the Colonel evidently wishes to attract, he says, "Curious thing, I remember off one of the Indian Islands seeing what I thought was a *Scotus*, but it turned out to be a *Merganser*, genus *Mergus*. I knew it instantly by its bill."

"One recognises many queer birds in that way," says JUDKIN. I nod to him patronisingly, as forgiving him this time, and the Colonel, quite oblivious of the pun, continues—

"Now a curious thing about these *Mergansers* and the *Smew*, too—by Jove, there goes a *Smew*!" and he points out to us something flying away, but as it does not carry round its neck a legible descriptive label from the Zoological Gardens, we take the Colonel's word for it, and ask inquiringly:

"What did you say the name of that bird is?"

"A *Smew*, Sir. Greenish patch in the eye, known in some parts as 'loons,'—found 'em frequently in the Hebrides. When cooked—excellent!" And the Colonel appeals to his wife.

"Yes," answers the lady very quietly, "they are very delicate. But, dear," she adds reproachfully, "not to be compared with the dusty *Greenshank* and the *Squacco* *Heron*!"

"True. My wife's right. The *Squacco* is first-rate. I'm not sure," the Colonel says deliberately, looking round at his audience as if to challenge an adverse opinion, "I'm not sure that a *Squacco*, in autumn, isn't the best bird that flies."

His wife shakes her head at him reprovingly. "My dear WILLIAM," she says reproachfully, "you forget the *Épervier*."

"Lightly done through, on toast, perfect!" cries the Colonel. "I don't know how it escaped me. Yet it is a curious thing," continues the Colonel, looking puzzled, and addressing us as if for a consultation, "why the *Whimbrel*, the *Phalarope*, the *Knot*, and the *Dunlin*, should all choose this particular time of year to migrate, to travel across the sea, to go to Africa, or America, or Southern Europe, so that not one of the lot is to be found in the British Isles: not one," repeats the Colonel emphatically, with the air of a man resenting a personal injury.

"Dear me! is this so?" we say, at least I do. And I am inclined to blame Nature for not having consulted the Colonel previous to making her final arrangements.

"It is so," asseverates the Colonel, and, warming to his subject, he goes on putting to us questions as problems which neither individually nor collectively are we able to solve.

"Where's your *Little Grebe*?" says the Colonel warmly. "Where's your *Sclavonian Grebe*? Where's your *Eider*? Where's your *Pochard*? and where—look where you will in the north and see him every day up to now—where," finishes the Colonel, with an air of universal defiance, "*where* is your *Ferruginous Duck*?" Quite a small crowd has gathered about him and his wife, as the latter repeats sadly, "Ah, where indeed!" At this point a perfect stranger, a small man with a bristly beard like a convict, and a dull grey flannel suit differentiated from a gaol costume by the absence of the broad arrow, puts himself forward and asks in a husky voice, "What is a *Ferruginous Duck*?"

But the inquirer does not take much by his motion. Everybody turns, looks at the cause of the interruption, and laughs deprecatorily. The idea of anyone being ignorant concerning a *Ferruginous Duck*! And if ignorant, why expose ignorance by asking a question? This is conversation, not a lecture class. So *solvuntur tabulæ risu*, and our party disperses itself.

"Bless you!" says the Colonel to his wife as they walk away, "he knew what a *Ferruginous Duck* was well enough. I was ready for him."

Captain TWINKLER looms gradually out of his deck cabin. His jovial countenance lights up the deck as would a visit from the rising sun. Our Captain is a man of few words, and all to the point. Evidently he is much amused.

"Some people know a lot," says Captain TWINKLER, winking knowingly to himself, JUDKIN, and one or two other messmates. "I'd half a mind to ask our good friends if they'd ever come across a certain kind of old bird that ain't to be caught with chaff!" Then he soars to regions up above, where he represents the cherub that keeps watch up aloft for the safety of crew and passengers.

* * * * *

Later in the day, when we are in view of nothing except an expanse of sea bare of any ships—and where they have all got to is a marvel to me—coming on the Colonel when he is "conning"—taking observations and making none, except to himself—I ask him to tell me whereabouts we are.

"Well," he says, frowning a bit as though he might possibly make a mistake by just the millionth part of a logarithm as to precise latitude and longitude, "I make it that we're just off Cherbourg."

Our Captain happens to be passing, and to him I repeat my inquiry, embodying the Colonel's information.

"Off Cherbourg!" repeats the jovial Captain, smiling; "see that haze just lifting there?" I do, and as the Captain



WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS?

Father. "Now, SIR WILLIAM, I WANT JACK TO GO INTO BUSINESS—HIS MOTHER WANTS HIM TO READ FOR THE BAR. JACK'S UNDECIDED. WHAT DO YOU ADVISE?"

Sir William Grubbe. "YOU GO INTO BUSINESS, MY BOY. SEE WHAT IT'S MADE ME!"

Jack (emphatically). "OH, SIR WILLIAM, I'VE QUITE DECIDED TO TAKE THE MOTHER'S ADVICE."

speaks, the objects, two big rocks, loom clearly out of the very far distance.

"Let me see," says the Colonel, and there is, perceptibly, a slight and unusual hesitancy in his manner, "that *ought* to be Cherbourg, oughtn't it?"

"I won't venture so far as to say what it *ought* to be," returns the Captain, with just the glimmer of a wink at me, "or what I might want it to be. But that's *The Caskets*." And the Captain rolls up aloft, vanishes, disappearing into his watch-box.

"*The Caskets*, Colonel," says JUDKIN slyly. "Don't you recollect?—on which the *Portia* nearly came to grief in SHAKESPEARE'S time."

"How ridiculous!" murmurs Mrs. Colonel, who having quietly approached now takes her husband below to comfort himself with tea and biscuits.

PROSPECTIVE NOVELTIES.—*How to get Thinner*, by the author of *General Principles of the Law of Corporations*.

The Tudor Loaf, by the author of *The Plantagenet Roll*. With a Table and Plates.

MR. CHARLES BROOKFIELD, who has recently returned from the Black Forest, says that it is not half so black as it's painted.

THE COON AND THE TIGER.

A SMALL dark Coon was walking one day in the desert for the sake of his appetite, when he ran full tilt into a large and comparatively healthy Tiger. The Coon realised, instinctively, that he would require to exert all his wits to keep things going on as satisfactorily as usual. And so he spoke up in a perfectly candid way.

"Good morning," he said to the Tiger, who did not answer but looked at him roguishly.

"The desert air is very fine this morning," continued the Coon, and the Tiger smiled in a humorous manner.

"But I derive no benefit from this very fine air," proceeded the Coon, "for I am ill. Yes, I have taken poison!" he went on, with a feverish look in his deep brown eyes. "Last night I ate a pailful of strong arsenic which I mistook for whitewash. My physician tells me that I am so saturated with poison that, if anything only just touches me, nothing could postpone immediate death. If you, for instance, touched me with your teeth only it would kill you instantaneously. Nothing could postpone death!"

"Why wish to postpone death?" said the Tiger, cheerily. "I may tell you that I consider this meeting sheer good luck, for I am tired of life, and came out to commit suicide . . . Kindly stand still, so, while I spring. A little further to the left, please . . . Thank you!"



THE MACDUFFER GOES STALKING.—No. 3.

AS HE SAID AFTERWARDS, FLESH AND BLOOD COULDN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER,—HE SIMPLY HAD TO SNEEZE!

JOHN THE POST.

We live aloft in heatherland; the only link we boast
With others, our brothers, is worthy JOHN the Post.
O JOHN, we watch the road for you and wait the moment when
We see you, like Jehu, come driving down the glen;
For then with all the gossip of the countryside you feed
Our need;

You never fail to sort the mail, and as you sort you read.

"Ye're comin' for a wee bit ride? There's room upon the box—
Ou aye, Sir—jist try, Sir! Sit in amang thae cocks!
That's richt! As ye were sayin', Sir, it's bonny by Loch Dhu,
But then, Sir, d' ye ken, Sir, the spot they ca' Queen's View?
There's aye a pictur' postcaird in the mail-bag. Na! no yon,"

Says JOHN,

"Jist stir again! Aye, here is ane, frae Mistress EFFIE DON.

"Eh, Sirs! I'm wae to think of it! She's writin' here, ye see,
To HECTOR, th' Inspector, her brither in Dundee.
Puir thing, she's sair forfoughten, for her man's jist deid,
an' sae,

To double the trouble, her coo is deen' tae.

Her man was no great loss, mebbe; he aye was gey an' fou',
But ou,

I'm feared her hairt will break to pairt wi' sic a bonny coo.

"Aye, yonder's Castle Clunie. Na, the laird's nae longer there;
He's let it to PETTIT, the mustard millionaire.

They say his shootin's wunnerfu'—the fouks are a' at one
Admirin' his firin' an' wond'rin' hoo it's done.

Aye, Clunie shows the mixedest bag o' ony shot this year,
Nae fear—

Ae sheep, twa hogs, sax collie dogs, ten gillies an' a steer.

"That minds me—I'd a wire for him—a lang ane, a' aboot
Some crisis in prices—we cudna mak' it oot;

I studied it wi' LONEY—he's the postmaister—but, 'faith,
It lookit sae crookit it fairly beat us baith.
An' noo whaur is't? I canna mind. Can I hae let it drop?
But stop!

Nae doot I'll find 'twas left behind in PETER LONEY's shop.

"Important? Dinna fash yersel'; sae's ither things, ye ken,
An' PETTIT will get it next time I'm down the glen;
'Twill likely be on Friday, for I'm busy wi' the corn—
Jist startin' the cartin'—I'll no be here the morn.

Weel, here's the 'Pleugh'—I'll no refuse a drap o' Hielan' dew
Wi' you—

Weak—half-and-half—Na, dinna laugh! I'm 'maist teetottle
noo."

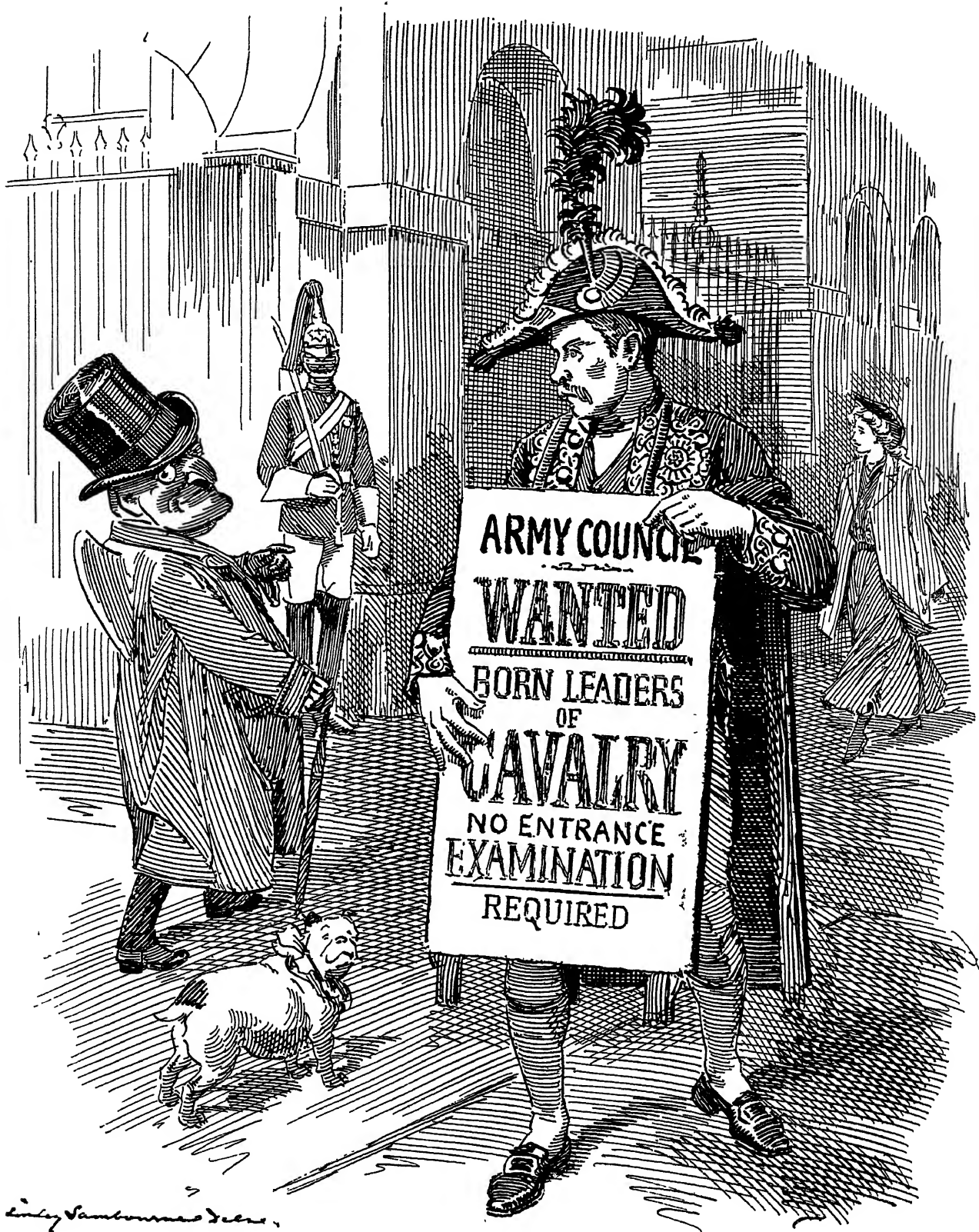
WANTED, the GIRL who helped a lady with a leg down a coalhole
on Sunday afternoon between 3 and 4 o'clock

Manchester Evening News.

The descriptive phrase, "a lady with a leg," seems lacking in
the preciseness which makes for recognition; but the number
of ladies, with or without a leg, who on any given afternoon
would be likely to be "helped down a coalhole," must be
very small. So the good girl is likely to get her reward.
Unless—horrid thought—the leg belonged to *her*, and she is
"wanted," in the more sinister sense, on a charge of having
used it to help the lady down the coalhole.

NATURE NOTE.—A reindeer was recently born in Edin-
burgh. *The Daily Mirror* believes it to be the first reindeer
ever born in the United Kingdom. What makes its position
still more exceptional is that (according to the same autho-
rity) it was a *female* reindeer that gave birth to it.

It is rumoured that Mr. A. J. BALFOUR proposes to compete
on the Turf under the name of Mr. ARTHUR JAMES.



THE GOLD STANDARD.

MR. PUNCH. "AH! I SEE THEY'VE GIVEN UP THE BRAINS TEST. PITY THEY HADN'T THE SENSE TO DROP THE MONEY TEST INSTEAD!"

[Under a new order issued by the Army Council, candidates for commissions in the Cavalry—that branch of the Service in which we were told that intelligence was most needed—will be admitted, without examination, as probationers "if in possession of either a school-leaving certificate or a qualifying certificate of education," whatever that may mean.]

THE INTERVIEW THAT FAILED.

FOLLOWING the somewhat indistinct directions of a small and impertinent errand boy, we sought out the Great Man's chambers, and knocked at the Great Man's door. Receiving no answer or assistance from within, we admitted ourselves, and beheld the Great Man seated at his desk, with his back towards us. For a while we stood unobserved, till at last, by coughing for a third time with offensive noisiness, we attracted his attention.

Without turning round, he addressed us in the following gracious and outspoken manner . . . "I have paid my Income-Tax, I cannot give you bread, money or Hospital Tickets, nor do I stand in need of anybody's Back-Ache Pills. You need not, therefore, stay."

"Excuse us," we replied, "we are neither tax-collectors, beggars nor touts."

"In any case," he said, "you will find the door behind you."

Encouraged by this genial welcome, we proceeded to the object of our visit, and arranging in our minds a series of questions as to the Great Man's past, present, and probable future, his own, his wife's, his children's, and his servants' Domestic Pets, we opened with the usual question:—"You are, we believe, the renowned Mr. ETTSETERER?"

"I am," he replied, "*not*."

Feeling that further interrogation was as unnecessary as it would be impolite, we wished our host a cordial "Good-night," and, whistling merrily, took our leave.

THE ALCHEMY OF INK:

or, Heroines à la Mode.

The girl who put the damask rose

In point of loveliness to shame,

Whose purely decorative nose

Suggested petals of the same,

Whose locks absorbed the morning sun—

This lady has been overdone.

No longer novelists aspire

To paint CLORENDIA void of flaw,

The pink-and-white complexions tire,

The sylph-like figures fail to draw;

To-day the daughters of their brain

Are introduced as "almost plain."

Yet, after reading for a while,

We find this mem.: "Her pallid face,

Thanks to a rare mysterious smile,

Was rescued from the commonplace;"

And (being there when this occurs)

The hero twine his heart in hers.

Proceeding, with a pained surprise,

We hear that Mr. TOMPKINSON

Observes a glory in her eyes

That has not glowed in Chapter I.

(Not mentioning the "Titian red")

That now transmutes her sandy head.)



CUB-HUNTING.

(Only a "retainer.")

Elderly Sportsman. "HERE! Hi! YOU YOUNG CUB, DIDN'T I GIVE YOU A SHILLING TO CATCH MY HORSE?"

Young Chabaccon (keeping at a distance). "ZOO YE DID, BUT IT'S ANOTHER 'ARF-A-CROWN NOW 'E BE KETCHED!"

A laugh (accustomed to elude)

Exposes teeth resembling pearls

With more precise similitude

Than those possessed by other girls;

And vagrant blushes tend to flow

Through Chapter XXXIX or so.

She proves the goddess in her walk,

A grace attends her every act;

One notes when she begins to talk

The compromise of truth and tact;

While half her beauty seems to dwell

In what is termed a "subtle spell."

Till when at last the loyal swain

Has squared it with the archer-god,

And Love's true course runs smooth

again

After 300 pages odd,

When bells unite the lucky brace
And "Finis" stares us in the face—

Once more we mark the well-known tints

Connected with a peach's bloom,

The eyes that drop celestial hints,

The Peerless Type, in fact, on whom,

Lit by the sun's ingenuous glare,

There shines the usual golden hair.

A Chance for Collectors.

FROM the chapter on Museums in a book on Denmark by MARGARET THOMAS we extract the following interesting piece of news:—

"Entrance is free, the arrangements so excellent that no object in the collection can be missed."

MY TAILOR'S BILL.

'Tis ever thus. My noblest aberration
Results in wisdom—after the event;
I never yet conferred an obligation
Of which I didn't bitterly repent;
I never paid a tailor's bill
(And after this I never will!)
But that I shivered for the precedent.

* * * * *

Brief was the scene, yet moving while it lasted.
At the first shock, when he beheld the Boon,
The noble fellow looked quite flabbergasted,
Turned a pale green, and seemed about to swoon;
While all his chorused tailorhood
Marvelled, and praised me where I stood
Balmily beaming, like the bland, grave, Moon.

Anon, with watery smile and due obeisance,
He bore the rare and curious receipt,
And gave me peace; and I, in full complaisance,
Patted him thrice; and moved upon my beat,
Exuding merit, till the mood
Waned, and I felt strange doubts obtrude,
If, in my action, I had been discreet.

True that to such impulsive generosity
Self-approbation lends a fleeting charm,
Yet, save we learn to curb impetuosity,
Our afterthoughts will fill us with alarm:
For pauper's dole and Tailor's cheque
Alike may bring a soul to wreck,
And Charity may do a power of harm.

Ay, many a vessel's lot has thus been blighted;
Men have been moral, even to excess;
When lo! a windfall came! They got excited;
Threw off their cloak of frugal stodgeiness,
Rose up, and did so carry on
That they, and all their dross, have gone
Down to Gehenna, leaving no address.

I trust that no such prodigal backsliding
May lure my gentle Tailor to his fall.
The loss of one so patient, so confiding,
Would do me injury beyond recall.
His homely faith is much to me;
And, failing him, I fail to see
Whom I should honour, how he clothed withal.

And what if in his breast the Dun should waken?
What if I have but edged his Vampire-tooth?
And he should be so grievously mistaken
As to seek blood—more blood; and, void of ruth,
With foul and ghoully lust assail
His unsuspecting *clientèle*?
The dear gods hold him! This from *me*, forsooth!

Myself, I fear him not. But much I tremble
Lest he should pass the news to other ears,
And round my gates a ravening horde assemble,
Sharp with the concentrated hopes of years,
Thinking (vain optimists!) to find
Their patron squeezably inclined,
Till I be wearied of their vile arrears.

It is such doubts as these that come in legions:
Such thoughts as these that pierce me to the core;
While deep, deep down in mine interior regions
I hear my muffled inward monitor
Mourning the loss of such a sum
To that financial vacuum
Which, as a child of Nature, I abhor! DUM-DUM.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, October 14.—*Rigoletto*, that melodramatically effective opera, to-night. Madame MELBA singing; but even this, somehow or other, does not bring an overwhelming crowd. Yet the *prima donna* is a *favourite*, the opera is popular, the story well known, and *Le Roi s'amuse* in French, and *The Fool's Revenge* in English, have yet some hold on the stage. Can it be that the public, regarding the printed programme of the week's work, is suddenly struck by the awful appearance of a black hand with index finger sternly pointing to a notice stating that the Management earnestly requests every one to remain until the end of the last Act, or to turn themselves out, as neatly as possible, "during the interval immediately preceding it?" Laudable in intention, but absolutely impracticable. Who that cares for music and money, will consent to lose any part of what he has purchased simply for the convenience of others who certainly are utterly indifferent to what may become of *him* as long as *he* doesn't bother *them*? Why not let the vendor at the ticket office ask, "Can you remain till the end?" If the reply be, "I and my party *must* leave just when two-thirds of the last Act are over," then let seats be allocated to them in such a part of the house as will not be disturbed by their departure. The outside numbers of the Stalls, the back row of the Grand Circle, and certain Balcony Stalls, will meet these requirements. The occupants of Private Boxes can come in and out as they like (quietly, of course) without causing inconvenience to anyone. And remember, those who wish to support the Opera for the love of music are at liberty to take their seats, pay their money, and *stay away altogether* should they consider that their leaving too early, or arriving too late, might possibly interfere with the enjoyment of others. However, "that's as may be," and so back again to the Opera, though this notice must necessarily be somewhat belated, as, if *Rigoletto* be given again, the cast already announced will be somewhat different from the one now under review.

As *Gilda*, MELBA at her very best. Yet the audience did not respond. And this indeed is the summary of the evening's entertainment. Signor GIORGINI, as our friend *Il Duca*, did not make his hit until the last scene with *Maddalena* (Signora ARANDA, who has a fine contralto voice), when he fully atoned for any previous deficiencies.

As *Rigoletto*, Signor STRACCIARI was passable; "comparisons are odorous." Signor DIDUR's rendering of the music of *Sparafucile* was excellent. Apparently Signorina CAPELLI's view of the wicked old, or very middle-aged, *Giovanna* (do we not remember Mlle BAUERMEISTER's sordid avarice in this part?) is that she belongs to the soubrette order of light comedy. Such a novelty in rendering this part seemed to make Signorina CAPELLI somewhat nervous.

During the week the operas represented have been *Trovatore*, *Manon Lescaut*, *Aida*, *La Tosca* and *Un Ballo in Maschera*, whose record will have been already found in these "notes."

Inciting to Crime.

THE *Daily News* gives publicity to a letter "just received from Johannesburg by a prominent British politician." The writer, in language at once legal and colloquial, describes himself as "an interested party re the treatment of Chinese," and goes on to say: "I would not be a bit surprised to see them (the Chinese) rise some night and murder half the people of the country, and *as far as I am personally concerned, they would be quite justified.*" What the writer has done to merit such violent conduct does not transpire; but even so, one cannot help feeling a strange admiration (faintly indicated by the italics) for the gentleman's astonishing frankness.



"GRAND SLAM" IN THE STONE AGE.

IT IS, FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, UNDENIABLE THAT A GREAT WAVE OF "PROGRESSIVE BRIDGE" PASSED OVER THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE AT A REMOTE PERIOD. IT IS NO USE BLINKING THE FACT THAT WHILE IT LASTED IT WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR A MARKED "SET-BACK" IN THE CENSUS RETURNS.

LILLIAN.

IV.—A RIVAL IN THE FIELD.

If ever I find the author of *Jane Herring*, I shall probably treat him to something in the half-Nelson line. At present I am looking for him.

In *Jane Herring* the hero starts on page 253 pretending that he loves somebody else—*Margaret* to wit. On page 289 the heroine is in his arms, full of remorse, jealousy, love, hysterics and other emotions. At page 299 I closed the book and said to myself, "This is a good thing. I will go and do likewise."

The difficulty in my case was to find the *Margaret*. There was simply nobody in the neighbourhood that LILLIAN would be jealous of; and, anyhow, all the single ones were engaged about three deep. Ours is rather the county for that sort of thing.

After thinking it over, I decided to pretend that there was somebody in town who loved me. I had, and indeed still have, a very regular correspondent in the West End, who writes most charming little notes. (The last one said: "Referring to our reminder of last month, may we ask what you propose to do in the matter?" The obvious answer was: "Let's go on as we are.") As a reward for his perseverance he should be my *Margaret*.

For the next few days I acted my part before LILLIAN, and TREE himself in a new make-up wouldn't have done it better. I used to take-out my letters and sigh, and read them over and over, and then sigh again—and I give you my word that before the week

was over LILLIAN was caught. "Who is she?" she asked suddenly, and I got out the landing-net.

"Who is she, DIK?"

"Who's who?" I said, which is really a quotation.

"Is she dark or fair?"

"I don't know what you mean," I said, pretending to be awfully embarrassed.

"Dark, I expect."

"Then you're wrong. She's got blue eyes, and the loveliest golden hair."

"Beautiful figure and all that?"

"Divine," I sighed, with a far-away look in my eyes.

"And I suppose she thinks games and all that awfully wrong for women, and walks about in a stately way—"

"She's most fearfully good at golf," I put in.

"What's her handicap?"

"Scratch."

"Scratch?"

"Oh no, let's see, it's three, I think." Three sounded so much more truthful somehow. Any fool could think of scratch.

"Very clever?"

"Not so very," I said carefully. I wanted her to seem decently human.

"What do you mean by 'not so very'?"

I hadn't expected to be cross-examined like this.

"Well, what do you mean by clever?"

I said, rather smartly, I think.

"Does she make her own things, and so on?"

"ETHEL? I know one or two ETHELs. I wonder—"

"That is to say, I call her ETHEL," I went on hurriedly. "Her real name is HENRIETTA—HENRIETTA DAINTRY."

"Which is why you call her ETHEL?"

"Well, I couldn't call her HENRIETTA," I said sharply.

"And when are you going to see her again?"

I felt on safe ground again.

"Next Wednesday," I said. "I'm just running up to town, and we shall probably do a lunch and a *matinée* together."

"Wednesday? Why, how splendid! Father and I are going up on Monday for a week. We might all have tea together."

"Well, ETHEL is not quite certain yet whether it will be this Wednesday or the one after. She says here"—I took a letter from my pocket—"now where is it? Oh yes—she asks, in fact, what I am going to do about the matter."

"What matter?"

"*Matinée* was what I said. I am reading her actual words. 'What do you propose to do about the *matinée*?'"

"Well, what do you propose?"

"I think we shall get better seats if we go on Wednesday week."

"Well, I suppose she'll write and settle it definitely?"

"Oh yes," I said confidently.

On the Monday LILLIAN went up to town. My last words as I saw her off were, "It will be Wednesday week after all, I'm afraid." But on Wednesday morning I got a telegram. I opened it, and gasped. It ran:

"Please call for letter at Post Office. Forgot your address in the excitement of hearing from you so soon.—HENRIETTA DAINTRY."

As soon as I had recovered I made for the Post Office. I went in feeling—and, I expect, looking—an absolute idiot. The grocer's daughter, who manages the P.O. side of the place, smiled all over as she handed me a letter with "*To be called for*" written on it. I took it away into a quiet corner of the grounds, and read the following:

"DEAR MR. DIK,—I may call you Mr. DIK, mayn't I? It will be *this* Wednesday after all! I will meet you at Prince's, and we will go to the Haymarket after lunch. I shall be wearing my hair dark, but you can recognise me by the pink hat, which I trimmed myself. (You know I make some of my own things, don't you?) And oh, Mr. DIK, there's just one thing I want to say, and you won't



HEARD AT THE FAIR.

Tethered Critic. "WOT! TRAINING FOR THE BALLET, ARE YER?"

"Oh, yes. That is—er—some of them."

"Which?" said LILLIAN.

I looked sharply at her. "Really," I began.

"Musical?"

The technicalities of music always do for me.

"No," I said, emphatically. I thought it safer.

"I suppose she *can* sing in tune?"

"I suppose so," I said crossly.

"Well, that's something."

There was silence for a little. I didn't quite know what to do. I lit a cigarette.

"What's her name?" said LILLIAN suddenly.

"Name?" I repeated vaguely.

"Nomenclature," said LILLIAN.

"Er—ETHEL."

mind, *will* you? It's this. I don't think I *quite* like the name of *ETHEL* that you have given me. I know *HENRIETTA* isn't pretty, but I have a poodle called *Ethel*, and somehow it doesn't seem quite *complimentary*, does it? Would you call me some other name, say *LILLIAN*, on Wednesday? I think *LILLIAN* is pretty.

"Goodbye. My golf handicap went down to one last night. Wasn't that *good*? But it's up to three again this morning.

"Yours sincerely,

"*HENRIETTA DAINTRY.*

"P.S.—To save time I bought the tickets for the Haymarket, and you can pay me back when we meet."

That ended the third page, but there was a little note on the fourth in *LILLIAN*'s own undisguised writing:

"P.P.S.—You'll have to run to catch the train, won't you?"

Iran and caught it. It was an expensive day, coming on top of the friendly enquiry as to what I proposed to do about the reminder of the month before; and though I enjoyed it very much, I still wish to meet the author of *Jane Her-ring*. Let him take care. I have a clue.

CHARIVARIA.

To every one's surprise the centenary of Trafalgar has come and gone without a single German newspaper asserting that the battle was really won by *BLÜCHER*.

The Poet Laureate, in writing to *M. CLÉMENTEAU* on the subject of Trafalgar, addressed him in prose. *MR. AUSTIN* has always been a true friend to *M. CLÉMENTEAU*.

"It is now certain," says the *Paris New York Herald*, "that *MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT* will be decorated on January 1st next." It would be a graceful compliment if the steeplejack who attended to the Nelson Column were to offer to do the work.

By an oversight the enterprising journal which, on Trafalgar Day, issued an account of the battle as it would have appeared in a modern newspaper, omitted to double the figures.

The Sultan of Morocco has objected to *Algeciras* being chosen as the meeting-place of the Conference which is to

decide the future of his country. He has been requested to mind his own business.

It is not, we believe, generally known how the release of the British officers captured by the Moroccan brigands was so promptly brought about. According to our information, formal notice of our alliance with Japan was sent to the Chief.

at Simla, Lord Curzon said that he was probably the only person on the ground who had broken both a shoulder and an arm at the game. Whose, we wonder?

While President ROOSEVELT was receiving the delegates of the American Bankers' Association the other day, a man arrived with his wife and eight children. The PRESIDENT shook hands with him, and called for three cheers. With characteristic American enterprise a large General Emporium is, we hear, now advertising that persons desirous of having the PRESIDENT'S handshake supplemented by three cheers may hire children at twenty dollars a dozen by the day.

The Liberals are jubilant over their continued success at the polls. They do not realise that such success is merely due to the politeness of their opponents. The Conservatives are keeping them waiting so long that nothing could be more natural than to allow them to take a seat.

We are pleased to be able to announce that the behaviour of the clergymen who accepted the invitation to see *The Prodigal Son* at Drury Lane was so exemplary—there was not a single case of disorderly behaviour—that the Manager hopes to repeat the treat next year.

There is, of course, no such thing as pleasing everybody. We hear that *MR. HALL CAINE* himself was much annoyed on hearing that, at the conclusion of the performance, there were loud cries of "Author!" *MR. CAINE* considers that every one ought to have followed his movements sufficiently closely to know he was in America.

"*MRS. JENNIE CORWIN*, of Brooklyn, New York," says the *Express*, "whose valuable pearl necklace was stolen on her wedding day thirty years ago, has just received it back in good condition in a neat postal packet." We are ashamed to say we had forgotten the incident.

We are pleased to be able to state, from exclusive information, that tailor-made clothes are to be the fashion for men, as well as for women, in the coming season.



"THEY HAVE THEIR EXITS AND THEIR ENTRANCES."

Intending Passenger on the Electrified District (inserting himself as the electric train starts). "IS THIS THE EALING—GUR!—GUR! HELP! HELP!"

At one time, exaggerated reports of the incident, converting it into a grave disaster to the British Army, were current. It was declared that the two prisoners were Cavalry officers, and the only ones we have left.

By-the-by, we may be mistaken, but is not *MR. WALTER HARRIS*'s annual kidnapping due about now?

Speaking to the Army football-players

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE *Discovery*, which set forth in the summer of 1901 to probe more deeply the mystery of the Antarctic region, triumphantly accomplished her mission. Captain SCOTT and his dauntless crew came nearer in touch with the South Pole than the footsteps of man had hitherto carried him. Through two perilous winters, with the temperature so far below zero that the record seems fabulous, they made sledge excursions into the unknown. They added a new territory to the British Empire, naming it after King EDWARD, who, with the QUEEN, was among the last to bid the explorers farewell when, from snug anchorage at Cowes, they sallied forth. They solved the mystery of the Great Ice Barrier that baffled Sir JAMES ROSS. They came upon a magnificent mountain region undreamt of in man's geography. They enriched Science and Natural History by many prizes taken with dredger and gun. Here be great achievements. But my Baronite regards as their supremest triumph the testimony, splendidly renewed, of the indomitableness of the Britisher when he takes a tough job in hand. In his record of *The Voyage of the Discovery* (SMITH, ELDER) Captain SCOTT, whilst simply narrating the daily doings of himself and his companionship, makes light of danger and discomfort. Only once does he comment unfavourably on the situation. To do him justice, it was comparatively early in the voyage, before he had become inured to his hourly privations. As he was prospecting for safe harbour through the coming winter, a furious gale swept down. The ship was in close contiguity to a dangerous ice-floe, above which towered many bergs. So little control had they over the ship they could not alter their course by tacking. The wind blew with the force of ninety miles an hour. As evening fell they were helplessly driven down on a line of pack among several small bergs, raising in the driving gale clouds of spray that froze as it covered the anxious crew. This is pretty bad: so bad indeed that it leads Captain SCOTT to his solitary protest appearing in a book of a thousand pages. "Our situation was not pleasant," he writes. Pleasant is a good word. After this it is comparatively naught to read of the captain, caught in a blizzard, jotting down in his diary the remark, "I shall remember the condition of my trousers for a long time, they might have been cut out of sheet-iron." Or again, in other circumstance of temperature, "If one exhales a deep breath one can actually hear one's breath freezing a moment or two after it has left the mouth." The South Pole is all very well in its way. But to stand about *en route* in sheet-iron trousers listening to your breath freezing is a stiff price to pay for nearer acquaintance. Captain SCOTT set forth to beat the record on the southward track through Antarctic wilds. Hungry, thirsty, frost-bitten, scurvy-smitten, snow-blinded, he won his way. Not less plucky and uncomplaining were his officers and crew—a dauntless company worthy of such leadership. Written in the simple literary form in which brave men naturally narrate their doings, no more glowing narrative of adventure is to be met with in the English language. Its value is vastly augmented by nearly 300 photogravures and sketches, some in colours, taken on the spot by Dr. WILSON and Chief-Engineer SKELTON.

When folks get to praising a writer called "HANDASYDE" It shall certainly not be my function to stand aside. To praise him (or her) I am all the more willing Since his volume (or hers) costs no more than a shilling. It is just—so to speak—a collection of posies, As fragrant as thyme, as attractive as roses; And the angriest man will abandon his scowls "As he reads *The Four Gardens* (it's published by FOULIS).

Mr. ANDREW LANG has edited *The Red Book of Romance* (LONGMANS), but he tells us that "the stories in this book

were done by Mrs. LANG out of the old romances." It is a delightful book, full of gallant adventures, great excitements, fights, magic, splendid knights and lovely maidens. Mr. HENRY FORD has adorned it with beautiful pictures. Altogether it is as good a six-shilling's worth as any one can want to buy.

Most of us read Sir FRANK BURNAND's *Records and Reminiscences* (METHUEN) when, in 1904, they appeared in a couple of volumes. Having in eighteen months run through three editions, which shows the public knows a good thing when it sees it, they are now being brought out in cheap one-volume form. Those who read the story before will like to renew the pleasure. For those who did not earlier read, my Baronite advises them straightway to run and order the book. Thus it will come to pass that, as of old times, he who runs may read.

Rarely nowadays do we get anywhere within hail of Christmas without being reminded of one of the most charming of all charming legends associated with the festive season by having brought before us some new edition of WASHINGTON IRVING's immortal story, *Rip Van Winkle*. This present edition, produced by Mr. HEINEMANN, is worthily got up, its first merit being the finely-printed and thoroughly legible letter-press. Mr. RACKHAM is in the main to be congratulated on the artistic character of his distinctly original illustrations. Unqualified praise the Baron can confer on all the drawings for their skill and technique, but he feels that the artist has in several instances failed to catch and reproduce the overpowering awfulness of the author's weird idea. The very last effect that the sight of these quaint grim-visaged old phantoms, solemnly playing their thunderous game of bowls, had on *Rip*, was to make him laugh. He was overcome with fear. About his gnome-like guide, for whom *Rip* carries the keg, there was something "that inspired awe and checked familiarity." This gnome, as represented by Mr. RACKHAM, is an odd-looking pantomimic mannikin, decidedly comic. When *Rip* finds himself among the queer goblin-like assemblage "his heart bounds within him and his knees smite together." Nothing grotesquely ludicrous in this description; yet Mr. RACKHAM's representation of it is more suggestive of a comic nightmare than of anything fearful. But apart from these dealings with the supernatural—a very difficult matter—Mr. RACKHAM's illustrations are charming in design, tone, and colour.

Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN has a delightful touch when dealing with ordinary country life in Ireland, and it is just this capability of hers that makes some chapters of *A Village Mystery* (F. V. WHITE & Co.) pleasant reading. Otherwise the story is somewhat dull. "Missing caskets" are well-worn conventional "properties" of melodramatic romance, but the incidental sketches of genuine Irish character are the story's apology.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, practised novel readers in want of a relish, allow the Baron to recommend you *The Vampire Nemesis, and other Weird Stories of the China Coast*, by DOLLY (author of *China Coasters*), which, contained in one small pocket-volume of Arrowsmith's British Library, will hold you enthralled for just about an hour before going to bed. That is the time for reading *The Vampire* and *Death Grips*. To ladies, perhaps, the place for settling down to these weird stories is the bed-room, before a good fire, within easy distance of bed.



THE SELF-ELEVATOR.

WE have determined to put the Golden Key of Success into the hand of every person in the Land, at no matter what cost to ourselves. The possession of that key will cost you a halfpenny a day—a mere nothing—but *that's* not the point. The point is, Can you afford to do without that key?

The Self-Elevator is not an old book; every word of it has been written for you within the last week, and absolutely no time has been lost in revising it before going to Press.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was a great man. That we willingly admit. He discovered the law of gravitation and made a great name for himself, but Sir ISAAC NEWTON knew little or nothing about Voice-production, Cider-making, Hall-marks on Silver, How to take Stains out of Carpets, or the respective merits of Wood-block or Asphalte Paving. *You*, however, have no excuse. All this is Yours for a halfpenny a day!

MARCUS T. CICERO

was, as every schoolboy knows, the greatest scholar of his day, but if he were with us now we very much doubt whether he would command a salary of 30s. per week. What, for instance, did he know of Sanitary Steam Laundries, Shorthand, Dust Destructors, Septic Tanks, Tonic Solfa, Celluloid Combs, Fret-work for Amateurs, or How to Make and Fake Photographs. Yet *You* may revel in all these things for a halfpenny a day, by getting *The Self-Elevator*. To give one more instance. Let us take

PLATO:—

PLATO

received his name from the largeness of

his shoulders. He would in all probability have received a very different name, and that for the largeness of his brain, had he but lived to enjoy the advantages of *The Self-Elevator*. Learned he certainly was, for he lived in an age when there was little to learn. Yet in these days of cheap education how

hero, when they placed NELSON upon a Column in Trafalgar Square. *You* will find no fewer than *Five Columns upon Nelson in The Self-Elevator*.

The Self-Elevator covers the whole of Life, and does not merely touch its fringe. It contains a short History of the World from the beginning of All

Things up to the elevation of Cardiff to the rank of a City, and including the result of the match between the "All Blacks" and the Midland Counties.

THIS IS NOT AN OLD HISTORY.

Every word of it has been written for *you* within the last few days by (perhaps) some of the brightest minds in the Kingdom.

The Self-Elevator will lift you from the humblest position and deposit you upon the highest pinnacle of Fame, and

IT WILL COST YOU NOT A PENNY!
(but a halfpenny, a day.)

WE are informed that the Automobile Club, for the purpose of collecting evidence for the Royal Commission on Motor Traffic, has issued a circular to every medical practitioner in the United Kingdom asking for replies to certain questions, including the following one:

"Can you mention any instances

where by travelling in excess of the speed limit you reached a patient in time to save life when otherwise you would have arrived too late?"

We suggest a supplementary question to this effect: "Will you kindly state at the same time, in round numbers, how many men, women, children, dogs, etc., you have killed with your motor in the course of these life-saving excursions?"



Mr. Binks. "ONE OF MY ANCESTORS FELL AT WATERLOO."

Lady Clare. "AH? WHICH PLATFORM?"

ignorant he would appear! PLATO knew nothing about the Manufacture of Glues and Adhesives, 'Practical Bee-keeping, Dry-rot in Timber, How to read the Gas Meter, or the Duties of the Housemaid. *The Self-Elevator* is a fountain of learning on all these points. And the price? A halfpenny a day!

Our fathers could think of no better way of perpetuating the memory of a

INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATIONS.

[Adapted from Lord Rosebery's speech at Stourbridge.]

My Liberal brethren, we are on the eve
Of such a boom in styles of long ago
As you might possibly not well believe,
Unless your old friend came and told you so:—
A boom that gratifies us all the more
After the weary slump that went before.

Ask not the warrior blinded with the fight,
Who scarce can gather how the day has gone;
But rather those that from a distant height
Enjoy the vantage of the looker-on;
Ask me, in fact, who have at leisure brooded
Over the dismal decade just concluded.

I say the Tory citadel is doomed
(I have observed the slain as thick as flies);
And from its ashes, when the place is fumed,
I look to see a peerless structure rise;
Even the phoenix, cited in the fable,
Will stand abashed before that Tower of Babel.

Already I remark that certain folk
Clamour for booty in the by-and-by,
Itching, like *Horner* (*Little Jack*) to poke
Their thumbs within the half-baked Liberal pie;
It does disgust me when I see a comrade
Showing such greed about a private plum-raid.

For who can gauge our strength when all is done?
Men cut their clothes according to their stuff,
And our desires may reasonably run
To trousers, yet the cloth be not enough;
And then our Party—so experience teaches—
Will have to be content with Irish breeches.

One awful heritage we have to face!
England has earned the enmity of some;
And we must therefore use, to meet the case,
Infinite tact in perils bound to come
As the result—if I foresee the end—
Of making everybody else a friend.

Well, we must try and see the country through
This legacy of danger, nor decline
The claims of pledged affection, though 'tis true
Such things are not in our peculiar line,
Whose forte has ever been to keep the nation
Orbed in a sphere of dazzling isolation.

Further, the Government will have to cope
With the great mass's more immediate needs;
And here our various leaders rightly hope
To find a common ground in all our creeds;
It is their dream to have the country fed
Gratis on most enormous blocks of bread.

But, since the people's stomach ill would thrive
If on their nobler parts no care were spent,
We shall, for good example's sake, revive
The pristine dignity of Parliament,
And what of manners used to be the code
When last a Liberal Party set the mode.

Where is that ancient pattern stamped so clear
As in our leaders (few, I grant, but fit),—
REDMOND, the glass of fashion, yet austere?
LLOYD-GEORGE and WINSTON, types of courtly wit?
Where is the old-world grace more fine and rare
Than that of CAMPBELL-B., the debonair? O. S.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE JEUNESSE DORÉE OF THE VILLAGE.

LORD GRANVILLE relates (the letter is printed in his *Life*) that when JOHN BRIGHT dined at Osborne he amused Queen VICTORIA by quoting to her his brother's remark:—Where, considering what charming things children are, do all the funny old men comé from. For myself I have often wondered how a village child, which is normally a pleasant, cheerful, well-mannered little specimen of its tribe, can ever develop into a thing so obtrusively disagreeable as the hobbledehoy who haunts the village corners on Sunday afternoons and evenings. How this same hobbledehoy ever becomes a steady respectable member of the male community is a matter even more surprising.

It is, as I say, on Sundays, that the members of our *jeunesse dorée* emerge into the light. It is possible that during the working days of the week they are tradesmen's assistants or industrious doers of such other jobs as the village affords; but it is quite impossible to recognise any traces of a useful and laborious life in the surly Adonises who, with shiny faces, bright and meretricious ties, stiff and inconvenient clothes, creaking boots, and slabs of hair ("quiff" is, I believe, the technical term) plastered down upon their foreheads, infect the Sunday air with their coarse loud jests and their studied air of uneasy defiance to all powers human or divine. There is a butcher's lad with whom I often exchange the salute of courtesy as he drives a high-paced pony along our roads. He smiles, we both smile, as the good-mornings pass between us. He is a courteous youth, and it is a pleasure to receive and acknowledge his greeting. Sometimes, when an unkind fate has forced me to pass a group of the Sunday gilded ones, I have vaguely imagined that in one of the scowling faces I caught some dim familiar marks reminding me of this not unamiable boy. If it be indeed he, I know not why he puts off his courtesy with his working clothes, and why he considers a garment of defiance to be the only suitable wear for one who has belaboured his hair with grease and stuck a straight-cut cigarette between his lips.

The time spent by these young men at their corner is almost inconceivably protracted. It cannot be that they delight one another's thirsty souls with the sparkling waters of intellectual conversation. Coming upon them unawares I have occasionally overheard their remarks, and, if I may infer the whole from the part, I judge that they mostly tell one another that "Elf 'ad a proper ole beano last night;" or that "'ERRY's gal—'er with the nose—fetched 'im a cop o' the jaw;" or again that "I tole 'im I warn't goin' to 'ave none of 'is lip and when 'e giv me some of 'is back-talk I jest called 'im a blanky mole-ketcher." With the interchange of such light-hearted raileries the hours are sped upon their way; and, having seen them morosely eyeing the world and one another at 11.30 A.M., you will come upon them in the same attitudes at 3.30 P.M., and again at 6 P.M. It is just possible that they may have budged during the intervals, but, for myself, I do not think they have. Some unearthly messenger, I believe, deposits them there as a living warning during the morning hours, and fetches them away again after their duty is fulfilled and when the rest of the village is wrapped in sleep.

I am told that the country and its villages are losing their interest for the male portion of our youth, and that the towns are overcrowded with those whom the rural parts need. For the *jeunesse dorée* of such villages as I know, nothing, so far as I can judge, has ever had the least semblance of interest (I speak only of Sundays, remember), and no human force could uproot them from their stands at their favourite Sabbath corners. Now and then a soldier or a sailor, a native of our village, comes to us on a visit, and it is not



THE TWO DEMAND NOTES.

RATEPAYER (reading over his letter to "The Times"). "SIR, WHY SHOULD LONDON WAIT? ARE WE ALWAYS TO LAG BEHIND PARIS AND BERLIN? WE MUST HAVE IMPROVEMENTS, AT WHATEVER COST!"

THE SAME (later). "WHAT! WANT ME TO PAY A BILL LIKE THAT! I CALL IT SIMPLY MONSTROUS!"
[Becomes incoherent.]



"GOIN' TO SHOOT THIS MORNIN'?"

"GOIN' ROUND THE LINKS?"

"WELL, FACT IS I PROMISED TO ARRANGE THE FLOWERS FOR THE DINNER-TABLE TO-NIGHT. THAT OUGHT TO BE RATHER SPORT, WHAT?"

"GOOD! I'LL COME AND HELP YOU."

"NO. FACT IS, I'M BEGINNIN' TO THINK SHOOTIN' IS RATHER AN EFFEMINATE AMUSEMENT."

"MY DEAR CHAP, THAT'S ONE WORSE!"

"WHAT ARE YOU GOIN' TO DO THEN?"

without amusement that one notices the contrast between the sullen affectations of the *jeunesse* and the simple, breezy carriage of the man who has gone through discipline and learnt a lesson of conduct. Some day, no doubt, the hair-plasterer will be enslaved by a fair and will walk out with her. Eventually he may be married to her, and may forswear the boon companions of his period of gilt. But there are middle-aged men and even old ones who belong to the set, and these are, perhaps, the most dreadful and hopeless of the gang.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday.—Very fine night; as indeed it ought to be, exceptionally fine, for the public appearance of a *Butterfly* in Covent Garden. And let Signor PUCCINI, Messrs. RENDLE and FORSYTH, and every one concerned, be heartily congratulated on the excellent performance of *Madama Butterfly*. Not for one night only by any manner of means, as seats being insufficient for the crowd on Tuesday, the *Butterfly* had, willy-nilly, to come out for another flutter on Thursday last (also is announced for next Thursday's *matinée*), and when or where the *Butterfly* will ultimately settle is a matter for the syndicate, which may consider their "catch of the season" to be this fine Japanese specimen. The house, crammed and jammed, was enthusiastic. The presence of Her Majesty the QUEEN added additional brilliancy to what was already exceptionally brilliant. The staging of PUCCINI's work was admirable, and Conductor MUGNONE has added another note of honour to his operatic score.

As *Cio-Cio-San*, Signora GIACHETTI, singing and acting well-nigh to perfection, may be described as rendering the little heroine almost great. It cannot be forgotten that Madame DESTINN originally played and sang this part, her singing not being quite on a par with her playing; and to have proved herself a rival of so distinguished an *artiste* may indeed be accounted as something for Signora GIACHETTI to have achieved. Madame GILBERT-LEJEUNE's *Suzuki* is already well known here; her impersonation had lost nothing of its intensity, nor her voice of its charm. Signor ZENATELLO was good as *Butterfly's* lover, Lieutenant Pinkerton, U.S.N., but he was not a second CARUSO. The rôle of Mr. Sharpless, U.S. Consul at Nagasaki, was perfectly rendered, both as to singing and acting, by Signor SAMMARCO. Uncommonly fortunate were the United States, at the period of this story, to have possessed such a representative. After Act I. the Fall of the Curtain was followed by a tremendous Rise in the enthusiasm. The *artistes*, every man and woman of them, were true to their calling, and being summoned by the delighted audience at least five times, responded as often and as quickly as if every fresh summons had been a legal one.

The parts of lesser importance—it would be incorrect to describe them in an opera as "the minor parts"—were played and sung excellently. Signorina MANARINI was delightful as *Kate Pinkerton*; Signor BADA very good as *Goko*, as also was Signor NIOLA representing *Il Principe Yamadori*, *Butterfly's* rejected lover. From first to last the entire performance of this opera must be recorded as a big success for all concerned, and in our opinion a large share of such success was due to the *Cio-Cio-San* of Signora GIACHETTI.

A VOYAGE TO THE VINES.

No. IV.

Aboard L'Hirondelle.—During the day the amusements on board are much the same as on other vessels several times larger. There are Quoits for those who affect that game of skill, and Cricket with a stick and a very soft ball, played in the space between the first and second-class divisions. There are cards, a smoking-room, and a ladies' small saloon with a piano in it. This instrument is apparently patronised by two or three sets independently of one another. "Set A.," for example, has its singers, pianists, and audience all complete. During this concert "Set A." has the saloon entirely to itself, and enjoys its own performance. "Set A." having retired, "Set B.," so to speak, "takes the flure," entirely to its own satisfaction, with a totally different entertainment. "Set A." has solo pieces, classical, an occasional solo song, and a duet or two, Italian. "Set B." avoids the classical, indulges in pianoforte duets, solos (English), trios, and boating quartets. If "Set A." listens to "Set B." it must be at a distance outside, as none of that party are in the saloon; and precisely the same thing happens when the "B." tap is turned on.

The remainder of the passengers, sitting out on deck, keep open ears and an entirely open mind.

"Well," says the Captain, smiling, to me on Monday, the second morning of our voyage, "how did you like the Bay of Biscay?"

"You don't mean——"

"Yes I do," returns the Captain. "We were in it yesterday, and we're out of it now. Terrible place, eh?"

"If the Bay ever wants a good character," I say, heartily, "let it come to me."

"Don't be in too great a hurry," says JUDKIN; "remember you've got to get back again."

Better defer final opinion until I am safe at home again.

"Uncommonly pretty country on this side," I say, pointing to the left bank as we enter the mouth of the river Gironde.

"Very," assents the Colonel, after an excellent breakfast. "But not much t'other side. Prettier still farther up and right away in the distance over there," he adds, directing our attention to a blurred landscape hazily visible in the distance.

"You've been here before?" says JUDKIN inquiringly.

"Been here before!" echoes the Colonel, and then answers his own echo with a most hearty "Rather!" bestowing upon his audience, which gradually increases while he imparts us his information, a knowing look as if he could tell them a thing or two about this country if he liked.

"You know it then, I venture to guess?" says JUDKIN suspiciously.

"Know it!" repeats the Colonel, in a lowered tone of almost affectionate regard. "My dear Sir, I've been here—I and my wife—have been here since—('the Conquest,' murmurs JUDKIN)—well, we've been here at different times ever since I was a small boy."

"At school here?" asks JUDKIN, deferentially.

"No, Sir," answers the Colonel, raising his voice as he quits sentiment and comes to mere statement of fact, "I was at school in England—Rugby and so forth. My parents, who were rather French than English, owned the greater part of that land there," and he scoops a large space out of distant space. "Beautiful woods, capital shooting, and one or two vineyards producing a grape called *Monœil*, which, if it could be grown in any quantity, would give *Lafitte* a second place."

"I never heard of it," I say, with an effort to recall some items on the Club wine list.

The Colonel excuses me. "Very few have heard of it except the natives, or anyone who has travelled all over the place as I have. Delightful recollections!"

"I suppose you haven't been back here for years?" asks a casual listener.

"Not to reside," the Colonel explains, "but to stay here for weeks, or months, every year. I may say of myself, as I said of my parents, I am more French than a Frenchman."

"*Vous en avez l'air, M. le Colonel*," says JUDKIN.

"Quite so," returns the Colonel, glancing at my friend out of the corner of his eye; "the air is perfect, most healthy." JUDKIN coughs drily. "All I ask for is fishing, shooting, boating. In fact, sport."

"What shooting did you get out there?" inquires a tall burly man with little bright inquisitive eyes, turning his gaze in the direction indicated by the Colonel.

"Oh," replies the Colonel, "pretty well all sorts."

"Wild fowl?" asks the big man, earnestly pursuing the subject.

"No end," answers the Colonel, "and not infrequently *Dotterel*, *Snipe*, and a lot of small birds, rather like *Wagtails*, peculiar to this country, which I've never seen anywhere else."

"*Beaucoup de Macreuse?*" inquires JUDKIN.

"They may be so. I'm not quite sure," answers the Colonel guardedly. JUDKIN nudges my elbow to intimate that his next question is only part of an artful scheme.

"And how about *les Routelets* and *les Choucas*?" JUDKIN wants to know.

"Well, it is *not* a great place for *them*," the Colonel, on reflection, must candidly admit.

"*Point de Bécasse?*" asks JUDKIN.

"Aha!" says the Colonel knowingly, but I am inclined to think that he adopts this mysterious manner because he has failed to understand the question, and is rather shy of being forced to request JUDKIN to repeat it.

"Any *Woodcock*?" asks the burly man, deferentially.

"Oh, as to *Woodcock*, *now* you're talking," replies the Colonel as if the subject had now been mentioned for the first time.

JUDKIN appears amused. So am I, on his subsequently referring me, in strictest confidence, to a list of birds in an old French-English conversation book.

Our Captain has descended the staircase from his observatory and, unnoticed save by two or three of us, is leaning against the capstan, occasionally passing his hand over his lips, while his eyes, on catching those of JUDKIN and myself, give an extra merry twinkle.

The Colonel, unaware of the Captain's proximity, has an audience all eyes and ears. Outside this semi-circle is JUDKIN, with the air of a cynical *Mephistopheles* awaiting an opportunity. Captain TWINKLER appears to be watching the manoeuvres of some sea-fowl as illustrating, so he puts it afterwards, various flights of fancy.

"You see," the Colonel is saying to his audience, pointing to a bifurcation of the river, "the stream is divided at that point."

"Where are we now?" asks an interested inquirer.

"*Now*," returns the Colonel, addressing the casual inquirer in an authoritative tone, "we are in the river Garonne, which is split in two, as it were, by an island—capital shooting and fishing there—where I used to spend my holidays when I was a lad."

"What's the name of that island?" inquires a little scrubby-bearded man, note-book in hand.

"Name?" repeats the Colonel; then, before any one can utter a word, he says, with the air of a man putting a stop to all debate, "its name is *Massidan*, and," he goes on quickly, "it was near there, at a place called *Brives*, that we spent our honeymoon."

"No, not *Brives*, my dear WILLIAM," interrupts, hesitatingly, a gentle voice. It is that of Mrs. Colonel BICKERSTIFF, very much muffled up; both the voice and the lady.

"My dear!" protests the Colonel.

"Brives," continues his wife, very gently, "is beyond *Perigueux*, a long way."

The Colonel yields at discretion.

"Very likely, my dear," he says, in an offhand manner; then he distracts the attention of his audience from what may prove rather dangerous ground by peremptorily requesting them to notice how the river, which leads to Bordeaux, being divided by a peninsula, has an entirely different name before it has done with us. "There," says the Colonel, indicating the stream just mentioned, "is the *Yon*."

"Not the *Yon*, WILLIAM," pleads his wife.

"Yes, yes," he returns testily, and is about to enlarge on the text, when Captain TWINKLER, indicating the peninsula just mentioned, observes,

"Don't think you've been ashore there for some time, eh, Colonel?"

"Why?" asks the Colonel, turning on him with some asperity.

"Well," answers the Captain, who has unrolled a map, and with the assistance of JUDKIN is keeping it open before him on the capstan (or whatever it may be, as I make no pretence towards special nautical accuracy), "the river *Yon* is a precious long way behind us, and *Brives* is half again as far ahead of us."

"Is that so?" asks the Colonel suspiciously.

"There's no contradicting the chart," returns the Captain, apologetically.

The Colonel admits the authority, and having examined the map he hands it back to Captain TWINKLER.

"And where are we now?" sternly puts in the big burly man, who a few minutes ago had been subserviently inquiring about *Woodcock*, with a look towards the Colonel, and in a tone that gives us all clearly to understand that his confidence in the Colonel has been rudely shaken.

"Well," says Captain TWINKLER deliberately, and giving the map as corroborative evidence, "we are now in the river *Gironde*. We've passed *Royan*, which serves as a sort of Brighton to Bordeaux; that's where they get the excellent little fish, *Royans*. At that point," which he indicates with his finger, pointing it out in the distance, "jutting out some way ahead of us, the *Gironde* becomes the *Garonne*, on the Bordeaux side, and the *Dordogne* on the *Bourg* side."

"Yes, that's the division, of course," exclaims the Colonel emphatically, yielding to the weight of evidence against his previous assertions. Then, genially, addressing the few left of the crowd who but twenty minutes ago had been ready to pin their faith on him, the Colonel says, "Impossible not to get names and



Foreigner (who has "pulled" badly, and hit his partner in a tender spot). "MILLE PARDONS, MONSIEUR! MY CLOB—HE DECEIVED ME!"

places a bit mixed up when one is constantly on the move."

But the confidence of even the most stalwart has been hopelessly undermined, and one by one they desert him and walk towards the other end of the vessel. JUDKIN and self remain. The Captain addresses Mrs. Colonel and her husband. "Nothing easier," says the Captain, consoling, "than to get names a bit wrong now and then. Maybe Madame and you, Sir, would like to refresh your memory with the maps? We shall be in before dinner time."

"At Bordeaux?" asks Madame.

"Yes, certainly," answers the Captain. Whereupon with many expressions of gratitude the Colonel declines, for the present, to avail himself of the chance of putting his geography in order before landing, as he would rather bestow all his care on his luggage, in case, as he says, "our good friends should arrive suddenly, when, by permission of the Douane, we might be able to leave the

ship to-night." And as the unexpected happens and the good friends arrive, Col. BILLY and Mrs. BICKERSTIFF are enabled, by the kind offices of Captain TWINKLER on their behalf with the Douane, to take their departure within an hour of their arrival at Bordeaux. Subsequently everybody goes ashore for the avowed purpose of stretching their legs, returning between ten and midnight, considerably fatigued by the operation, but much delighted with the brightness of the town, the Cafés, the Restaurants, and such amusements as are going on in Bordeaux.

Still more Commercial Candour.

A NORTHAMPTON tradesman gives prominence to the following notice:—"No person can be supplied with fireworks under thirteen years of age."

After so fair a warning the purchaser has only himself to blame if these antiquities refuse to go off.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A LIVELY SCHOOLMASTER.

October 25.—Have just read WELLS's article in the *Westminster Gazette*. Yes, there is no doubt about it, we are a dull lot and largely responsible for the stupidity and inefficiency of our pupils. Still, it is never too late to mend; I am only twenty-nine, and surely not too old to cultivate the vivacity and independence which are bound to react upon the boys in my form. I have decided, therefore, to remodel my life, conduct, and teaching on the general principles indicated by WELLS, and henceforth it will be my aim,

- (1) To become an Authentic Man.
- (2) To eschew the obvious and conventional in dress.
- (3) To proclaim my adhesion to Socialistic principles.
- (4) To affront public opinion at least once a week.
- (5) To cultivate a vivid and "prehen-sile" style.
- (6) To forswear fly-fishing and take to flying-machines instead.
- (7) To write a good and lurid novel.

October 26.—One must make a beginning, and I made it to-day. Went into early school in knickerbockers and a frock-coat. Slight *émeute* amongst the form, which I soon quelled by handing round a box of cigarettes, and observing that, as *Livy* was a dull dog, I proposed to devote the hour to reading extracts from the *Memoirs of Casanova*. Complete success of the experiment. Occupied the last quarter of an hour in explaining to the form the duties of the Authentic Man, and the stimulating effect of a life of crime. Hearing, however, at breakfast in common room that the Headmaster had got wind of what I had done, resumed my normal garb for 10 o'clock school and exacted a pledge of secrecy from the form. How contemptible are these evasions! But one must go slow at first. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*.

October 28.—This being a half-holiday I went up to look on at a house-match and created some excitement by booing at intervals and crying out "Muddled oafs!" Evidently, however, the boys really approved of my criticisms, for I distinctly heard one of them reply to one of my sallies, "Good old *Raffles*!" *Raffles*, as I subsequently learned, is a successful gentleman burglar in a favourite work of fiction, so that the compliment was obvious.

Took preparation in the evening and caned a boy for addressing me as "Sir," explaining that I preferred to be called by my Christian name or, if they preferred it, *Raffles*.

October 29.—Sunday. Obtained leave of absence and went up to town, where I marched in a Socialist procession,

lectured in Hyde Park, and dined at an Anarchists' Club in Soho. Travelled back first-class with a third-class ticket as a protest against the cowardly conformity of a sophisticated civilisation. On reaching my rooms, feeling that my style was growing more prehensile, sat down and began upon my novel. Before going to bed, wrote an anonymous letter to the Headmaster telling him that he was a lifeless twaddler, whose grovelling deference to decorum was as dangerous as it was disgusting.

October 30.—Went into morning school without a collar. Enlarged on the moral of the phrase *splendide mendax* which occurred in the HORACE lesson, pointing out that while it was permissible to be strictly truthful in small matters, lying, to be efficient, must be on a large scale, and that in the noble words of WELLS, in these days "an unblemished record was mere evidence of the damning burial of a talent of life." Read aloud to the form the opening pages of my novel, *In Quest of Crime*, in which the hero commits bigamy while still at a private school. My young auditors were strangely silent, but applauded the poem which the hero recites on his eleventh birthday, ending: "Down with the crumbling fabric of the ages, Down with the Old Creed, and up with the New."

October 31.—Pioneers must always be martyrs. At second school to-day I found a round robin on my desk signed by all the form. It was short but very much to the point. "Dear *Raffles*," it ran, "we like your cigarettes and can put up with your clothes, but if you are going to give us any more of that rotten novel we shall simply let the Head Beak know all about your goings on. There are occasions, as you have told us, on which it is permissible to tell the truth." Informed the boys that I would let them have my answer to-morrow. Wrote at length to WELLS explaining the situation and asking him for advice by wire.

November 1.—No wire from WELLS. Distributed copies of *The Clarion* and *Justice* in the quadrangle after tea. Dined with the Headmaster. Took the opportunity of asking his wife if she had ever loved unwisely. She bridled and said, "Really, Mr. JOPP, you do say such extraordinary things!" but evaded my question.

November 4.—Received letter from WELLS—really most offensive. He says: "I am afraid that little good can be expected from your belated and isolated experiment. Besides, your respectable antecedents and unblemished record render you quite unfitted to assume the rôle of a hierophant of antinomianism. Your style, again, is almost as non-prehensile as that of Mr. GILKES of Dulwich, and, in short, I cannot honestly encourage you

to head a rebellion against that dulness in which you are obviously steeped to the lips. Boys who are to be free, masterly men, must hear free men talk freely of religion, of philosophy, of conduct. You are at best the semi-serf of a vicious tradition, and had better either resign the attempt or your mastership." Confound the fellow! If he was within reach he'd soon find that my style was prehensile enough!

November 5.—Announced to my form abandonment of experiment. Burned WELLS in effigy.

SOCIETY CHATTER.

(From the "*Side-Glancer*"—with which is incorporated "*Back Stares*.")

SOME HOUSE PARTIES.

THERE were a good many house parties for Midchester Races. Unfortunately, the particularly cheery one at Larkington was by way of being marred by the bad form of an outsider. He was only invited for his Bridge-playing; but outsiders are never safe. One evening, when everyone was tired, too, with playing catch in the passages, he began to hold forth about the Empire and its Defence, of all stodgy, middle-class subjects! Lord LARKINGTON apologised to his guests later, and it seems the person left next day.

At Rippintowers very good fun was enjoyed one evening, when everyone put on pinafores and bowled hoops up and down the picture-gallery. Mr. "Baby" St. AUBYN, whose colt "Rotter" had won the Midchester Cup in the afternoon, showed splendid form with his hoop.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE DOING.

There is no doubt Hoop-bowling has caught on. Indeed, it is by way of becoming quite an obsession with some people. Many smart women are having dresses built specially for it. The most *chie* is a sort of Bloomer dress, in fine cloth or velvet; tall bronze boots are worn with it; and gauntlet gloves and a baby-boy's hat complete a costume in which a pretty woman, with nice feet and ankles, looks really "devy."

Lady THISTLEDOWN is doing a long rest-cure. Everyone sympathises so with her over the regrettable conclusion of *Thistledown v. Thistledown and Hurlingham*. A good deal of indignation is felt at the merciless cross-examination she underwent at the hands of Mr. LASHER, K.C., which is directly responsible for the fainting fits she has suffered from since. Lady THISTLEDOWN, who is one of the prettiest and most popular women in Society, will pay a round of visits when her rest-cure is completed, and will then go to Cairo for the season.



ILL-CONSIDERED.

"BIN INSPECTIN' O' THEM NOO PRIZE COTTAGES. THEY AIN'T NO GOOD! IRON BANISTERS TO THE STAIRS: 'OW DO THEY EXPECT YER TO BE ABLE TO LIGHT THE FIRE WITH THEM? AN' BILLY 'ERE—AND 'IM SO GIVEN TO PRIZIN' UP THE FLOOR-TILES AND THINGS IN 'IS LEISURE HOURS—WHY, THEY 'VE PUT 'EM IN WITH CEMENT! 'OW'S HE TO GIT THEM OUT? WHY, THEY'D BREAK THE PORE CHILD'S 'ART!'"

A ROMANTIC ENGAGEMENT.

Smart Whispers is quite wrong in speaking of Captain "DOLLY" DE LACY as the *fiancé* of Lady "DICKIE" SANDYS, Lord and Lady RAMSGATE's pretty daughter. It is to Lady "DICKIE's" grandmother, POPSY, Lady RAMSGATE, that the popular young Guardsman is engaged. The happy couple have been overwhelmed with "congrats." by their hosts of friends. They were dining at Fitz's the other night, POPSY, Lady RAMSGATE, looking radiant in a picture frock, with some pretty bits of jewellery, and her hair dressed in the new *bébé* style.

WHERE PEOPLE ARE.

Though Society is scattered up and down the land, there are quite a good many people in town just now. The Duke of DUNSTABLE was alighting from a hansom at the entrance of the Senior Fogeys' the other day, and paying the cabman with half-a-crown, or a two-shilling piece, I can't be sure which, but I think the latter. TRIXIE, Lady LARKINGTON, was whizzing along Piccadilly on her motor-cycle, with Captain MASHEM in the trailer. (By the way, her action for libel against *The Planet* for mentioning her, in describing her grand-

son's coming-of-age festivities, as the Dowager-Countess, will not come on, a settlement having been effected.)

Mrs. "Croppy" VAVASSOR, in smartest black with something pinky in her toque, was shopping in Bond Street; and quite a number of smart women were at OLGA FITON's, looking at some simple little day-frocks she is showing at quite absurdly low prices (from forty guineas upwards), and at her novelties in cigarette-jackets, chatting-coats, and other pretty-pretties.

DANCING PEOPLE.

Mrs. "Bosh" TRESILLYAN's little impromptu dance in Hill Street the other night was quite a cheery affair; indeed, she is making quite a little reputation for these "spur-of-the-moment" parties. Though the invitations were only sent out the day before, and simply consisted of postcards with "Come and twirl" on them, everything was quite beautifully done, the dancing-rooms and supper-room being made pretty with red and white "mums." It was quite a "boy-and-girl" dance, no one much over fifty being present.

The "Hopeless Sufferers" are to be aided by a Fancy Head Dance next week, which promises to be a very smart affair.

Several hostesses will give "Hopeless Sufferers" dinners, and will take on parties.

THE INDUSTRIOUS HEN.

["The Swiss village of Zofingen, in the Canton of Aargau, was decorated with flags yesterday in honour of a hen which had laid its thousandth egg."—*Daily Express*.]

HER thousandth egg! To what a height

May perseverance mount!

Did she with this result in sight

Maintain a careful count?

Nay, rather let us think of her

As careless of applause,

And heedless of the civic stir

Her industry might cause.

Could any hen foresee the fame

A feat like this would bring?

I'm confident no fowl could claim

To think of such a thing.

Like that of SCOTT's *Last Minstrel* one

With truthfulness may say,

This surely must have been an "Unpremeditated Lay!"

AN INFECTIOUS ALIEN.—From *The Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury's* "For Sale" Column.—"Spotted Dalmatian doctor's carriage Dog; cheap."



THE MACDUFFER GOES STALKING.—No. 4.

HOWEVER, FORTUNE AT LENGTH FAVOURS THE BRAVE, AND A LUCKY SHOT (!) BRINGS DOWN HIS FIRST STAG.

AFTER THE LONG VACATION.

DULL earth, dull sky, a world forlorn
Of Nature's rich Autumnal hues;
No chant of birds at early morn,
No meadows bright with glistening
dews;
No lowing kine upon the lea,
Wherever that may be.

Vista of chimneys, rain-wet roofs,
Of slippery streets and swaying vans;
The hoot of horns, the clang of hoofs,
Rattle of chains and milkmen's cans;
The steady swish of wheel-flung slime
That hits you every time!

And this is London—this the spot
That, just a week ago, I swore
Outclassed with ease the fairest grot
That ever faced a classic shore,
Whose air (I said) for giving tone
Surpassed the raw ozone.

Prænestæ (better known as Deal)
And Tibur (sometimes called Herne
Bay)

I wearied of; I ceased to feel
The charm of three full meals a day;
Those early hours of healthful rest
Became a perfect pest.

Then I arose betimes to lave
My shining shoulders in the sea,

Or in a scarlet surcoat drave
The whistling cleek-head from the tee;
Or launched my bark upon the brine,
When it was nice and fine.

And when September drew to an end
And wood and coppice ruddier
gleamed,
I stayed in Berkshire with a friend;
(How long the Long Vacation seemed!)
And fished for perch and sometimes shot
A rabbit for the pot.

He and his wife both exercised
Arts that I scarcely could resist;
They gave a dance and organised
A concert, and Progressive whist;
But still a sense of vague unrest
Harried their homesick guest.

And when I said to them "Good-bye,
The 24th will soon be here;
The Courts will open then, and I
For business reasons must appear,"
They both expressed profound regret,
But didn't seem upset.

O brief delight too swiftly sped,
O disillusionment profound!
I mark the leaden skies o'erhead,
I note the dreariness around,
And lor! (methinks) I was a flat
To hurry back like that.

Yonder the "sunward sailing cranes"
In Aldwych Street swing far and near;
The latest Music Hall refrains
Are whistled rudely down my ear;
Competing cocoa shops exude
Odours of steamy food.

The motor-'bus goes tootling by,
The hoardings make a braver show;
All the old sights and sounds that I
Desired so much a week ago
Are calling me, and yet somehow
I don't enjoy them now.

I want the smell of fallen leaves,
The windy upland's wide expanse,
The robin perched upon the eaves,
The winter gnats that whirl and dance,
The high wind singing through the
trees,
And the ensuing sneeze.

O Human Nature, dark, bizarre,
Still wanting what it hasn't got,
What discontented things we are,
When thou dost call; but there, I'm
not
Fit to philosophise: instead
I think I'll go to bed.

ALGOL.

MOTTO FOR THE NEW ZEALAND TEAM.—
"Try, try, try again."



Lucy Sutherland del.

THE SENSATIONAL. PRESS.

BELLONA. "RUN AWAY, LITTLE BOYS, RUN AWAY! I WANT TO GO TO SLEEP."



LIFE'S LITTLE DETAILS.

The New Squire's Wife. "AND DO YOU ENJOY GOOD HEALTH GENERALLY?"

Cottager. "AY, MUM, I BE WONDERFUL 'EALTHY; NEVER 'AD A DOCTOR AN' NEVER 'AD BUT ONE DAY'S ILLNESS IN M' LIFE. AN' IT'S RESOLUTION WOT DOES IT. NOW THERE'S BLOATERS; THEM THINGS I BE PARTIO'LAR FOND OF, BUT I 'ARDLY EVER EATS 'EM. WHEN I WAS UP ALONG O' CAP'N BANGS OUT 'ERE AT MUDDYBANK ABUILDIN' 'IS 'OUSE, THAT'S WHEN I ATE A BLOATER FUR DINNER, AN' IF YOU B'LIEVES ME I DIDN'T EAT NOWT TILL SUPPER TH' NEXT NIGHT. IT DIDN'T AGREE SOME'OW, AN' IT WOR" (with great emphasis) "YEARS AFORE I ATE ANOTHER, AN' THAT WAS IN 'SIXTY-TWO!"

EVENINGS OUT.

The Lyric.—*The Blue Moon*, which has been shining here for some considerable time, might now well be known as *The Full Moon*, seeing that the house is crowded at every performance. Among the "stars," Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN as *Moolraj*, idol-maker and marriage-broker, shines brilliantly, as does Mr. WALTER PASSMORE representing *Private Charlie Taylor*, with a marvellous "crocodile song" and dance. The special operatic "constellations" are Miss FLORENCE SMITHSON, Miss CARRIE MOORE and Mr. COURTICE POUNDS, while there are any number of merry twinklers, celestial bodies, and equally celestial no-bodies that add to the general brilliancy of the Lyric firmament.

Prince of Wales's.—*Lady Madcap* is still apparently in her *première jeunesse*. The capital songs and dances having been going so long, it is a wonder that they have not gone off altogether long ago. But Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES, who recently professed to be about to give up this sort of entertainment, knows exactly how, where, and when to renew youth wherever alterations and repairs may be required. The work is the production of one PAUL RUBENS, in three parts; associated with our sporting Colonel, NEWNHAM DAVIS, and the poetical PERCY

GREENBANK. PAUL RUBENS is not a writer of whom it can ever be said that he does things by halves, yet in this instance he has done half "the book," half the lyrics, and *all* the music! And though the name of RUBENS is indelibly associated with the painter's art, yet here the brilliantly effective scenery is the handiwork of the brilliantly effective Messrs. HAWES CRAVEN and J. HARKER.

G. P. HUNTLEY, as *Oroya Brown*, is immense; GEORGE CARROLL is capital as *Corporal Ham*; and the humorous singing of MAURICE FARKOA has lost none of its great popularity. Mr. R. ST. GEORGE is very funny as the *Old Family Butler*. Miss ZENA DARE plays, sings and dances *The Madcap* to perfection; "What woman dares, ZENA dare!" *Susan* is a (GABRIELLE) RAY of light comic opera; Miss KATHLEEN WARREN as *Mrs. Layton*, the wife of the Colonel, is everything that a Colonel could wish for; and there yet remains to be mentioned somebody Elsie (Miss LILY ELSIE), who plays *Gwenhy Holden* with any amount of "go."

"Murder as a Fine Art."

"THE art of taking life easily is to have —'s Rich Cream Toffee."—*Advt. in Liverpool Echo.*

THE "HOW TO" PAPERS.

No. II.—HOW TO TRAVEL BY RAIL.

RAILWAY travelling is a diversion of comparatively modern growth. In the days of Queen ELIZABETH, for instance, nobody thought of indulging in it, but during the last century the taste for this amusement assumed such alarming proportions that the State had to step in and insist upon a special Act of Parliament being passed before any single new railway could be constructed. This law, however, does not apply to switch-backs.

It is a well-known fact that when once the first step has been taken nothing can stop the passion for railway travelling. Notwithstanding the large yearly loss of life and limb contingent on this recreation, almost every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom or elsewhere habitually travels by rail, and there is, therefore, no reason why a short treatise on the subject of how to travel properly should not be penned, seeing that the public appetite is now beyond control.

It is needless to say that a large and popular literature has grown up around such a popular form of amusement. Excellent recreative reading is provided by *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*, and the novice should provide himself with a copy of this entertaining work. In spite of its light and airy style it is a masterly treatise, and fresh editions are called for and eagerly taken up once a month all the year round. They are usually issued in paper covers, but there is no reason why one copy should not last a life-time if re-bound and kept on a dust-proof shelf. It might be as well, then, to acquire one by purchase, and the price charged is not excessive; but if the incipient traveller is not an habitual book buyer, he might order a copy to be included in his next parcel from MUDIE'S.

Having acquired your *Bradshaw* and read up the subject, let us suppose that you wish to make a trial journey from London to Southampton. A very good train for the purpose starts from Waterloo—the station, not the battlefield of that name—at ten minutes to five, and, after a short stop at Winchester for afternoon tea, arrives at Southampton at twenty minutes to seven, or thereabouts. You decide, then, to travel by this train, and nothing is easier if you know how to set about it.

First engage a cab to take you to the station. This process has been fully described in a former paper. When you arrive at the station yard, a subordinate official called a "porter," and attired accordingly, will come forward to welcome you on behalf of the railway company, and will assist the cabman to lift your

luggage off the roof. He will say, "Where for?" and you will reply without hesitation, "Southampton," for his enquiry will not be dictated by mere curiosity, but will arise from a sincere desire to assist you. You will now pay your cabman and get as quickly as possible out of earshot of his consequent remarks.

Your next objective will be the ticket office. This is a little hole in a wall, on the further side of which a member of the peerage, shielded from attack by a barrier of wood and wire, is privileged to charge a large price for a tiny slip of cardboard which another official will take from you at the end of your journey. Say in an audible but not stentorian voice, "Southampton, single," and, if he is not engaged at the moment in conversation with a brother peer and is satisfied with your appearance he will name a sum of money which you must be prepared to pay without demur, for it is useless to try and bargain with him. There will be a shelf in front of you on which to place your money, and on it probably a small brass plate with an inscription requesting you to examine your change before leaving. You will comply carefully with this request. The people behind you who also wish to take tickets will behave with wonderful patience while you go thoroughly into the matter.

Once seated in the comfortable little room, a series of which composes the so-called "train" in which you are to make your journey, your duty will be to make yourself agreeable to your fellow-travellers. This may be done in several ways. One of them is by affable conversation. If there should happen to be an old gentleman seated opposite to you who has supplied himself with a collection of evening papers in one of which he has immersed himself, open the ball with some remark bearing on the prevailing climatic conditions, and do not be deterred from pursuing the subject by a grunt in lieu of an answer, or an apparent disinclination on his part to encourage you. Your reward will come when he gathers up his belongings at Winchester and beats a hasty retreat, leaving his seat vacant for you to put your feet upon for the remainder of the journey. Take care, also, to be politely firm with regard to such matters as raising or lowering the window next to you. The right attitude will assure your having your way without recourse to physical force, but it might be as well to run your eye over the proportions of your fellow-travellers before determining to set your own inclinations against the combined will of the rest of them.

A last word of warning is necessary as to carriages labelled "Smoking." If you are not a tobacco-smoker do not

select one of these. The railway company's favourite penalty of a sum not exceeding forty shillings is not enacted if you do not smoke in these carriages, neither are you required to go back to the place from which you started and pay two counters into the pool. But you will have no right to object to the fumes of your neighbours, and this may annoy you. A penalty is insisted on if you allow a natural inclination to cut the seats and cushions of the carriage with a knife to get the mastery over you. You will find a notice under the hat-rack expressing in strong terms the company's dislike of this practice. It is well to take heed of this, for, the law being what it is at present, you must be prepared to put up with these petty restrictions, or you may find yourself in trouble.

THE RIVIERA "PETITE VITESSE."

(*Trente-et-quarante h.-p.*)

[It is announced that a Vanguard Motor-Omnibus is prepared to take passengers to Mentone.]

Conductor. Riveerer, Monty Carlo, Bordigheery, Lusserne, Youngfraw—come on, lydy—'igher up!

Old Lady (on curb). Do you go near Cairo, conductor?

Conductor. No, lydy; tyke a char-à-bank to Marseilles and change into a "Pharaoh." (*Rings bell.*)

Irritable Passenger (handing fifty-pound note). One to Naples.

Conductor. We ain't for Naples. You should have tyken a "Vesuvius" at Victoria.

I. P. (furiously). You told me the Italian Lakes and Calabria when I got on!

Conductor. An' awl for fifty pun'! (*With painful politeness*) Cawn't we tyke you on to Haustria, Constanternope, the 'Oly Land and Siberier?

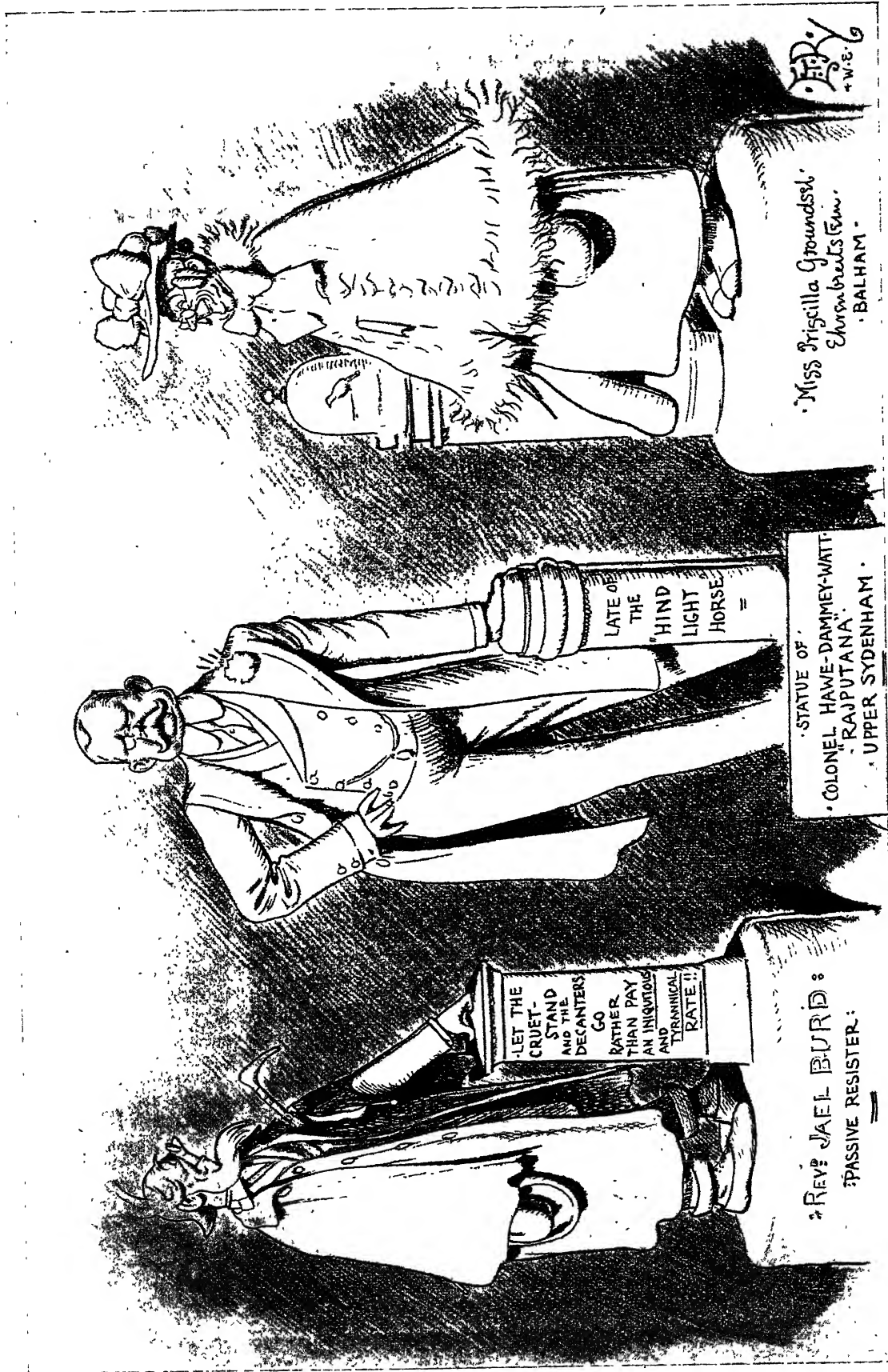
Driver (puffing smoke genially across passengers). And Pawt Arthur? Tell 'im we don't touch Asier or Afriker this journey.

Young Mother (with infant on lap). One to Mentony. Put me down at the corner.

Conductor. Another twenty-five pun', lydy! Must py for the child. (*Shouts to passing pedestrian*) Bernese Halps, Monte Roser, Milan, Riveerer! Awl the wy, fifty pun'! (*To passengers*) Move up there—room for wun on the left. 'Ere, this 'ere's a bad tenner!

Passenger. I got it at a confectioner's in Bulgaria.

Conductor. Well, you'd better give it back where yer got it, then. And that aint on our rout neither. That's the Putney—"Arrer" rout; that is. 'Ere y'are. Any more for Cans, Bowloo and the Riveerer?



ONE MAN ONE MONUMENT.

NATIONAL STATUES FOR PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS (WHO MIGHT OTHERWISE ESCAPE RECOGNITION).—No. 1.

The Times has proposed that a "Hall of Heroes" shall be erected as an annexe to Westminster Abbey, and it is rumoured that, should the Government fail to do the work, *The Times* itself may carry out the project as part of its Book Club Scheme. Only statues of subscribers would, of course, be admitted. It is even said that inquiries have already been addressed by *The Times* to several monumental masons with a view to getting an idea as to the cost of the scheme.

LILLIAN.

V.—THE INTRUSIONS OF HERBERT.

GRACE's idea of "helping" me with LILLIAN was to go up to town with ARTHUR and stay there; leaving LILLIAN and me alone in the country. (Except for LILLIAN's father, who is reading the *Encyclopædia* right through, and can hardly be said to count.) Of course we did some rather sporting things together, as I hope to show you, but the immediate result was the affair of the ducks; and as this is a matter somewhat on my conscience, I feel that it will be better to get it off at once by full confession.

GRACE amuses herself in the country by keeping ducks. In the ordinary way I am not allowed to do more than look at them. It is a very arbitrary line that she has taken up, and I suppose it is because she once found me feeding the goat out of my pouch. *Albert Edward* was lapping up the mixture like anything, but I think GRACE's indignation was unnecessary; because, as I told her, I couldn't possibly afford to make it a regular occurrence—tobacco being the expensive thing it is. However, GRACE chose to take a lofty attitude about it, and said that in future I wasn't to touch any of her animals.

But when she went up to town for the winter, and left me in possession, she came down from the pedestal, and asked me as a special favour to take care of her ducks. I promised to do my best, and for a time, with LILLIAN's help, gave the ducklings quite a classy diet—things that could never have occurred to them when in the egg.

There was one little chap in particular, *Cecilia* was his name, that shaped splendidly, and increased an inch round the chest in three days. I give you my word.

When there is a tragedy looming, I hate the author who tries to break it gently to his readers. So let me say at once that LILLIAN had a dog called *Herbert* (after an uncle), and *Herbert* in the dead of night came round to me, and ate twelve ducklings, including *Cecilia*. I heard a row, and caught sight of the brute making tracks.

Next morning when I found the damage I wrote a very formal note to LILLIAN, asking what she proposed to do about it. She replied that she didn't propose to do anything, but would I let *Herbert* buy me twelve new ducklings?

I said, certainly, but they must really be new ones, and not old ones dug up.

Well, we got twelve more, and I didn't think GRACE would mind, because it hadn't been she who had been so keen on *Cecilia*. But the night after, *Herbert* came round again and ate them, which quite destroyed the effect of his little present. I sent for LILLIAN at once.

"Now then," I said, "what are you going to do? A week ago *Herbert* ate twelve of my ducks."

"But he saved up his pocket-money, and gave you twelve more," said LILLIAN.

"And then he ate those."

"Well, he paid for them."

"You can't have it both ways," I began.

and well-behaved dog, called *Herbert* after an uncle, taking health-giving walks around the pleasant country-side, and wherever the poor animal went somebody kept putting coveys of ducks in his way. And she added that there was such a thing as indigestion.

I said that there seemed to be two ways of regarding the situation.

LILLIAN said: "Both the situation, what shall we say to GRACE?"

"There's nothing for it but the truth," I said.

"Is it as bad as that?" asked LILLIAN.

"And we could have made up such a fine story about their having tried to swim the Channel, and the Kentish mermaid's gallant effort—that's *Cecilia*, you know—and—"

At this exciting moment the postman came.

"Now," I said, "here's a letter from GRACE. Listen. 'Dear old DICK, I do hope you and LILLIAN—' oh yes, well, that's not very interesting. We pass on to—yes, here we are. 'P.S.—How are the ducks?'"

I turned to LILLIAN.

"P.S.—How are the ducks?" I said, sternly.

"We—we shall have to ask *Herbert*, sha'n't we?" asked LILLIAN, doubtfully.

"I shall reply, 'P.S., *Herbert* has eaten ducks.'"

"She won't know who *Herbert* is. I have only had him a week."

"Why did you ever have him?" I said bitterly.

"I don't know. We aren't a bit fond of each other. I don't suit him somehow."

"You might punish him by calling him *Bert*," I suggested cruelly. I've noticed that there's only one adequate repartee to "Bert." And

that's "ALF." So it must be pretty painful.

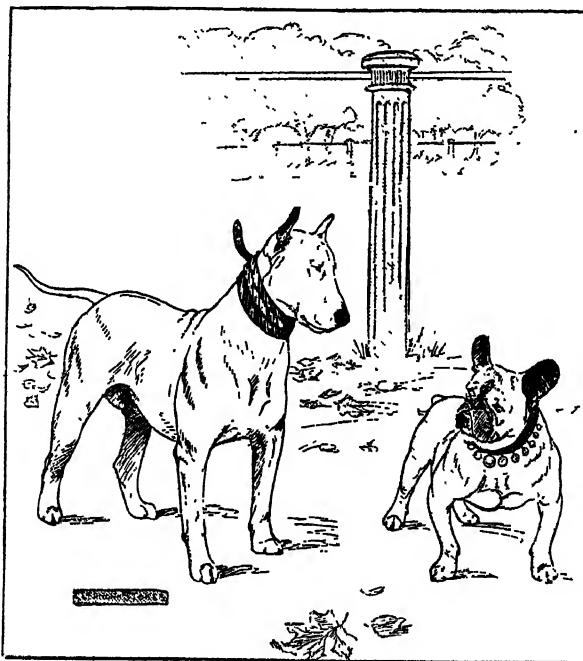
"No, I shall give him away," said LILLIAN.

"Who to?"

"I don't know. I leave it to you, partner in crime."

Well, I thought of various people, and finally suggested HAYLING. HAYLING is our Vicar, and collects dogs. He can't pronounce his "r's," and by some extraordinary ill-luck all his dogs have rolling "r's" in their names. I thought he would like a dog called *Herbert* for a change. Also HAYLING once proposed to LILLIAN. "Love me, love my dog," and so forth, you know.

"Mr. HAYLING?" said LILLIAN doubtfully. "I don't much care for him, DICK. He isn't a very nice man."



OVERHEARD IN THE PARK.

French Bulldog. "PARDON, MONSIEUR, YOU HAVE ZE TIE UP ZE BACK OF YOUR NECK."

"It isn't as though they were really your ducks," said LILLIAN.

"It isn't as though they were *Herbert's*," I said, "although he seems to think so."

"Don't get cross."

I wasn't getting cross, but there were one or two things I wanted to say, and I said them. I pointed out that here was my sister-in-law trying to breed ducks for profit or show purposes; that during her, I hoped only temporary, absence from the country she had left me in a position of great confidence and trust with regard to them—a trust that, through no fault of mine, she would feel to have been misplaced. And I added that there was such a thing as a dog whip and a good strong chain.

LILLIAN said that here was a quiet

"But *Herbert* isn't a very nice dog," I reminded her.

"Oh, well."

That evening I wrote to GRACE:

"P.S. The dog *Herbert* has eaten your ducks."

The next evening—there was no collusion, I swear it—LILLIAN wrote to GRACE. I give an extract:

"Oh, by the way, Mr. HAYLING has such a nasty, big, bad-tempered dog called *Herbert*, that is getting itself disliked. You know how fond of dogs he is. I'm sure *Herbert* spends the sermon in the vestry, he takes him everywhere. Isn't *Herbert* a ridiculous name for a dog? Do you remember my uncle HERBERT? You asked me what my new dog was like. He's a dear little fox-terrier. What shall we call him? DICK thinks *Cecilia*, but he's rather got *Cecilia* on the brain just now. I don't know who she is..."

I went up to town for one night and saw GRACE. I started about the ducks, and she said, very indignantly, "Never mention Mr. HAYLING's name to me again." Well, I wasn't particularly keen to. It isn't much of a name.

She'll get over it, of course. You can hardly live in a village without hearing the Vicar's name mentioned. But really, it's an unjust world.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Sultan of TURKEY has declined the Macedonian financial reform scheme which has been drafted by the Powers. We understand that HIS MAJESTY at the same time informed the representatives of the Powers that, if a naval demonstration should become necessary, he would be happy to review the fleets, as there is nothing he enjoys so much.

The CZAR, it is said, wishes to base a new Constitution on the British model, but hesitates, as it might curtail the power of his successors. He has been seen lately in frequent consultation with his heir.

According to the *Neue Freie Presse*, the position of Lord LANSDOWNE has been gravely shaken in London, and "the British public are demanding his retirement." It seems scarcely creditable to our own newspapers that the British public should be left to learn

such an important item of news from a foreign journal.

A Professor of Tokio University has issued an appeal for "English books by the best authors," and several writers have sent him a complete set of their works.

Members of *The Times* Book Club have the right to place the initials M. T. B. C. after their names.

A correspondent writes to a contemporary to point out that NELSON was a notoriously bad shot. This, we sup-

Mr. JOHN MORLEY has described the Japanese Treaty as a leap in the dark. Yet the *Rising Sun* gives sufficient light for most people to jump by.

The fashionable complexion for ladies, according to a beauty specialist, is now a brown of the Japanese tint. It may be obtained, we are informed, by means of a good cold cream and some olive powder. A cheap substitute for those of the lower orders who wish to be in the movement is, we understand, brown boot polish with just a *soupc on* of treacle.

Though banished from the bookstalls of certain railways, it is unlikely, writes a correspondent, that the name of SMITH will die out along these systems for many a year to come.

The Master of the Eton Union Workhouse announces that the hot-water service is now in order, and that, in future, tramps will be required to take a bath on admission. The profession is most indignant, and protests against what it regards as a species of class legislation.

It is again rumoured that the Admiralty intend shortly to introduce drastic changes in the costumes of our sailors, and the pretty little low-necked blouse is said to be doomed.

The immortality of great artists is no empty expression. According to *La Vie Illustr e*, no fewer than 2000 pictures by the late MILLET were painted last year.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON has published, in book form, 525 letters addressed by him at various times to the Press, and states, in the Preface, that he believes that a similar volume has never before been issued. The excuse is generally held to be insufficient.

A gentleman writes to a contemporary to ask, How is Trafalgar pronounced? The answer is, *Wrong*.

"LOST or strayed from —, SABLE COLLIE DOG, with white breast, neck, and two front feet."—*Manchester Evening News*.

The description seems inadequate for the purposes of identification. Nothing is said, for instance, as to whether the dog's tail was hanging down behind.



"GOOD 'EVINS! 'ERE'S A NICE GO!"

"WOT'S UP NOW?"

"THIS YEAR'S CHAMPAGNE VINTAGE IS A FAILURE!"

pose, accounts for the statement we saw the other day to the effect that England need not fear that the supply of NELSONS will ever fail.

The Finsbury Borough Council have agreed that in future Henry Street, Pentonville, shall be known as Grimaldi Street, the famous clown having been for years a resident in the district. We may yet live to see a Wilfrid Lawson Avenue.

The Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE has been fined once more for driving his motor-car above the speed limit. We should have thought that the Secretary of the Anti-Vivisection Society would have been more careful.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONE of my retainers has been reading *Dan Leno*, by J. HICKORY WOOD (METHUEN & Co.), and reports as follows: Even those who only knew DAN LENO as he appeared on the stage felt a peculiar affection for him and were impressed, consciously or unconsciously, by something kindly and lovable beneath that wildly or pathetically absurd personality. And it is no small tribute both to author and subject of this biography to say that no one can read it without feeling that this impression was true; that DAN LENO was no less lovable off the stage than on it.

The hardships of his childhood and youth only gave him a kindlier sympathy for children. Prosperity, when it came, neither hardened his heart nor swelled his head.

A great part of the magnificent salary he received in his later years he gave away in charity—not always wisely—though, as Mr. Wood relates, there were countless cases of real distress which he relieved with a generosity that, had it rested with him, would never have come to light.

Of his spontaneous and genuine humour, apart from his stage work, Mr. HICKORY WOOD gives abundant instances. Most delightful of all is the description of DAN LENO as Chairman at the Music-hall Benevolent Fund Dinner, with a tall and lugubrious toast-master, whom he accused of “clowning behind his back,” and was perpetually turning round upon, in the well-affected hope of catching him in the act. “‘He’s too quick for me,’ he explained with a sigh, after a prolonged scrutiny, which the other endured with unimpaired gravity.”

The book is copiously illustrated by photographs, and those representing DAN in the costumes he wore at Covent Garden Bills will come as a surprise even to those who remember his extraordinary skill in “making-up.”

It was astonishing enough to the audiences who saw him as *Mother Goose* to find that he had suddenly transformed that quaint visage, with its deeply-lined creases, its small melancholy eyes lit by a gleam of goblin fun, and its extensive mouth, into the face of a young and lovely girl.

But who, without the evidence of these photographs, would have imagined that he could also disguise himself as a life-like Indian squaw, a quite sufficiently Shakspearean *Richard the Third*, or a really dignified and picturesque *Nelson*?

In DAN LENO the stage lost a true artist and inimitable humorist, whose premature death has left us all the poorer in laughter. Only too often the fame of such a comedian survives him merely as an oral tradition which is received with incredulity by a rising generation that knew him not, and declines to take him on hearsay. One is glad to think that this is not likely to be the case with DAN LENO. Mr. HICKORY WOOD’s excellently written volume should keep DAN’s memory green for all who had the good fortune to see him on the boards, while to those who had not it will give some idea of the joy they have missed.

Mr. STANLEY WEYMAN breaks new ground in his latest novel, *Starvecrow Farm* (HUTCHINSON). He is equally successful in finding it fruitful of incident and character. The scene is laid in the neighbourhood of Windermere, of which there are many pleasant peeps. The period lies in the good old times, illuminated by the muskets fired at Peterloo upon a half-starved, altogether seditious mob. If my Baronite were in a complaining mood, he might suggest that the picture would have been more attractive were its sombre shade relieved by occasional lighter episodes. But Mr. WEYMAN set himself to tell a gruesome story, depicting the manners of the time, and has triumphantly succeeded. With admirable skill he throughout makes his heroine the pivot on which the action of the story moves. One of the best characters in the book is the red-waistcoated Bow Street runner, of whose combined shrewdness and ignorance a picturesque study is presented.

As readers of his masterpiece, *Tatterley*, know, Mr. TOM GALLON is a great hand at weaving a plot round a dual entity. In *Meg the Lady* (HUTCHINSON) it is two women whose personal appearance suggests an ingenious plot carried through to its happy end with unfailing energy and resource. That the whole business is essentially improbable does not detract from the interest of the story. As far as my Baronite is acquainted with their habits, ladies of title do not leave a comfortable home and go forth on an undesirable errand, leading them into dire peril in a London slum, from which they deliver themselves by slaying their assailant with a crack on the head delivered with the assistance of a fortuitously handy wine-bottle. In dedicating the book to a nameless woman, Mr. TOM GALLON avers that in the main details the story is true. That may be so. What is more to the point is that it is interesting.

A Cumberland Vendetta (CONSTABLE), by JOHN FOX, Jr., is without very much substance, but the story moves swiftly, and there is colour in it. Its title may mislead the unsuspicious Briton. It is not a tale of the lakes and fells of his own Cumberland, but is located on the high banks of a river of that name in Kentucky, where the ashes of an old family feud, revived by the war of North and South, and still smouldering at its close, burst into final flame and so die out. Novelists of the New World should never be hard pressed for ambiguity in the choice of their titles. My Nautical Retainer ventures to offer a few suggestions—the geographical directions in parentheses not being designed for publication. Thus: *Called back to Rome* (Ga.); *A Sage of Athens* (Ala.); *The Ringing Plains of Windy Troy* (Pa.); *By the Waters of Syracuse* (N.Y., junction of Erie and Oswego canals); *On the Wires from Berlin* (Wis.); *The Lights of London* (Ont.). The principle might be extended to include the proper names of celebrities:—*The Truth about Bacon* (Va.); *In the Dark Places of Browning* (Ill.); *A Study of Reynolds* (Mo.); *The Expectations of Nelson* (O.); *Scots who hae for Bonnie Dundee* (Mich.); *The Purging of Pitt* (N.C.); *The Last Phase of Napoleon* (Ark.).

The Cardinal Moth, by F. M. WHITE (WARD, LOCK & Co.). The Baron, in giving a certain qualified recommendation to this book, says, if those who love sensationalism at all hazards, can go pluckily through the earlier part of this story, they are pretty sure to find it to their liking, and will not blame the bard for thus drawing their attention to it.

The Baron welcomes a brilliant-covered picture-book, from *Mr. Punch’s Office*; edited by E. V. LUCAS, illustrated by OLGA MORGAN, and entitled *Mr. Punch’s Children’s Book*. Now who are “*Mr. Punch’s children*?” Or, rather, who are *not*? Such children don’t exist. So let ’em all come. They will find the writing of this book so bright that the black-and-white cuts illustrating the first story by E. V. LUCAS are comparatively dull. The other illustrations are delightful, as, for example, “*More of what Amelia used to think*,” and especially those to “*Belinda’s Clock*,” which are full of humour. But the literary sparkler which, without a single illustration, is a brilliancy all to itself, is “*The Tragedy of the Candles*.” It is “a true story,” and having just given you this hint the Baron congratulates those who shall become, by deed of gift or purchase, lawful possessors of copies of *Mr. Punch’s Children’s Book*.



CHARIVARIA.

MR. R. HAYASHI, Commissioner of the Japanese Government, took copious notes of the proceedings at the Tower Police Court last week. It is understood that he is reporting on European legal procedure, and, if possible, a visit to a Comic Magistrate is to be arranged. Japan, though she may be said to be civilised in every other respect, has no Comic Magistrates.

The teachers of the Melior Street School, Bermondsey, who have struck work, have, we hear, been advised by their pupils to stand firm.

We live in an age of *Ententes*, and the Camberwell Borough Council realise it. To avoid hurting the susceptibilities of either of two rival Powers, the new Public Wash-houses in the Old Kent Road which were opened last week comprise, in addition to a Turkish Bath, a Russian Vapour Bath.

It has been proposed that the London County Council steamboats, instead of lying up for the winter, might be used on land. What is there, asks an ingenious gentleman, to prevent their being mounted on trolleys and run along the tram lines, thus forming a picturesque addition to our street traffic.

It is impossible to please everyone. *Habitues* of the Underground Railway are now beginning to complain that, since the electrification of the line, it has become impossible to identify the various

stations by the respective density of their smells.

The owner of a motor-car which caught fire last week, causing him to be slightly

that he distinctly remembers speaking the truth seven years ago.

Three-halfpenny dinners have been hailed as a great novelty. As a matter of fact they are no innovation, but have always been obtainable at certain restaurants, though a considerably higher price was charged for them.

HACKENSCHMIDT and LITTLE TICH are now both appearing at the same Music Hall, but not, LITTLE TICH is pleased to be able to say, in the same turn.

At a meeting of the Four Wheelers' Association, a speaker boasted, with some justification, that a charge which is brought every day against drivers of motor-cars has never been brought against members of their Association, namely, that of driving at an excessive speed.

The Germans, who are still smarting under their experience at the hands of the niggers in South-west Africa, are seeking consolation in the fact that the "All Blacks" have invaded our country and are giving us a thrashing.

THE latest source of danger on the open road is the runaway telephone pole. One of these was arrested in

its wild career the other night by a motor-car on its way to North Berwick. *The Edinburgh Evening News*, in describing the incident, says that the car "collided with a telephone pole with much violence, causing extensive damage and preventing it from proceeding further."



PARDONABLE IMPERTINENCE.

Shady Individual. "I SAY, GUV'NOR, MY PIPE'S STOPPED UP. COULD YER LEND US A 'AIR-PIN?"

singed, was seen shaking his fist at the thing and shouting, "Scorcher!"

"He has not told the truth for about eight years," said a young woman at a Police Court, when asking for a summons against her brother. We understand that the brother's defence is

THE BLUE PERIL.

[The Daily Express of November 2 contained an illuminating article on the development of the young woman (from Girton or elsewhere) in the field of politics.]

WHEN the brave knight would risk his skin
For joy of her he loved the best,
It was his lady's use to pin
Her favour on his helm, or chest;
And murmur "When the trumpets sound,
Ride forth, my love, into the melee,
Ride forth, for my sweet sake, and pound
Your adversaries to a jelly!"

Kerchief or rose or scarf of lace,
He wore the token, fain and proud,
And tilted up and down the place
Calling her name extremely loud;
And if his foemen bit the floor
She naturally shared his joyance,
And if he weltered in his gore
She swooned away from sheer annoyance.

To-day the knighthood's mailed fists
Grapple no more the lusty lance,
No more along the tourney's lists
The foaming steed delights to prance;
In padded ease we sit about,
Exertion being apt to bore us,
And send our women-agents out
To fight our mimic battles for us.

Not theirs the pluck of martial JOAN
Nor yet Penthesilea's thews,
Although their hose, in point of tone,
Suggests a regiment of Blues;
Armed only with a fountain-pen,
And fenced with whalebone-wrought cuirasses,
Yet have they arts, unknown to men,
That simply subjugate the masses.

Wearing our favours, this and that,
At throat or waist, on sleeve or head—
A primrose in the hair, a hat
Shaped like a quartern loaf of bread—
With here a sigh and there a smile,
A pout, a kiss, a plea for pity,
Who could resist 'em? they'd beguile
Even the other side's Committee.

Wherein I see grave perils lurk;
I see to what these motions tend;
I know the way that wedges work,
Commencing at the thinner end;
Let woman find a vacant sphere
Where rival factions, blue and buff, rage—
And the ensuing step is clear:
She will insist on Female Suffrage.

Nay, once she starts this sort of game,
The chase is not so lightly checked;
The fair electrix soon will claim
Herself to sit among the elect;
No gift of votes will long suffice
To stay her ardour; no, my fear is
She'll storm the gates of Paradise,
And turn it to a House of Peris.

O. S.

THE question of "Dock Dues" is perpetually arising. The answer is "Dock Dues" whenever and wherever you can.

NATURE STUDIES.

MY DIARY.

I SUPPOSE that we have, nearly all of us, at one time or another, kept a diary, and most of us, I am sure, have sooner or later made the discovery that a diary, far from being a mere assortment of paper meant to be scrawled upon, is in reality a living and breathing creature, sometimes friendly, more often hostile, but always inexorable whether in affection or in enmity. It is, of course, no light thing actually to start a diary. Anybody can say to himself (or to his friends) "I am going to begin keeping a diary." He can go on saying it in the same airy manner for months and months until those with whom he holds intercourse begin to believe that he really sits down every evening and makes entries about the events of the day:—"A very methodical business-like chap is WILKINSON," one will say to another; "keeps a diary and all that." "Fancy that!" says the other. "It must be a great change for him. Regular harum-scarum fellow he was too when I first remember him. But, of course, he's getting on in life a bit now. S'pose he'll be marrying someone next—eh, what?"

That kind of thing is easy; but to keep the diary, to write in it with pen and ink, to record events in it, to pour out thoughts and feelings upon its innocent pages—*hæc labor, hoc opus est*, and yet, as I say, we nearly all of us do it with a fairly light heart, and not one of us suspects until it is too late that, instead of starting a diary, he is creating a tyrant more oppressive even than the Czar before he had listened to M. WITTE and promised his infuriated subjects a constitution.

How well do I remember the evening when I first blew the breath of life into the lungs of my own particular autocrat! It was the first of January. All my necessary work had been done, all my letters had been written. Everybody else had gone to bed, and the house was lapped in a winter silence. A bright moon was making shadows outside. I remember pulling up the blind to observe it. As I rose from my armchair with the purpose of going to bed myself, my eyes lit upon a writing-book. Somebody (I have never discovered who) had laid it on my writing-table. It lay open at its first unsullied page, and the light from the lamp shone upon it with a glitter that, now that I think of it, was weird and almost unearthly. Without realising what I was doing I sat down at the table, took a pen, and a few moments afterwards these simple, but, in their consequences, fatal words stared me in the face:—

"Monday, January 1.—Not a bad day. After breakfast went to skate. Fell down twice in doing threes. Mrs. BORRER broke through and took a lot of pulling out. Late for lunch. Mother rather sarcastic. A regular menagerie came to tea. W. F. C. was there—pretty, and a very nice voice. Family dinner. Began keeping diary."

Then I closed the book, placed it in a drawer, and in a few minutes was sleeping calmly. From that moment I have been a slave.

If there is one thing that is more certain to occur in a diary than any other it is this:—You will keep it with perfect regularity for, say, a week. Then for some unaccountable reason, a caprice, a whim, an indigestion it may be (on the part of the diary, I mean), it suddenly refuses to allow you to write in it. There is no warning. You sit down to it, take the book out of the drawer and then put it back again without an additional word; or, in aggravated cases, you do not even dare to remove it from its receptacle. You just sit in an armchair, smoking some form of tobacco, think of the diary for half a minute and then forget all about it. This sort of thing may go on for a fortnight. In the interval you may inherit a fortune, marry a wife, take a new house, or be bitten by a dog, but it is quite certain that no entries will be made in your diary until it has recovered from its ill-



“TARIFF-HO!”

THE JOVIAL HUNTSMAN. “WELL, HOUNDS OR NO HOUNDS, I OPEN MY SEASON TO-DAY!”

[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN began his Autumn Campaign at Birmingham on November 3.]



VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES.

Shepherd. "WHAT ARE ALL THE VOLUNTEERS DOING OUT TO-DAY?"

Shepherd. "AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

Shepherd. "AND WHAT IS SCOUTING, PLEASE?"

Volunteer. "WEEL, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I DINNA KEN, BUT WE'RE A' ON THE SCOUT TOGETHER!"

Volunteer. "THEY'RE ALL OUT SCOUTING."

Volunteer. "I'M SCOUTING TOO."

humour and graciously permits you to write in it once more. By that time you will have forgotten most of the events and the order in which they happened, and you may be reduced to some such miserable paltering entry as this:—"Nothing to record." It may be asked whether a diary kept in this manner really pays for its keep. I doubt if it does, but that is the only way in which I at any rate can keep it.

On the other hand, when life flows with a calm and even current, you will generally find that your diary has developed a passionate eagerness to be taken out and written in at some length. You may as well gratify it at once, for, even if you go out to a dinner or a concert or a dance in order to avoid it, you will have to humour it before you can lay your head on the pillow. If you really want to get rid of it altogether you might try writing sentiment or criticisms of books in it for two or three days. At the same time you must remember that such drastic measures are effectual only with young diaries. A diary that has passed middle age is impervious. It will accompany you and rule you for the rest of your unhappy life.

Commercial Gandour.

FROM a window in Piccadilly, Manchester:

OUR 2s. TEA MAKES PLAIN BREAD AND BUTTER SEEM DELICIOUS.

LOVE'S COLOURS.

It is not in her azure eyes
That DELIA's main attraction lies.
They have been much admired, 'tis true,
But I prefer a darker blue.
(I always did—and always do.)

Her locks (a wealth of deepest brown)
Have justly gained a wide renown;
For me, my favourite shades of hair
Are touched with sunshine here and there.
(They always are—and always were.)

The creamy glories of her cheek
Have charms that many hold unique;
To me the red rose gives a thrill
More than the palest daffodil.
(It always did—and always will.)

But, though my DELIA's outward hues
May not be all that one would choose,
Her full perfection blooms unseen:—

There is not—there has never been—
A maiden so divinely green.

DUM-DUM.

A VOYAGE TO THE VINES.

No. V.

At Bordeaux.—*Au revoir* to the *Hirondelle*, by which I hope to return. A dapper young manager (which sounds somewhat like an adaptation of the inquiry in the old song as to "hearing of a jolly young waterman") presents himself, with a card, as M. ALFRED VAUBERT, on behalf of M. JOLIBOIS, and is entirely at our disposition; he professes himself, with the utmost heartiness, as ready to wait for us ("us" meaning friend JUDKIN and self), to accommodate his time to ours, to take us about—to be, in fact our guide, philosopher, and friend, until fate do us part and he shall have deposited us safely at the *château* to which we are invited. We are only too pleased. There is no further trouble. Douaniers are civil, porters are ready, coachman delighted (as he has had to wait, and now has to drive us some distance), and so, with M. ALFRED VAUBERT, we rattle along uphill through the streets of Bordeaux until we arrive at the Gare St. Jean, which is about as far as anybody can go in this direction. Here, always guided by the alert M. VAUBERT, we are introduced to the officials in charge of the *Hôtel bureau*, and to the telephone (in a cupboard of the office, kept apart as if it were some rare sort of jam), through which we receive, from a voice, an invitation to breakfast with the owner of the voice, at the *Café de Bordeaux*, at mid-day. We accept voice's invitation with much pleasure, and request that we may be allowed the gratification of knowing to whom the voice may happen to belong. Otherwise it might be a case of *Vox et præterea nil*. However it isn't; voice replies, through telephone, "*Je suis* LOUIS—I am LOUIS, LOUIS DUPONT—of DUPONT AND COMPANY—You talk French?—All right, then—*déjeuner midi*, sharp, *Café de Bordeaux*—all right—see you later—*au plaisir—au revoir*." Cheery voice of M. LOUIS DUPONT has melted away into air. M. ALFRED VAUBERT is still "at our disposition" to show us all we two can see of Bordeaux between now (nine) and then (twelve). Thanks, we are infinitely obliged, but if he will excuse us (I am trusting that to be let off chaperoning us about will be to him a welcome relief), we two, my friend and I, will do our best with Bordeaux alone, and will have the great pleasure of meeting him at the *Café* at twelve. "As your Lordship pleases," is, in effect, our most amiable M. VAUBERT's reply. Then, before leaving, he adds, "You will have the goodness to say where you will dine to-night, and all will be commanded." We promise faithfully that our choice shall be imparted to him at lunch. So he departs, and we go in for what is termed on the entertainer's stage "a quick change." Our rooms at the *Hôtel* are excellent, baths first-rate. Only one thing makes me shudder, and that is the appearance of mosquito curtains all round the magnificent four-poster. However, no mosquitos in daytime.

We do ourselves thoroughly, and as much as can be done of Bordeaux up to twelve mid-day, when, having found the *Café de Bordeaux*, which is in the centre of the town and in full view of the enormous theatre (rather larger, judging from the exterior, than His Majesty's, Haymarket), and having also been claimed by M. ALFRED VAUBERT and introduced to the heartiest of hosts, M. LOUIS DUPONT (whom I now welcome quite as an old friend, his voice being so familiar to me on the telephone), we are introduced by him to (as I think) a partner of his in wine business (my idea is that everybody in Bordeaux is in wine business). Then, a long table having been prepared, half within and half without the *Café*, the entire party (eight or ten of us) sets to work upon a first-rate lunch, accompanied by some exceptional specimens of various wines of the country. It is a merry party of two languages, mixed; delightful illustration of the *entente cordiale*. Then we are on the move. A magnificent motor-brougham awaits us. It belongs to M. LOUIS DUPONT, who has undertaken to show us vineyards, old

châteaux, and everything worth seeing within a semicircle of some sixty miles. We promise M. VAUBERT to be back by seven and to dine with him at the *Restaurant de Bayonne*. "Will he arrange?" "Enchanted. He will." Likewise he will call for us at our hotel. My friend JUDKIN never expected all *this*! He is charmed with everything and everybody.

"Now then," cries our jovial host, M. LOUIS DUPONT, "in you go! *Montez!*" and in another minute we have bade *au revoir* to our co-lunchers, have seated ourselves in the motor and are being taken along one of the main thoroughfares out of Bordeaux. The public tramcar lines do not come to an end until we have got as far out into the country as may be, say, Putney from London. There is much to be seen in Bordeaux, and evidently we shall have little chance of seeing any of it during this visit.

A great deal of the drive our friend gives us is through open and rather pretty country; it is all interesting, but time and space fail me, and for a full description I must await another opportunity. We return to Bordeaux by seven o'clock, for dinner.

I must not however omit a fine old castle, formerly a week-end residence of the Black Prince, in whose time, with its moat, its grand steps, its terraces, its principal actors, its supers, and picturesque costumes, it must have been a delightful resort for a weary English warrior with just a day or two off from slashing, banging and whacking. Wonder my dear old friend Monsieur HARDELOT d'HARDELOT didn't discover this *Château du Prince Noir* long ago. First-rate central position; not perhaps within such easy distance of London as is *Le Touquet*.

Excellent are the restaurants at Bordeaux where we lunched and dined, and the *cafés* where we took our refreshments afterwards. As a traveller to others passing through I may say, dine or *déjeuner à la fourchette* either at the *Chapon Fin*, or at the *Restaurant de Bayonne*. There are special dishes and special fishes in Bordeaux; at either place take the manager into your confidence before you order.

Next morning early—everything and everybody is early at Bordeaux—M. VAUBERT is in attendance to summon us. There are several motors at the door of the hotel. M. LOUIS DUPONT is out to see us off, and here is the earliest bird and the chirpiest of the lot, the founder of the feast, M. JACQUES JOLIBOIS himself, who has travelled forty miles to gather his party together and take them all off with him back to the *Château*.

This same drive of the above-mentioned forty miles back just a nice little trip to give us a good appetite for breakfast. Then we start.

* * * * *

"Vineyards, vineyards everywhere, and not a drop to drink!" Miles and miles, flat land and hill land, mostly flat, sometimes undulating just to save its reputation—scorching sun—smoking-hot villages, blinds down everywhere, all the villagers out *vendanging*, for *Les Vendanges* have commenced in many places, and this is what we are here to see,—wonderful waggons, some of 'em bringing in loads of "empties," which will soon be full—and notable above all are the carts drawn by magnificent oxen yoked together, driven by fine, healthy, swarthy, good-looking, good-humoured-faced men, with no reins in their hands, only a long stick, with which, and an occasional ejaculated admonition, they indicate to the intelligent beasts the line of country, and the turnings, they wish them to take. Then we witness over and over again the outpouring of all the luscious riches of the grapes—we taste—we try—we sniff—we feel more and more jovial every minute. The Bacchic influence is getting into us "through the pores." Then, when we have arrived at the *Château de la Vigne*, the Castle of the Vine, after going through these miles and miles of an apparently unending Vine Street, what



Younger Son of Ducal House. "MOTHER, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE TO YOU—MY WIFE."
His Wife (late of the Frivolity Theatre). "HOW DO, DUCHESS? I'M THE LATEST THING IN MÉSALLIANCES!"

jollity, what a reception! Again we try wines, and finally wines try us. *Io Bacche! Vivent les Vendanges!*

* * * * *
Thank our stars (the foregoing asterisks) that our delightful sociable party had divided itself up into various walking detachments, thus causing the leave-takings to be a bit disjointed. So we avoid that moment of false exhilaration, the "breaking up" of a pleasant party, and the end of a happy time.

* * * * *
In a few hours more we had dined at Bordeaux and were aboard the *Hirondelle*, and within forty hours we had done our passage, Bay of Biscay included, had bidden Captain TWINKLER a hearty good-bye, and were in the train express from Southampton to London. *Vivent les Vendanges!*

A SHOCKING EXPOSURE.

["Who gives this Woman away?"—*Old Saying.*]

Do you know it, that wonderful Column of print,
Where Social, Domestic, and Personal Hint
Jostle each other for places?—

In the middle of cleaning a long *Suède* glove,
You're rung-off to master the ethics of love;
And just as you've beaten six eggs to a foam,
Hey presto! you're making a beautiful home
Of cretonne and packing-cases.

You may learn what to do with old walking-sticks;
What firms have a blouse-silk at nothing-and-six;
How to check an admirer too fervent;

The way to stew fruit; when a curtsy is right;
How to cry (when you must) without looking a fright;
How to catch, train, and keep—what a triumph is there!—
That wonder of Nature, elusive and rare,
The Female Domestic Servant.

The Scythe and the Hour-glass must never be named,
For none of your troubles are *they* to be blamed,
Grey hairs?—just a symptom of worry.
They're "withered," or "faded," or "dead,"—no, *not*
That terrible word you're forbidden to say; [grey!
And *wrinkles* may come when you're quite *quite* young,
Says the wonderful Column's silver tongue,
'Tis tea, and coffee, and hurry.

The smile of the moment is mocking, yet sweet,
You should practise it, "ETHEL," and use "Crème d'Élite."
I *quite* understand you, "Dark KERRY,"
Try "Youthful-for-ever" (the eight-shilling-size)
It will give you that babyish look of surprise.
Cheer up, "Most Unhappy," *no* woman is plain,
Or old, as this Column will ever maintain:
You're all of you girlish and pretty.

Ah Woman! you've lately been catching it hot;
On your faults and your foibles they've written a lot,
Facetious, or angry, or solemn;
"Heartless" and "brainless"—can that be *you*?
And now they complain that you're "hatless" too.
Let it pass. What is far better worth a tear
Is the sorry figure you cut, my dear,
As viewed in the Woman's Column.

FOOTBALL OF THE FUTURE.

(Being an extract from "The Sportsman" in 1912.)

A VAST concourse of spectators assembled on the Blackheath ground yesterday afternoon to witness the final match for the International Rugby Football Cup between Great Britain and Russia. The excursions which have been running from St. Petersburg, Paris, Berlin, and most of the other important European centres during the last week have all been well patronised, and it is estimated that fully a quarter of a million people passed through the turnstiles between ten and two. The Rugby Union, who had wisely applied for the loan of two or three Metropolitan constables, are to be congratulated upon the admirable arrangements which they had made for the convenience of the public. Fully half the crowd were able to catch an occasional glimpse of the game, while the remainder could easily gather from the shouts and excited gesticulations of those in front which team was getting the better of the day. The compulsory acquirement of Esperanto, which has lately been introduced into the Board schools, proved exceedingly useful as a means of communication amongst the spectators: exclamations of "hi vi shovas?" and shouts of "situ downski in frontero!" being much in evidence throughout the afternoon. Russia were playing exactly the same side that defeated Montenegro last week; while Great Britain, with fourteen New Zealanders and one Welshman, had their strongest possible combination in the field. Mr. ROOSEVELT, of the United States, had kindly consented to referee, while Count WITTE and Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN discharged the important duties of linesmen for their respective sides. Although a good deal of feeling was displayed in the course of the game, we are glad to state that there was no repetition of the distressing scenes that characterised last year's final, when the whole Japanese fifteen committed "hara-kiri" on the ground, after losing the match.

The visitors arrived on the scene at 2.30, but, owing to several unforeseen difficulties, the kick-off was postponed until a quarter to three. In the first place it was found that all the boots provided by the Russian Government for the Muscovite fifteen had worn out on the way up from the station, and fully a quarter of an hour was wasted in providing substitutes. Then, after the two teams had actually lined up, a further hindrance was caused by the discovery that the Russians were playing sixteen men. The British captain promptly appealed to the referee, and Mr. ROOSEVELT

ordered the extra player to leave the field, the Russian skipper's explanation that one of his men was lame and the additional man was going to run for him not being considered satisfactory.

The British team adopted the same formation that was largely responsible for their brilliant victory over China—one full back, two seven-eighths, four three-quarters, five halves, two five-sixteenths and one "winger:" the Russians sticking to the old-fashioned idea of still having a forward. The superiority of the British method was apparent directly the game started, MACHONICHIE, the "winger," picking up the ball five times out of six before SHUVANPUSHKI, his Russian opponent, realised that it was in the scrum. There were a good many vexatious delays, owing to SHUVANPUSHKI's lack of condition: the backs frequently being compelled to wait until he had sufficiently recovered his breath to form a scrimmage.

At half-time the score was: Great Britain 10 goals 6 tries, Russia *nil*—the difference in points scarcely doing justice to the superiority of the home fifteen. Indeed, the Russian team would probably have met with a far heavier defeat, had it not been for the brilliant display of their full back, NICKALOT IFUCANSKI, the well-known Government official, who collared everything he saw with a skill and daring that evoked the utmost enthusiasm from the cheaper parts of the ring.

A slight unpleasantness at the close of the game marred what was otherwise a most successful match; the Russian players absolutely refusing to stop when Mr. ROOSEVELT blew the whistle for time. Despite the fact that the score in Great Britain's favour stood at 26 goals 10 tries to *nil*, the Muscovite captain declined to admit that his men had been defeated, while Count WITTE actually went so far as to propose that Great Britain should give up the points which she had scored, and let the game be declared a draw. Mr. ROOSEVELT, however, firmly declined to listen to any suggestions, and announced that, if the ground was not cleared in a quarter of an hour, he would deliver an address on "the strenuous life and the responsibilities of marriage." This threat had the desired effect, for ten minutes later the huge enclosure was practically deserted. So terminated another of those international contests which have done so much to promote good feeling and mutual understanding between the different nations of the world.

From the *Novoe Vremya*, two days later:—A despatch, received last night from Captain STRINGEMOFF LIKANIVITCH, records another glorious victory for Russian prowess, accomplished this time upon the fields of peace by our incom-

parable and beloved football team. After a terrific struggle, lasting for an hour and a half, in which our heroic fellow-countrymen "goalkicked," "scrimmed," and "went the pace" with unflinching courage, the Englishmen were driven from the field in utter confusion. After a fierce fight the ball was captured by the gallant Captain LIKANIVITCH himself, and is being brought back to St. Petersburg to be presented to our Imperial Master the Czar.

SOLID APPRECIATION.

[At a concert recently held in Manchester a lady pianist, after receiving several handsome floral tributes, was presented with a large basket of fruit.]

AT the last Ballad Concert the comestibles presented to the leading artists reached a record. Madame CLARA BUTT easily headed the list with a boar's head, ten *terrines de foie gras*, twenty-four brace of pheasants, three haunches of venison, and a live turtle in a tank which was wheeled into the artist's room amid tempestuous salvos of applause.

Mr. PLUNKET GREENE, who has recently been on tour with Madame ALBANI, has been the recipient of a number of gratifying tributes from his numerous admirers. At Dundee, after singing "Shepherd, see thy horse's flowing mane," he was presented with a small flock of black-faced sheep, thoughtfully muzzled by the donor to prevent their protesting too vocally in the concert hall. At York his presents included a leg of New Zealand lamb, three sacks of potatoes, nineteen Bath buns, and 12 lbs. of China tea. Even more flattering, however, was the tribute to his abilities at Northampton, where a hundredweight of blended butter, thirteen tins of mixed biscuits, and a barrel of Irwell oysters were handed to the smiling basso. A touching episode occurred after Mr. GREENE's last song, when a poor boy in the gallery, overcome by his enthusiasm, threw a packet of acid drops on to the platform.

Mr. BERLITZ, the agent for HANUSCH DABOIK, the famous Bohemian prodigy, has addressed an eloquent appeal to all the admirers of his client's genius not to let their appreciation take the form of brandy, caviare, or plovers' eggs. Little DABOIK is only nine years old, and has an extremely delicate digestion. He has, however, no objection to Turkish Delight, *marrons glacés*, or muscatel grapes. Mr. BERLITZ further makes the admirable suggestion, that in place of the usual method of testifying their approbation audiences might occasionally present the wonder-child with less perishable evidences of their affection, such as velvet coats, lace collars, silk stockings, silver buckles, curling-tongs, and other indis-

pensable adjuncts in the equipment of the infant virtuoso.

Miss ADA CROSSLEY, when singing at Chowbent the other day, had a curious experience. During one of her songs the pupils of a local girls' school pelted her so enthusiastically with macaroons that the popular Antipodean cantatrice had to seek temporary shelter under the grand pianoforte.

Preparations are being made to roast an ox whole at the next Symphony Concert in Queen's Hall in honour of Mr. HENRY J. WOOD and his gifted instrumentalists, who have kindly consented to partake of the bovine tribute during the interval. The Yorkshire pudding to be consumed on this occasion is the gift of the Sheffield chorus, a Norwich magnate has undertaken to supply ten canisters of mustard, and a Russian amateur from Irkutsk is sending three poods of horse-radish, as used by the Cossacks of the Ukraine.

THE YOUNG IDEA.

CONCEIVED on lines too rough to nurse
Bantlings of bright imagination,
Our glory once, we live to curse
The public school-boy's education!
Vide the Press. A flashy child
We fatten (*sic*) on mental fodder,
Leaving illiterate and wild
The dull—but really soulful—plodder.

By flowery ways he ought to win,
Plucking the blooms that shine the fairest,
Instead of which we keep him in
To cram the uses of the acrostic;
The soft Virgilian cadences,
The music (strongly-winged) of HOMER—
These he should know, or Knowledge is,
They seem to think, a mere misnomer.

Yet hark, oh critic, back a spell;
Conceive yourself with kindly yearning
A master of the Lower Shell,
Setting ajar the doors of Learning;
Think how the disenchantment hurts
When (just as fervour thrills your marrow)
There slowly steals from THOMPSON *terts*.
Athwart the room a paper arrow.

You pause,—and mark that BROWN, un-
moved
By visions of a mental τροφή,
Has surreptitiously improved
The shining hour with almond toffee;
While, just below you, BINKS appears
To wrestle with a secret dolour,
Due to the fact that JONES (who jeers)
Has rammed a pencil down his collar.

No, you will soon dry up again,
And turn with troubled mien to
hammer



Snobley. "EVER MET LORD PLANTAGENET?"
Snubley. "No; BUT I OVERTOOK HIM ONCE."

The rule of thumb by dint of cane
Through heads incapable of glamour;
Your fitful dream will pass away,
Or merge in moods that never vary,
And SMITH will stop behind to say
Amo, infinitive *amare*.

More pained than they, you'll realise
Through knowledge of the side that's
seamy
(There as they bend in suppliant wise,
Floored on the future of *ιστημι*)
That no amount of mental joy
In beauty, taken by his betters,
Can wean the crasser sort of boy
From sheer contempt for human
letters!

A LADY doctor, writing to *The Daily Chronicle* on "Women Workers," makes the following unanswerable statement:—
"If you come to estimate a day's work—even in foot pounds—the woman who cleans, bakes, washes, and takes to school six children, carries water and tramps upstairs and down for sixteen hours a day, need not fear comparison as to kinetic energy even with a miner working eight hours." True: but is all this quite necessary? Could not her children sometimes go to school unaccompanied and unbaked? And why must she keep on carrying tramps up and down stairs all that time? Is it even fair on these poor unemployed?



SARCASM AT BLANKIPUR.

Cavalry Instructor (to Mounted Infantry Man). "ULLO! I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU THAT WROTE HOME LAST MAIL—'MOTHER, YOU SHOULD SEE ME RIDE!'"

COUNTER ATTRACTIONS.

If it should fall to my distinguished lot
To play the umpire in a Beauty match,
And I were told (as Paris was) to spot
The girl who seemed to be the fairest catch,
I scarce could wait till GERTIE chose to trip in,
Ere I awarded her the winning pippin.

I do not heed the sneer of BROWN, who hints
Her lower row of pearls unclasps at will,
Nor SMITH, who coarsely states her rosy tints
Can owe to Nature practically nil;
To me her curls are of the finest gold,
Though JONES has warranted they're only rolled.

I like to stand and watch the supple wrist
That hews my mid-day snack of ham or beef;
I much admire the finely-sculptured fist,
Raised on the marble slab in *Bass-relief*;
But, oh! 'tis Heav'n to touch the lily hand which,
Lovingly, mustards my anæmic sandwich.

She is a maiden of capricious moods.
I catch, at times, a withering retort,
Or else, in more convivial interludes,
Hear her demurely whisper "Mine's a port."
At that soft phrase the gilded bar grows brighter,
And heart (and head) perceptibly the lighter.

The lucky man who proudly takes her out
May reckon on an intellectual treat,
For over oysters and some double stout
Her anecdotes are sometimes very neat;

She'll give a hungry "traveller" a few points
In her appreciation of the Blue-points!

I know that there are some who rashly state
That he who cottons to her ample skirts
Becomes in time a tipsy reprobate,
Who "follows form" and dreams of backing *certs* ;—
They wrong the girl, for I have often stood
And heard her valedictory "Be good."

And so it is my wish, ere all too soon
The vulgar potman's "Time" disturbs the air,
To toast this siren of my pet saloon,
The marker's hope, the waiter's fond despair.
Ho! Vintner, to the cellar,—and procure
A wine as bright as she (and as mature!).

Answers to Correspondents.

"UNEMPLOYED."—You say you have a passion for entering the Boot Trade, but have been discouraged by the difficulty of understanding the meaning of the frequent advertisement:—"Wanted, thoroughly practical Hand-sewn Man." We can easily explain this to you. It is quite an old joke. It means that with cobblers, as a class, a stitch in the side saves nine.

"ANTI-ALIEN."—Yes, if the organ-grinder refuses to stop playing you are quite justified in blowing a cab-whistle in his ear till he moves on. But you are wrong in supposing that this rough method of justice is known as the *Lex Italianis*.

EMBLEM FOR THE ENTENTE.—The Bullfrog.



Linley Sambourne del.

THE RELEASE.



L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.

The Count. "PARDON, MISTER, BUT KNOW YOU WHERE IS LE CERF—ZE STAG?"

Second Horseman. "GONE TO SOIL IN THE RIVER, SIR."

The Count. "AH, YES! I UNDERSTAND. HE IS, AS ONE SAYS, GONE-TO-GROUND. THEN WILL THEY CERTAINLY DIG-HIM-OUT. I THANK YOU. THEN I GO TO ARRIVE À L'HALLALI—HOW YOU SAY?—AT THE BAY."

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

FORTIFIED by the noble example of *The Times* and *The Standard*, a number of our leading contemporaries have resolved to enhance the inducements to a yearly subscription by supplementary advantages, varying according to the character of the paper.

The Spectator, being famous for its tender solicitude towards the lesser *felidæ*, has made arrangements for the establishment of a special Cat Club for the benefit of its *clientèle*. A sumptuous roof garden has been erected on the premises in Wellington Street, where subscribers will be entitled not only to the privilege of visiting the quadrupeds at all hours of the day, but of selecting

and taking home three cats a week. Persian and Manx cats will also be supplied at a slightly higher tariff. The management of the Cat Club has been entrusted to a relative of Admiral MIAOULIS, the hero of the Greek War of Independence.

The British Medical Journal has already resolved to put a large and attractive premium on regular subscription. The proprietors have accordingly inaugurated a Tabloid Club, and will provide subscribers every week with three phials, each containing fifty (50) tabloids of every conceivable medicinal quality, thus preparing the reader for all emergencies.

The Editor of *T. P.'s Weekly* has made arrangements with one of the largest

dairies in the metropolis to provide his subscribers with three magnificent Pats of Butter on the morning of publication.

The County Gentleman and Land and Water, determined not to be left behind in this contest of munificence, has decided to supply each annual subscriber with a portable three-roomed cottage with a sliding corrugated iron roof.

The Tailor and Cutter's offer is also singularly attractive, subscribers being presented every week with either a coat, waistcoat, and trousers, or three pairs of trousers, or three waistcoats, or a coat and two waistcoats or, in certain cases, three hats. In the event of subscribers choosing the last attraction, however, it is requested that the hats should not be all worn together.

INDULGING IN PERSONALITIES.

IDLY I turned over the pages of *The Aldwych Magazine*, and as I did so my eye fell listlessly upon the heading, "A Great Personality. X.Y.Z., the Distinguished Novelist. An Appreciation." Why, I knew the poor creature quite well, with his mild flabby face and his weak little eyes. "His great personality, his brilliant eye, his subtle, sonorous voice, capable of moving to laughter or tears,"—how had I missed remarking these? To me he had ever seemed a plaintive little figure, his voice a feeble, piping treble. Amazed I read on and learnt of his unostentatious generosity,—to my knowledge he had once given sixpence to a young man who saved him from drowning—of his freakish humour,—this man whose decorum rivalled that of a Scots Elder—of his biting sarcasms, his severity of judgment,—this poor little creature whose terror of a waiter was only less absurd than the obsequious way in which he paid a cabman's overcharges. Where was this dazzling creature in whom the *Aldwych* would have me believe?

Where?—Creeping in at the Club door. With furtive glances to right and left he drew near me.

"G-good afternoon," he began with his usual formula. "The w-weather is always changeable."

"So are other things," I observed. "Characters, for instance."

He glanced at me timidly, and his eye fell upon the *Aldwych*. He shivered.

"You've been reading that? I s-suppose you're a bit surprised?"

"Exactly," I said. "You'll forgive me, but this sketch *isn't* quite you. How did you manage it?"

"Everyone could get done in the same way if they wanted to," he piped defiantly,—“if they went to the right shop, that is.”

"The right shop!" I echoed.

"P'raps I had better explain," he said confidently. "I'm what is called a distinguished novelist, you know, and so I had to have a personality to keep my hold on my public. It's necessary, you know, nowadays. But I never had a personality, and so I could never submit to an interview, till one morning a prospectus arrived from the Personalities Supply Company. They provide personalities for authors who haven't got any. You get the anecdotes to match, too. Then when an interviewer calls you just have to tell him to go round to the Personality man for any particulars about you he may require, in the same way as you send him to your photographer. You don't know what a relief it is. I wrote off at once, and in two days my Personality was ready, and when the *Aldwych* man called upon

me I just sent him off to the shop, and—well, you see the result. You really ought to try the people. Wait a minute, I've got a prospectus on me now."

He handed it to me as he spoke, and I read:

TO AUTHORS.

Do you want a Personality? Do you want, in fact, to be Someone? Do you want men to remove their hats when they see you, to print anecdotes about you on the last page of *The Westminster Gazette*? Do you want to appear in every important volume of *Recollections* to be published during the next hundred years? Above all, do you want to be mentioned without the prefix Mr.?

If so, We Are The People.

We fix you up a personality and keep it pigeon-holed for immediate reference. All you have to do is to send an interviewer to us, and we place the details of your personality in his hands.

We supply personalities to all classes of the literary profession for cash or on easy terms.

ANECDOTE DEPARTMENT.

Anecdotes can be written up and handed to the interviewer, or authors may have them to circulate privately among journalistic friends. We append a few specimens of our leading lines:—

Love of Pet Animals and Gift for Repartee.—"X. has a pet wasp which always makes its appearance at his dining-table. Many stories are told of X. and his pretty pet. One night, B., the well-known publisher, was dining with X., the wasp of course being present. During the evening B. irritated the insect, and was, in consequence, severely stung. Springing to his feet, he cried, 'If I get hold of that creature, won't I deal faithfully with it!' 'My dear B.," exclaimed X., 'how can you deal faithfully? Are you not a publisher?'

X.'s new novel is having a large sale, and his publisher, who is of course not the one just referred to, is about to issue a third large impression.

No anecdotes are more effective than those about absent-mindedness, and the following, recently supplied to an eminent philosophic writer, gave great satisfaction:—

"The absent-mindedness of BLANK is a source of great anxiety to his friends. One morning recently, his wife, on coming down to breakfast some moments later than the well-known writer himself, was startled by a strange spectacle. On the chair usually occupied by her husband lay a poached egg, and on the table, on a piece of toast, pensively gazing into space, sat the great philosopher himself."

Please give us a call.

TO CHLOE.

(Who admits that she "cannot read poetry for nuts.")

MILTON, unless your nature were forgiving
From consciousness of power,
I count it fortunate you are not living
At this prosaic hour.

LOVELACE, your fair Althea's eyes might
glisten

Without your prison wall,
But here is one who simply would not
listen

To you at all.

Yet let me take your eloquent confession,
My Chloe, in good part,
Though it dismisses in one terse expres-
sion

The rhymist and his art;
Though at the thought my critic reason
totters,

Come, let us part as friends,
All poets, in your judgment, rank as
"rotters,"

And there it ends.

At least I see, if something crushed and
humbled,

What narrow risks I ran:
I might myself an hour ago have tumbled
Beneath your rigorous ban:
I might have launched some glowing
panegyric,

I might have tried to woo
The amorous Muse in some impassioned
lyric,
Addressed to you.

My memories of an earlier generation
Still paint in tender hues
Maidens with equal powers of fascination,
But widely different views;
Until comparison becomes alarming,
And, waking to your smiles,
I find in you a modern Circe, charming
With modern wiles.

You have your rod, your rifle, and your
driver,

Your motor caps and slang,
Your Bridge, at which you seem to
"drop a fiver"

Each night without a pang:
So, if your heart be with your treasures,
Why should I gibe and flout
Simply because your catalogue of
pleasures
Leaves poets out?

Indeed, the picturesqueness of your
phrases

Has made me scarcely sure
Whether I might not find my favourites'
praises

More painful to endure;
For some ecstatic jargon tripping
Out of your lively soul

Might have called BURNS and SHELLEY
"ripping,"

Or KEATS "top hole."



ONE MAN ONE MONUMENT.—No. 2.

Further Designs for Statues of Private Individuals who, but for the enterprise of *The Times* (see our last issue) in inaugurating a "Hall of Heroes" in connection with its Book Club Scheme, might easily have escaped national recognition.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday.—Another successful evening, but not to be reckoned among the very, or the most, successful. There was a full house to hear Borro's *Mefistofele*, which even when given here in first-rate style never presented much attraction, either musically or dramatically, to the Common or (Covent) Garden opera-goer. To-night the "Upper Suckles" were noisy in their enthusiasm, and Conductor MUGNONE had to put in several appearances before the curtain in response to the loud calls. It seems a pity that some little licence is not allowed to a conductor, who is in modern evening dress and not got up in costume for any particular part, so that instead of perpetually appearing and reappearing merely as himself, which becomes a trifle monotonous for the audience and a bit dull for the recipient of such honours, he might change a dark wig for a light one, and *vice versa*, or might cover his flowing locks with a scalp, or might come on representing, at different times, different composers whose works he may have been conducting. This is merely thrown out as a hint; probably as a suggestion it will be thrown out again, or rather "chucked."

Once more unto the opera, dear friends! Those who know GOUNOD's *Faust*, and hear Borro's *Mefistofele* for the first time, must feel a bit "confuzzlum" by the prologue and by such an arrangement of Acts and Scenes as offers only an

occasional glimpse of our old friend *Faust* rejuvenated, of *Margaret* the flirty, of *Martha* the flighty, and of our popular *Mephistopheles*, to whom this *Mefistofele* seems a sort of distant relation.

Signora GIACHETTI, as *Margherita* and *Elena*, acted fairly well and sang charmingly, though not up to herself in other operas. Signora ZUCCARIA showed herself fairly capable as *Marta* and *Pantalis*. Signor DIMUR, indifferently made up to represent this undecided variety of a Musical *Mefisto*, sang and acted well. Signor ZENATELLO rendered the music allotted to *Faust* with great feeling, and Signor ZUCCHI must have astonished himself when doubling the parts of *Wagner* and *Nereus*. Pity a little special Wagnerian motive could not be introduced into the accompaniments when *Wagner* comes on; for Borro is occasionally uncommonly Wagnerian.

Scenery and stage arrangements excellent. Great enthusiasm for Signor ZENATELLO and Signora GIACHETTI, as the beautiful *Helen* (just from Paris), in the "*Forma ideal purissima*," and "*Ah! Amore misterio*," in the Fourth Act, which indeed went admirably throughout.

The "Situation" in St. Petersburg.

"TO-NIGHT finds the Government controlling the bayonets and the populace sitting upon them, while General TREPOFF exhorts the people not to stir."—*Daily Mail*.

LILLIAN.

VI.—A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

AT half-past-three LILLIAN whistled for *Cecilia*, the new fox-terrier, and walked over to see how I was getting on. I am looking after my brother ARTHUR's house while he and GRACE are in town, and the duties and responsibilities are great. In the very first week an epidemic carried off twenty-four ducks, while a most valuable and highly-prized plant drooped and declined on the herbaceous border. This was outside the house. Inside there was a drawing-room chair that broke its leg; and the usual casualties were recorded from the kitchen. I am troubled with a rather mercenary brother and sister-in-law; and it was much more to them that a chair had lost its castor than that a near and dear relative had severely barked his shin in trying to jump over it.

Anyhow I decline all responsibility for the plant. The life of our humble garden relations is, alas! an uncertain one. To-day they are, and to-morrow somebody has uprooted them, honestly thinking (whatever ARTHUR may say about idiots) that they were weeds.

I mention these things to explain why, when LILLIAN came round, I was in a distant part of the grounds, keeping an eye on the head-gardener. LILLIAN, having called all over the house for me, was about to look outside, when a book on the hall table caught her eye. She picked it up casually, glanced at the end and saw that they married all right, glanced at the beginning and saw that the heroine's name was LILLIAN (in the end, of course, it was "Darling," and things like that); and then she gradually sank on to a settle and explored the middle part of the work. I am blamed for many things, and sometimes rightly so; but was it my fault that Mrs. MARGETTS chose this moment for calling on GRACE?

Mrs. MARGETTS had only just come to our part of the country. GRACE had called some weeks ago and had found her out. Now Mrs. MARGETTS was returning the call, and GRACE was in town. Some people have all the luck.

LILLIAN belongs to the No Hat Brigade. Mrs. MARGETTS saw her through the open hall-door, bare-headed, curled up in the settle, and very comfy. She came to a fairly natural conclusion.

The sun was behind Mrs. MARGETTS, and her very substantial shadow was

over the pages of LILLIAN's book. LILLIAN looked up lazily, and then jumped to her feet with a little "Oh!" Mrs. MARGETTS pushed her way in.

"How do you do, Mrs. MEADOWES?" she said. "May I come in?"

ARTHUR is Mr. MEADOWES, and so I suppose am I. But LILLIAN is certainly not Mrs. MEADOWES. I can imagine her look of surprise, her frown as she thought for a moment, and then the almost inaudible and sudden gurgle of laughter with which she accepted her new name.

"Oh, do come in," said LILLIAN. "I'm afraid you found me asleep, or very nearly. I'm so sorry to be in such a state."

"When you called," said Mrs. MARGETTS, "I was unfortunate enough to be

been helping the gardener plant geraniums all the afternoon, and that I thought a wash—at the word "wash" I made hurriedly for the door.

At the word "wash" LILLIAN looked at her hands and said: "If you're going to the bathroom, ARTHUR, I left my rings there. You might——"

I stopped and looked at her.

"No, never mind," she added; "you'd probably drop them somewhere." She turned to Mrs. MARGETTS. "He is so clumsy," I heard her say.

That was a nice way to speak of a husband! LILLIAN was evidently going right through with her part. Women seem to think that they can say anything they like about their male relations. And they always generalise so fearfully.

They don't say, "Owing to the carelessness of JANE, the parlour-maid, in leaving a small carved stool in the middle of the conservatory floor, he accidentally tripped and knocked over father's bowl of goldfish yesterday," but "He is so clumsy!"

On my way to the wash, I met a maid and told her to put tea outside. I can depart from the strict truth so much more picturesquely in the open air. Indoors I feel cramped, and am no sort of a conspirator. When I joined them at tea I felt ready for anything.

LILLIAN was in splendid form and talked as if she had been married to me for years. One characteristic of hers is that she never forestalls trouble. I don't myself much, but I must say that I was rather wondering where this joke of hers would lead us to. LILLIAN, though,

was quite childishly happy and peaceful; and she stopped her conversation with Mrs. MARGETTS now and then to say "More tea, dear?" to me in the most natural way.

Now Mrs. MARGETTS was short-sighted, and she was the sort of person who is too immensely interested in herself to take much notice of anybody else. She might easily meet ARTHUR some weeks later, and never know that he was not the man she had met before. We were as like as most brothers. But LILLIAN and GRACE were so very different—one being dark and one fair. Besides, I had called her LILLIAN several times. The only way——

"LILLIAN, dear," I said, "I think you had better go in. It's getting damp, and you know what the doctor said. You were saying, Mrs. MARGETTS, that you would like to see the stables?"

When LILLIAN had gone, I said:



"OH, YOU SAUCY LITTLE MONKEY, IF YOU 'ADN'T GOT MEASLES IN THE FAMBLY, I'D COME OVER AND GIVE YOU SUCH A WALLOPIN'!"

out. It was the day of dear Lady ROBINSON's garden party, if I remember right. You were not there, I think?"

"I think not," said LILLIAN.

"No. She is, of course, a little exclusive, but——"

"One has to be," said LILLIAN.

This was the moment that I chose for coming in. I had seen *Cecilia*, and knew that LILLIAN was about.

"LILLIAN!" I shouted, as I came into the hall. Then I saw Mrs. MARGETTS, and apologised.

"Not at all, dear Mr. MEADOWES," said Mrs. MARGETTS. "I think all this informality breaks the ice so much better, don't you? I found your charming wife——"

"Would you ring the bell, please—ARTHUR?" said LILLIAN, quickly.

It was only two yards to the bell, but I did a lot of thinking in that time. When I came back I said that I had

"I am so afraid of my wife's health. The doctors say that at almost any moment——" I broke off in a voice choked, as I hoped Mrs. MARGETTS would notice, with emotion. But she only said,

"You have a cold yourself."

I couldn't stop to explain. I went on:

"My wife is a great sufferer."

"All wives are, Mr. MEADOWES," she said.

"Death," I tried again, "death is ever present. In the midst of life, you know, Mrs. MARGETTS——"

"You should get insured," she said. "Or perhaps you are?"

"The terrible part of it all," I said, "is that one has a position to keep up—one must be married—you understand? The social demands on one . . . if the worst happened . . . tell me you don't think second marriages wicked, Mrs. MARGETTS? It would never be the same of course, but . . ."

"It will be a cold drive back, I'm thinking," said Mrs. MARGETTS. I made a last desperate effort.

"I think if I ever married again, I should choose somebody with a name like GRACE," I said. "It is so—so comforting."

"Well?" I said to LILLIAN five minutes later.

"Oh, DICK, I had to. I wanted to see what it felt like. And now what's going to happen?"

"She'll meet GRACE, and think ARTHUR's a bigamist."

"Unless I die first."

"Well, I tried to persuade her you were going to. I fancy she's an optimist about such things."

"There's one good thing," said LILLIAN suddenly. "Obviously I can't call there now. Hooray, and I don't care what father says."

"There's another good thing," I said. "You've had some useful practice."

LILLIAN looked gravely at me.

I make a sort of weekly report to ARTHUR of what has been going on. I thought this affair worth inclusion, though LILLIAN thought not. He replied, among other things: "I began to wonder when you'd make a real genuine ass of yourself. You've been pretty near once or twice, but this is the effort." That gives you some idea of his style. I filled my tobacco-pouch and went out to feed the goat.

THE STRAPHANGER.

I AM the Straphanger.

I am one of a million swaying souls who travel underground to the vast city.

I stand in the aisle, one of a million, every morning, swaying this way and that.

I see how limitless is the capacity of the car; I am but one of a million; yet my heart is full of hope, full of hope, I say, that one day I shall get a seat (if I travel on the line long enough).

I shall travel for years and years and years. I shall be among the million souls who will one day get a seat.

I am young and vigorous; I am so forbearing, so patient, so meek and uncomplaining. Something within me (I cannot explain what) tells me I shall one day get a seat.



A MORNING PERFORMANCE.

I long to read my crisp, newsy paper. But I must preserve my balance, I must hold on to my umbrella, I must keep people off my feet.

I am the Straphanger.

I rejoice to think I have even a strap. I say I rejoice, I swell with pride, and an old gentleman tells me I am taking up more than my share of room.

I have asked the sonorous guard if the men and women who are sitting down ever leave the car, or whether they sit on all night so as to make sure of a seat the next morning.

I am jolted—I say I am jolted, but that is not all by quite a long way; I am jerked, I am jostled, I am pushed, I am shoved.

I am the Straphanger.

I see men seated with heads buried in their newspapers, so that it is impossible for them to notice some ladies who are standing up.

I see a man who lowers his paper: he has folded it up and offered his seat

to a lady. (He is getting out at this station.)

I see a comrade in the distance who tells me he once sat down in this car. It was on the floor. The car had stopped suddenly.

I hear the chattering of a hundred fresh young lady shoppers. About them are arranged a hundred tired city men who have been obliged to give up their seats for them.

I am pained. I am a city man myself. I may have to do this in the great spacious future when I get a seat.

I see a small man, a spare, insignificant man get out and eight big men get in.

I am among my comrades, large-hearted, generous-minded, self-sacrificing comrades. (It's useless to push, Sir, I cannot move an inch.)

I am in it, I feel I am, and of it, the heart of a great system, the supreme perfection of up-to-date travelling.

I am the—[Any gentleman give up his STRAP to oblige a lady? !]

NEW ZEALAND ZIG-ZAGS.

Mr. PUNCH learns from the usual journalistic sources—

1. That the Antipodes can produce a dozen better teams than the stalwarts now touring in this country.

2. That the team at present engrossing attention was sent over for rest and change, and is under orders to "go steady."

3. That — and — are engaged in sedentary employment down under, but get a little croquet on Saturday afternoons.

4. That the chilblain on —'s little toe is progressing favourably.

5. That one of the most striking points in the behaviour of the Colonials is their extraordinary good humour at the close of play.

6. That, amongst other things, the "Maorilanders" are teaching us moderation in language, Mr. DIXON, their manager, stating that so far he is satisfied with the financial aspect of the tour, and is inclined to think it will be self-supporting on an average gate of £600.

7. That the "Silverleaves" are sensitive to our climatic conditions, and England may win in a fog.

8. That history repeats itself, and "Scots wha hae wi' WALLACE bled" are not unlikely, when again brought in contact with him, to renew this painful experience.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Old Oak Furniture* (METHUEN) Mr. FREDERICK ROE has found the subject of a fascinating work. We all vaguely like old furniture, sometimes worshipping with equal satisfaction faked-up specimens. Mr. ROE knows his old arm-chair literally *au fond*, and writes about it with contagious enthusiasm. Old oak furniture is a treasure-trove for novelists by no means exhausted by the bard of *The Old Oak Chest* known to the Baron's (not DE BOOKWORM'S) retainers blithe and gay. My Baronite notes a gruesome tragedy in connection with a bedstead formerly housed at the "Blue Boar" Inn in Leicester. In the time of good Queen BESS the inn was kept by one CLARK, who suddenly assumed an appearance of affluence inadequately accounted for by opportunities for using tankards of short measure. In time the secret was out. His wife "going to make a bed hastily and shaking the bedstead, a piece of gold dropped out." On further examination it was discovered that the bedstead in which, according to tradition, RICHARD THE THIRD once slept, had a double bottom. The space between was filled with gold coins. When CLARK died, leaving his wealth to his widow, she, resigned unto the heavenly will, kept on the "Blue Boar" still. The money awakening the cupidity of a maidservant, she with intent to obtain it did her mistress to death. The maid was duly hanged all in a row with seven male accomplices. All in the churchyard lie and none in Heaven. The attractiveness of *Old Oak Furniture* naturally leads to desire on the part of ingenious craftsmen to oblige with fresh specimens furtively made on the premises. Mr. ROE points out how our own Victoria and Albert Museum entertained unawares several specimens of the craft. The book presents numerous reproductions of charming pieces of old furniture.

A Woman of the World, by ELLA WHEELER WILCOX (CASSELL), is made up of imaginary letters of advice to imaginary people on the most intimate affairs of life. These letters must, so this Assistant Reader thinks, have appeared previously in some American journal devoted to the interests of the sex. So great a mass of high-toned, but serenely platitudinous, morality cannot have been written at one fell go by any mortal. The correspondence is of that special sort in which the person addressed is first put in possession of a great many of those details of his own history with which he or she must be perfectly familiar, and then the little sermon begins, now arch and coy, now hortatory and almost (but not quite) angry. List, oh list, to the advice bestowed on *Edna Gordon* during her honeymoon:—"Do not expect a husband to be happy and contented with a continuous diet of love and sentiment and romance. . . . I have known an adoring young wife to irritate Cupid so he went out and sat on the doorstep, contemplating flight, by continual neglect of small duties. . . . The towel-rack was empty just when he (the husband) wanted his bath, and his bedroom slippers were always kicked so far under the bed" [this must have been temper] "that he was obliged to crawl on all fours to reach them. Then his loving spouse was sure to want to be 'cuddled' when he was smoking his cigar and reading" [how did ELLA know all this?], "a triple occupation only possible to a human freak with three arms, four eyes, and two mouths." Seven years later, however, Mr. *Charles Gordon*, the husband of *Edna*, gets his share. *Edna* is neglected and suffering. "What *Edna* craves," writes Mrs. WILCOX to the neglecting *Charles*, "is your love, your attention, your sympathy, not the service of paid domestics. She wants you to notice her fading bloom, and to take her in your arms, and say, tenderly, 'Little girl, we must get those old roses back. And we must go away for a new honeymoon, all alone, and forget every care, even if we forget the babies for a few days.' . . . I remember at your own board you made me uncomfortable

talking about my complexion, which you chose to say was 'remarkable for a woman of my age'. . . . and all the time I saw the tears hidden back under the lids of *Edna's* tired eyes, and a hurt look on her pale face." All I can say is that *Charles* was very very naughty, that his manners were not nice, and that I don't believe (much as I should like to) that he ever took *Edna* away for that new honeymoon. Ah, how true it is that life is one long disappointment! "It is you, *Charles Gordon*, who must cure your wife of nerves, hysteria, and incipient jealousy, not I." There are many more such gems in this "bland, passionate, and deeply religious" book.

The Sword of Gideon (CASSELL) is the effective sounding, but somewhat irrelevant, title given by JOHN BLOUNDELL-BURTON to his latest novel, which describes the adventures of one *Bevill Bracton*, who, having transferred his rather shaky allegiance from the Jacobite service to that of Queen ANNE, is so struck by the miniature portrait of a pretty English lady, a prisoner, as Lord PETERBOROUGH informs him, in the hands of the French, that he at once offers to bring her back to her sorrowing friends and relatives, and thus win for himself a commission from Queen ANNE and the Duke of MARLBOROUGH. The gallant Baron attempted to follow the dashing young adventurer, but found the way wearisome. Some readers may, perhaps, be interested in the quest of the heroine. The Baron contents himself with Mr. W. H. MARGETSON'S clever and well-executed illustrations.

MESSRS. TREHERNE issue what Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN calls "A Peace Edition" of his *More Queer Things about Japan*. It contains all the material given in the first edition, including the rare illustrations reproduced from the works of Japanese artists, supplemented by a *précis* of the terms of peace and a skeleton history of the mighty conflict they terminated. This adds permanent value to a work which my Baronite, having visited the country, can testify gives a clear and picturesque insight into life in Japan.

Nothing is better calculated to serve the cause of truth than the enlightenment of partisan leaders by the labour of such careful, painstaking, liberal-minded students of history as are represented by Abbot GASQUET, D.D., author of *Henry the Third and the Church* (GEORGE BELL & SONS). Recognising the divine right of a supreme authority lawfully and properly exercising its powers, Dr. GASQUET never shrinks from candidly admitting and condemning its abuses, nor does he ever attempt to justify what common sense must honestly denounce as unjustifiable. This scholarly-written and well-considered work shows, as clearly as possible, how the road, in England, was prepared for the onward march of the Reformers by those who, at the time, never for one moment foresaw what was to be the ultimate result of the work for which mundane ambition, utter selfishness, and unchristian scheming had supplied the materials. In fields where good men should have reaped a bounteous harvest, tares were sown, ill weeds grew apace, and herbs of grace were rare. "Meddle and muddle" sums up the policy and action, both Royal and Papal, at this early period of our civil and ecclesiastical history.



"A LAY LITURGIST" writes to us, "I see 'The Short Service Experiment' ably advocated for the Army. Why not let the clergy try it for the laity? The shorter the service the better, and no sermon."

CHARIVARIA.

THE value of British protestations of friendship for Germany may, it is said in Berlin, be gauged by the fact that extraordinary precautions are being taken to prevent spies obtaining any details of our battleships now under construction.

At a banquet given to the delegates of Mutual Aid Societies in Paris last week, 25,000 bottles of red wine, 25,000 bottles of white wine, 25,000 bottles of beer, and 10,000 bottles of champagne were provided, yet every delegate reached his home in safety. That shows what Mutual Aid can do.

Some workmen at Blackburn, in splitting a piece of stone, discovered embedded in it a worm supposed to be 1,000 years old. "A Constant Reader of *The Spectator*" alleges that the animal, while interested to hear that King EDWARD was still on the throne, betrayed some emotion on learning that ETHELFLEDA was no more.

In Society, says *The Lady's Pictorial*, "lighter food, lighter drink, lighter clothes, lighter jewels, lighter boots, lighter gloves, is the cry." Nothing, however, is said of lighter morals. Their present lightness seems to give general satisfaction.

The safe which was recently stolen from Haxell's Hotel was discovered last week in a lonely spot on Wanstead Flats, but its contents, estimated at £23, were missing. This confirms the police theory that the object of the theft was to obtain the contents of the safe.

"There are six women in London,"

says *The Grand Magazine*, "with brains enough to form the Government or run any great industry, from the London and North-Western Railway to *The Times*." Miss MARIE CORELLI is amused to note that the press boycott against her is not yet at an end.

whether Lord CURZON will return the compliment.

A four-wheeled cab collided with an omnibus in Holborn last week, and proceedings under the Explosives Act are to be taken against the driver of the cab.

A pigeon which left Rennes on June 17 has only just arrived at Manchester. The bird speaks enthusiastically of Paris.

It has transpired that many doctors now charge only sixpence for advice and medicine, even though, in some cases, the advice alone is worth that amount.

To prevent disappointment we should add that the scale of charges referred to has not yet spread to Harley Street, where old customs are clung to with affectionate tenacity.

We are glad to be able to say that the report that Mr. SUTRO is indisposed is untrue. The rumour arose from the statement that he would not produce a new play next week.

Sir OLIVER LODGE declares that the sun is shrinking, and that in twenty million years it will be incapable of warming the earth. As a result of this statement

there has been an abnormal demand for artificial heating apparatus, nervous folks fearing that the prices may be raised later on.

The date of the appearance, at the Norwich Police Court, of a Passive Resister wearing a red jersey and a sash inscribed "We will fight the Government," was the 9th and not the 5th of November as has been erroneously stated.

A petition measuring seven miles in length is to be presented to Parliament next session protesting against the vivisection of dogs. It is rumoured that, to add to its effect, the petition is to be enclosed in a case modelled after the similitude of a gigantic dachshund.

We learn from an advertisement in *The Daily Telegraph* that a Mr. JACK DAVID KRUSZINSKI has changed his name to CURZON. It will be interesting to see



"HALLOA, THERE! ARE YOU MISTAKING THIS FOR THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER?"
"NOW YOU REMIND ME OF IT—YES."

RICHARD ABOVE HIMSELF AGAIN.

[Mr. RICHARD SEDDON, Premier of New Zealand, has been making a speech. *The Times* publishes a cable to the effect that "as regards Japanese immigration Mr. SEDDON declared that Japanese would not be allowed to come to New Zealand, and that the colony would refuse to be dictated to in the matter."]

RICHARD! 'neath whose awful thumb,
Like a god's that goes on wheels
Britain's nether isles are dumb,
And adjacent Ocean reels;—
We who catch at times a rumour
Touching things that you have said
Find our homely sense of humour
Hampered by a latent dread

Lest our RICHARD's health should suffer from a swelling in the head.

You have spoken: "I am he
Who will give the alien pause;
None shall dare dictate to me
On our local yellow laws:
In a land that teems with gentle
Uncontaminated hearts,
Never shall the Oriental
Dump his diabolic arts,

Or pollute our pearly geysers or defile our meaty marts!"

But the peoples whom you brand
As a swarm of noxious flies—
Does your Highness understand
They include our own allies?
Men whose valour, strength, and station
We will not just now review,
Save to vent the observation
(Which, in any case, is true):—

Those whom we delight to honour should be good enough for you!

Kindly note this useful fact:—
Friends of ours are friends of yours;
They implicitly contract
Not to raid your helpless shores;
Else the Japs, whom you of Zealand
Treat as something rather vile,
Might to-morrow lift their heel and
With a deferential smile

Flatten honourable SEDDON, if they thought it worth their while.

You have manners yet to learn
Such as Eastern nations teach;
You must make it your concern
To amend your style of speech.
Talk no more of our intrusion
In affairs beyond the seas,
You who nursed the fond illusion
That you had a right to sneeze

When the Rand that hired the heathen never asked you,
"May we, please?"

Can it be your head is turned
By your team of Rugby "Blacks"?
Has the glory they have earned
Set you trotting in their tracks?
Well, it's not mere weight and gristle;
You must also play the game,
Or the referee may whistle
And you'll have yourself to blame

If you get a free-kick planted where you don't expect the same.

O. S.

ALL HANDS TO THE BOATS!

THE case of the L.C.C. Steamboat service appears to be fairly desperate, at any rate in view of the approaching winter, and something must be speedily done to restore its attractions for the mass of Londoners. We appeal to the patriotic, sentimental, and sporting instincts of our various readers on behalf of these pretty and useful playthings of the bygone summer. Any one of the following suggestions will, we are sure, prove efficacious. We therefore beg to recommend:—

That the fifty-seven members of the County Council who voted for the retention of the service (with their wives, families, and relatives within the prohibited degrees) be compelled to make at least two steamboat journeys a day, to and from business, in all weathers.

That Mr. JOHN BURNS, L.C.C., be appointed Commodore, and be further empowered to patrol the river armed to the teeth, for twelve hours each day, and to deal with recalcitrant ratepayers and editorial "ruffians" according to the laws of war.

That the New Zealand football team be induced to patronise the more seaworthy of the boats as often as possible in the course of their frequent peregrinations, and thus—in the intervals of distributing autographs and private information as to their pet names—to rehearse their great forthcoming act of sitting on the ruins of any bridge into which the vessels may happen to bump.

That every passenger brave enough, in face of a mid-November fog or frost, to take a ticket from Hammersmith to the Old Swan Pier, and sufficiently lucky to reach his destination alive, be presented with the Imperial Service Order, the F.O.S., or some similar decoration.

That the fleet be relabelled throughout with names of more modern and recognisable heroes than such as *Olaf*, *Fitzalwyn*, or *Edmund Ironside* (though this latter is perhaps appropriate in collisions). "Gallaher," "Bernard Shaw," "Wallace" (the All Black, of course, not the "Wha Hae" person), "C. B. Fry," "Little Tich," "Sandow," "Lipton," and many other up-to-date appellations would be much more certain to draw.

That the road-laying authorities be encouraged to pursue their present obstructive tactics and repave the principal thoroughfares at their usual rate. This should tide the steamboats over the winter.

That Missing Treasure should be largely advertised as hidden in one or more of the vessels, not, of course, in the funnels or engine-room.

That *The Times* and *Standard* Book Clubs take the matter up and add the management of river trips (out of season) to their varied activities. Once let their subscribers be convinced that it is an inestimable privilege, and there will be a five-weeks' waiting-list at each of the piers.

That daily bumping races be held between the various steamboats over the course, eastward in the morning and westward in the evening. This would greatly accelerate the speed and promote the interest and excitement of a voyage. The strict University rules need not be adhered to. Any boat that made a bump would still go full-speed ahead and try to "win her paddles" by a consecutive series of similar achievements.

That, finally, all the inhabitants of London who object to the alarming increase in the rates be persuaded to spend their remaining cash on steamboat journeys, and thus—on the principle of taking in each other's washing—relieve their own indebtedness.

Zig-Zag.



INDIA'S HOMAGE.



THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

Sir FREDERICK TREVES says that the popular notion of disease as something malignant is entirely wrong. Lecturing at Edinburgh he declared that its phenomena were beneficent in purpose, and that it is to be counted not among the ills that flesh is heir to, but rather among the good gifts.—Henceforth no up-to-date physician will go the rounds of his patients unaccompanied by a selection of benevolent microbes, from among which there should be no difficulty in prescribing one or two that would prove cheerful and congenial companions to any sufferer.

NERVES IN NUBIA.

["A party of Society ladies and gentlemen, titled and otherwise, will leave London on November 16, for a luxurious encampment pitched in the African desert, in search of health and the despatch of ennui."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

WITH a copy of *The Daily Chronicle* in my hand I hurried to the Club which JOSEPHINE honours with her presence, if not always with her subscriptions, in the hope that she would be able to give me fuller information about this year's pilgrimage into the desert in search of relief for Society's jaded nerves.

"Are you——?" I began, opening the *Chronicle*.

"Yes!" said JOSEPHINE, enthusiastically, "and isn't it a perfectly beautiful idea?"

"But what made you all think of it?"
I asked. "Was it——"

"Yes!" said JOSEPHINE, "it was the terrible need for rest in this modern

whirlpool we call Society. Wherever one looks one sees noble men and women overworking themselves in all kinds of ways, at the beck and call of dress-makers and tailors, with weary piles of the latest novels to read, skating lessons at Prince's, new theatres to visit, new plays to see—and then Bridge!"

Here her emotion overcame her, and I had to wait a moment or two before I could put my next question.

"Has a site been chosen for the encampment?" I then asked.

"Oh, yes," said JOSEPHINE, "a sweet little spot on the borders of a palm-shaded grove. And there we shall just bask in the sun all day long, and forget our chains! Each tent will be absolutely perfect in every way, but at the same time exquisitely simple—just a few beautiful rugs, a little real Chippendale, and a few choice engravings—electric light, of course, to play Bridge by—"

"*Bridge!*" I exclaimed.

"As a relaxation!" said JOSEPHINE, hastily, "not as the weary business it is in town."

"And will you receive letters while you are in the desert?" was my next query, "or will the Rest Cure exclude the post?"

"A noted nerve specialist will accompany the party," answered JOSEPHINE, consulting a pamphlet in her hand, "and he will open all letters and read aloud to us the parts that will interest and amuse without exciting."

"Not private letters?" I exclaimed, aghast.

"Of course not!" said JOSEPHINE, impatiently. "How silly you are! But don't interrupt. The same plan will be followed with regard to newspapers. Then we are thinking of publishing a little paper of our own—the *Nubian News*—nothing heavy,* of course, just Society news, desert gossip, clever sayings of members of the [party, what we

are wearing, the winners at Bridge, and interesting little things of that kind."

"And will you adopt the Eastern dress?" I inquired, meditatively.

"With modifications," said JOSEPHINE. "A staff of experienced Parisian artistes will go out with us, who will adapt the Eastern draperies to individual tastes. Then there will be a beauty specialist who will look after our complexions after we have basked in the sun. There must be no anxieties of any kind allowed to intrude, you see, or the whole idea will be spoilt."

"And how about Church Parade?" I asked; "you will miss that, won't you?"

"Oh no," said JOSEPHINE. "A dear, delightful marabout with the most perfect manners is to come and instruct us in desert religions. After all, there is so much *real* earnestness in Society, if people would only believe it! Why, ADELIN and MAUD wouldn't miss Church Parade for any consideration whatever!"

"And how about the cost of it all?" I asked.

"Oh, a mere nothing!" said JOSEPHINE, airily. "Now don't be stupid, and want to know exactly how much! And we mean to come back in March as fit as possible to take up our work again."

"And will any books of travel be written?" I inquired.

"Well," said JOSEPHINE, doubtfully, "we shall all keep diaries, of course—do remind me to get one at the Stores to-morrow—and perhaps that dear clever Mr. HICHENS—he *did* write *The Garden of Flames*, didn't he?—will be so kind as to just look through them for us when we come back, and see that we have spelt the names of the places properly. But all this time you haven't told me what you think of it?" she added reproachfully, as I got up to go.

"I think you are to be warmly congratulated," said I, "on having, for this winter at any rate, solved the problem of what to do with the Unemployed!"

MR. BIGTREE BRAND'S NEW PLAY.

INTERVIEW WITH THE AUTHOR.

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily News.")

CAUTIOUSLY entering the sanctum of the illustrious poet-author on all fours I glanced inquiringly at him as he sat in his curule chair, elegantly gowned in a flowing toga profusely embroidered with laticlaves, ampullæ, and other sesquipedal embroidery. My silent query was promptly answered. "You may stand," observed Mr. PHILIP STEPHENS in a rich thorough-bass, and on my complying with his courteous request he at once launched out into a copious yet precise commentary on his newly finished drama.

"I have written my drama," said Mr. STEPHENS, "in blank verse, as usual, with plenty of Alexandrines, trochaic tetrameters and hecatompods, and have divided it into a prologue, thirteen monologues, four catalogues, and an apologue or epilogue—I forget which. *Nero* is, of course, the central figure, round which gravitates a host of impressive personages, but without ever encroaching on *Nero's* limelight.

"The action takes place partly at Rome and partly at Baiae, the Brighton of Imperial Rome, thus affording exceptional scope for a magnificent stage pageant, including the walk of the Roman *fœneratores*, the performance of Ethiopian *tibicines*, *mixta balnea*, etc. The mounting of the play, it is almost superfluous to mention, will be carried out by Mr. BIGTREE BRAND with his well-known care for sumptuous realism.

"The last scene, especially, will be of dazzling, I had almost said scorching, brilliance. It gives a vivid representation of the famous burning of Rome, when the Imperial City was like a gigantic furnace, for the feeding of which Mr. BRAM and a corps of fifty Stokers have been specially retained. Fire engines specially constructed from designs taken from Pompeian *graffiti* will be employed to extinguish the conflagration. The scenery employed will be entirely made of asbestos."

"The subject, I take it, is treated from a Pagan point of view?" I queried.

"Pagan, I regret to say," was the answer, "though I admit that I was sorely tempted to introduce the element of Christian science into the plot."

"How does your story unfold itself on the stage, then?"

"Well, as I have already observed, there are thirteen monologues, for each of which *Nero* dons a different wig. *Nero's* pre-occupation with his *chevelure* was his ruling passion. An accomplished musician, he had the terrible misfortune—like Mr. ROCKEFELLER, whose clear-cut physiognomy is distinctly Neronian in its contour—to be bald. That was the great tragedy of his life. Imagine M. PADEREWSKI in a wig, or Dr. W. G. GRACE in a false beard! As POPE sings:—

'Beauty draws us with a single hair.'

But to the bald this consolation is denied. His mother *Agrippina* knew the secret and he slew her. *Poppæa* found it out, and paid for the knowledge with her life. An allusion to his infirmity appeared in the *Acta Diurna* or *Daily Mail* of Rome, and the infuriated potentate retaliated by burning down his own capital."

"Is there any historical foundation for this explanation of *Nero's* excesses?" I asked.

"None whatever," replied the poet-author. "It is entirely original, it has

never been put forward before, and it fully explains the otherwise inexplicable. Mr. CLARKSON is convinced of its accuracy. As he said to me only yesterday, 'How lucky for you that Mr. G. R. SIMS did not live nineteen hundred years ago!'"

"Will much stress be laid on *Nero's* skill as a musician?" I ventured to ask.

"Considerable," was the gracious response. "Some of the monologues will be cantillated, while others will take the form of regular solos to the accompaniment of lutes, pipes and other primitive instruments. *Nero* will also sing a duet with *Agrippina* and a trio with *Poppæa* and *Acte*."

"My only regret," observed Mr. STEPHENS in conclusion, "is that it is impossible for Mrs. SIDDONS to take the rôle of *Agrippina*. She was obviously intended for the part, and it must be a cause of disappointment to her *manes* that she committed the error of being born so long in advance of her true environment." Assenting cordially to this unimpeachable sentiment, I withdrew backwards from the presence of the famous poet-author-actor, who bids fair to enhance still further the obligation of the public by his latest effort (if I may quote his own words) to appease "that unconscious but essentially human feeling—the dumb hunger for the beautiful."

"THE DIMES."

MESSRS. MUDIE'S NEW DAILY.

ARRANGEMENTS for the new twopenny-halfpenny morning paper which MUDIE'S Library is about to establish are said to be proceeding apace. Already the title has been decided upon—*The Dimes*—while the staff is virtually complete.

The paper, we understand, is to be edited by a gigantic Scotch gentleman, appropriately named MUCKLE, who is not likely to be taken in by any creak. Among his assistants will be Mr. HATTER, Mr. ROOPER, Mr. COMFY LORD, Mr. MAYLER-FOOTLAND, and several Fellows of All Souls.

The business side of the paper will be in the capable hands of Mr. MOBEL (the originator of the Nobel prize for distinction in commercial enterprise, which hitherto has always fallen to himself), and the stage will never be neglected so long as Mr. TALKLEY has his head.

The Dimes will be an impartial paper, always leaning to the Conservative side. It will consist of many pages of good clear print, studiously avoiding picturesque verbosity on the one hand and hustling impressionism on the other. Among its other claims to distinction will be its immunity from the pens of Mr. CHESTERTON, Mr. BEGGIE, Mr. L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY, Mr. BART KENNEDY, and Mr. J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

A series of supplements is being arranged for, dealing with various subjects of interest to the public. Thus on Monday a golfing supplement, entirely written by the Editor, will be given away with a pound of tee; on Wednesday there will be an advertising supplement, describing all the latest devices for bringing one's pigs to market; and on Friday a journalistic supplement will appear which shall serve to book-readers as a guide to the most interesting articles in the daily and weekly press.

The Dimes will not be on sale in the usual way at all. It is a paper strictly for subscribers to MUDIE'S Library. No others need apply. It has been started, indeed, wholly with the purpose of supplying novel-readers with a sufficiency of waste-paper in which to wrap up their read books, and, this being so, will be printed on brown paper, with one page quite blank, save for MUDIE'S address in the middle of it, to serve as outside wrapper. So little do the promoters value the reading matter of the paper itself that on many occasions, when nothing much is occurring, or it is good golfing weather, *The Dimes* may be blank all through. Messrs. MUDIE hold that no English home is complete without plenty of brown paper, and they also believe that at this period in our country's history, when the cry for efficiency is so strident, every man who reads a novel ought also to take in a morning journal.

At an interview which our representative has recently enjoyed with Messrs. MUDIE, he learned that no pains will be spared to carry out this ideal. *The Dimes* will be given free to all subscribers to the Library, whether they want it or not. Messrs. MUDIE are very firm about this. "A posse of commissionaires," he said, "carefully chosen from the ranks of the reservists, and Mobilised by the manager, will stand at the doors of the Library and force copies of *The Dimes* on all persons leaving the building. It will not be a question of 'Please take one,' he added, significantly, "but 'You shall have one.' A copy of *The Dimes* will go with every volume. The legend, 'No *Dimes*, no books,' will be displayed prominently all over the Library. Thus, a subscriber leaving with five volumes under his arm will receive five copies of *The Dimes*; with fifteen, fifteen; and so on. In this way we cannot escape circulation. There our responsibility ends. What becomes of the papers is no concern of ours: all we do is to get it into the English home. We are pledged to that."

"But what," our representative ventured to ask, "will you do in the case of stubborn old-fashioned people who absolutely refuse to accept a paper?"



BRIEF HISTORY OF A NEW HAT.

(A Story without Words.)

Messrs. MUDIE smiled an inscrutable smile.

"Ah," they said, darkly, "we have our plans. In such cases copies of *The Dimes* will be left on the doorsteps, whatever happens, by arrangement with the milkman."

TO A FASHIONABLE BEAUTY.

ALL ladies at the last Newmarket Meeting
You easily outshone;
In popularity, that gift so fleeting,
You stood unmatched, alone.

They called you "pretty" every time
they named you—
Take care you don't get vain—

They called you "fast" as well, but no
one blamed you,
They only praised again.

The Press, which viewed the Quality
parading,
Described your "winter coat,"
'Twas "long" and "rough," no seams,
or pleats, or braiding,—
All humbler dames, take note.

So young—so flattered—yet no tale of
folly
Against you can be told;
The World is at your feet,—though,
Pretty Polly,
You are but Four Years Old!

FREETARIFFTRADEREFORM.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

SCENE—A platform. Mr. JOSEPH, Cousin HUGH, Uncle HENRY CHAPLIN, and others discovered fighting for the possession of Little ARTHUR. At last they separate, and Little ARTHUR speaks.

LITTLE ARTHUR (*peevishly*).

Ye friends of my heart, let me beg you to cease;
Give over your struggles, and leave me in peace.
You can see with one eye my absorption is great;
For I'm up to my chin in the business of state.
If you ask me, ye strivers, to tell you my plan,
I refer to HAYASHI and murmur "Japan!"
If you press me, I add that it's awful for me
To imagine the State in the hands of C.-B.
You may say my opinions are shrouded in vapour;
But I wrote them out plain on a half-sheet of paper;
And I doubt if I'm up to the very hard training
That's required for the toil of explaining, explaining.
Do I love Mr. JOSEPH? I vow that I do;
With a fervour as great I adore Cousin HUGH.
HENRY CHAPLIN's my own; but it's infamous, very,
To doubt that I dote on my dear LONDONDERRY.
Is it fair that an all-comprehending affection
Should meet with denial or doubt or rejection?
I perceive you agree that it's certainly not;
And as for myself I agree with the lot.

[Sits down and assumes an air of philosophic abstraction.]

MR. JOSEPH (*delighted*).

Just listen to that! I've always said it;
So mine is the joy, and mine the credit!
Go fetch me a batch of my own reporters,
And let them wire to my League's headquarters
That the friend I love—which is ARTHUR B.—
Agrees (what else could he do?) with ME.

COUSIN HUGH (*overjoyed*).

I knew it, I knew it: it's most absurd
To ask for a simpler, plainer word.
We've won the fight and weathered the storm,
So fetch me a telegraphic form.
I shall wire to the Free Food League, "His sins
Have found out JOSEPH, and Free Trade wins!"

UNCLE HENRY CHAPLIN (*ore rotundo*).

I recognise, I admit, nay I even go so far as to dare,
Or, if I might be allowed to say so, to venture to declare
That of all the amazing, astounding and portentous efforts of
oratory
That I have ever heard with my auricular appendages or
even read of in story,
This last performance of our trusted, nay I might almost say,
our thoroughly trusted leader,
In thus stating himself in no ambiguous or even doubtful
terms to be anything rather than a free-feeder—
This performance, as I say (and I know he required great
courage to risk it),
Unquestionably takes, if I may so put it, the bun, or, in
other words, the biscuit.
By thus dissipating and scattering all doubt he has put to
flight the Free Trade vulture,
And struck a mighty blow for the good, the benefit and the
well-being of Agriculture.

CHORUS OF PLAIN MEN.

We are all of us groping in darkness with never a glimmer
of light,
Oh Zeus, put an end to our labours and lead us, oh lead us,
aright;

We have studied the speeches of ARTHUR; his half-sheet of
paper we've seen,
And we haven't the ghost of a notion—have you?—what the
dickens they mean.

For first he's a Tariff-Reformer—at least he is strongly
imbued

With the virtues of Tariff-Reforming that doesn't conflict
with Free Food.

And next he's a sturdy Free Trader—that is, he is ready to go
As far as his duty permits with the duties suggested by JOE.
In short, he is always declaring his views are as clear as a
bell:

He objects to Free Trade and, *hey-presto*, objects to Protection
as well.

So for our part we fancy there's one thing as plain as the
nose on his face:

Little ARTHUR won't stick at a trifle in order to stick to his place.

[They all close up and fight again. Curtain.]

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday.—*La Traviata*, poor dear lady of less than doubtful reputation, and, despite her fifty years, going strong, reappeared to-night. Madame MELBA, as *Violetta*, whose healthy appearance would have deceived any physician, sang better than ever, receiving loud calls, and, after the First Act, tumultuous applause. As long as there is an *artiste* capable of sustaining *Violetta's* musical reputation, *La Traviata* will not be willingly allowed to die. Her spoony young man from the country, *Alfredo*, was admirably represented by Signor DE MARCHI. For the heavy father, old *Georger* Germont, no one more capable in every way could have been selected than Signor STRACCIARI.

It was quite a fireworky-rocket night for the curtain, which went up at the hour of 8.30, went up again three times to enthusiastic applause after the First and the Second Acts, and twice after the Third Act. If the receipts are only going up as briskly as did the curtain to-night, then will the Managers and members of the syndicate be indeed satisfied.

Saturday.—New opera, *Andrea Chenier*, announced for to-night, but it is outside our time-limit for the week. Also is announced for November 19 an "Operatic Concert, organised by Madame MELBA and the Artistes of the San Carlo Company in aid of the families rendered destitute by the earthquakes in Calabria." Music hath charms which may well be employed for charitable purposes.

Post Obiter Dictum.

Servant (to lady inquiring). He's very ill, M'm.

Christian Science Lady. I'm grieved—but you ought to say, "He thinks he's very ill."

(Two days later.)

Servant (to same lady, again inquiring). If you please, M'm, he thinks he's dead.

THE poster of an evening paper of the 10th inst. announced:

WHAT MR. STEAD THINKS OF RUSSIA.

It was felt that this would make rather more copy than the corresponding theme:—

What Russia thinks of Mr. STEAD.

DONS IN DIFFICULTIES.—At the end of last week the authorities at Cambridge were said to be "much concerned how to cope effectually with the situation" which some rowdy University men had created on the "Town and Gown" night. The Cambridge Dons must have quite a College-fellow feeling for their official brethren in difficulties at the Royal University of Ireland.



GETTING EVEN WITH HIM.

Solicitor (sarcastically). "AND WOULD YOU SWEAR THAT THESE FOWLS BELONGED TO YOU?"

Prosecutor. "I WOULD."

Solicitor. "WELL, NOW THEN. WOULD YOU BE SURPRISED IF I TOLD YOU THAT I HAVE HALF A DOZEN FOWLS AT HOME EXACTLY LIKE THESE?"

Prosecutor. "NOT IN THE LEAST. I'VE MISSED ABOUT A DOZEN LATELY FROM THE RUN!"

UNWOMANLY MEN.

[MR. BALFOUR's assertion that he was fully conscious of the suffering of the unemployed has been vehemently impugned by a writer in the *Daily News* of the 8th inst., who remarks: "MR. BALFOUR is a comfortably situated bachelor. It is a fact which accounts for many things. I doubt whether the PRIME MINISTER has ever in his life sat through a single night soothing a fretful child. Yet he has the audacity to say he knows!"]

UNFORTUNATELY this is not the only instance of unwomanly conduct on the part of prominent politicians, careful investigations having revealed several other cases at least as unpardonable as that of the PREMIER.

Thus it is extremely doubtful whether MR. CADBURY has ever wheeled an infant for more than two hours in a perambulator.

We have the best authority for stating that at no period of his distinguished

career has MR. LLOYD-GEORGE filled the rôle of a twenny-maid.

The reason for the small majority by which MR. HALDANE was elected Rector of Edinburgh University is commonly attributed in Radical circles not to his strong Imperialistic tendencies, but to the deplorable fact that, as he himself frankly admitted, he has never worn high-heeled shoes and was unable to milk a cow.

A painful sensation was created at a Liberal meeting recently held in Chelsea when MR. LEONARD COURTNEY, in reply to persistent heckling, boldly declared that in no circumstances whatever would he consent to wear a fringe.

Great indignation has been excited in Northampton by the behaviour of MR. LABOUCHERE. During a recent sojourn in that town, while visiting the house of one of his constituents, he was asked to rock the cradle of the youngest member

of the family in order to enable the mother to attend a football match. MR. LABOUCHERE declined on the ground that he had never done such a thing before, and might possibly upset the cradle. This distressing avowal has, in the opinion of the Secretary of the local Conservative Association, rendered MR. LABOUCHERE's retention of his seat highly improbable.

On the other hand, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL's prospects in Manchester have materially improved since he has taken to skirt dancing and crewel work.

Where to spend a Quiet Night.

TO BE LET.—For hunting season or longer, — Rectory; excellent stabling; stands in park: large grounds; eleven bedrooms; hounds constantly run through.—Advertisement in "*Manchester Guardian*."



PLEASANT FOR GILES.

Miss Nimrod. "MIND YOU TUCK YOUR HEAD IN, GILES, DIRECTLY THE RABBIT BOLTS!"

THE PUBLIC BUFFOON.

THE railway carriage had only one other occupant, and as I took my seat I was struck with his expression of suppressed mirth. He appeared to be enjoying some tremendous jest which convulsed his whole frame and seemed to be searching for the weak places in his clothing in order to effect an exit.

Being of a sedate temperament, and, though not unsociable, careful about making chance acquaintances, I endeavoured, by burying myself, as they say, in my newspaper, to show him that I was ignorant of his presence. But he disinterested me.

"May I lend you a gamp?" he asked.

"Thank you," I said, frigidly. "I have my own gam—umbrella, and the carriage is, I believe, watertight. In any case, it is not raining." That, I thought, would close the incident.

But no. With huge enjoyment, and an indescribable amount of chuckling, he pointed to the door.

I followed the direction of his finger, and read, "Wait until the rain stops." It should have been "train," but the "t" was concealed by a piece of stamp-paper.

"Pshaw!" was my comment. "Pshaw" is a scathing word, the effect of which I have always hoped to have an opportunity of testing. I hardly realised my expectations. My companion burst into

unrestrained guffaws, and prodded me with his thumb in the region of my watch-pocket.

"It's a joke," he gurgled. "Don't you see?"

"No," I said; "but I feel."

He rocked to and fro in an ecstasy of mirth, slapping his knees, and rubbing his hands together.

"I was speaking seriously," I said, in my iciest tone of voice.

"Yes, yes," he cried. "I know, I know. That's where the joke comes in." Here, once more, he drove the point into my waistcoat with his thumb-nail.

"I would rather the joke did not come in there," said I, diverting his attack with my hand.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he bellowed. "You're a typical Englishman. You take your jesting so seriously."

"Did you stick on that piece of paper?" I demanded, indignantly.

"Of course I did. And look behind you on the partition. 'Five cats.' Isn't that splendid? It took me twenty minutes to alter 'seats' into 'cats.'"

Dreading what I should see, I raised my eyes above the cat inscription, and saw another specimen of his handiwork. "This rack," I read, "is for light articles only. It must—*blur*—be used for heavy luggage." The blur was a blue pencil-mark.

"That's mine, too," he screamed in a voice choking with laughter.

"Tell me," I said, "do you do much of this sort of thing?"

"All of it!" he exclaimed proudly. "I turn 'Billposters' into 'Pillposters,' 'Notice' into 'No ice'—all that. One of my best was in Surrey during an epidemic of swine fever. I changed nearly all the bills into 'Wine Ever.'"

"But why?" I asked. "Why do you do it?"

"It's funny," he explained.

"But," I protested, "why be funny on this stupendous scale? It's not—well, it's not the thing; really it isn't. And people don't appreciate it."

"Ah, but they do. Perhaps you won't believe me, but—well, you know those new electric trains they are running?"

"Yes," I said.

"Now, I dare say you've heard a lot of complaints about them? People say they're draughty, that there's not enough class distinction, and so on. Well, the real objection is that they give no scope for humour. You see, there are always too many people about, to say nothing of the conductor. You can't get a car to yourself. Still, I'm certain I should die of laughter if only the Company would give me an opportunity."

"I'm sure I wish they would," said I, fervently.



THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

SHADE OF KING LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH (to the Czar). "SIDE WITH YOUR PEOPLE, SIRE, WHILE THERE IS YET TIME. I WAS TOO LATE!"



"AN IMPREGNABLE POSITION."

"NOW THEN, YOU YOUNG VARMINT, COOM OOT O' THERE AFORE I COTCHES 'OLD ON YER!"

A RATHER REMARKABLE REGIMENT.

(As presented on the Stage of a "Fit-up" Theatre in the Provinces.)

HILLDON, the sleepy little town some forty miles from London where I happen to be staying, does not possess a regular theatre. But from some gorgeous red and yellow posters on walls and in shop-windows I discovered that a temporary wooden playhouse had established itself on the Fair Field. Also that on a particular evening the "Splendid Military Drama, 'Death or Glory Boys,'" was to be presented. There was a note stating that "Mr. BLANK (the Manager) has been to London and bought some Lancers' uniforms, purposely for this play, and, apart from that, it is one of the most highly sensational Dramas ever placed upon any English stage." It was simply impossible to resist such inducements as these.

The First Act had already begun when I entered the shilling stalls, and there were no programmes, but I gathered—from the dialogue, not from the scene itself, which, except that it resembled nothing in existence, might have been anywhere—that we were supposed to be outside a farmhouse occupied by the Hero, *Jack Hilldon* (whose surname I fancy was a delicate compliment to the audience) and his sister, *Edith*. It soon appeared that *Jack* was secretly in love with *Nina*, the daughter of *Colonel Fortescue*, of the "Death or Glory Boys." In spite of the inferiority of his social position, she might have returned his affection, but for the fact that she was already engaged to the villain, *Captain Ferrers*. Why she had done this, as she did not affect to regard him with anything but instinctive loathing, she forgot to explain. Presently, when the stage was clear, the villain came out with his soldier-servant—a minion of the name of *Carne*, to

whom he confided a little scheme for deceiving *Jack's* sister *Edith* by a mock private marriage, which *Carne* undertook to arrange for him. Perhaps it was slightly rash of the *Captain* to discuss the matter at the top of a naturally powerful voice just outside *Edith's* window, and he had reason to regret this indiscretion later, when *Edith* denounced him before the *Colonel*, *Nina*, and *Jack*, as the villain he undoubtedly was. For *Jack* immediately produced a revolver which, as a farmer, he probably found useful for keeping down the rabbits, and threatened to shoot *Ferrers* like a dog unless he instantly agreed to right *Edith* by marriage. *Ferrers* did not lose his presence of mind; he declared that *Edith* was hysterical, and her story a lie, while he quietly handed *Carne* his hunting-crop, and instructed him to knock *Jack* down with it. Which *Carne* was just about to do—when *Jack's* bailiff, *Nat* (the comic man) came in behind with a spade and felled *Carne*. Whereupon *Jack* fired, and brought down both villain and curtain.

In the next Act it was only to be expected that *Jack* and *Nat*, believing themselves to be murderers, should evade justice by enlisting as troopers in the regiment of *Jack's* old friend, *Colonel Fortescue*. And they did so. And the *Colonel*, a fine old soldier, in the simple uniform of a London park-keeper, with grey hair which was, perhaps, just a trifle long behind, was delighted to see *Jack* when he entered, in an imperfectly buttoned tunic, with despatches, and shook him warmly by the hand, as did his daughter and a young subaltern of the name of *Duff*, with a good heart and an eyeglass. As it turned out, *Captain Ferrers* and *Carne* had not been killed, or even hurt, after all, and the *Captain* declared, with transparent hypocrisy, that he bore *Jack* no malice and should have done the same in his place. He

also produced a letter (which the invaluable *Carne* has just forged for him) purporting to come from *Edith* and retracting all charges against his character as a soldier and gentleman. But *Jack* was not to be mollified; he said he would serve *Ferrers* in the same way again, if he got the chance.

The "Death or Glory Boys" seemed, on these boards at all events, a cheery, easy-going regiment, with no pedantic notions of distinction of ranks, or discipline, or nonsense of that kind. *Captain Ferrers* and *Lieutenant Duff* were the only officers besides the *Colonel*, and wore precisely the same tunics as their men. *Captain Ferrers* had won a medal somewhere, and sported it on all occasions, but nobody appeared in spurs. *Nat*, the comic trooper, seldom indulged the villain with a salute, and addressed him as "Old Bloke," which the villain, though he "ginned," did not dare to resent openly. And when *Jack* thrashed the *Captain* severely with a stout stick, in *Duff's* presence, for some sneering allusion to *Miss Fortescue*, and *Ferrers* called *Duff* to witness that he had been assaulted by his inferior in rank, the good-hearted young fellow merely replied, "Sorry, but I'm retained by the other side, dear old chappie!" (he always addressed the villain in this manner, with the worst possible effect on his temper). "I shall swear I saw nothing. And if he hadn't thrashed you, I'd have done it myself!" So *Jack* got off that time. But the villain, as villains will, swore to be even with him. He summoned the faithful *Carne*, and together they concocted another diabolical scheme. *Ferrers* would post *Jack* on sentry-go that night near his own quarters by the shrubbery, and *Carne* was to swear that he saw him leave his post, enter the *Captain's* room, and, after coming out, throw away an empty bottle labelled "Poison," with which bottle, as a damning piece of circumstantial evidence, the villain thoughtfully furnished his accomplice.

In the next scene we saw the hero on sentry-go in a field-service cap and the imperfectly buttoned tunic, and armed with a cane. The poor fellow was torn by a sense of divided duty. He was on sentry-go at the very hour for which he had an appointment with *Miss Fortescue*, who wished to talk to him about *Edith*! Luckily, the devoted *Nat* found a way out of this dilemma for him, by nobly undertaking to do sentry-go in his stead.

Then *Carne* came on, reading a bundle of compromising letters which his villainous master had given him to destroy, and from which he discovered that the *Captain* was the hitherto unknown destroyer of his domestic bliss. But this was merely introduced as an additional proof of *Ferrers'* thoroughgoing scoundrelism—for, though it annoyed *Carne* for the moment, it did not affect his fidelity to his master. So, in the next scene, the unfortunate *Jack* was brought before the *Colonel* and charged by *Carne*, not only with entering *Captain Ferrers'* quarters and poisoning his drinking-water, but also with deserting his post, and smoking and drinking while on sentry-go. *Jack* indignantly denied all but the third charge, and *Nat*, who strolled in to the *Colonel's* quarters opportunely, was easily able to show that he was the person who after taking *Jack's* duty had done the drinking and smoking. Still, as the *Colonel* very shrewdly pointed out, if *Jack* hadn't been in *Captain Ferrers'* quarters poisoning his drinking-water, where had he been? *Jack*, like a true hero, declined to answer, when *Miss Fortescue* entered, and explained everything. And *Jack* would have been doubtless dismissed with a gentle reprimand if only he hadn't rushed at *Captain Ferrers* and throttled him within an inch of his life. Even the *Colonel* could not overlook this. Consequently *Jack* was sent to the cells.

In the next Act *Captain Ferrers* was very busy. First he bullied *Edith* into admitting that she wrote the forged letter on the plea that, "bad as he was," he loved his military career, and didn't want to have to send in his papers just when the regiment was ordered to Zululand, and that, if she con-

sented, he would procure her brother's pardon. Then he forced *Nina* to agree to marry him at once on condition that he spared *Jack*. Then he interviewed *Jack* in the cells, showed him a letter which he produced from the lappel of his tunic, and which he had written to the *Colonel* asking for *Jack's* release, and offered to send it if *Jack* would start that evening for America or Australia. *Jack* refused, and soon afterwards escaped from prison with the utmost ease.

The next scene was the exterior of what was understood to be a church. *Ferrers* and *Nina* were being married within, and *Duff* and a trooper were on guard outside, with strict orders from *Ferrers* to allow nobody to pass. But *Duff* could not resist *Jack's* impassioned appeal to let him in to forbid the banns. As *Duff* said, "Duty be hanged! He was a Soldier—but he was a Man as well!" So he let *Jack* through. Unfortunately it was just too late. At that precise moment the villain came out in full uniform, medal and all, with *Nina* in bridal array on his arm. *Nina* flew to *Jack's* arms. *Ferrers* ordered him to be arrested. *Jack* reminded him that he had promised to write a letter to the *Colonel* asking for his pardon. *Ferrers* said he lied. Upon which *Duff*, with an intuition which did him great credit, abstracted that identical letter from *Ferrers'* tunic, and handed it to the *Colonel*, who, after reading it, ordered *Jack* to be released, and *Ferrers* arrested in his stead. Tableau and Curtain.

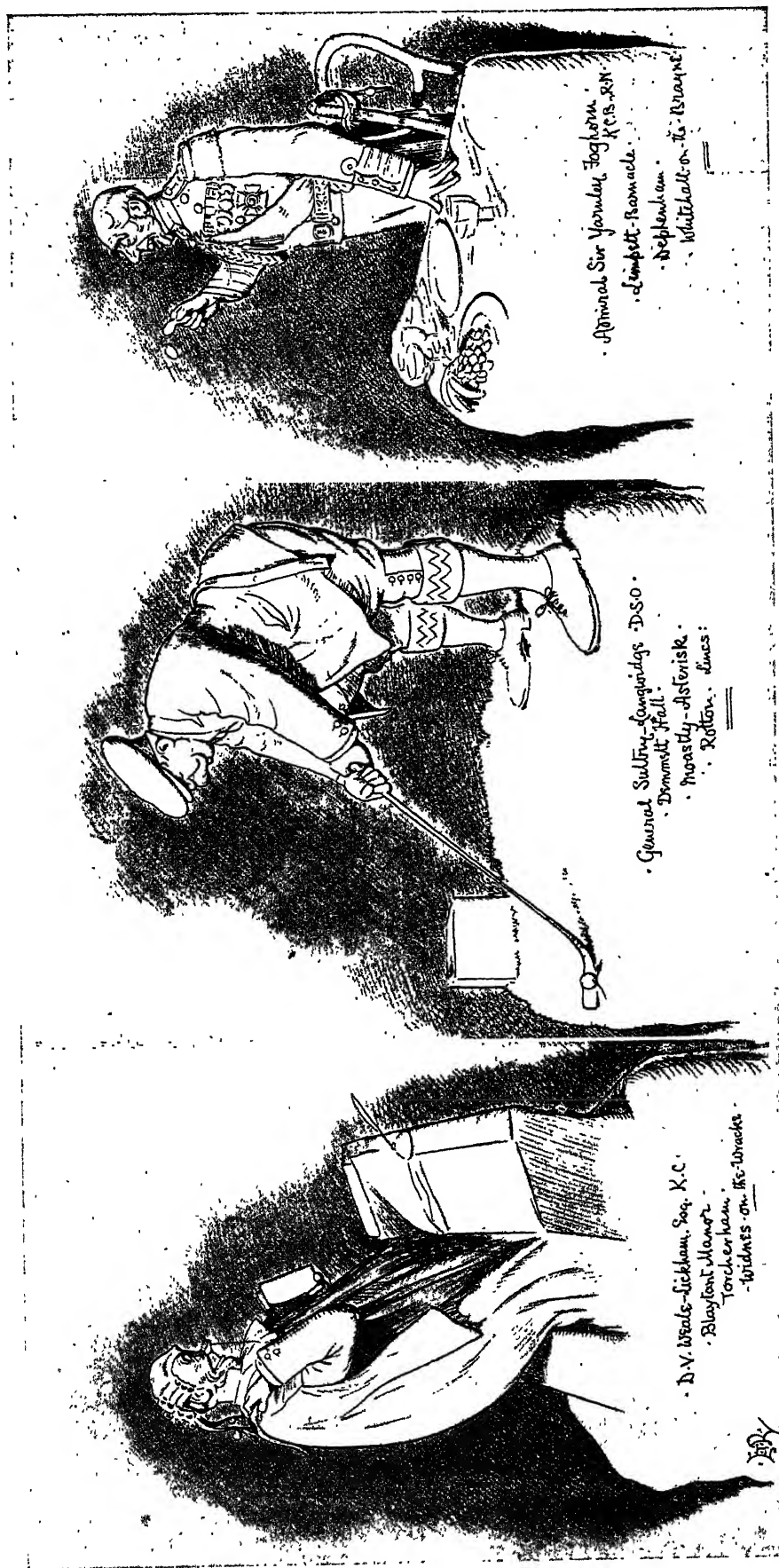
In the last Act two years were supposed to have elapsed. A Military Garden-Party was in progress, as was evident from the decanter of sherry and wine-glasses on a side-table. The guests, for some reason, did not turn up.

We learnt that *Jack* had distinguished himself in the Zulu War, having got his commission and a V.C. But he was just the same unassuming hearty fellow, with his trooper's tunic as imperfectly buttoned as ever. Then *Ferrers* turned up unexpectedly, seedy and starving, and informed *Lieutenant Duff* (who, by the way, was now engaged to *Edith*) that he had come to enlist as a trooper in his old regiment. The good-hearted young subaltern pointed out that, considering *Ferrers* had been kicked out of it and was hated by every man there, he would hardly be an ideal recruit. He suggested suicide as *Ferrers'* only resource, and mentioned that he would find a bottle of deadly poison in a medicine-chest on one of the garden seats. I didn't gather why *Duff* had brought a medicine-chest to a military garden party—but possibly he knew the *Colonel's* sherry. Then, considerably remarking that he should be back in a quarter of an hour, he left *Ferrers* alone with the chest. The ex-Captain removed the poison-bottle, and at that moment *Nina* came out, recognised her husband, and fainted in his arms, as any heroine would in such circumstances. He all but gave way to the temptation to insert the poison between her parted lips—but, as he observed: "Bad as he was, God help him, he couldn't do that!"

When he was alone again he resolved to toss up for life or death, but, not possessing a halfpenny, tossed up with the medal that still adorned his chest. It came down "Suicide." But, suddenly recollecting that, if he died as a civilian, he would not have a military funeral, on which he had apparently set his heart, he rushed off the stage.

Shortly afterwards, just as the genial old *Colonel* was handing round glasses of sherry to *Nina*, *Jack*, and *Duff*, and proposing a toast, the villain returned, seized a glass of sherry, poured poison into it, and, with the announcement that he had just become a trooper in his old regiment, drank to the "Death or Glory Boys," and expired immediately, to the mild surprise of the other characters—especially *Duff*, who preserved a discreet silence about the medicine-chest. With that the play ended, leaving us to infer that *Jack* would before long lead *Mrs. Ferrers* to the altar, though, rather to my surprise, the audience, after being uproariously entertained by the villain's dying agonies, received the final fall of the curtain with absolute apathy.

F. A.



ONE MAN ONE MONUMENT.—No. 3.

Further Designs for Statues of Private Individuals who, but for the enterprise of *The Times* (see our last issue) in inaugurating a "Hall of Heroes" in connection with its Book Club Scheme, might easily have escaped national recognition.

THE PET-DOG'S MANUAL OF ETIQUETTE FOR VISITORS.

THIS little work is primarily intended for the use of visitors to country houses, but hostesses will also do well to peruse it, as it may give them useful hints as to whom to invite to their house parties.

I will begin with the *Arrival*, which is the easiest part of the visit. The visitor, as a rule, arrives about tea-time and has usually the sense to say at once, "What a darling dog!" Then the hostess brightens up and says, "Isn't he?" and gives one a saucer of cream. Here I would insert a word of warning to the visitor *not* to expatiate on the accomplishments of the Pet Dog that lives in the house she has just come from. If she does, one's mistress is quite sure to make one do "Trust and Paid for," though how any human being can imagine that it amuses one I do not know. I believe that the visitor would not even smile if the butler were to place a potato on the top of *her* head at dinner and then expect her to toss it neatly into her plate.

After tea the visitor should go at once to her room. The Pet Dog naturally expects to have the hearth-rug to himself between tea and dinner, and I have known a dog disturbed for the whole evening by a screen being placed in front of the fire to keep a visitor cool. Such thoughtlessness!

For dinner the visitor should wear a white satin frock. It should have rather a long train, so that the Pet Dog may have plenty of room to lie on it under the dining-table. Nothing makes a better background for a bone than smooth white satin. Every Pet Dog knows how trying it is to eat a compli-

cated bone on a rough dark carpet. Frequently the most delicate morsels go astray and are with difficulty retrieved.

I am afraid I must state that the modern young lady is sadly degenerate in the matter of appetite. I have even heard an old-fashioned author laughed at for mentioning that his heroine

upon the visitor to make quite sure she has not taken the Pet Dog's favourite chair. If she has accidentally done so, she must at once leave it for another, in spite of the hostess's assurances that "it doesn't matter." These are merely formal, and no more to be regarded than her protests at the end of the visit that she "is sorry you must go."

Breakfast again is a miserable moment for the Pet Dog. That, I admit, is greatly the fault of the lady of the house, but as this Manual is for visitors I will merely point out how the tactful guest may lighten the gloom. Of course I am not addressing now those poor creatures who breakfast on a boiled egg, but it is extraordinary how seldom the visitor, in helping herself from an array of silver dishes, seems to think about what will make good "remains." I have often seen her pass over an excellent dish of grilled bones and take something foolish and minced, which it is impossible to hand on to the Pet Dog.

Here I must caution her against that deplorable habit of visitors — designed to curry favour with the lady of the house — of asking whether she *may* feed one. Nothing is more underbred than to make prying inquiries into the private rules of

a house where one is received as a guest, and the visitor should simply take it for granted that the Pet Dog is starved, and should act accordingly. After breakfast the lady of the house will probably be busy, and the visitor will be left alone to write letters. She should not be too deeply engrossed in this, for, having no one at that moment to play with, the Pet Dog will probably scratch to be let into the room. She can, after opening the



THE ENGLISH WIFE.



THE AMERICAN HUSBAND.

"toyed with a wing of chicken." That author understood what he was about and was describing a real heroine, who knew what fine breeding was, and would never dream of doing more than removing a fragment or two from the chicken wing before offering it for the Pet Dog's acceptance.

The evening is always a wretched time for the Pet Dog if there are people staying in the house, and I would urge

door, return to her seat, but it is hardly worth while taking up her pen, as he will certainly want to be let out again in a few seconds—not having had any reason for coming in. After going in and out about twenty times (he will find towards the eighteenth time that the visitor becomes hard-hearted and he will have to whine piteously before she will open the door), he may get bored with this. The visitor need not try to amuse him by talking to him. It may seem harsh, but it is better to say at once that a visitor's conversation can do nothing but make one yawn. There is a way in which the visitor can really be of use, and that is in throwing one's ball. Yet how seldom do we find that she is genuinely anxious to repay one's hospitality by the only means in her power! It makes my blood boil when a full-grown woman says, after throwing one's ball for only a quarter-of-an-hour, that "she is tired." If this be true, she should never have accepted one's mistress's invitation. Invalids are quite out of place in a country house, and the visitor ought not to be there at all, but in the consulting room of a good London Physician, who could be depended on to give her a suitable tonic.

Later the lady of the house will probably return and propose a walk. As she cannot be expected to know the individual tastes of each guest, the visitor had better mention casually that she is particularly fond of rabbit-holes, or that she would enjoy a nice little turn round the dust-heap.

If it's Sunday, the hostess is sure to ask whether she'd like to see the stables. I advise the visitor to make a polite excuse for not going. There is absolutely nothing to eat there.

The home farm is well worth a visit. There is a splendid rubbish-heap there, and then there is the chicken-food to eat. One is always called greedy for taking that, and I don't know why, for it isn't at all nice, only of course one always likes to take it away from the chickens.

When one gets home, it's lunch-time, and here the visitor needn't bother, for, naturally, the Dog's dinner is at this meal carefully prepared from the nicest bits by the lady of the house. So the visitor can eat what she likes, as long as she is quick about it, for sometimes the

Pet Dog has to wait till visitors have been helped.

And now comes the moment when the visitor fails most lamentably in her relations with the Pet Dog. I allude to the afternoon drive. It will, perhaps, hardly be believed that never—no, never—have I seen the visitor take the small third seat in the victoria. She must realise that it is meant for her, because it is only let down when she is there, but as sure as there is a visitor it is I who have to sit on that narrow slippery seat, while she lolls in comfort in my

I think the only point left to mention is the visitor's departure. Of course, it is a joyful moment for the Pet Dog, and I suppose that must be the reason why the guest thinks that the remuneration considered necessary for the rest of the establishment can be omitted in his case. Another reason I have seen gravely stated is the difficulty of procuring a suitable honorarium for the Pet Dog.

This is the most unworthy subterfuge. I hear visitors speak as a matter of course of having received a box of peaches or a *whole haunch* of venison, and then they have the hypocrisy to pretend there would be a difficulty in having a quarter of a pound of liver handed to their young friend. And so the Pet Dog sees the butler largely tipped while he is passed over entirely, or, what is even worse, the visitor seizes his paw and says, with a foolish laugh, "Good-bye, little Dog." I really wonder so large a percentage of visitors escape unbitten.

TREASURE TROVE.

"WHY drag in VELASQUEZ?" was, as will be remembered, the question put by JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER to a fervent admirer who had expressed himself to the effect that for him "there were only two painters, WHISTLER and VELASQUEZ." Now here we have, at the gallery of Messrs. AGNEW, in Old Bond Street, a splendid specimen of VELASQUEZ with a remarkable history. It ought to be secured for the National Gallery. Perhaps ere this brief note appears the N. G. may have already secured it. Why allow VELASQUEZ to be conveyed away to America? Let us hope that this VELASQUEZ has come to stay, and that its future address may be

"*Venus and Cupid*," care of The Trustees, National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, London." So mote it be!

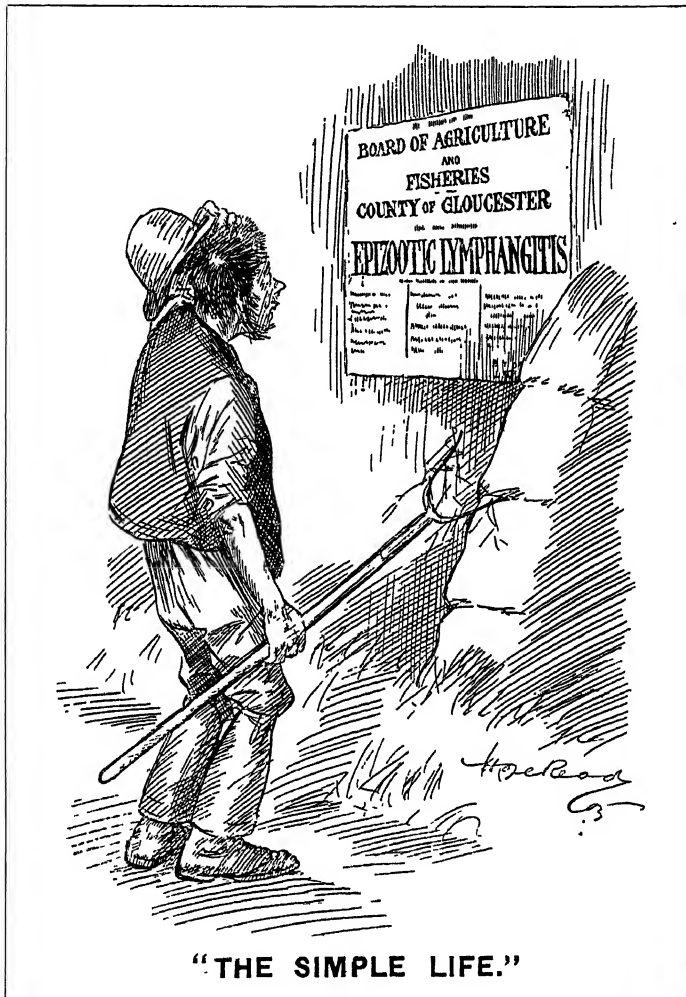
"Sub-conscious Personality."

Guest (to Hostess, wife of retired, but still choleric, Colonel). I'm afraid I heard your husband bark his shin rather badly against something outside my room last night.

Hostess. Did he say anything?

Guest. Yes, he said "Dear me, this is very painful!"

Hostess. Ah! then he must have been walking in his sleep.



"THE SIMPLE LIFE."

place by her hostess's side. I have no doubt that my mistress would willingly exchange seats with me, but that would be to point out too plainly the visitor's failure in good manners, so the Pet Dog has to suffer. This seems such an ingrained fault in visitors that I cannot hope to cure it, so I will merely suggest that the visitor should at once begin to talk "Chiffons" seriously, in order that the Pet Dog may have plenty of time to gnaw the buttons off the leather seat unobserved.

He will be slapped afterwards, of course, but the buttons will be safely off by that time, and one's mistress's slaps never hurt.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. BIRRELL artfully opens his study of the life and works of ANDREW MARVELL, a late addition to the Macmillan series of "English Men of Letters," by protesting that there is no material at hand for describing the former. "A more illusive, non-recorded character is hard to be found. We know all about him, but very little of him." Story, God bless you! Mr. BIRRELL has none to tell. Nevertheless, he proceeds to construct an interesting volume of 232 pages. Many are occupied by citation of passages from the poet, and are certainly none the less attractive on that score. Others reproduce the pith of letters written by MARVELL from Westminster to his constituents at Hull. These, 350 in number, present a unique record of Parliamentary doings during the years he sat in the House. The manuscript is preserved in the archives of Hull. MARVELL did not attempt the picturesque description with which the public of to-day is familiar. His Parliamentary summary was a business-like, unadorned catalogue of work attempted or accomplished. CHARLES LAMB, one of the earliest declared admirers of MILTON's secretary, would justly prefer his poetry to his prose. In the "Horatian Ode," dedicated to CROMWELL, there are two stanzas in which my Baronite discerns the prophetic soul of the poet. Addressing the PROTECTOR he sings:—

But thou, the war's and fortune's	Besides the force it has to fright
March indefatigably on!	[son, The spirits of the shady night,
And for the last effect	The same arts that did gain
Still keep the sword erect.	A power, must it maintain.

If ANDREW MARVELL, peering through the mists of two centuries and a half, did not in writing this dimly perceive Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, "the (Khaki) war's son," inflamed by pure patriotism, holding on to office for the "last effect" of the Redistribution Bill, the coincidence is curious. Mr. BIRRELL's book takes, and will keep, a high place in the series. Which is approbation indeed.

Trouble in the Balkans (HURST AND BLACKETT) is by J. L. C. BOOTH, a clever artist and a light-handed writer, who seems to have given himself a lot of trouble in the Balkans and in Macedonia. The reader will soon become interested, apart from all political questions, in the author's vivacious narrative, and will derive both instruction and amusement from his sketches, and from his more finished pictures, "plain and coloured."

Sir ISAAC PITMAN's firm, new, my Baronite fancies, to the field of publishing, are fortunate in following up their start with presenting the two handsome volumes which record the gossip and the correspondence of Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle. The BROOKFIELDS had the good fortune to live in the Augustan epoch of the reign of Queen VICTORIA. Their circle included TENNYSON, THACKERAY, the ASHBURTONS, ROBERT BROWNING, CHARLES BULLER, CARLYLE, our DICKY DOYLE, ADELAIDE PROCTOR, SAMUEL ROGERS, MACAULAY, Lord JOHN MANNERS, MONCKTON MILNES, GEORGE VENABLES, and HENRY HALLAM, Mrs. BROOKFIELD's uncle. She was a lady who, without premeditated effort, made captive all men who came within the influence of her presence. An engraving from a portrait painted by RICHMOND when she was thirty years of age testifies to the exceeding sweetness of her countenance. Her letters and extracts from her diary preserve some memories of her intellectual graces. THACKERAY was among her most devoted admirers. There is a tradition that she unconsciously sat to him as a model for one of his most beautiful characters—*Lady Castlewood*, whom *Esmond* loved. My Baronite does not know any evidence for that suggestion beyond the fact that in 1848, whilst he was writing *Pendennis*, THACKERAY visited with the BROOKFIELDS her father's house, Clevedon Court. Planning *Esmond* he, attracted by its mediæval charms, dragged Clevedon

into the picture, renaming it Castlewood. As a matter of fact, it was quite another character THACKERAY drew from his much admired friend. He told BROOKFIELD that though *Amelia* was not a copy of Mrs. BROOKFIELD he should not have conceived the character if he had not known her. The editors of the book, CHARLES and FRANCES BROOKFIELD, have done well to give the title-rôle to the wife though Mr. BROOKFIELD figures largely in the story, especially in the matter of letters, some of which—notably a series wherein he lectures his fiancée on the iniquity, co-ordinate, of either writing too much, involving him in postal charges for overweight, or writing less quantity than the stamps used would have franked—might with advantage have been omitted. The fearsomely funny letters passing between him and his sometime pupil, Lord LYTTELTON, might also have been left in the privacy of the family archives. W. H. BROOKFIELD would have been all right had he had the stage to himself. With his charming wife unconsciously filling it, his somewhat obtrusive lustre is dimmed. But it is ungracious to belittle any portion of a work which opens for us the inner doors of the circle of literary giants whose works illumined the mid-nineteenth century. Portraits given of some of them add to the interest and value of a couple of delightful volumes.

While the Baron was reading *The Lake* (HEINEMANN) the probability occurred to him that its gifted author, Mr. GEORGE MOORE, might have been influenced by some reminiscence of *La Faute de l'Abbé Moreau*. Himself an Irishman, with, it is probable, exceptional advantages for knowing the ground over which he was going to travel, he must have been aware of the great danger and difficulty of the literary task towards which he felt himself irresistibly attracted. He has given us an analytical novel. There is, strictly speaking, no action. The study is laboriously worked out. The greater part of the novel consists of letters from *Rose Leicester* to *Oliver Gogarty*, and his replies. She says, "Do you like my letters? They don't bore you, do they? If I thought they did I shouldn't write any more." Had the Baron got to answer this question the novel would have been finished at this point. Its cleverness is undeniable, so too, the Baron thinks, is its tediousness.

The approach of Christmas time naturally recalls the memory of KATE GREENAWAY. How delightfully quaint were all her figures, how dainty in colouring, what humour in expression, and, on occasion, how touchingly serious! It is impossible, within the limits of a paragraph, for the Baron to deal with such a subject, and therefore, having with the greatest pleasure perused and examined the book by Messrs. M. H. SPIELMANN and G. S. LAYARD, entitled *Kate Greenaway* (A. & C. BLACK), he can only refer all his readers to the work itself. They have a real treat before them, which they will thoroughly enjoy.

Not so very long ago dissent as to the value of any proposed venture used to be expressed in a cant phrase, "That won't wash." If this revived slang be applied to *Dean's Rag Toy Books, and other Rag Books* (Ragbook Co., Paternoster Row), small, large, and all delightfully nonsensical, it will be found to be a literal statement of fact; and so courageous are the colours that, do what you will, they won't run. The Baron questions whether books of *this material* can be generally popular with the destructive majority.



THE PLAGUE OF BOOK-BORROWING.

IS IT PAST REMEDY?

THE discovery of reading, with which the year 1905 will ever be associated, and the synchronical conception of libraries all over the country, may be found not to be without drawbacks. Already, indeed, we understand, the fashion of having a volume in the hand, whether or not it is being perused, has so taken possession of many persons that forcible borrowing and even the theft of works is becoming as prevalent as an epidemic. Just as a few winters ago everyone had to possess a ping-pong racquet, now everyone who values his birthright as an imitative animal must be accompanied by literature.

The result is that since the more notorious circulating libraries are so full that no more tickets can be issued for some weeks, people are having to get their books as they can, and a grave situation has arisen among those who love their shelves and loved them before the present unhappy and feverishly perusing year saw the light. As some deterrent to crime, packets of book-plates have been placed on the market, to establish the identity of the rightful owner of the volume the more securely; but this is held to be but a feeble protection, and the opinions of expert book-men have therefore been solicited on the subject. We append a few replies:

Dr. GARNETT, late Chief Librarian of the British Museum, writes: "What I know of human nature, acquired during long years of service in Bloomsbury, convinces me that the mere affixing of a book-plate to the inside cover of a volume will not preserve that volume from the predatory borrower. No matter how adhesive the mucilage, there is a perfect solvent in hot water."

Mr. J. HOLT SCHOOLING writes: "Statistics, which cannot lie, show that out of every 100 persons who take an interest in reading only three buy books, and two of those try to get them second-hand. The remainder are borrowers. Nothing will alter these figures."

Mr. HARRY KEEPS writes: "My theory has always been that a book belongs to the reader who can best understand it, or to whom its message is imparted with least diminution of the author's purpose. It is on this principle that my library has been amassed, and it now numbers many thousand volumes."

"Those who go a-lending go a-sorrowing" writes: "Nothing will deter the professional book-borrower. I have done everything in human power, but to no purpose. I have chained every volume to the wall—and he has filed through the chain. I have passed a strong electric current through every



A LAIRD OF CREATION.

Represented in the Act of Spoiling his own Landscape.

page—and he has not been shocked. I have let loose a mastiff in the library—and the mastiff alone has not been abstracted in the night. Book-borrowers are not to be overcome."

"One who knows" writes: "There is one way, and one only, to stop people from borrowing and keeping one's books. Book-plates are useless. The only way is to fill your shelves with books that they do not want; the works, for example, of — and — and —."

[Fill in blanks to taste.]

"I have found this plan act perfectly.

Upstairs in an inner room I have the books I love and read; downstairs, all accessible, I keep rows and rows for these others. In this way I have weeded book-borrowers out of my acquaintance."

An Old-fashioned Execution.

FROM an account of the Doncaster Art Club's Annual Exhibition in *The Doncaster Gazette*:

"Miss — also goes in for portraiture. In hitting off her father's head her intentions are good, but the execution lacks very much in artistic finish."

THE MISSING WORD.

To the Leader of the "Unionist" Party.

CAPTAIN! our ranks were sundered here and there;
Mists were about us; we could not combine;
But still we looked to you to clear the air
And close the gaps with one cohesive sign;
One word of yours, we said, last Tuesday night,
Would put the matter right.

Breathless we hung on your Newcastle speech.
A clear pronouncement might arrest the rot,
Welding our scattered sections each to each,
Till doubt and difference were clean forgot:
For you would tell us, on the eve of war,
What we were fighting for.

You spoke as one that means to be obeyed:—
"This is no time," you said, "for cranks to croak;
It is the Cause (*hear! hear!*) that claims our aid,
And we shall need united hearts of oak—"
(But you forgot to say, between the applause,
What is the actual "Cause").

"Union"—how well you put it—"makes for power;
And we had better seek dishonoured graves
Than fail to rally at the fighting hour,
When o'er our heads the one true Banner waves—"
("Banner" was good, but here came in the hitch—
You didn't mention *which!*)

"Come then, and hew the foeman hip and ham,
Led by a chief on whom you may rely;
And, if at times you don't know where I am,
Surely you'll recognise my battle-cry—"
(Of course we would; but nobody can tell
What you propose to yell.)

"And should we find ourselves, through fickle chance,
In a minority of one to ten,
We will not yield for that, but take our stance,
Backs to the wall, and die at least like men—"
(A noble phrase! but how are we to guess
What is the wall's address?)

"And when the end is come, if come it must,
And to the death we've played our manly part,
Let the post-mortem, held upon our dust,
Reveal one motto graven on every heart—"
(Immense! but you omitted to disclose
How the inscription goes!)

O. S.

OPERATIC NOTES.

The New Opera in four Acts. Andrea Chénier. Book by LUIGI ILLICA. Music by UMBERTO GIORDANO. English version (for those to whom the Italian language, spoken or sung, is unintelligible) by PERCY PINKERTON. This is a "Romance of the French Revolution." It was originally produced at La Scala in 1895, and for the first time at Covent Garden November 11, 1905. House for the *première* crammed: opera most favourably received. The story is simple enough. During the "Reign of Terror" *Andrea Chénier* gains the love of *Maddalena*, who dies with him on the guillotine.

On this first occasion the orchestra was somewhat too loud (that's one effect of nervousness), and the singers not quite loud enough,—another effect of nerves. As *Andrea* Signor ZENATELLO was, both in singing and acting, perfect. He received immense and thoroughly well-deserved applause in Act 1, when, at the reception given by the *Countess Coigny* (sounds like money), he sings about the "Power of Love." "What a poem," exclaims *Chénier* (translated by Poet PINKERTON)

"lies in that little word love." So he gives them the poem—a little thing of his own—whereat the stage guests appeared somewhat shocked, but the audience was delighted.

Signor SAMMARCO came out powerfully, histrionically and vocally, as *Gérard*, who, a simple *Jeames*, footman in the household of the Countess, becomes an ultra-republican, and does his very best to get *Andrea* guillotined. Why? Because *Andrew*, the unmerry but musical, has won the heart of *Maddalena*, with whom *Gérard-Jeames*, her democratic domestic, is madly in love.

Signora STRAKOSCH, as the unfortunate, self-sacrificing *Maddalena*, who scorns the flunkey and succumbs to the poet, was admirable in every way. Signora DE CISNEROS doubled the parts of *Bersi*, a comparatively insignificant friend of the heroine, and *Madelon*, an old lady who gives her son to the Revolution, and in this latter scene her acting was very fine. Signora DE CISNEROS made a great impression. All the smaller parts were adequately filled. Signora ZACCARIA made a pleasing personage of *Countess Coigny*, and Signor THOS was good as *Roncher*, friend of the poet *Chénier*. Signor WULMANN, not, perhaps, quite realising CARLYLE's description of the thorough-going republican revolutionist he was impersonating, namely, *Fouquier-Tinville*, made the most of the small part, and Signor WIGLEY was not a whit behind him in his representation of his *confrère Mathieu*.

Scenery effective; revolutionary mob ditto. The four-Act opera plays quickly, and would be over in a comparatively short time but for the "waits" between the Acts. Added "waits" will make the lightest opera heavy. So far, this new opera may be reckoned as an undoubted success. Conductor MUGNONE, and all concerned in it, are to be congratulated.

Wednesday.—Rigoletto. "In Italian" it is stated in the programme. But when was it ever given in English (except as *The Fool's Revenge*), or in French (except as a drama), or in Dutch, or in any other language save Italian? However, Italian it is. A somewhat sparse but very enthusiastic audience to welcome the first-rate *rendition* of *Rigoletto* by Signor BATTISTINI. "What shall he do who cometh after the King?" Well, there has been more than one King of Lyric Drama in this same part, and who comes after them must follow, unless he takes a line of his own, which Signor BATTISTINI certainly did, and achieved an undoubted success. After the Third Act the reception of the duet was so overpowering that, willy-nilly, Signora CLASENTI as *Gilda* (singing and playing well, not great) and Signor BATTISTINI were compelled, at least they seemed to have agreed between themselves that they were compelled, to give an *encore* of their fine performance. Mistake this.

No great shakes in Dukes was the *Il Duca* of Signor GIORGINI; tuneful, nice, but a Duke without any dash. Capital was Signor WULMANN as the melodramatic *Sparafucile*. Signora ZACCARIA as *Maddalena*, pleasing; and Signor Thos came out histrionically and musically strong as *Il Conte di Monterone*. Signor MUGNONE conducting himself and his orchestra in fine style, and all's well with the world at Covent Garden.

Another War Office Exposure.

"SHOCKED SPINSTER" calls our attention to a statement in *The Daily Mail*, to the effect that, on the occasion of the progress of the King of the HELLENES to the Guildhall, "the soldiers, clad only in their scarlet tunics, presented an unpleasant contrast with the warmly-clad members of the police force." Italics by "Shocked Spinster" herself.

A Gruesome Business.

FROM the windows of a tailor in the Midlands:

"WE HAVE CLEARED A SCOTCH MERCHANT'S REMAINS OF HIGH-CLASS OVERCOATINGS AT A BIG REDUCTION."



THE OPTIMIST.

ABDUL HAMID. "WHAT, ALL THE FLEETS COMING HERE? THAT WILL BE FUN! I DO HOPE THEY'LL HAVE FIREWORKS!"

[The Powers have decided on making a naval demonstration, in case the Sultan should continue obstinate on the Macedonian difficulty.]



BEHIND THE SCENES.

Beater. "'ERE YOU ARE, MR. BAGS, 'ERE'S ANOTHER ONE, BUT 'E BAIN'T TOO FRESH. I DON'T THINK 'E WERE KILLED TO-DAY."

Keeper (sotto voce). "'OLD YOUR ROW, STUPID! OF COURSE HE WASN'T. WE ALWAYS PUTS A FEW DOWN WHERE THE GOV'NOR'S GOIN' TO STAND!"

IN DEFENCE OF FAIRY TALES.

THE Duchess of SOMERSET has lately been expressing her opinion that fairy stories are undesirable reading for juvenile minds, and that children had much better devote themselves to the biography of JULIUS CÆSAR and similar excerpts from universal history. Her Grace of BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS has countered this with a book of her grandmother's fairy tales, and, we believe, the Duchess of SUTHERLAND has also entered the lists in favour of *Cinderella* and *Jack the Giant Killer*. Into this particular and ducal arena of debate we do not propose to descend, except to point out, in view of the approach of Christmas, that well-established legends like those of ALFRED and the Cakes, CANUTE and his Courtiers, or BRUCE and the Spider, have also their pantomimic value, and would seem to combine the requirements of the opposing parties. We have no doubt the

influential nursery public will decide the question on its merits by a referendum.

As adults, however, we must enter a caveat against possible iconoclasm of the sort. We have our own contemporary Fairy Tales to cherish and maintain. We believe in them so loyally and profoundly that it would be a crying shame for any prosaic, matter-of-fact individual to disillusionize us. If one is robbed of a child-like faith in these, it may well be asked, what are we to believe? We need only quote a few of their titles from a long list, familiar as household expletives to most of us:—

"The Largest Circulation of any Three-halfpenny Paper."

"Trafalgar Square; or the Finest Site in Europe."

"A Set of Pearl-like Teeth for Half-a-Crown."

"Umbrellas Mended while you wait."

"The Wild Cat Gold Mine; or Fortunatus's Purrs."

"Not a Money-lender, but a Gentleman with Capital."

"Glen-fusel—the Finest Old Scotch."

"The Sporting Prophet, or our Mid-day Double."

"The Music-Hall Serio and her Real Diamond Chest-protector."

"The House-Agent and All That Messuage."

"The Registry-Office Lady and her Priceless Domestic Jewels."

"The Party Politician, and His New Heavens and New Earth."

And so on, and so forth. Let us, we repeat, cling to the romances or, rather, articles of creed which these headings suggest. No lady, however distinguished, shall tamper with the beliefs of our grown-up years. ZIG-ZAG.

THE *Dumpy Books* have been followed by the *Stumpy Books*, and we fear that the *Jumpy*, the *Humpy*, and even the *Frumpy Books*, are bound to come.

CAP'EN DREW DRAWS.

At the New Theatre the four-Act play by Mr. H. H. DAVIES, entitled *Captain Drew on Leave*, has achieved success mainly through the admirable interpretation given it by Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM's well-chosen company. Commencing so quietly as to almost threaten the spectator with progressive weariness, the interest is gradually worked up to an undoubtedly fine dramatic climax in the Third Act, perfectly rendered by Miss MARION TERRY as *Mrs. Moxon*, and Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM as *Captain Drew, R.N.* Indeed throughout the play, with the performance of Sir CHARLES appearing at first as the gay, reckless *Lothario*, and at last as the conscience-struck "convertite," no fault can possibly be found. The character is represented to us, presumably, according to the author's intention; *ça suffit*. So too for Miss MARION TERRY's *Mrs. Moxon*; her charm of manner as pure wife and mother, her innocence, her unaffected surprise at her own defection from the straight and narrow road of virtue, and her revulsion of feeling against this new self which has suddenly been called into being, all these phases of character are so forcibly depicted by this clever actress as to win, for the erring wife, sympathy that should be due to the good, stolid, devoted husband.

To satisfactorily represent such a character as the husband *Mr. Moxon*, modelled, apparently, on that of *John Mildmay* in *Still Waters Run Deep*, is an artistic task of no little difficulty, for which it would be difficult to find an actor better fitted than Mr. LOUIS CALVERT, who plays it impressively and without the slightest exaggeration.

Mr. ELLIE NORWOOD achieves a triumph of art in so representing the unprincipled scoundrel, *Mr. Hassal*, as to rescue this very ordinary commonplace character from the grip of thorough-going conventional melodrama. Everybody at all conversant with the stage knows this villain. Why the author should have added drunkenness to his other vices is not quite clear.

That a naval officer, in the prime of life, as is *Captain Drew*, should be a Don Juan, is of course not a very startling assumption, but that he should act as a low cad, laying a wager, with a somewhat foolish companion, that he will successfully flirt (not to use a stronger and more appropriate verb) with the wife of his friend's friend, to whose house he has been brought as a guest, and that this bet should be made in an ordinary manner, as if it were *Captain Drew's* usual way of proceeding, is a violation of probability that makes *Captain Drew* appear more immoral than the double-dyed melodramatic villain already mentioned. He is far worse than was the gay *Captain Crossree, R.N.*, when tipsily bent on the seduction of *Black-eyed Susan*. That such a man as this *Captain Drew* should be suddenly conscience-struck by his own blackguardly conduct is well-nigh miraculous; and that his intended victim, on his confessing himself frankly to her, apparently, incapable of understanding how she has been made a fool of, should not only immediately forgive the insult, but should also proceed at once to own her passionate undying love for so heartless a person, exceeds the ordinary bounds of probability. The exigencies of the stage, it will be said, demand the immediateness and the spontaneity of the act. True; but this is where the art of the dramatist comes in, and where, in this case, it is wanting. It is the original sin of the piece itself, which was evidently written for the sake of this one great situation, arrive at it how we will, and get out of it how we can.

As for the Fourth Act, the serious part of it is *de trop*: husband, wife, and jilted Don Juan, all contemptible. It only wanted the two boys, the *Masters Moxon*, to be brought home from school; they might have come in between father and mother, and so have completed the absurdity. Mr.

Lenville, of the Crummies Company, would have done it. However, the piece had to be finished somehow, and the author has not chosen the best way.

So much for the serious interest of the piece culminating in the Third Act; now how about the light comedy? It is most amusing. Leaving out of the question Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM's occasional share in it, all will readily admit that Miss MARY MOORE, as *Miss Mills*, gives sparkling life to the play. She is fortunate in having Mr. A. VANE-TEMPEST as the embodiment of her quiet, nervous, sensible, and deeply devoted lover *Mr. White*. His is a very difficult character to portray; it is important, it is essential; as without him, with what "CHARLES his friend" could *Captain Drew* make his bet? and to whom could *Miss Mills* say so many of her good things, the "plums" that the author has lavished on this part? Rarely, except in *Mrs. Gorrings's Necklace* and in *The Tyranny of Tears*, has Miss MARY MOORE had a rôle of which she has been able to make so much as she does with this of *Miss Mills*. Her sense of humour, legitimately developing the author's, comes in strong relief to the serious interest of the piece, and serves, as such artistic relief always should, to intensify what it relieves. Miss MARY MOORE makes the part natural; it might so easily have become exaggerated. She preserves *le juste milieu*, and it is to *Miss Mills*, as thus played, that the last Act owes its success. Had we simply been informed by her that *Captain Drew* had departed and that the *Moxons* had made it up, everybody in front would have been quite satisfied to take her word for it.

It is a pity that American engagements necessitate the conclusion of the run of this piece before Christmas, as otherwise, played as it is now, *Captain Drew's "Leave"* might have been prolonged in London for many months.

NEW ZEALAND ZIGZAGS.

MR. PUNCH hears from his Own Special Sparrow—

1. That the only Clubs that would be absolutely certain to vanquish the "Silverleaves" are those which are not going to meet them.


2. That the Maorilanders consider the Scotch the most lavishly generous race under the sun; and are under the impression that "Take the lot, never mind us," is the national motto of the Across-Tweeders.

3. That when, before a recent match, the Captain of the home team, to excuse the defeat which he foresaw to be inevitable, decided to get his men laid out at intervals, there was keen competition for the first turn.

4. That in consequence of fervent appeals to English teams to play more with their heads, SCOLAR, the Cambridge back, did splendid execution against the All Blacks with his face.

MORE "ENTENTE CORDIALE."—In the prospectus of the new "Villégiature Forestière-Maritime Internationale," of which the name is "Le Château d'Hardelot," with its extensive grounds within easy reach of Boulogne-sur-mer, there occur on the English Committee list two names that are guarantees of ultimate success. One is Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM, and the other "'Toby,' of *Punch*." That Mr. *Punch* should be thus represented transmarinely (TOBY crosses in his own bark) is good, but how gratifying from an *entente-cordiale* point of view is the fact that one of the "Notaires" professionally attached to this Anglo-French Society should be "Maitre MABELLE DE PONCHEVILLE." Only the name of some distinguished Irishman from *Punchestown*, Ireland, is required to complete the *Punch* pre-eminence.

MR. PUNCH HAS NOTICED WITH GREAT PLEASURE THE MANY RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN PICTORIAL ADVERTISEMENTS. HE WOULD LIKE TO SEE SOMETHING STILL MORE STRIKING, AND GIVES A FEW SUGGESTIONS.



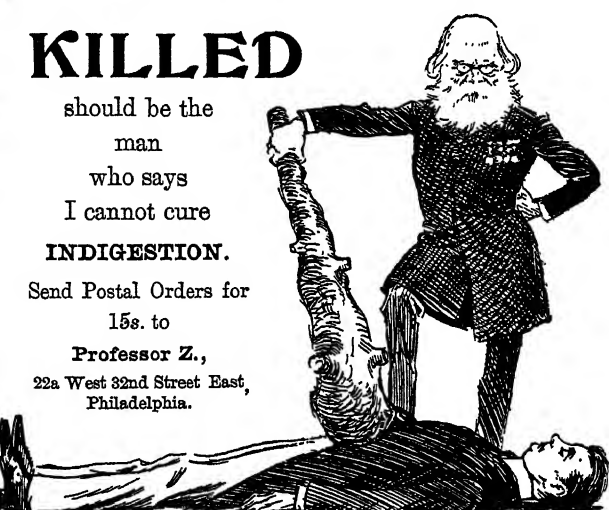
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LOSE
BABY**

for want of a
few of
Mother Treacle's
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of Teething Powders.

KILLED

should be the
man
who says
I cannot cure
INDIGESTION.

Send Postal Orders for
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Professor Z.,
22a West 32nd Street East,
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**YOUNG MAN
DON'T**

linger along o'
Lucy any
longer,
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your floors
with

FLORIOILO

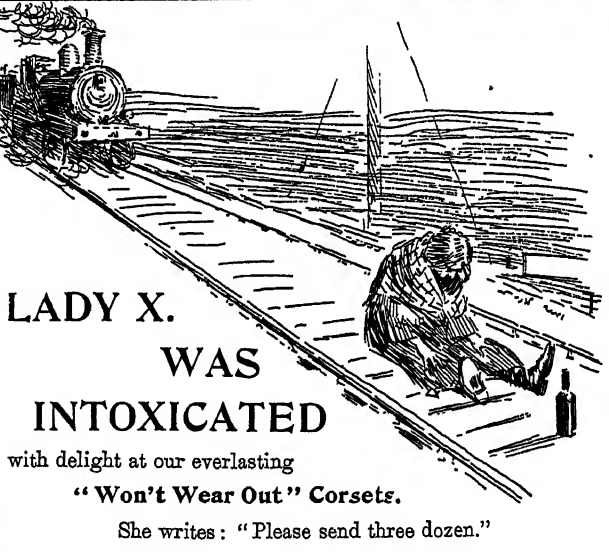


and make her name the happy day.

**LADY X.
WAS
INTOXICATED**

with delight at our everlasting
"Won't Wear Out" Corsets.

She writes: "Please send three dozen."



AIM HIGH and get in
the best Society.
You cannot do this
**IF YOU
SCRATCH.**

A Bottle of
Jones'
**ECZEMA
LOTION**

will be sent free on receipt
of 5s. 6d.
in stamps.



**HOME, SWEET
HOME.**

Keep your boys
there
by getting one of our
7s. 6d.
Miniature
Billiard Tables.



TO A FUR-LINED COAT.

COME from the coy retreat where Thou hast slumbered
In calm oblivion to the rounding Year ;
Come, for the moments of his life are numbered,
O grave and gracious, dignified (and dear) ;
The days draw close, the time of frost begins ;
Come, I have need of Thee, sore need, my Coat of Skins.

How have I mourned the dawn of other winters !
(A chilly thing am I, and frail to boot) ;
The rude North knocked my cockles into splinters ;
The sharp East swept my heart-strings like a lute :
How bilious was mine aspect in the glass !
How pink mine eyes, my nose how violet, alas !

And ever I grew hoarse, and ever more hoarse ;
And Sternutation tore me with its throes ;
Men leapt to hear me cough ; the musing war-horse
Has cried Ha ! Ha ! when I have blown my nose ;
And my teeth chattered, and my windy bones
Audibly rattled, like a cab on cobble-stones.

And ah, 'twas bitter, when "for all my feathers"
I "was a-cold," at every turn to meet
Men robed in skins, supreme against all weathers,
Proud men, who walked as tho' they owned the street ;
And ever to the gods I made my prayer,
"Oh, for a Coat of Skins !"—and much they seemed to care.

And then—ah then, methinks not even Jove knows
Such joy as that which thrilled my shivering form
When, starting with a full purse and a mauve nose,
I made Thee mine, and came home broke, but warm.
(And how I paid, and what a 'musquash' is,
I count as two of heaven's profoundest mysteries).

Thenceforward, let the winds be ne'er so numbing,
I cared not, finding Thee a sure defence.
Thou wert so soft, so warm, and so becoming,
I could not choose but do Thee reverence ;
Nay, I grew conscious of a mellow spice
Of hauteur, which itself was cheap at any price.

For Thou, despite mine inches, didst invest me
With a new loftiness, of such brave sort,
That many an awe-struck cadger has addressed me
As "Colonel." Ha ! So ample was my port
That there was one sought alms—I heard him cry,
"My lord !" "My lord !" he said ; and mighty pleased was I.

A fat, full, time ! Too soon the "blithe new-comer,"
That silly cuckoo, robbed Thee of Thy use.
Ah, Sweet, I could not stand Thee in the summer !
I wore Thee while I had the least excuse.
Think not, I laid Thee by of changing taste :
'Twas that Thou wert so dear—too dear to be replaced.

Now may we meet afresh. This morn my lynx eye
Discerns a relish of the poignant North ;
The passing nose looms redly. Come ! Methinks I
May, with a decent pretext, bear Thee forth !
Come, let us take the air for some few rods :—
Gods ! Gods ! He moults ! He moults ! He has a moth !
Gods ! Gods !

DUM-DUM.

Headless.

"Who is the Head of the Theatrical Profession ?"

[Vide recent letters in *The Daily Mail*.]

None seem to know who's the party in possession,

"We have lost our Head" is their melancholy tale.

UNHONOURED HEROES.

(THE STORY OF AN INVASION THAT FAILED.)

I ADMIT at once that they were unspeakably insignificant, these heroes of mine. I will not say that the body politic for whose protection they gave their lives so unselfishly was unaware of their existence, but it certainly would not have recognised one of them by sight.

There, or so at least it seems to me as I sit down now to write of these things, lies the real pathos of the tale I have to tell.

For the State persistently neglected its humble defenders, in spite of all warnings. Again and again had experts declared that its safety depended on maintaining them in a reasonable condition of efficiency—but, wrapped in a fatuous sense of security, it paid no heed to such admonitions.

It was taken for granted that an invasion was a contingency so highly improbable as to be unworthy of serious consideration. And so it happened that the one force which could be relied upon to repel a hostile invasion was allowed—whether deliberately or not—to fall below their normal strength, and was denied the means of attaining that mobility that was so essential should their services ever be put to the test.

This might have been of less consequence, had external precautions been consistently adopted—but they were not. And the inevitable result followed. The blow fell without the slightest warning.

Speaking for myself, I shall never forget the incredulous surprise and dismay I felt on hearing that the dreaded German foe had succeeded in surprising an unprotected portion of my beloved country, and in numbers that were hourly increasing threatened to strike inward and attack the seat of government itself !

Personally I was helpless. As a non-combatant, I could only wait passively and hope against hope that this supreme crisis would be muddled through in the customary manner.

But there were others, more active, who, undeterred by the neglect and indifference which they had borne so long and so uncomplainingly, came forward gallantly to the defence of their native isle.

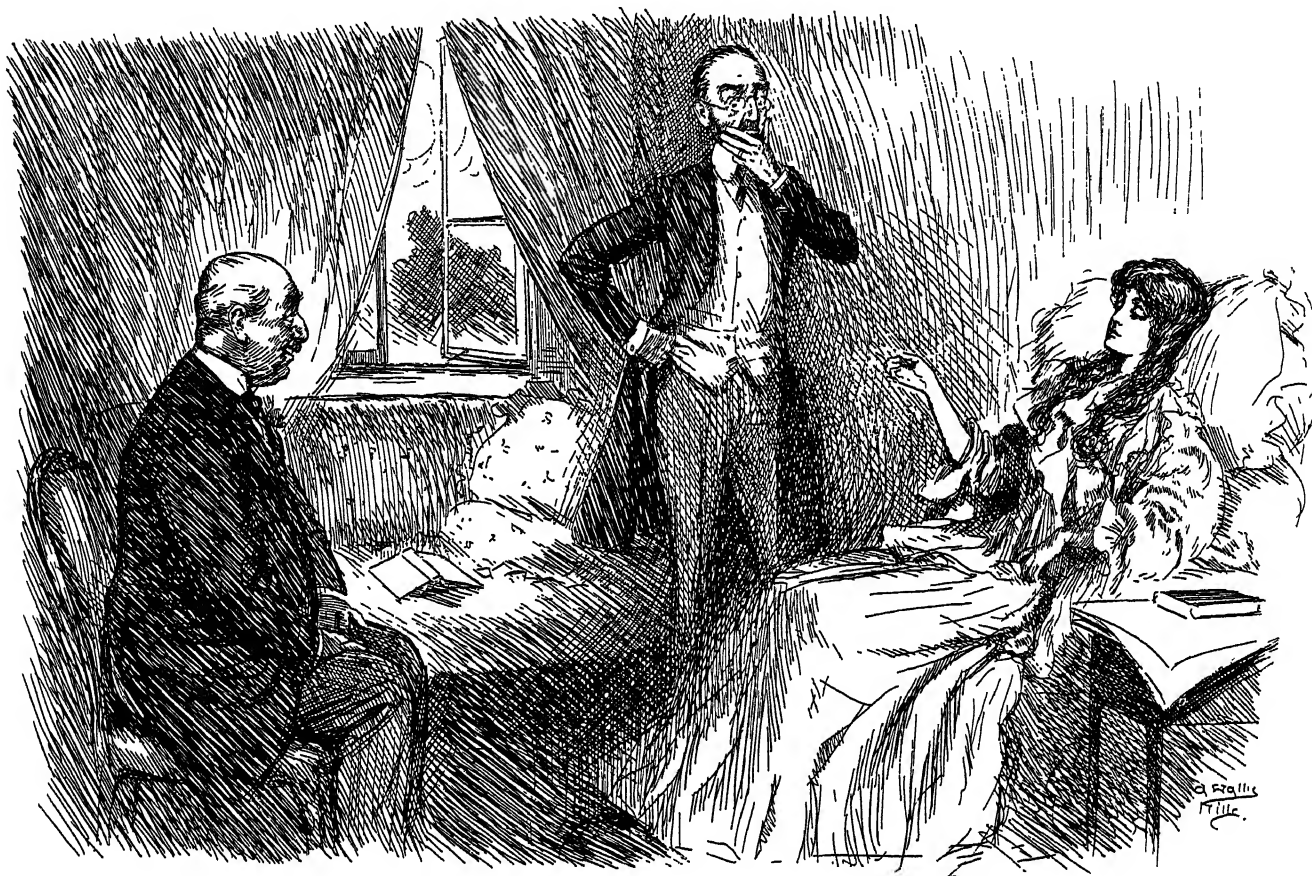
They were not much to look at ; they were but ill-equipped to encounter an enemy both vigorous and formidable ; pallid they were, one and all—but not with fear, and animated with but one impulse—to fling themselves at the presumptuous invader at the earliest possible moment, rid their land of his presence, or perish in the attempt.

In some pathetically inarticulate fashion they felt, without reasoning on the subject, that Duty demanded this sacrifice of them—and nobly was their duty performed.

It is not for me, as a mere civilian, to give a detailed account of the prolonged struggle that ensued. I was present, it is true, from beginning to end of the campaign, but I confess that I had but a vague and confused impression of what actually occurred.

So I must content myself with stating that the conflicts, both in their fierceness and in the varying fortune of either side, were nothing short of Homeric. Many a daring deed, many an act of reckless courage must have distinguished the heroic force which could make such a stubborn and splendid defence, but of these I am unable to furnish any particular instances—and there were no war-correspondents there to immortalise them. My heroes fought and perished obscure and unregarded, as they lived.

But after days and weeks of hard fighting, during which more than once it seemed that further resistance was impossible, the attack began to show signs of weakening. Then the heroic defenders, outnumbered, shattered, and exhausted as they were, rallied for a final effort. So irresistible was the élan with which they advanced that the enemy first wavered, then broke, and fled precipitately. The pursuit was one long



THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Uncle George. "SO GLAD YOU ARE SO MUCH BETTER, AMY, MY DEAR."

Amy. "YES, THANK YOU, UNCLE GEORGE. SINCE DR. PILLUM TOOK ME IN HAND MY RECOVERY HAS BEEN SIMPLY MIRACULOUS!"

career of carnage, so complete and so merciless that not a solitary invader remained to regret his rashness!

Thus was freedom restored to the land, from which all traces of disturbance soon disappeared, and were you now to go over the battlefield I question if you would find a single spot on its smooth surface to indicate that it had ever been the scene of so many desperate encounters.

And they who won this magnificent victory—what of them? It would be only natural to expect that those who survived would be welcomed home in triumph to be fêted, laurelled, be-medalled, and pensioned by the State they had served so well. And that those who fell would at least be honoured by some worthy memorial.

With shame I confess—for I feel some personal responsibility in this matter—that, so far, none of these gallant victors has received the slightest recognition.

Still, it may not be too late, even yet, to repair this omission. With all their shortcomings, my countrymen have never been backward in appreciating and rewarding the brave, however humble, and I cannot believe that they will make an exception in this case, if only it is adequately placed before them, as I have endeavoured to do in this appeal.

I venture to make the following suggestion: That a public monument be erected by national subscription—I do not say in the Abbey or St. Paul's, which would, perhaps, be going rather too far—but in some conspicuous position in the Metropolis—say Aldwych.

It might bear some such inscription as the following, which, however, is merely a rough draft, and could be altered or amended if necessary:—

To the Ever-glorious Memory
of

THOSE BRAVE AND PATRIOTIC PHAGOCYTES
{ or 'Leucocytes,' if preferred,
it comes to precisely the same thing—S.P.B. }

Whose surnames, for sufficient reasons,
cannot be
here recorded,
but

Whose Undaunted Valour and Self-devotion
Repulsed and Utterly Annihilated
A FORMIDABLE FORCE OF BACTERIAL INVADERS
who had had the unparalleled Audacity
to erect the Insolent Standard of German Measles
upon the previously undeseccated Surface
of

SAMUEL PEACHEY BUDKINSON, ESQUIRE
(October 7th to 31st, 1905).

I need hardly explain that I am the BUDKINSON in question. Otherwise, as an individual of a naturally modest and retiring disposition, I should have hesitated before coming forward so prominently in the matter.

I am not without hope that Sir FREDERICK TREVES would, if properly approached, kindly consent to receive and acknowledge the contributions of a generous Public.

If so, I shall have much pleasure in heading the list with a subscription of (at least) two-and-sixpence.

F. A.



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

Wretched Boy. "ERE! AIN'T YOU GOT A HOOP OF YOUR OWN TO PLAY WITH?"

THE QUEEN'S GIFT.

(A Voice from Poplar.)

God bless HER MAJESTY's heart, say I: she's done it proper and fine,

I know she'll pardon the words I use, for scholarship's not my line;

But I can't keep still since I read the news, and here's what I've got to say:—

God bless HER MAJESTY's woman's heart for what she has done to-day.

It isn't a couple of thousand pounds that helps you to kingdom come,

Though I know a couple of thousand pounds is a nice little tidy sum;

But it isn't the gold that unbolts the bars or throws the gates apart,

It's giving the gold, as the QUEEN she's done, with a merciful tender heart.

For where she sits on her golden throne a-wearing her golden crown

She has heard the voice of the weary folk, the folk that are always down;

The far-off sorrowful voice of men, the pitiful voice of wives, And the dreadful silence of children, too, those poor little wasted lives.

She has heard it all, and her heart was torn; but what was a QUEEN to do?

There's danger in this, so the wise ones say; there's risk in the other too,

For if there is one thing plain, they say, as plain as the sound of thunder,

It's this, that the folks who can't stay top must all in the end go under.

But the QUEEN she doesn't pay heed to that, she thinks for a little while,

And then she ups and she calls an Earl, and her face breaks out in a smile:

And she tells him to count two thousand pounds, and she says to the Earl, says she,

"There's folks that are dying for want of food, and that's what's the matter with me."

And she wants her people to help, she says; it isn't so hard a trick

To give when a QUEEN has showed you how, and do it as quick as quick;

To give for the poor who have tried and failed, though they never were ones to shirk;

To find them the work that'll find them food and the food that'll help them work.

So here's to the QUEEN again, I say, the QUEEN with her lovely face;

The QUEEN with her heart on fire for us, who stepped from her lofty place,

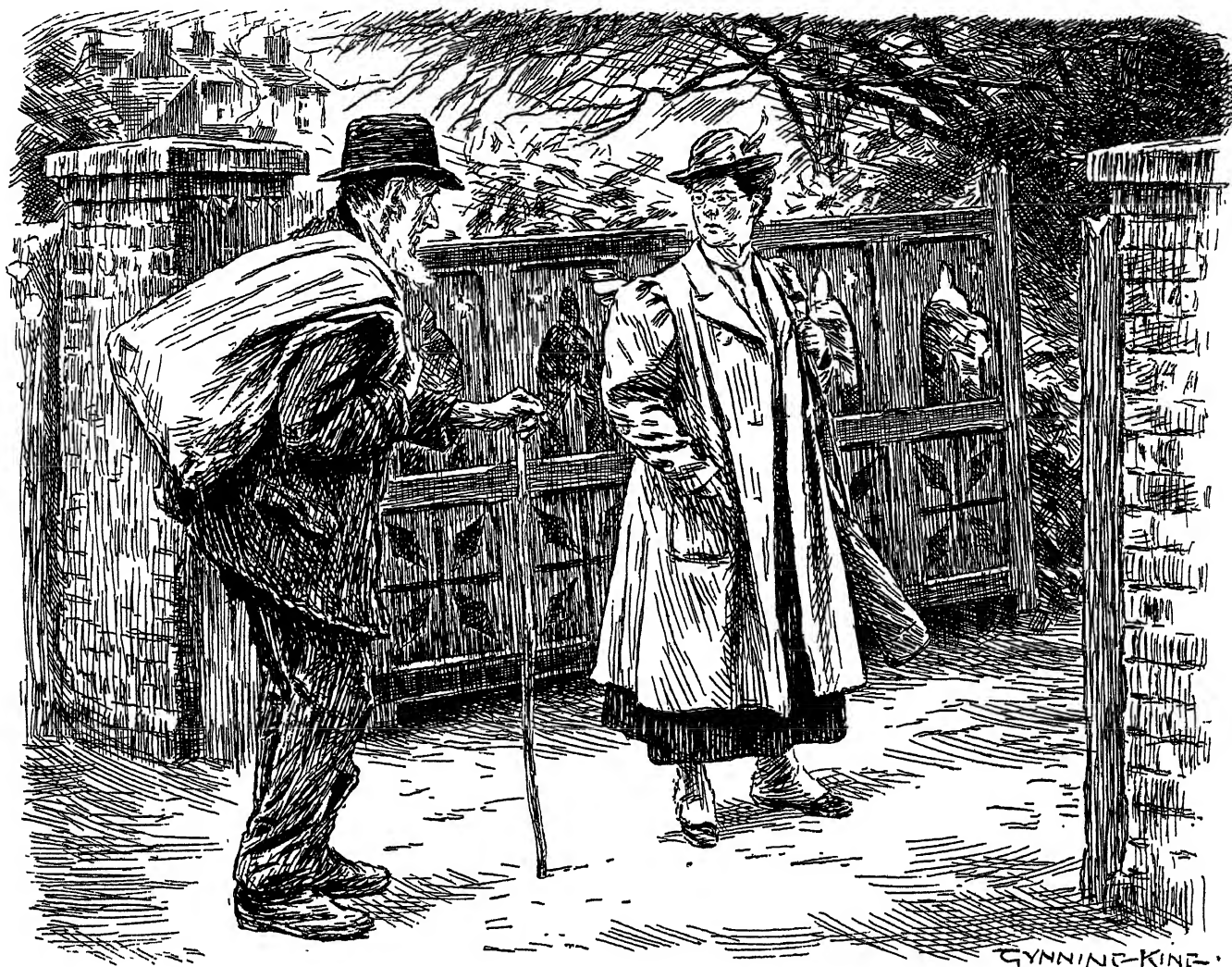
And came and spoke to us straight and true in words we could understand,

And gave us the best a QUEEN could give, a pitying woman's hand.



FOGGED.

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR BALFORD. "WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO TO, MA'AM?"
UNIONIST PARTY. "I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW."
RIGHT HON. A. B. "FOLLOW ME, MA'AM, I'M GOING THAT WAY MYSELF."



Tramp. "MORNIN', MISS. PLEASE, COULD YER GIVE ME A PAIR O' TROUSERS?"
 Parson's Daughter. "I WILL ASK MY BROTHER IF HE HAS ANY TO GIVE AWAY."
 Tramp. "THANKEE, MISS, AN' I'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU ONE OF THESE DAYS."

WAS MR. GLADSTONE A VOCALIST?

[This interesting question is exciting so much attention that we are glad to be able to print some valuable letters on the subject.]

SIR,—MR. GLADSTONE was not a singer in the way that the late Signor TAMAGNO might be called one, or even CARUSO; but he certainly had the power of emitting sounds from his larynx which more or less approximated to musical notes, and in so far as he could do this the title of singer must not, I think, be denied to him. Many of us cannot do even that. My late revered chief invariably sang in his bath. (Well for MARAT had he done the same, for he might then have frightened CHARLOTTE CORDAY from her fell purpose!) But the public occasions on which he burst into vocal exuberance are few. I find that at a Harvest Home at Hawarden in 1867, he gave as a solo,

"John Barleycorn," with almost too much success, for the company had to be got away in wheel-barrows; while as late as 1884 his rendering of "*Che Faro*," from GLUCK's *Orfeo*, at a village concert in the same place, was the event of the evening, and is still remembered with tears. These are the only instances which a hurried glance through the GLADSTONE papers has revealed.

I am, etc., JOHN MORLEY.

SIR,—I cannot say anything as to Mr. GLADSTONE's gifts as a singer, but I know that he once whistled, and whistled very well. He had been for a walk in the park at Hawarden with his Pomeranian dog *Petz*, and the little fellow, as is the manner of his kind, wandered off and for a few minutes was lost to sight. Mr. GLADSTONE, on noticing this, stood still and whistled, in long, clear, bell-like notes, until *Petz* reappeared. I was making a water-colour sketch at the

time, behind a tree, and was an unseen observer of this interesting passage in the life of a great man. It seemed to me so touching to think of the mighty statesman whistling for his little four-footed dumb friend. I am, yours, etc.,
 LYDIA BURBLE.

SIR,—I remember once when Mr. GLADSTONE and I were walking in the Alps in the early sixties we came to a little roadside inn for lunch, the provision of which was exceedingly meagre. It struck us that, at any rate, we should be able to get some honey with which to eke it out, but the waiter, a foolish moon-faced fellow, persistently failed to understand my word for that commodity which we pronounced at him. Having tried all languages, living and dead, Mr. GLADSTONE imitated the buzzing of a bee, and I remember how struck I was by the accuracy of the mimicry and its resonant tone. Even this failed to

awaken the dolt's dormant perception until the great statesman added to his buzzing a sharp jab with a fork in the fleshier portion of the man's leg, which so realistically brought to his mind the idea of a sting that he hastened to inform us that there was no honey in the house. Beyond this instance I can say nothing definite as to Mr. GLADSTONE's vocal powers. I am, &c.,

AVEBURY.

SIR,—That Mr. GLADSTONE occasionally sang is beyond doubt, but as to the quality of his singing—that is another story. I find in my diary the following entry under February 29, 1881:—

"The Breakfast Club met at HART-DYKE'S. Eight present, including GLADSTONE. The conversation turned early upon old London cries, and GLADSTONE imitated the St. James's milk-maid's call, 'Milk O!' with much humour and *vraisemblance*, so much so that HART-DYKE's cat was heard miaowing at the door immediately after. POLLOCK said something about Orpheus attracting the beasts with his melody, which started GLADSTONE upon an excursion into Greek myth, which did not stop till it was time for lunch."

Trusting this little reminiscence may be useful to you, I am, &c.,
M. E. GRANT-DUFF.

SIR,—In the intervals of amassing a modest competence I have always found music my chief solace and recreation, and pride myself on the possession of a remarkably correct ear. On the occasion of the opening of a free library at Bootle by Mr. GLADSTONE, the proceedings opened with a performance of "*God Save the Queen*." Though a staunch Republican I was so carried away by the fervour with which Mr. GLADSTONE led the National Anthem that I joined in unconsciously, but at the close found that I was exactly a minor third above the great Liberal Statesman. But whether he descended or I ascended from the true pitch is a point with which at this interval of time I cannot charge my memory.

I am, etc.,

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

SIR,—In my frequent conversations with Mr. GLADSTONE the talk, curiously enough, never fell on music, but I may, perhaps, be allowed to supplement this omission with an anecdote of a cousin of mine, LANCELOT WILBRAHAM, a favourite pupil of JOWETT's in the sixties. WILBRAHAM, who was a man of blameless character, and the only member of the Bullingdon Club who ever gained the Hall and Houghton Septuagint Prize, was deeply addicted to music and quite a remarkable performer on the concertina. Hence JOWETT's sweeping dictum, "All musicians are immoral except WILBRAHAM." It is only fair to add that JOWETT

knew little or nothing of music, and when once reference was made to WAGNER'S *Flying Dutchman* naively observed, "I thought WAGNER was a musician, not an owner of racehorses."

I am, &c.,

LIONEL TOLLEMACHE.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

"DOMESTIC life," the croaker thinks,
And shakes a pessimistic head,
"Domestic life with all its links
Of love and tenderness is dead."
Ah, could you spend a Sunday, Sir,
Wheeling my twin perambulator,
You possibly might wish it were,
O acti temporis laudator.

My brothers, fetterless and free,
Fly off on pleasure only bent;
Some golf beside the "Silver Sea,"
Some motor through the Weald of Kent,
Whilst I—I know no Sunday lark
But trundling forth my son and daughter

To feed the ducks in Regent's Park,
And sail toy boats upon the water.

I craved love once—but when a chap
Is nightly roused from pleasing dreams
To sterilise ALPHONSO's pap

Or soothe CECILIA's frenzied screams;
When he is harnessed like a colt
To cradle or to baby carriage,
What wonder should his soul revolt
From these enthralling bonds of marriage?

What wonder, as he puffs the clay
Of poverty beneath the stars,
If he regret the halcyon day
Of one-and-sixpenny cigars?
What wonder that he looks behind
To hours when careless youth went on so

And loved a bottle—not the kind
Affected by the brat ALPHONSO.

What wonder he should sometimes sigh
For nights that all too swiftly flew,
When throats were wet and humour dry
Amid the mad Bohemian crew;
When song dispelled the doleful dumps,
When wits were wide awake as weasels,
When he had never heard of mumps
And did not know the name of measles.

NEW LIGHTS ON HELLAS.

[In view of the great and natural interest excited by the visit of the King of the HELLENES to our shores, the following remarkable article, supplementary to one which recently appeared in *The Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette*, written by a distinguished Soho publicist, and secured at enormous cost for exclusive issue in his columns by *Mr. Punch*, will doubtless be perused with breathless interest.]

THE day of the modern Athenians begins at an early hour in the morning, though not at the same time as in London, owing to difference in the latitude and

longitude, to say nothing of the meridian. Still, many persons are out of bed by eight o'clock and hurry off, after a light repast of coffee and rolls, to their various vocations. Coffee was unknown in the time of PERICLES and SOCRATES—who, as is well known, drank hemlock—and was not introduced until a comparatively recent date. After this meal the women of the household fill up the rest of the forenoon with needlework and other occupations, such as *halma*, *podokeien*, *discon*, *akonta*, and *palen*, the Greek counterpart of jiu-jitsu. The Greeks, it may be added, are intensely musical, and Athens is one of the few places where

THREE CHESTNUT RECIPES.

CHESTNUT MOUSSE.—First catch your mousse, or moose as it is incorrectly spelt in Canada, and having stuffed it with chestnuts roast over a slow Greek fire. Then lay it in a matapan with half a pint of real old stock, a large blade of mace and a small grain of salt. When tender remove the bauble, if possible to the Cromwell Road, and pour into a mould lined with crimson crash.

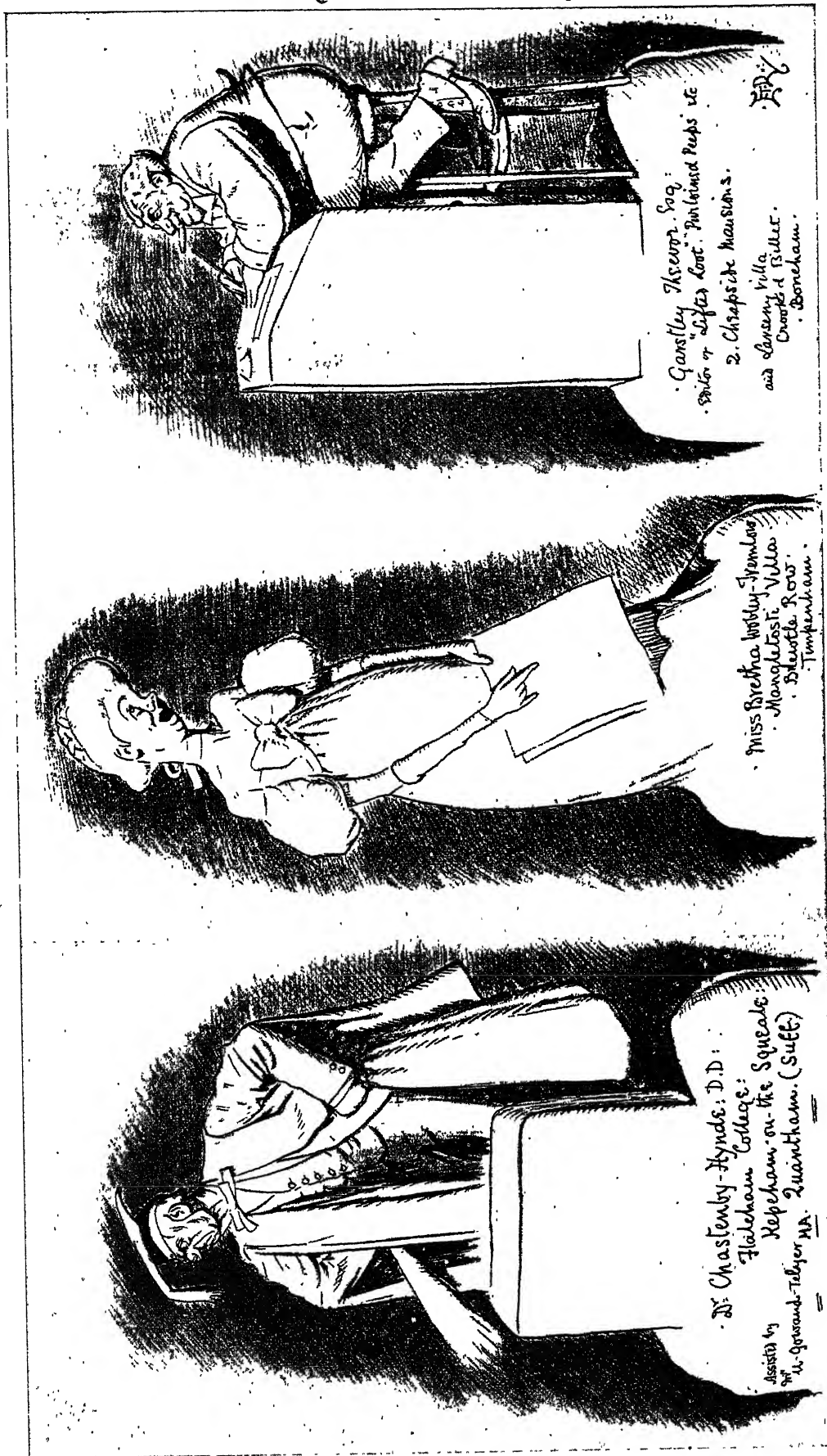
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CHESTNUT GIN.—Peel a quart of very old chestnuts, stew them in a bonzoline gallipot till soft, and then mash them with a Taylor mashie. Place in a Leyden jar on the fire and stir in their weight in golden sherry. When the mixture begins to set, whip it smartly with a cellular whisk, and add an egg-cupful of junket, three ounces of Listerine and a teaspoonful of Java gully.

* * *

CHESTNUT CUTLETS.—Skin twenty-five chestnuts, and after washing them with warm water and soap, pulp them with a wooden pulper, stiffen with a little shellac and divide the whole into eight sections, wrapping each in Baltic seal fastened with a safety pin.

the piano is still played by hand. Mid-day, appropriately enough, is the hour for the mid-day meal, to which the members of the family are summoned by a bell or in some cases by a gong. Conversation is carried on during mealtime in the modern Greek language, which closely resembles that of classic Greece, though, owing to the absence of phonographic records, it is impossible to state whether the pronunciation is the same. Cigarettes are generally smoked after the meal, in some cases by the ladies as well as by the gentlemen, but the latter often prefer cigars, some mild and others of a stronger brand.



ONE MAN ONE MONUMENT.—No. 4.

Further Designs for Statues of Private Individuals who, but for the enterprise of *The Times* (see our last issue) in inaugurating a "Hall of Heroes" in connection with its Book Club Scheme, might easily have escaped national recognition.

In the hot weather very few people are seen out of doors between twelve and four o'clock, and the habit of the siesta is well-nigh universal. Any time after four o'clock, afternoon tea is the beverage, being served hot in cups, with or without sugar, according to the taste of the individual. Even in the colder months, the usual dinner-hour is a trifle late according to English ideas, and in the dog-days the hour grows later until it extends to half-past nine or ten o'clock. Indeed cases are on record of frugal families in times of distress dining on the following day for several days in succession.

Some Athenians when the weather is hot take their meals in the open air, either on a terrace, or in a verandah, or at a restaurant. The meat most generally consumed is either lamb or goat, for owing to the rocky character of the country, prime beef is difficult to procure, except in the district of Oxyrrhynchus, where the papyrus affords splendid pasturage.

Greek women are as a rule good linguists, for, unlike the practice in our girls' schools, Greek is compulsory, with the result that when Greek meets Greek there is never any difficulty about their understanding each other. The beauty of the Athens women is proverbial, as readers of BYRON'S famous lyric *Zoetrope, sas agapo* will remember, but the absence of Roman noses is remarkable, though on reflection it will be admitted that this could not very well be otherwise.

CHARIVARIA.

A REMARKABLE phenomenon is reported from Christchurch, New Zealand. The local mutton, for some unknown reason, has been giving forth a phosphorescent glow, and, according to one account, it is no uncommon sight to see economical householders reading by the light of their meat.

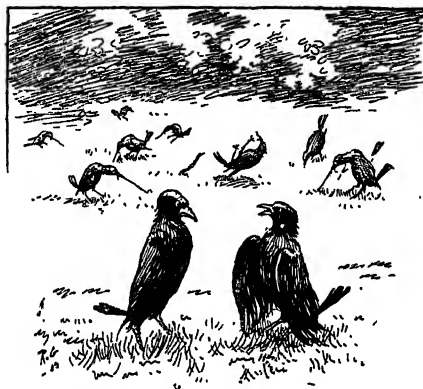
The Daily Mail is publishing a series of carefully compiled estimates of the results of the coming General Election, and it is thought that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Mr. BALFOUR may come to an arrangement by which their respective parties should be bound by *The Daily Mail's* results. When one considers the enormous trouble and expense that would thereby be saved we cannot but applaud this sensible scheme.

Now that it has been proved that GEORGE THE FOURTH and Mrs. FITZHERBERT were legally married, America, with characteristic enterprise, is producing a number of grandchildren, and it is not impossible that the interesting couple may be proved to have had upwards of one hundred little ones.

When our cruiser squadron visited New York, the people went to such lengths to obtain souvenirs of Prince LOUIS OF BATTENBERG that, according to our information, the PRINCE was obliged to attach several labels to his uniform bearing the words, "Not to be taken."

It is rumoured, by the way, that we shall shortly hear that a fair American curio-hunter has secured a British Duke.

The municipality of Frankfort-on-the-Main has opened a refuge for the accommodation of widowers with children. A correspondent writes to complain that nothing is being done for husbands whose wives are still alive.



TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Mr. Bird. "I was with them when they started the Society for the Protection of Wild Birds, but now they're forming one for the protection of wild worms—it's a bit too sympathetic."

So many accidents have occurred lately through the ignition of petrol that a wealthy motorist, we hear, is making arrangements for his car to be followed, wherever it may go, by a fully-equipped fire-engine, and, if this example be followed widely, our roads will become more interesting than ever.

The Mayor of HUDDERSFIELD is loyally carrying out his promise to present twenty shillings to the parent of every child (in the Longwood District) that reaches the age of one year. Meanwhile we hear that last week a local infant, in revenge for an undeserved spanking, threw its parents into a state of panic when it had attained 11 months and 29 days, by obstinately holding its breath for upwards of ten minutes.

The Winter Club at Olympia, to enable all kinds of sports to be carried on under cover, strikes us as a distinctly happy idea. At the same time the scope of the scheme has been exaggerated. For instance, it is not, we are told, a fact that a portion of the ground, three acres in extent, has been set aside for marbles.

It is now stated that the manuscript of the Venerable BEDE'S *Super Cantica Canticorum*, which has been returned, was merely borrowed by some burglars to read, and, if this be true, we have here a happy sign of the influence of *The Times* Book Club on the culture of the masses.

The recent New York elections prove our American cousins to be far more advanced than ourselves. "One man two votes" seems to be the rule rather than the exception.

The death is announced of the richest cat-fish in the world. It was caught off Spalato, and its personal property included a chain-purse filled with silver and nickel coin to the value of £3, and £7 in bank-notes.

Tourist agencies report that St. Petersburg as a pleasure resort is not what it was.

TELEPHONE TRIOLETS.

Hullo! Are you there?

Chelsea—three-sixty-five!

These girls make one swear!

Hullo! Are you there?

I've no time to spare,

So please look alive!

Hullo! Are you there?

Chelsea—three-sixty-five!

I rang up to see

If you'll come to the play,
As I've stalls for "H. B."

I rang up to see

If you're game for a spree—

Can't hear me? I say,

I rang up to see

If you'll come to the play.

When we dine? At the Cri—

At a quarter to seven.

The champagne will be dry

When we dine at the Cri.

Oh adorable Dr,

It will simply be heaven

When we dine at the Cri

At a quarter to seven.

What's that? Your Aunt JANE—

Great Scott! What a row

In the 'phone! I'll complain.

What's that? Your Aunt JANE—

Is she ramping again,

The old cat? Let her miaow!

What's that? You're Aunt JANE?

Great Scott! What a row!

HAUTE ÉCOLE EQUITATION. — "Major-General Sir HENRY EWART (Crown Equerry) and Major F. E. G. PONSONBY will be in attendance on horseback upon the carriage allotted to the Royal visitors."—*The Times*.

FROM AN EDITOR'S POST-BAG.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is my misfortune to edit a monthly Magazine. There are people, I find, who imagine the post to be a pleasant one. Here are a few extracts from my letters this morning, which may help to undeceive them:—

"DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You won't mind my addressing you in this familiar way I am sure because although I don't think we have ever met and often as I find one does not meet at least only very exceptionally the people who are really most likely to be close friends if only there was an opportunity of comparing notes and so becoming intimate but I feel drawn towards you since I know that once you stayed in the hotel at Shingleford where only last summer my poor Aunt ELIZA was taken suddenly ill through a chill—as I said and shall say though the doctor seemed very puzzled about it . . . (Three closely-written pages omitted) . . . fourteen little sonnets for which a cheque will give me great pleasure."

"SIR,—Have you ever read the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis? And if so, how do you justify your recent article on bi-metallism? Sporadic entospores in a semi-evolutionary environment entirely atrophy all negligible statistics. I have developed this idea in a paper of 8,645 words, sent to-day."

"DEAR SIR,—On a former occasion, when rejecting an article of mine, you told me to study the character of the Magazine, in order to see what subjects were likely to prove acceptable. This I have done. In your July number I find a paper on 'Some Churches in Florence.' Knowing, therefore, that this is what you like, I enclose a paper on 'Some Florentine Churches.'"

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am only too well aware that the article on 'Jupiter's Satellites' which I enclose has no sort of merit. And I feel certain also that it is much too technical for your pages. Apart from this, I have already arranged for its publication elsewhere. At the same time, if you could publish it, all the proceeds would be devoted to the purpose of installing a new heating-apparatus in our schools, where one is greatly needed. Possibly this may influence you? And I may add that a little book compiled by a cousin of mine

was warmly commended by Mr. GLADSTONE, Dr. JOSEPH PARKER, and others. If you cannot use my article, I shall be glad to have a detailed criticism of it by return of post."

"DEAR SIR,—I do not write as a rule. But the little poem I send was due to an inspiration. Don't you think 'Lines to a Baby-boy' is a good title? But I must tell you exactly how the idea came to me. . . (Several pages omitted.) Perhaps it would be better to compare

obliged to place my future custom elsewhere."

(Subsequent telegram).—"Mixed second sheet with letter to dressmaker. Apologies."

THE NEW LITERÆ HUMANI-ORES.

SPECIMEN EXAMINATION PAPER.

[Undergraduates are to be examined at an American University in the newspapers as a text-book.]

Literature.—What is a newspaper Book Club? Draw a map of the free-delivery area, and state briefly (3,000 words) the advantages of receiving books for nothing. Quote from the advertisements beginning respectively, "For your Children's sake," "The Secret of Success," and "Our Message to You."

Foreign Languages.—Translate into English or American:—"The All-Blacks went away with a rattle from the kick-off and smothered the Heathens. 'Nobby' SMITH, who fancies he can trap a ball, yanked the sphere right across the meadow, tried the spring-heeled-jack trick and notched three times in the first quarter. The Heathens were now up against it and had to go through the hoop. The upright negated their only attempt. In the last minute WALLACE marked for the down-unders, and ROBERTS added the major point. Score:—500 to nil. You'll do, Maoris!"

Physiology.—How did old Mr. BUNCOMBE first hear of GUNTER'S Gout Globules? How long had he had gout, and what did he do and say in his discomfort? How many globules did he take before he felt marked improvement? Say what you know of his symptoms: (a) between the shoulder-blades; (b) at the pit of his stomach; and (c) in the interior of the brain. How

many doctors had given him up? When did all pain cease, his constitution become an iron one, his business develop, and Mr. BUNCOMBE cease to be an annoyance to his family?

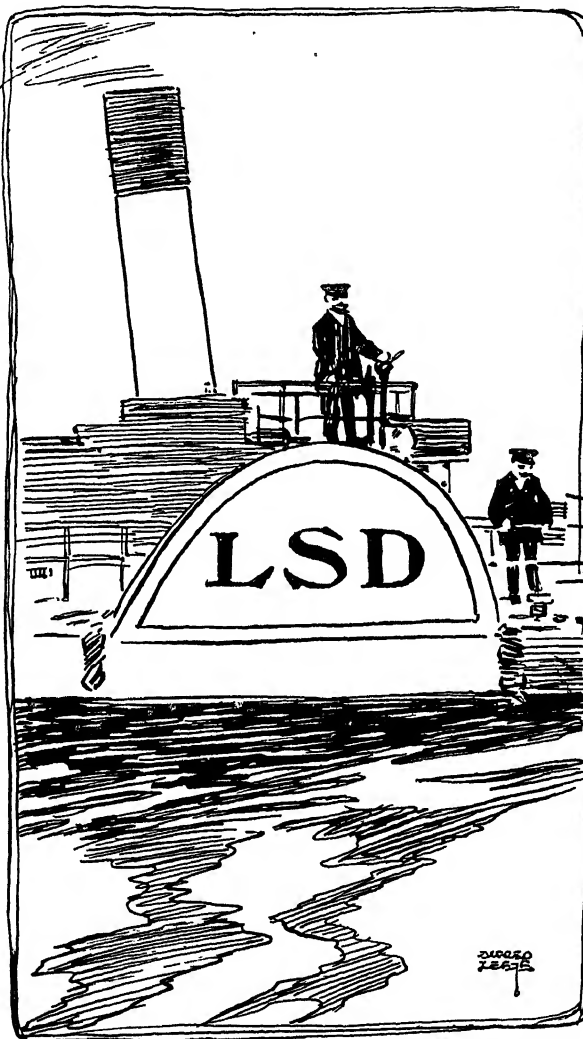
Commercial Candour.

"Why wait till the damage is done?

DO IT NOW!

WHAT?

WHY, send 5s. 6d. for a tin of
THE NEW ANTI-FREEZING COMPOUND."
[Advt. in "The Auto-Car."



A MORE APPROPRIATE LETTERING FOR THE L.C.C. STEAMBOATS, FROM
A LONDON RATEPAYER'S POINT OF VIEW.

him to another bird than a starling—but it rhymes with *darling*, you see."

"SIR,—I have long since ceased to look for courtesy from you. But bare civility at least I have some right to expect. Yet though I sent you *Deborah's Downfall*—a most thrilling story, of 140,000 words—the day before yesterday, I am *still* without a reply!"

"DEAR SIR,—I write to inquire whether you are likely to have space for a little article on Gothic skirts which fit badly and are *far* too full. You must try and make the next better or I shall be

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Sydney Escott, the heroine in Miss EDITH FOWLER's last novel, *For Richer, for Poorer* (HURST AND BLACKETT), is a provoking young person. It was with unfelt premonition of the appropriate that, being a girl, her parents gave her a boy's name. Throughout her life she, like the *Mary Mary* of an old song, is "quite contrary." My Baronite confesses he was a little alarmed for the success of the story when he reached the chapter where *Sydney*, accompanied by her derelict mother in search of seaside lodgings, stormed the Vicarage and insisted upon being taken in, since there were no other apartments vacant. The Vicar, apparently the last man in the world to submit to such intrusion, weakly yields. The mother is installed in the sick room, and *Sydney* dominates the premises. When we know her better, as of course Miss FOWLER did from the first, we admit the possibility. *Sydney* is as wild and wholesome as the sea she greatly loves, pure and sweet as the flowers with which she decks herself. It requires a skilled hand to manage so skittish a character through 300 pages. Miss FOWLER succeeds, marking in her last work a distinct advance on earlier efforts that found wide acceptance by novel-readers.

Messrs. W. AND R. CHAMBERS, those indefatigable and experienced caterers to the literary appetites of the young, are providing a more than usually sumptuous Christmas feast, or rather a choice of feasts, for their clients. For girls there are six books, with any one of which a frill-wearer may consider herself lucky. Mrs. L. T. MEADE has written three: *Wilful Cousin Kate*, *Dumps*, and *A Bevy of Girls*. How she can manage to do it and to keep so high a level passes the Assistant Reader's comprehension. Miss MAY BALDWIN, with two books, *The Girls of St. Gabriel's* and *That Little Limb*, runs a good second to Mrs. MEADE in the amount of her output. In merit these sisters of the pen are not to be divided. A mere male, RAYMOND JACOBSON, shows up with one volume, *Crab Cottage*, a good one.

As to boys, they can take their pick of *The Boys of Badminster*, by ANDREW HOME; *Shoulder Arms*, by G. MANVILLE FENN; and *Chums in the Far West*, by EVERETT MCNEIL. I have sampled them and can recommend them.

For imps of mischief there are two new *Buster Browns* and one new *Foxy Grandpa*. It is evident that the grandsons of *Foxy* are quite unable to cope with him. Might I suggest that they should allow *Buster* to try his hand at this irreclaimable old gentleman? It would be a good match—even though it does seem that *Buster's* journey to Europe, as described in one of the new books, has a little dashed his spirits.

I have left to the last a most delightful book, in order that I might give it a special word of praise. It is *A Book of Baby Birds*, verses by B. PARKER, illustrated by N. PARKER. The pictures are perfectly charming, and the verses are, in their way, as good. Grace, dexterity, neatness and point are the chief characteristics of both.

Presumably on a well-known principle, Mr. W. W. JACOBS calls his latest book *Captains All* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), because no captain figures prominently in the stories. Far beyond his custom, Mr. JACOBS quits the sea, finding his characters ashore. This is an advantage, since it makes the reader acquainted with *Bob Pretty*, a gentleman who, to the avocation of poacher, adds the art of the diplomatist and the guile of the Heathen Chinee. How *Bob* bets his cronies at the "Cauliflower" public-house that, following on the chance shooting of a beater by a party from the Hall intent on pheasants, there will be fresh disasters of the same kind, and how he wins his bet, is a tale of adventure told with that

grim, self-restrained humour of which Mr. JACOBS is master. Another irresistibly funny story is *The Temptation of Samuel Burge*, now played on the stage of a London theatre. My Baronite advises the possessor of the book to resist the temptation to read it all through at a sitting. Better take a tale a day.

Except for revealing to us the Fitzherbert papers, which are now among the private archives of Windsor Castle, and for certain ducal and other letters, here first published by His present MAJESTY's gracious permission, the two entertaining volumes entitled *Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV.*, by W. H. WILKINS, M.A., F.S.A. (LONGMANS & Co.), do not add much to the English public's general knowledge of the really commonplace story of "The First Gentleman in Europe" and his illegal, but canonical, wife, MARIA FITZHERBERT, originally Miss SMYTHE, who at twenty-five years of age found herself a widow, for the second time, with a couple of thousand a year. She became a society beauty and captured the too susceptible GEORGE, Prince of WALES, by whom she was in turn taken prisoner and secured in the bonds of matrimony on certain terms to which, of course, she should never have consented. Beyond all possibility of doubt she was married to the Prince of WALES, and it was only to conciliate his father GEORGE THE THIRD, in order to get his debts paid, that "The First Gentleman in Europe" lied like a trooper to Mr. Fox, and Mr. Fox to the House of Commons, in absolutely denying the fact of the marriage. Mr. WILKINS tries to palliate the conduct of *Florizel*, and he is most sympathetic towards *Perdita*. But, surely, it must seem to the majority that in not listening to the voice of her own conscience, and to the remonstrance of her correct (but afterwards weakly compliant) uncle, Mrs. FITZHERBERT brought upon herself all her subsequent troubles, and, in plain language, simply deserved what she got. The illustrations from photographs are good, and the history of the period, although diffuse, is interesting.

For some time there have appeared weekly in *The Westminster Gazette* what purport to be the remarks of The Office Boy on current political events, illustrated by pen-and-ink sketches of the style familiar on school slates. The authorship is now admitted by Mr. FRANCIS BROWN, who reprints his contributions under the title *The Doings of Arthur* (METHUEN). The incongruity of the literary style of The Office Boy and the high politics he discusses is amusing, and is greatly helped by the burlesque type of drawings supplied. In this last respect my Baronite observes that Mr. BROWN is obviously a student of F. C. G.'s more elaborate political squibs.

"First come, first served," says the Baron, opening the door to Father Tuck, who comes with a Christmas waggon full of *cartes*, and presenting an evergreen Annual for all genuine child-like children who have not yet been crowded out of existence by little swollen-headed, spectacled men and women of about five or six years of age. So Father Tuck's *Toy Books*, his *Annual*, his LOUIS WAIN's *Cats*, and his pretty series of picture postcards by HELEN JACKSON, the Baron singles out for special approval. Then follows a delightful DENDY SADLER series of "Old English Toasts," and "On the Links Calendar" for Golfers. From his postcards the Baron selects the "Glistening Dew Series" and "The Pyramids of Egypt." May this brief notice create an appetising taste of the Tuck stores!



CHARIVARIA.

"THE Russian nation," declares a contemporary, "is bankrupt." This, however, is denied in St. Petersburg by the Official Deceivers.

An unpleasant impression has been caused in Germany by the publication in the *Kölnische Zeitung* of a letter written by a German officer denying that the British are assisting the Hereros. It is felt that it was unpatriotic of the officer to have written the letter, and still more unpatriotic of the *Kölnische Zeitung* to have published it.

HENDRICK WITBOI, the late Hottentot chief, is called by a contemporary "The Coloured DE WET." The insinuation that our Boer friend is "The Plain DE WET" is calculated to cause unnecessary pain.

It is feared that the fracture in Lord NELSON's remaining arm may necessitate its removal. But the statement that Sir FREDERICK TREVES is to shin up the column and perform the operation is premature.

"GEORGE EGER-TON," in *The Daily Mail*, pleads for British Toys. What's wrong, asks the County Council indignantly, with our steamboats?

It is stated that Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, who once, when hungry, ate the dinner of a railway engineer without permission, has sent the man £200 as a reminder of the incident. It is further stated that, since the publication of the fact, the distinguished millionaire can hardly stir out of his castle grounds without finding at least one dinner left carelessly in his way, the name and address of the owner being written on a label attached to the handle of the tankard.

The new issue of *Who's Who* is to contain, in addition to the usual information, a census of the celebrity's sons and daughters, and his telephone number, and, in reference to this, we hear that a terrible printer's mistake was only discovered at the last moment.

A literary gentleman was nearly credited with a family of 13982.

Among the arrivals at the Zoo last week were eight nose-horned vipers, one Wonga-Wonga pigeon, one hairy armadillo, one mute swan and a centipede. There was great excitement in the neighbourhood as each drove up, and it is hoped that all of them will make a lengthy stay in town.

News reaches us of the death in distressing circumstances of one of the most respected elephants living at Antwerp. An attendant left in the animal's shed a trunk containing clothes. This the poor beast, feeling cold, burst

not be more humane first to try the effect of a Naval Demonstration?

Are there motor-cars in the celestial regions? Professor SCHAEER, of Geneva, has discovered what he describes as a new comet plunging due south at a rate of almost 8 degrees a day, and careering across the Milky Way regardless of all other traffic.

In an explosion which wrecked a house in the suburbs last week, the only thing which escaped was the gas.

The Motor-Car Show at Olympia proved a great success. The £800 cars for men of small means are said to have sold especially well.

NOTICE TO SULTANS ALL OVER THE WORLD. —Assistance given. Terms moderate. References kindly permitted to Sultans of MOROCCO and TURKEY. Telegraphic address, POTSDAMER, Berlin (*Adv.*).

WE have always suspected that the best part of the exhibition at an aquarium is on the dry side of the glass, and we are glad to see that our view is corroborated by the fact that many of the younger generation of fish are voluntarily entering the tanks. Speaking of the Port Erin laboratory the *Liverpool Daily Post* says: "During the

past year about 5,000,000 of young plaice were sent out to sea from the fish hatchery, and over 13,000 paid for admission to the aquarium." The percentage is small, but promising.

GENERAL BETHUNE has informed the Devon Tactical Society that "the bayonet had always been the British weapon, and it was a comfort to know that they had it to fall back upon." The noble Romans, of course, used a sword, and fell forward on it.

"HOLLAND PARK TUBE, (close).—Board-Residence from 21s."—*Adv.* in "The Standard."

WE agree. For residential purposes the Tube *would* be "close"—one might almost say stuffy.



Gipsy Fortune-teller (seriously). "LET ME WARN YOU. SOMEBODY'S GOING TO CROSS YOUR PATH." Motorist. "DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER WARN THE OTHER CHAP?"

open, and with pardonable ignorance put them inside instead of outside himself.

The report of the North Sea Fisheries Investigation Committee proves conclusively that fish are capable of making long journeys, and it is hoped that the more intelligent of them may yet be trained to swim right into Billingsgate and offer themselves to the highest bidder.

Lord HENEAGE, as President of the National Sea Fisheries Protection Association, has suggested that the dog-fish which have been doing so much damage to the south-west coast fisheries should be caught and sold for food. Would it

YERKES'S JERKERS.

[American humour is enjoying a much-needed revival through the medium of Mr. YERKES, U.S.A. The foreign-built electric cars which he has placed on the District Railway (not to be confused with the workmanlike cars of the Metropolitan, English-built and under English control) are making laughter for all Londoners who can appreciate a practical joke made at their own expense. Still, as Mr. YERKES has other schemes in hand for the development of the Metropolis, it would be as well if the projected Traffic Board were to see that he does not carry his pleasantries too far.]

I stood at Putney on the platform's marge,
A first-class ticket in my hand,
And from my lips protruded, mild but large,
A fabric of the Fatherland;
And I was bound
For Charing Cross upon the District Underground.
A crash like skittle-balls on sheeted lead!—
I scanned the labels one by one;
"Where is the First-class smoking-car?" I said,
And the Guard answered, "There is none!"
And I was vexed,
And let the train proceed and waited for the next.
Contemporaneous with my fourth cigar
It came—O long desired in vain!—
And in the midst a First-class smoking-car
(So it alleged upon the pane);
And entering there
I sat on straw as sits an ox within his lair.
To left, a balmy fishwife, bosomed deep,
Palpably overlapped my space;
To right, my flank was elbowed by a sweep
That masked in soot his natural face;
And I inferred
That they had pardonably deemed the class was Third.
And when the wobbling waggons pulled up short
(YERKES* his jerkers, alien build!),
My dexter neighbour, lurching hard a-port,
Over my spotless cuff was spilled,
While I was thrust
Sinisterwise athwart the lady's ample bust.
Rising at Walham (I could bear no more)
I underwent an instant jerk
And fell, and rose, and faced the sliding door,
And waited for the thing to work;
But he, the Guard,
Was occupied in sending signals to his pard.
So on to Brompton bumpily we bore,
Where I forestalled the instant jerk,
And clutched a strap, and smote upon the door,
And waited for the thing to work;
But in his groove
The patent apparatus stuck and would not move.
So on to Earl's Court. Here, against the laws,
Forth by an ingress-gate I went,
And in my passion, which allowed no pause,
Debouched upon, and nearly sent
Out of his mind,
A Bishop who would enter. He was left behind.
I fled. I had a whirling in my brains
Like to a landsman off the seas;
I asked a porter—"Have you any trains
Of the old pattern, not like these?"
And he replied,
"All but the Willesden lot are now electrified."

* Two syllables. Should not be rhymed with PERKS.

"How long before a Willesden comes this way?"

"In twenty minutes' time," said he.

I said, "I thank you. Though I had to stay

Two solid hours or even three,

I'd wait for that;"

And proffered sixpence, which he took and touched his hat.

O. S.

THE "SUDS" TRIPOS.

A LAUNDRY business has recently been started by three or four Varsity men on refined and apparently educational lines, and on November 22nd the promoters gave their Inaugural Washing Tea and Exhibition of Lingerie at the Grafton Galleries. A new career is thus opened up for younger sons. The authorities at Cambridge, anxious, as ever, to keep abreast of popular demands, have accordingly taken steps to institute Proceedings in Mangling and Laundry-work, similar to the existing Mechanical Science Tripos.

The examination will be almost entirely practical, and will involve little or no paper and celluloid work. The names of successful candidates for Honours will appear in the Washing List at the end of the May Term each year, arranged as usual in three classes, to be known respectively as Manglers, Senior Props, and Junior Props, the Wooden Spoon being replaced by a Clothes Peg. Women students, of course, will be admitted to the examination. The degree of L.L.M. shall be held to signify Licensed Laundry Man, or Maid, as the case may be.

The subjects of examination will embrace:—

"Rags," and how to deal with them.

The Strength of Materials, including Tearing and Breaking Strains.

The Theory of Structures, with the Differentiation of Pants and Pyjamas.

Character-reading from Ink-stains and Darns.

Friction as applied to the Frayed Shirt-front and Cuff.

Torsion of Collars and Chemisettes, with Wringing Out in general.

Hydraulics: "Running through Water," "Putting to Soak," and "Damping Down."

The Common Iron, Box-iron and Smoothing-iron, used (i.) as Beetle-crushing Implement, (ii.) for the production of Creases and "Crow's feet," (iii.) as Missile.

Gaufering and Frills: to suit the requirements of (a) Countesses, (b) Débutantes, (c) Gaiety Actresses.

Starch in all its aspects—Academic, Puritanical and Aristocratic.

Blue: the Light, the Dark, the Running, and the Aquatic varieties.

The Dynamics of Pegs, Lines, and Props in connection with the Back-garden.

Soap, visible and invisible.

The Art and Practice of Marking, Unmarking, Mislaying and Substitution.

Clients, Management of; also Pressure, by the County Court Process.

Lectures will be given by the Lowndrian Professor of Balneology on the above subjects at the Trinity Fountain, and by the Chinese Demonstrator on the Backs, where also the Examination will be held. Students are recommended to make occasional use of the K. P. and St. Andrew's Street Canals, but not to wash too much of their dirty linen in public, as on the occasion of the recent riots. They should also "get up" waistcoats, washing-ties, and other controversial items in private. Text-books on the subjects will be issued, duly glazed and calendered, from the Pitt Press. Further particulars regarding the forthcoming Tripos may be obtained from the University Wash-houses Syndicate.

ZIG-ZAG.



ON TOUR.

R-S-B-EY. "STILL PLAYING 'TARIFF REFORM,' EH?"

CH-MB-RL-N. "YES. I'M PRACTICALLY RUNNING THE SHOW. CROWDED HOUSES, DEAR BOY. AND YOU?"

R-S-B-EY. "OH, THE USUAL THING. JUST WORKING ON MY OWN."



"CABMAN! CABMAN!! SURELY YOU'RE GOING OUT OF YOUR WAY?"
 "BLESS ME, MUM, YOU GIVE ME QUITE A TURN! I'D FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT YER, AND WAS DRIVING BACK TO THE STABLES."

A TRAGEDY AND ITS SEQUEL.

I.—RHYMSTER TO ROOSTER.

O THOU, that 'neath my Attic sill
 Standing aloof a sleepless sentry,
 Dost hail in accents rudely shrill
 The futile morn's tumultuous entry;
 Prodigious chanticleer, whose lung
 Applauds each nascent dawn with frequent
 Pæans, as though some virtue clung
 To suns monotonously sequent;
 A murrain seize thee, boisterous bird,
 And stent thy low hilarious bawling;
 In all my life I never heard
 Sounds so persistently appalling.
 It's not so much the pent-up power
 With which thy potent trump impinges
 On sleepless ears, that hour by hour
 I lie a prey to nervous twinges;
 It is the loud exuberant zest,
 The blatant cheerfulness that irks us;
 The moral pose of one whose breast
 Defies the ills that fortune works us.
 Preposterous optimist; perpend!
 This scheme of things however view'd'll
 Afford no prospect that can lend
 Cause to thy monstrous cock-a-doodle.

Know that thou, too, art nearly ripe
 To meet the doom that Fate decrees, and
 Ere long shalt feel Disaster's gripe
 Closing about thy bumptious weazand.
 And shall I gaze on thee in grief
 When thou appearest on my platter?
 Not so. I'll murmur with relief,
 "This ends that odious rooster's
 clatter."

And if perchance thou provest tough,
 If in my sleep thou still dost haunt me,
 I'll suffer cheerfully enough
 So thou art not alive to taunt me!

II.—ROOSTER TO RHYMSTER. (Later.)

Thou Bard that erst with clumsy quill
 And spleenful soul didst dare to loose
 On me that never worked thee ill
 A vulgar flow of low abuse;
 Who, just because I called on Hope's
 Reviving ray to ease my lot,
 First trounced me with indifferent tropes
 And then consigned me to the pot;
 My turn has come! Thou liest awake;
 The beads of anguish deck thy brow;
 Thou didst oppress me, but I take
 A lingering vengeance on thee now.

Yea, for thou didst not bid me die
 To solve the common need for food,
 Thou didst but hope to gratify
 The cravings of a baleful mood.
 I was the pride of all the street,
 The matchless champion of the herd,
 The children loved me—but to eat,
 Others had sought a tenderer bird!
 And didst thou then aspire to miss
 The proper wages of thy sin,
 Hoping perchance that Nemesis
 Would spare thy mortifying skin?
 Too long thou hast with fretful pen
 Bewailed imaginary ills,
 And railed aloud at Fortune when
 The proper remedy was pills.
 Too long a world of blackest hue
 Has met the poet's jaundiced eyes,
 A state of things due solely to
 The want of wholesome exercise.
 But now a timely blow is struck
 By Retribution long defied;
 It isn't fancy now, my buck,
 This time you've got it right inside!
 Writhe on, thou poor dyspeptic Bard,
 And, should'st thou dare again to roast
 The lordliest rooster in the yard,
 Beware his disembodied ghost! ALGOL.

THE LIGHTS OF SPENCER PRIMMETT'S EYES.

SPENCER PRIMMETT was a most worthy and estimable young man. He had a good position for his years in one of the Government Departments, as well as a comfortable private income, and his chief ambition was to avoid any conduct which might render him conspicuous. In this object he had so far succeeded admirably. There was nothing whatever remarkable about his countenance, which was mild and rather round, or his demeanour, which was quite unassuming, or his opinions, which were those of all well-regulated persons.

So that mothers and *chaperons* generally regarded him with favour as a highly eligible *parti*—a fact of which he was complacently aware. He had, indeed, but one defect, and that of so gradual a growth that it was some time before he perceived it himself—he was extremely near-sighted. It struck him more and more forcibly that the English climate was growing mistier, and he was surprised that none of his friends was observant enough to notice so obvious an atmospheric change.

But there came an afternoon when, in paying a call on the BELLINGHAMS in Cornwall Gardens, he discovered with some confusion that he had been vainly trying to induce a footstool to sit up and beg for a biscuit—which convinced him that his eyesight must be slightly impaired, and that he must really protect himself from making any further mistakes by getting an eyeglass.

He had another and a stronger motive for doing so. HILDA and RHODA BELLINGHAM were both extremely attractive girls, and he had lately begun to conceive it possible that he might fall in love with one of them. But which?—he could not be sure that he had ever seen either at all distinctly. It seemed advisable to make himself better acquainted with the actual features of each before committing himself to any definite advances to either. It would be a pity to find out when it was too late that he had chosen the plainer of the two.

He tried several opticians, but none of them had an eyeglass or even a *pince-nez* that suited his sight. Then he did what he ought to have done before—he consulted a leading oculist. After a prolonged examination the oculist informed him that he was "abnormally astigmatic," which seems a harsh thing to say about any man.

However, he wrote him out a prescription for a pair of glasses of differing powers, which SPENCER took to the firm to whom he was recommended. And a few days afterwards, on returning from Whitehall to his rooms one afternoon, he found a neat little parcel awaiting him, containing a pair of spectacles and the account, which came to more than he had expected. He put them on and inspected himself, not without anxiety, in a hand-glass. It was a great relief to him to find that they were by no means unbecoming. His eyes looked larger and more brilliant now they were framed and glazed; the glasses gave him an air of higher intelligence, deeper thoughtfulness, than he had previously discerned in his expression.

Still, it was not vanity, but an overpowering impatience to see what the Miss BELLINGHAMS were really like, that made him call a hansom and drive at once to Cornwall Gardens. As he fared westward, facing the sunset sky, he was delightfully conscious of his improved powers of vision; he could now see the most distant objects, defined with a sharpness that was a positive revelation to him. He remarked things that would previously have escaped him—for instance, the incompetency of London cabmen—for the drivers of quite a number of hansoms he met seemed to have the greatest difficulty in controlling their horses. Fortunately his own cabman was an exception to the general rule, and brought him to Cornwall Gardens without mishap.

SPENCER found that both Mrs. BELLINGHAM and her daughters were at home, and he entered the drawing-room with

suppressed excitement—he was about to know now whether it was HILDA or RHODA who was to prove his real enchantress. They welcomed him cordially enough, and he took a seat near the fire, while he gazed with an intentness he hoped was not too apparent at the two graceful girls who sat opposite him in the lamplight. He could see their features perfectly at last, and was delighted to find that they surpassed all his previous conceptions. Even then he found it as difficult as ever to decide which was the more irresistibly engaging, they were both so adorably pretty in their different styles—but at least he saw now that there *was* a difference. So he sat there talking—rather pleasantly, he thought,—to all three ladies, and feeling that he was making a very favourable impression. Presently, indeed, he began to fear that he was inspiring a deeper sentiment in both the Miss BELLINGHAMS than he had any right or intention to do at that stage. Without being unduly conceited, he could not but observe that as often as he turned to address HILDA, she regarded him with a kind of spell-bound attention resembling fascination, whereas RHODA, on the other hand, seemed powerless to meet his eyes at all. These were trifles—but significant. He was beginning to think he had better go, when the dog, which had previously been snoring soundly in its basket, created a diversion by coming out.

SPENCER made no mistake this time; he knew it was not a footstool, or even a doormat, so he beamed on it with amiable recognition, and called it by name. It gave a short howl, and fled into the back drawing-room with every sign of abject terror. SPENCER said he could not understand it, as he generally got on so well with dogs. The BELLINGHAMS agreed that it was most unaccountable—but somehow the incident caused a certain constraint. HILDA and RHODA talked on fluently enough, but rather at random, and their mother showed a nervous restlessness which was unusual in one who was so essentially a woman of the world. So he cut short his visit, after only staying an hour, wishing heartily that the dog had not chosen to make such a fool of itself just when things were going so well, and wondering whether the BELLINGHAM family was not inclined to be slightly hysterical.

SPENCER had to dine out that evening. It was at a house in Lancaster Gate, and he arrived quite a quarter of an hour after everybody else, so that he could hardly expect anything but a cold reception—which he certainly got.

He was consoled, however, by the discovery that the BELLINGHAMS were among the party, and that he was to have the privilege of taking in Miss HILDA. He would have been equally pleased* had it been her sister—for they were both looking more bewitching than ever in that brilliantly lighted room. But something—he knew not what—had come between him and HILDA—he distinctly noticed her flinch as he offered his arm. And at table it was only by an obvious effort that she looked at him in speaking, and then she promptly turned away her head with what, unless his fancy deceived him, was almost a shudder. At the first opportunity she entered into animated conversation with her right-hand neighbour—after which he saw nothing of her but a left shoulder till dessert.

He would have talked to the lady on his left—but she was entirely engrossed by her allotted partner. So, in his isolation, SPENCER was reduced to casting glances of pathetic appeal to RHODA, who sat opposite. He succeeded in catching her eye, because he saw her start and bite her lip as if to control her feelings, but she avoided any answering sign of sympathy or encouragement. What on earth was the matter with them? Could they really attach any importance to the fact that their little beast of a terrier had shown an unreasonable antipathy to him?

He did not seem popular with anybody there, for, as his eyes wandered idly round the table, it seemed to him that every face on which his gaze lighted immediately froze, as though



RETALIATION.

Comic Man (to unappreciated tenor, whose song has just been received in stony silence). "I SAY, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SING AN ENCORE, ARE YOU?"
Unappreciated Tenor (firmly). "YES, I AM. SERVE THEM RIGHT!"

petrified. He had arrived rather late, it was true; but, hang it all! he could not have spoilt their dinner so much as all that!

It was horrible to sit there feeling like an apologetic skeleton! After the ladies had left, Mr. BELLINGHAM, as his habit was, began to monopolise the conversation. He was a bit of a bore, but nevertheless SPENCER, in his anxiety to propitiate at least one member of the family, leant forward and listened with deferential interest. But he did not propitiate the old gentleman—he merely put him out. Mr. BELLINGHAM became more and more discomposed under SPENCER'S absorbed attention, till at length his monologue came to a lame and abrupt conclusion.

Gallantly PRIMMETT attempted to relieve the awkward silence that followed by throwing out an intelligent remark on some topic of the day. He said nothing, he was certain, that was not perfectly safe in any company—but his platitudes burst like bombshells on his hearers; everyone appeared to dread being drawn into conversation with him. He saw those he addressed blink nervously as they returned some monosyllabic reply, while others evaded his advances by looking in any other direction but his. He affected the nerves of the very servants, for, as he turned towards a footman who was offering him coffee, the man dropped the tray with a crash. He had never felt so little at home at any dinner-party in his whole life. When he went upstairs he was unable to obtain an explanation with either HILDA or RHODA before they left, which they did early. He left himself shortly afterwards, and it struck him that his hostess was glad to get rid of him.

He was conscious that he had shed a kind of blight on her party—how or why he was at a loss to imagine. Was some abominable rumour being circulated affecting his character? But no, that was impossible, his conscience assured him that he could have given no occasion for any sort of scandal. Then why—*why* did the BELLINGHAMS and everybody else shrink from him as if he were some accursed thing? Would no one ever look him in the face with frank friendliness again? Gloomily he asked himself these questions as he stood on his hearthrug before the fire, and then suddenly, on looking up, he beheld his own reflection in the mirror above the mantelpiece, and recoiled in positive terror. For his eyes were no human eyes—they were two glowing caverns flickering with lurid flames, as though his brain were being slowly consumed! The effect was simply appalling. He saw now that no man with eyes like those could hope to inspire the object of his affections with any sentiment but instinctive horror! And yet how could he have suffered this transformation into a fiend of peculiarly repulsive aspect without being even aware of the process? Then all at once he remembered his spectacles; they fitted him so well that almost from the first he had forgotten their very existence. However, he found he was still wearing them. Perhaps, if he took them off—he removed them, and on approaching the mirror closely, discovered with inexpressible relief that the baleful glare had vanished from his eyes. He put them on once more, and placing himself behind a lamp at some distance from the mirror, observed the result. One oval, being slightly concave, threw rays as blinding as those of a searchlight; the other lens, which was convex, blazed like one of the illuminated globes in a chemist's window! To himself this disquieting phenomenon was apparent only when a strong artificial light struck his spectacles at particular angles of refraction from the mirror—which accounted for his failure to notice it by daylight, or even while dressing for dinner. But it made him understand *now* why the cabhorses had shied that afternoon; why the BELLINGHAMS' dog had fled; why, in short, all through that fearful evening he had been unconsciously producing the effect of a human basilisk or a Medusa head. He would do so no

more—it made him too remarkable. So in another instant these costly glasses were lying ground to splinters under SPENCER'S heel. . . .

Since that day he has worn no others, and is rewarded for his sacrifice by the knowledge that he can allow his eyes to rest now on both the Miss BELLINGHAMS without the slightest apprehension of reducing them to a cataleptic condition. The only drawback is that he is as unable as ever to distinguish one from the other. Which is possibly the reason why there has been no announcement, as yet, of his engagement to either.

F. A.

THE CAUTIOUS LOVER.

["It is impossible for a man, whether he be merely a boy in years or an octogenarian, to approach any female in the hope of finding his 'twin soul,' without fear of a wretched and harassing action at law unless he marries her."—*Daily Express*.]

My panting heart is longing day and night
For a sight

Of some angelic phantom of delight,
So slender, so tender—inviting one to kiss,
To thrill one and fill one

With bliss.

I gaze at fair SUSANNAH—kind and wise
Are her eyes,
And purer than the blue of April skies.

It strikes me she likes me—Oh! surely, pretty SUE,
A chappie were happy

With you!

Then HANNAH smiles divinely when we meet
In the street;
Her waist is small, her ankle very neat.

I'm lonely—if only this inexpressive She
Were walking and talking

With me!

Dear NANCY has a noble soul—in fine,
I opine,

In every way a worthy mate for mine.

I fancy, sweet NANCY, thrice blest would be our plight
Did we two agree to

Unite.

But ah! these pleasing visions flit in vain
Through my brain,

For Prudence speaks in language that is plain:

"Be wary! That fairy whose eyes appear so true
Is 'cuter, poor suitor,

Than you.

"She's heard of breach of promise and she knows,
I suppose,

Precisely how the usual verdict goes.

You dunce, you! If once you are seen with her alone
She'll collar each dollar

You own."

I hear and Reason tells me to obey

While I may,

Although my heart may point the other way.

I'll never endeavour to steal another glance
At HANNAH, SUSANNAH

Or NANCIE.

"Mrs. — has for SALE, in consequence of her daughter's marriage, grand Lady's HUNTER; has carried her two seasons without mistake in front of hounds."—*The Field*.

It may not have been the horse's mistake, but surely somebody must have blundered to have placed it in such a false position.



"AH, MUM; I'M A 'EAP BETTER IN MY 'EART SINCE LAST TIME YOU COME 'ERE A-DISTRICK VISITIN'. IT'S ALL ALONG O' THISHER LITTLE BOOK 'HERNEST WORDS TO THE YOUNG' AS I PINCHED OUTSIDE A BOOKSHOP WEN THE PROPTERRIETER WAS A-LOOKIN' THE OTHER WAY. A POWER O' GOOD IT 'AVE DONE ME!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday, Nov. 21.—*Faust in a fog*. Madame MELBA's *Margherita* admirable. No use mentioning details, everybody knows them. Only they do not know—at least the majority do not—how powerful her notes are until they have heard her in a fog. Very badly drained site must have been the house where *Margherita* resided. Perhaps the garden which we all know so well looked on the river. However, be that as it may, on Tuesday the fog predominated, and *Faust* must either have found *Margherita* by accident, or have lost her altogether, as the audience was certainly fogged by the atmosphere.

And "the voices" (which simple description reminds us of JOAN OF ARC) were eminently satisfactory. Experienced *habitués*, knowing the "stage business," could listen with pleasure and with closed eyes. Signor DIDUR as *Mefisto*, some years younger than former *Mefistos*, in consequence of the absence of the little billy-goat imperial on the chin hitherto associated with this character, was excellent as well dramatically as musically. With Signor ZENATELLO's *Faust* little fault could be found, and the same may be said of Signor BATTISTINI's *Valentino*. Signora TRENTINI was a charming *Siebel*—*si belle!*—and Signora ZACCARIA was a *Marta* to *Mefisto*, and seemed young enough to have deceived even *Mefisto*'s superior officer. Signor MUGNONE and orchestra in first-rate order. Applause immense, and, despite fog, five calls after "the garden party." Nothing could be more polite; garden party first, calls afterwards. *Faust* is announced for repetition before this brief notice appears.

Thursday, Nov. 23.—No fog!! Atmosphere clear: House full. Late arrival this season of *Don Giovanni*, ably repre-

sented by Signor BATTISTINI. Signora STRAKOSCH as *Donna Anna* seemed rather frightened, that is, at least, judging by her persistent tremolo. This view of *Donna Anna*'s character we venture to consider incorrect. *Donna Elvira* was fairly well represented, vocally, by Mme. GILBERT-LEJEUNE; Signorina CLASENTI's *Zerlina* will probably improve on repetition. No doubt, after a rehearsal or two, competently directed, the clever Signora will "reform it altogether."

A jovial party is the *Don Giovanni* of Signor BATTISTINI, and on the whole, musically and dramatically, a happy impersonation. Both Signor B. and Signorina C. rise to heights never contemplated by MOZART. But even MOZART was not up to everything. Signor DIDUR was good in the farcical nonsense of *Leporello*, as was Signor WIGLEY as the idiotic *Mazetto*. Where is the brilliant stage-manager who will do something for the stupid old "business" which has been allowed to become traditional in these two low-comedy parts?

Signor GIORGINI as *Don Ottavio* made the most of his one great chance, "*Il mio tesoro*," but contrary to precedent *Zerlina* and *Mazetto*, evidently expecting a real musical treat, remained on the stage to listen to *Don Ottavio*'s rendering of this *chef d'œuvre*. Both of them were evidently immensely pleased, though perhaps for professional reasons they did not insist upon an encore, reserving their hearty congratulations until they should meet *Don Ottavio* "off" at "the wings." Three orchestras, including the Ball-room scene, all under the *bâton* of Maestro MUGNONE, most effective, and, taken as a whole, the *Don* achieved success.

With the last night of November comes the close of the Autumnal Opera Season. We trust it has been sufficiently successful (from the interior of cash-box point of view) to warrant an encore next year. "*Prosit!*"



The Master. "How do you know it was a fox killed them?"

Master. "Then why didn't you stop him?"

Biddy. "SURE, IT WASN'T LIKELY I'D BE GRUDGIN' YER HONOUR'S FOXES A CHICKEN OR TWO, AND THIM AS CHAPE AS TWO SHILLINS APIECE, TOO."

Biddy. "DIDN'T I SEE HIM WID ME TWO EYES?"

THE HALF-SEAS-OVER EDITION.

I HAVE a magic looking-glass in which every week I see men and women in far-off lands—dear friends whom I know, but whom I have never seen. This looking-glass is the post.

I see them in their pursuits in every corner of the earth. I see them in Europe and Asia, America and Tipperary. It is like WALT WHITMAN. Some of them are shooting tigers, some are reading under the sea, some are sitting on mountain peaks, but all are alike in this—that they cannot help liking our paper, and they cannot help writing letters about it. Some of them omit to stamp the envelopes, but I don't mind. I love them too much to mind. I am too full of sloppy gratitude. I append selection of this week's letters.

EDITOR OF THE HALF-SEAS-OVER EDITION.

FROM THE EVERLASTING HILLS.

I write from a little bungalow on the very top of Mount Everest to tell you what a boon your paper is. It is delivered regularly by eagle post every Saturday morning, and I don't know how I could live without it.

HIMMEL AYAH.

The Gazebo, Mt. Everest.

FROM DOWN UNDER.

I don't know how we should live without your invaluable paper, for the persistent rains for the last six months, during which they have never once stopped, have saturated all the small wood in the country. Nothing but the periodical appearance of the postman saves us, for he brings every member of the camp a copy of your Half-Seas-Over Edition, dry and combustible, and we keep our fires going with that.

BRIAN O'LYNN.

Waharway P.O., Buncombria, N.S.W.

FROM THE SHINY LAND.

I am sure you will like to know that I kill a tiger for breakfast every morning from my bed-room window. There is no such luxury as tiger steak and brandy-pawnee with a few paragraphs from your beautiful paper by way of digestive. I never read it all through at once, but apportion it equally throughout the week.

J. SKRIMSHANKS.

Puttee Bungalow, Ootacamund.

FROM THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

I have just received a copy of your lovely paper. What a boon to have so much absolutely trustworthy news of the dear homeland! Fifteen years have I now been in the back of beyond, having

moved hither from the now prosperous city of Tipperusalem in 1890. I left Eton in 1882, and after holding the professorship of Chinook at the Algonquin University am now engaged in trapping seals for the Hudson Soap and Candle Company. Throughout the whole winter I and my squaw—she was a noted belle of the Waw-Waw tribe—have to live on salt or pickled fish, so you may imagine what a relief your easily digestible pars are to us, and our seven little nippers.

GEORGE QUACKENBOSS,
"SITTING DUCK."

Wampumville, Saskatchewan.

FROM THE PERSIAN GULF.

Since your Half-Seas-Over Edition has been published the supply of pearls has been falling off steadily here. Last week we discovered the reason. The divers, instead of hunting for pearls as they used to do, now sit round in a circle on lumps of coral while one of them reads the paper aloud.

ALFRED BILGER.

Bushire, R.S.O.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—The best way of making two ends meet:—burn the candle at both ends.



BEGINNING AT THE RIGHT END.

ARN-LD-F-RST-R (*Sculptor*). "I MAY NOT HAVE TIME TO FINISH IT, BUT I'VE GOT THE HEAD ALL RIGHT."

[The Secretary of State for War is appointing a General Staff, which will constitute the brains of the army.]

LILLIAN.

VII.—THE GREAT SERVANT QUESTION.

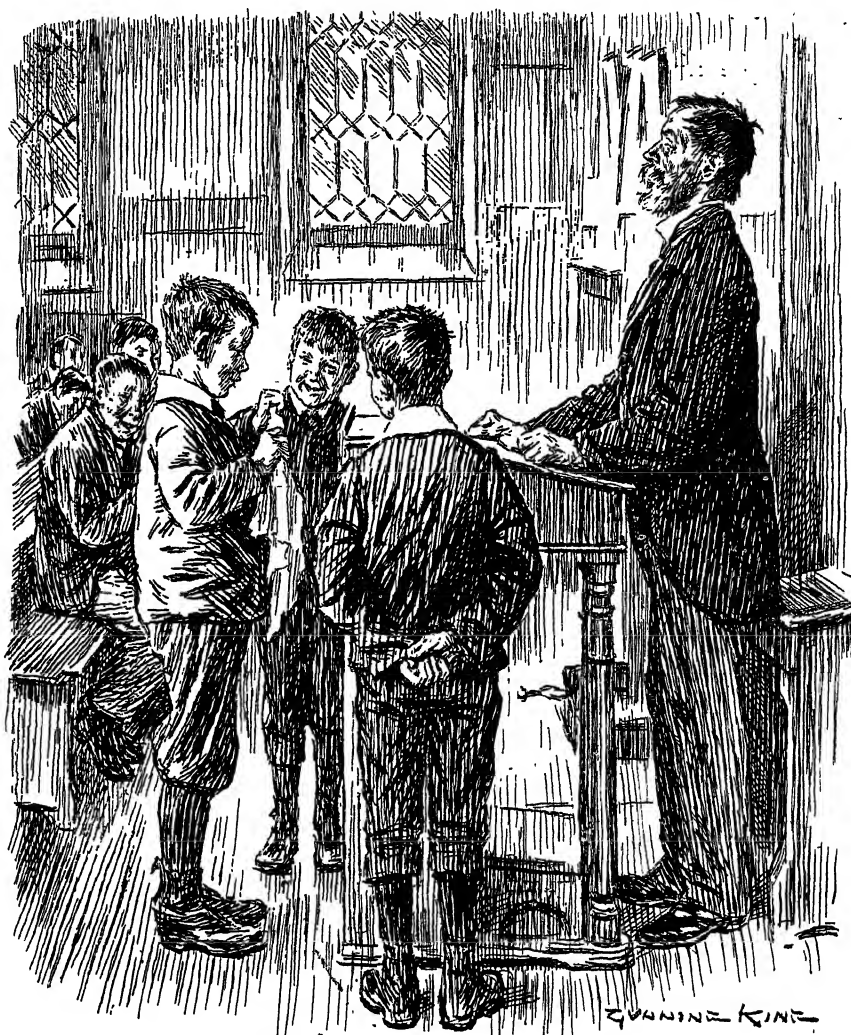
ONE of the maids (ELLEN, the pretty one) had been walking out for some weeks with MCGREGOR, who is the right-hand man of the butcher. They had kept company in Scotland somewhere; and when ELLEN was ordered south MCGREGOR threw up what I take to have been a lucrative job as a blacksmith, practised anatomy and things for a month on his father's flock, and came down to us as a butcher's assistant. Which shows the power of love and the adaptability of the Briton that has made our Empire what it is. (*Loud cheers.*)

When there's an ELLEN in the case, it is an advantage of the butcher's profession that you must come up to the house at least once a day. But MCGREGOR yearned for other meetings. At the bottom of our kitchen garden is a brick wall—high on the road side and fairly low on ours. Every night ELLEN stood here and leant over, *Juliet*-way, while down in the dust on the other side was *Romeo* MCGREGOR. I suppose they liked the romance of it, there being really nothing to stop ELLEN from going out at the gate.

Now, personally, I was rather keen on the ELLEN-MCGREGOR comedy. I think MCGREGOR one of the most sporting self-made butchers I have ever known. In any case I should have made no objections, because I think the other sort of person has as much right to his feelings as we have, and I know that if I was going to meet LILLIAN somewhere I should be extremely annoyed to find that the coachman made a fuss about it. But, at the same time, there was GRACE to consider. GRACE was all against that sort of thing, and it was GRACE's house. And, you know, I had a lot of leeway to make up with GRACE. I thought that if I took up a strong line here she would come to love and then to lean upon her brother-in-law.

So one day, quite as a coincidence, I ordered a gardener to tar the top of the kitchen-garden wall. He seemed to want to know the idea, so I said that it would keep the slugs from climbing over (slugs not being able to bear the smell of tar), and that, anyhow, he didn't seem to me to be doing much. I think he must have caught on, because he grinned like anything, and made a first-rate job of it.

Well, the walkers-out went through the Balcony Scene again that night, and I wondered what they would make of my little hint. I shall never know definitely what MCGREGOR said; but next morning an indignant ELLEN flounced into the breakfast-room, and said that she wished to give me notice. She seemed to have taken it quite in the wrong spirit.



Schoolmaster. "COME TO MY ROOM AFTER SCHOOL, AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE SOUNDEST THRASHING YOU EVER HAD!"

Boy (who suffers from a weak memory). "YES, SIR. I'LL TIE A KNOT IN MY HANDKERCHIEF!"

No one has ever wished to give me notice before. At the same time I had gathered that it was rather a serious thing to happen in a house. But I wasn't going to be disturbed about it. I got her assurance that threats, prayers, and entreaties were alike useless; and then I asked her what she was going to do. It seemed only kind to take an intelligent interest in her future.

She replied rather darkly that those who lived the longest would see the most, though I doubt it myself. Also that she wanted to go at once. So I gave her a sovereign and said I hoped she and Mr. MCGREGOR would be very happy, and would often think of me. Then I wrote to GRACE that ELLEN was leaving at once to get married.

GRACE's first letter I pass over. I don't see how I am in any way responsible for the affections of a butcher who was once a blacksmith. A week later she wrote that no one in London knew anything about servants; but that there was an Ashurst girl who seemed fairly suitable.

"I have asked her to go over on Wednesday," she wrote, "and I know it's useless for you to interview her, so I am getting LILLIAN to see to it for me. Now don't interfere, there's a good boy. LILLIAN knows just what I want."

LILLIAN was staying with some friends of hers called WILLEY—not that the WILLEY part is very important. However, she was due back on Tuesday night; and, if GRACE had arranged it so, would no doubt come over on the Wednesday morning to interview the new maid. I would certainly not interfere.

I was enjoying a peaceful pipe on the fatal morning, when a maid came in and announced that a young person wished to see me.

"What sort of a young person?" I asked.

"I think she's come about a situation, Sir."

"Oh, help. LILLIAN—Miss MALLEY—was going to see about that. I wonder why she isn't here."

"The young woman says she hasn't

much time, as she has to catch a train back."

"Look here, send GEORGE or somebody round to Miss MALLEY—quick. I suppose I'd better talk to her a bit till Miss MALLEY comes. I say, MARY, what sort of questions—? Oh, never mind."

I went into ARTHUR's study where she was. It was too awful being left like this. I didn't know a bit what one ought to ask her.

The first thing I noticed was that she was jolly pretty, and looked very smart, though of course quiet. As far as I was concerned she might consider herself engaged. But there were certain formalities, I imagined.

"How do you do?" I began; "you've come about ELLEN's place? Do sit down. There'll be a lady here presently, but there are just one or two things I want to ask you."

"Thank you, Sir."

I looked about for a pen.

"Jolly day, isn't it?" I said.

"Yes, Sir."

I got a pen and gnawed the end of it. Then I sat down at the table, took a sheet of paper, and looked first at it and then at her.

"Was there anything else you wanted to ask me, Sir?"

I sat up with a start.

"Name," I said, sternly.

"JANE SMITH."

"JANE?"

"SMITH. S-M-I-T-H."

"Yes, yes," I said. "That—er—that seems all right. Age?"

"Twenty—twenty—twenty-three," she said, and giggled in a most absurd way.

"I don't know why I asked you. I don't suppose it matters much. Now what else is there? Oh yes, are you fond of work?"

"I try to do my duty, Sir."

"Yes, of course, of course. I felt sure you did. Now what about followers?"

"Followers?"

"Yes. I know I ought to ask you about that."

JANE SMITH drew herself up to her full height, which wasn't so very much.

"Having none, partner?" I said. "I mean—"

"I don't think I understand."

"All right, all right. We'll leave the great follower question undecided. Have you got your testimonials with you?" I thought it was rather clever of me to remember that.

"Oh," she said. "I haven't got any."

"Haven't got any? Now, what is the good of coming here without your testimonials? I suppose you haven't even got a reference from a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England?"

"N-no, Sir."

"You seem to me to have been very badly brought up," I said sternly. "What have you got? You must have something."

"I've a character from my last place."

"Hang it, that's what I meant. What does it say?"

"Clean, sober—"

"Sober is rather a point," I admitted.

"Steady, willing, hard-working, careful—"

"Stop," I said. "This is a quotation. Yes, it is. I know the chapter quite well. It's in one of the Epistles."

"Willing—"

"You said willing. I don't believe it comes twice in the original. Why should it?"

"Honest—"

"I say, I'm thinking we're rather lucky to get you."

"Hard-working, clean—"

"That will do! You're engaged."

"Steady, sober—"

"Stop!" I heard a step in the hall.

"Hooray! There's LILLIAN." I rushed out, and caught hold of her. "Quick! The new maid's in there. She's telling me her character. It's too awfully good. Something will happen to her. Do stop her."

I pushed her in, and went outside to finish my pipe on the lawn.

After about ten minutes LILLIAN joined me.

"Well," I said, "did you engage her?"

"Yes, rather."

"Has she gone?"

"Yes, ETHEL's just gone."

"ETHEL? She told me her name was JANE SMITH."

"No. ETHEL JONES."

"I thought so. People aren't called JANE SMITH."

"No, of course not."

"Why did she say JANE SMITH? She must have had a false character. I'm afraid she's taken you in, LILLIAN."

"No, I don't think so. And, DICK, you're to come to dinner to-night. And look nice."

In the Malley drawing-room the first person I saw was JANE SMITH, or ETHEL JONES.

"Look here," I said indignantly, "I engaged you. What are you doing here?"

"Hallo, DICK," said LILLIAN, coming up.

"I say, LILLIAN, this is cool. You've bagged our maid. I distinctly engaged JANE SMITH this morning myself, and then you nip in—"

"Mr. MEADOWES, Miss WILLEY," said LILLIAN. "Look at the maid's nice new evening dress, DICKIE."

"Lord!" I said.

"Sober is rather a point," said Miss WILLEY.

"I'm thinking we're rather lucky to get you," said LILLIAN.

"Twenty—twenty—twenty-three," said Miss WILLEY, coyly.

"I try to do my duty, Sir," said LILLIAN.

"It's a very old joke," I said to LILLIAN, as I took her in. "You'll find the poor thing in *She Stoops to Conquer*."

"Oh, DICKIE, is that the way it's going to be?"

"Don't be absurd. Is she going to stay long?"

"Some weeks."

"Good," I said.

MR. PUNCH'S "FIRST TREATMENT" SERIES.

[An evening paper has just published an article on the pressing subject "How to Deal with a Dog Fish."]

I.—A POLAR BEAR AT THE STORES.

THE principal point is locality; one's plan of action depending very largely upon the part of the building in which the beast is encountered. For example, if the polar bear should come upon you in the Millinery Department the wisest course would perhaps be at once to seize the most expensive hat and show him the price. During his fainting fit you could climb out of the window or up the chimney, or even find the door. This plan might not, however, be infallible, for *suppose the polar bear could not read?* In the event of its failure you would naturally make a break for the next room, which might possibly be the Fish Department.

Here nature would assist you, for you would of course placate the foe with mackerel and herrings, which you could throw to him one by one (as at the Hippodrome), walking backwards as you did so, and eventually reaching the door and safety. But Fate is seldom so kind as that, and it is far more likely that the entertainment-loving gods would arrange it that your first meeting with the bear was round a corner, suddenly, in the Tobacco or Drapery Department. Polar bears do not smoke, and are not, we believe, susceptible to the charms of the leaf, so you would need all your wits. The thing to do would be swiftly to fill and light several pipes at once, and smoke them so furiously that you created an impenetrable cloud, under cover of which you could escape into a department offering a better choice of weapons. An umbrella, or even an *en-tout-cas*, opened and shut, would probably perplex and baffle the bear until help arrived. In the Motor Department you would hurriedly don an attire similar to that of the enemy, and meet him thus on level



A SUGGESTION TO THE L.C.C.

WHY NOT HAVE ARTIFICIAL DUMMY PASSENGERS ON THE THAMES STEAMBOATS DURING THE WINTER MONTHS TO REPLACE THE LIVE ONES WHO ARE NOT FORTHCOMING? IT WOULD GIVE QUITE A REFRESHING AIR OF PROFIT AND POPULARITY.

ground as a friend. He might even take you for a wealthy beiress and fall in love with you, and you could easily make his passion his fall (as in the case of SAMSON and MARK ANTONY) by luring him to the doors of the lift, leaping out just as it was descending and then stopping it mid-way between two floors, like MAHOMET'S coffin.

Supposing, however, that the Motor Department contained no costume likely to lead to the illusion named, you would have to continue your sprint to, say, the Wine and Spirits or Confectionery Departments. Probably ten-pound boxes of caramels, or half a dozen bottles of assorted liqueurs would be equally effectual in detaining the adversary until Scotland Yard could be communicated with.

II.—A TIGER ON THE LINKS.

Instances of the escape of the larger carnivores from travelling menageries have been so frequent of late that it is highly desirable to be prepared for such an emergency as this. Tigers which have been kept in captivity for any length of time generally become foot-sore, and on regaining their liberty almost invariably leave the hard road for grass-lands. Thus the well-kept turf of a good golf-course proves irresistibly attractive to an emancipated tiger, and devotees of the Royal and Ancient game will do well to lay their plans in advance lest they should suddenly encounter one of the monarchs of the jungle. It is obvious that the danger can be considerably minimised by the employment of a plump fore-caddie, and on some links where water-hazards abound can be successfully avoided by plunging into the burn or pond. The greatest risk, however, is run when the animal is lying in a sand bunker where its colour harmonises most deceptively with that of the surroundings. To guard against this danger it is not a bad plan to employ sand of a reddish tint, but if this precaution has not been taken, three courses are open to the player. He may either drop suddenly on all fours, a device which has sometimes been known to put bulls to flight, or if he happens to have any sandwiches in his pocket he may offer them to the tiger, or, as a last resource, he may use his niblick. Whether the Fairlie or the ordinary pattern is the better is difficult to say off-hand, but at least it may be asserted that in no circumstances should a wooden club be used. In conclusion it may be noted that, whatever may be said as to the advisability of saying Bo! to a goose, it is futile to cry Fore! to a tiger.

III.—A WHALE IN THE ROUND POND.

As is well known, showers of fishes occasionally take place in abnormal meteorological conditions, and if, as Sir

NORMAN LOCKYER and other experts believe, there is good reason to expect a cycle of wet years of altogether exceptional humidity, the size of these fishes will undoubtedly advance in geometrical, if not in harmonic progression. The appearance therefore of a whale in the Round Pond can no longer be looked upon as a remote contingency, and in such cases to be forewarned is to be forearmed. Panic is to be strongly discouraged, for if it be true that it is no good crying over spilt milk it is even truer that it is no use to blubber over a dropped whale.

Much, of course, will depend upon the size of the whale, but assuming that he



Rustic (to beginner, who has charged the hedge). "It's NO GOOD, SIR. THEY THINGS WON'T JUMP!"

(or she) is a full-blown sperm cachalot, the safest course is at once to telegraph for Mr. FRANK BULLEN, the great cetacean specialist, and pending his arrival to serenade the whale with a full band, conducted by Mr. HENRY BIRD, the organist of the adjoining church of St. Mary Abbot's. Whales, like seals, are notoriously susceptible to music, and will remain perfectly quiescent when under its spell. Mr. BULLEN and his corps of skilled harpooners may be trusted to do the rest, and the oil can be drained off into the Tube or the Underground, where its lubricating qualities cannot fail to promote the smoothness of the traffic.

A PUBLISHER advertises: *The Wives of Henry the Eighth. Third Thousand.* Surely there is some exaggeration here?

ARTLESS CONVERSATIONS.

In the Manner of the New Advertising.

I.—OVERHEARD AT THE OFFICERS' MESS.

Col. F. Hullo, boys! What have you all been doin' this afternoon? Motrin'? You, Major.

Major S. No, I've been indoors.

Col. F. And you, Captain?

Capt. B. I've been indoors too.

Col. F. And you, Mr. DASH?

Mr. D. I've been indoors, Sir.

Col. F. Indoors! Why, what's comin' over the service? It's goin' to the cats. Indoors, on a day like this, too! Indoors, --- me! And what have you been doin' indoors, pray? Readin'?

Mr. D. Yes, reading.

Col. F. Readin'. My ---! Here, get me a stiff brandy-and-soda. Readin'? Readin' what? *The Soldier's Pocket Book*, I hope?

Mr. D. No, Sir; library books.

Col. F. Library books! Here, another brandy-and-soda. What library?

Major S. The new library in connexion with the *Banner*.

Col. F. I never heard of it. What is it?

Capt. B. It is a most admirable system, by Jove. You pay a subscription which works out to a halfpenny a day ---

Major S. And you can have two volumes as often as you like.

Col. F. What for?

Mr. D. To read.

Col. F. Oh yes, I see, to read. And you're all doin' it all day long, are you?

Major S. Yes, there's over half a million books to choose from.

Col. F. Is that enough?

Capt. B. Oh yes, Colonel.

Mr. D. And you've no idea how extensive is the area of free delivery. Why, they send as far as Colney Hatch.

Col. F. Indeed, what you say interests me deeply. I must join. I like a bit of readin' now and then.

II.—THROUGH THE CHAPTER HOUSE KEYHOLE.

The Dean. Ah, Archdeacon, is that a postal order?

The Archdeacon. Yes, Dean, you have divined accurately.

The Dean. For five shillings, if my eyes do not deceive me?

The Archdeacon. You are right again, dear friend.

First Canon. What's that? The Archdeacon sending away a five-shilling postal order?

The Dean. Yes, indeed.

Second Canon. Will wonders never cease?

All. Ha! Ha!

The Dean. Sh-h-h-h-h-h! The vergers might hear.

All. True, too true.

Third Canon. And may we inquire,

dear Archdeacon, as to the destination of this princely sum?

The Archdeacon. Certainly, it is a subject on which I am never tired of being eloquent. It is a monthly instalment for the "Library of the Tittiest Bits in all Literature," now being offered at the lowest possible rates to the readers of *The Waste-Paper Basket*.

Third Canon. Is it a good work?

The Archdeacon. Oh, excellent. Full of apposite quotations, from BACCHYLIDES to BARRIE, from SOLOMON to SHAW.

Second Canon. And all for five shillings?

The Archdeacon. Not exactly for five shillings. Five shillings a month.

The Dean. For how long?

The Archdeacon. That, I regret to say, I have not yet discovered; but you get the volumes after the first payment.

First Canon. And you need not continue to pay, you mean?

The Dean. Sh-h-h-h-h! The minor canons, the minor canons.

All. Too true.

Second Canon. And the books are really worth having?

The Archdeacon. Indeed they are, my brethren. I doubt if so great an assemblage of scraps was ever before brought together. I know of no recreation so certain after an exhausting service.

All. We must subscribe too, and at once. Thank you, dear Archdeacon, for bringing this price-less boon before our notice.

THE MARRIAGE MARKET.

[A weekly contemporary has noted the modern tendency to regard matrimony as a business speculation, and hinted that a time may come when we shall see the financial papers devoting a column to matrimonial intelligence.]

THE marriage market seems to be recovering from the recent depression, and the tone was distinctly healthier last week. As usual, there was a strong demand for gilt-edged securities of all classes.

American futures are as brisk as ever. The fact, however, that the Yankee Parent Stock is very firm, with a distinct tendency to become bearish, has had a

depressing effect on Younger Sons, who are not so bright as they were: Athletes, however, are displaying a great increase of activity now that the hockey season is in full swing, and have recently hardened perceptibly. Blondes, again, are in fair demand, but increased supplies have favoured buyers, prices declining four points in the week.

The export trade is increasing by leaps and bounds, and shipments for October alone show an increase of 1,239 over the corresponding period last year. In particular, there is a strong movement for staples in the Colonial outlets, and many transactions in the finer and fancy descriptions are recorded, especially in

also found considerable favour. There were several offers of bleached goods, but these gave signs of falling off, and are not so popular as they were. Eyebrows, again, displayed a strong upward tendency, but, in some quarters, Figures have not been so satisfactory, Waists, in particular, closing at a slight reduction.

A new Company is being formed to exploit certain tracts in India where, it is believed, several rich deposits exist. The Company's expert, Mr. EUGEN SANDOW, has recently visited the district, and confidently expresses the opinion that it is capable of great development.

We understand that, during the winter, calls may be expected from several of

the new Limited Companies which were registered in Mayfair towards the end of the season.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MÈRE DE DOUZE.—We should certainly advise you to hold. Foreigners are out of favour just now, but the market is notoriously sensitive to changes of sentiment, and may improve at any moment.

TOM.—Stage Favourites are expensive and not particularly safe. We should certainly not recommend you to touch them. Hope Deferreds, it is true, are not particularly popular just now, but if you are prepared to hold on you may be remunerated in time.

JIMMY.—The investment certainly seems very attractive, and we can confidently recommend you to plunge. From what you tell us we should imagine that it will grow dearer every day.

AGNES.—You are only one of many who still believe in the old fallacy that the Younger Male Stock is irredeemable. In point of fact it is nothing of the kind. The classes of security you mention are highly desirable. They have been steady for some time now, and, so far as we can see, are likely to remain so.

BACKSLIDER.—The penalty for failing to meet an engagement varies with the circumstances, and is fixed by a committee of twelve. The speculation was exceedingly hazardous, and you should have gone more thoroughly into the matter before entering into the agreement.



VERY MANY THANKS.

Roy (who has been out to tea). "MRS. FREEMAN'S CAKE IS BETTER THAN OURS, MAMMA."

Mamma. "I HOPE YOU SAID 'THANK YOU,' NICELY?"

Roy. "OH, YES, MAMMA. I SAID IT FIVE TIMES."

Mamma. "YOU NEED ONLY HAVE SAID IT ONCE, DEAR."

Roy. "BUT I HAD FIVE PIECES OF CAKE, MAMMA!"

the better qualities, but the demand for raw material continues weak.

Plain descriptions, on the whole, seem rather dull, and there has not been much demand for them. Consequently the stocks in hand are very big, and several large holders have been obliged to unload at a loss.

Continental Adventuresses have been moving very rapidly, but they are being heavily discounted just now, and there is a strong indisposition to give much credit in this quarter. Invaults, however, which have lately been distinctly weak, have now rallied considerably, and may be expected to strengthen still more before long.

The market for options in Hair-colours is very brisk. At the last making-up gold was in great demand, while copper

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

DR. ALFRED WALLACE started what happily proved an exceptionally long and supremely useful life under the shadow of a cloud. "Our family had but few relations," he mournfully mentions in the opening sentence of *My Life* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), "and I myself never saw a grandfather or a grandmother, nor a true uncle, and but one aunt. Worse still, my father was practically an only son." A quaint way of putting it, explained by the fact that an elder brother died when three months old. These accumulated family misfortunes would have broken the spirit of some men. ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE, endowed with a serene nature, impregnable patience, irresistible energy and an insatiable appetite for beetles, soared above his circumstances. He was cheered on one occasion when, homeward-bound, he anchored at Malta on account of the state of health of two birds of paradise captured in the Malay Peninsula, and discovered close by his hotel a baker's shop, where was available an unlimited supply of cockroaches. These the birds of paradise ate, renewing their life like the eagle, and getting safely to the Zoological Gardens in London. Starting in life as a land surveyor, Dr. WALLACE's instinct irresistibly led him far afield in search of strange beetles, *rare ares*, quaint beasts, and unknown fish. In turn he visited the Amazon, the Malay Archipelago, and Australasia, adding rare specimens of natural objects to an unparalleled collection. The book would have been better if it had been confined to one volume instead of being stuffed by extraneous matter to the size of two portly ones. But, as far back as the days of HOMER, when seniors gather at the Scæan Gate they are apt to grow garrulous. My Baronite finds temporary indulgence in the octogenarian naturalist's garrulity delightful. Methuselah, conscious of exceptional advantages, was the man to enjoy every line of these 900 pages of closely printed type. Modern man, who hath but a short time to live, must needs discriminate.

Messrs. METHUEN & Co. must not be considered amenable to the charge of "belittling SHAKESPEARE" in consequence of their having reproduced all his works, clearly printed, in forty very small volumes under the style and title of *The Little Quarto Shakspeare*. Each little book is perfectly adapted to any pocket (with a shilling in it) not exceeding three inches and a quarter wide, and four inches in depth. Even with the instructive scholarly introductions and footnotes by W. J. CRAIG, there is nothing whatever heavy about them. The Baron advises the exhausted wayfarer, thirsting for a draught from the Shakspearian spring, to drop into any pub(lisher's), accosting the attendant with, "What ho, there! bring me a small quart o' Shakspeare, neat." And they are decidedly neat.

My Baronite suspects that Mrs. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN's favourite amongst the characters in her new story, *Rose o' the River* (CONSTABLE), is the one who fills the title rôle. *Rose Wiley* is, in truth, sufficiently attractive to justify her pet name, *Briar Rose*. By comparison with her lover, *Stephen Waterman*, she is shallow, unsteadfast, distinctly selfish. *Stephen* is what they call on the banks of the Saco River a driver, *Anglicè*, a man who directs the drifts of fallen forest logs down the river to the lumber station. His vocation gives KATE DOUGLAS an opening for a stirring description of the picturesque scene when the logs get jammed and the country-side turns out to free them. Reading the animated page one feels the breath of the mountain air on his cheeks and hears the glad rush of the emancipated river. A delightful character is *Rose's* grandfather, *Mr. Wiley*, with his reminiscences of "old Kennebec" River and his outspoken contempt for the unimportance of the Saco, by whose

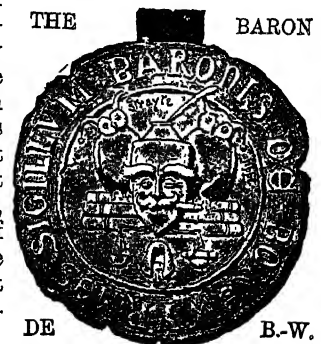
banks fortune and an impregnable dislike for hard work have brought him. As usual, KATE DOUGLAS does not spoil good work by attenuation. *Rose o' the River* is a dainty little volume, charmingly illustrated by Mr. GEORGE WRIGHT, and calculated to carry the reader through a couple of pleasant hours.

On *Picturesque Yorkshire* (VALENTINE AND SONS) Mr. WILLIAM ANDREWS and his editor, A. H. MILLAR, F.S.A. Scot., are to be congratulated. Walter-Scotians, remembering *Isaac of York*, will sincerely hope that he was not among the five hundred Jews who, at the accession of RICHARD THE FIRST, suffered at the hands of these Yorkers. The illustrations, reproduced photographs, are excellent.

In writing *The Difficult Way* (SMITH, ELDER), MABEL DEARMER sets herself a difficult task. It is to trace out the process by which a woman, absolutely regardless of self, its weakness and its passions, reaches the perfectness of a happy life by giving herself up to working out the physical and spiritual good of others. The theme is familiar enough. The merit lies in so handling it that it shall avoid the commonplace. This triumph has been achieved. There are some not altogether satisfactory characters in the play. But the principal part, assumed by *Nan Pilgrim*, is finely conceived and admirably worked out. After a fashion not unknown to women who write and to some men, MABEL DEARMER has used up scraps of home-made poetry, and, *à propos de bottes*, scatters them over her pages. There is one on page 154, a gem of eleven lines, in which my Baronite recognises true poetry.

Ten Years of Tory Government (Liberal Publication Department) is perhaps a little monotonous in its tone. Professedly a handbook for the use of Liberals, it abundantly provides powder and shot for the forthcoming election campaign. Omitting the Fiscal Question, a merciful concession, it covers the record of Tory dealing with domestic questions from 1895 to the end of last session. As Mr. BIRRELL, who contributes what is sometimes called a Foreword, admits, the book is compiled from a Liberal point of view. But, as he justly adds, "chapter and verse is given for every statement printed." Whilst Liberal candidates will find it exceedingly meaty in the way of sustaining their cause, my Baronite recommends it to gentlemen on the other side as usefully indicating in advance what they have to answer, and, if possible, to refute.

The Spider's Eye, by WILLIAM LE QUEUX (CASSELL & Co.). Not a bad title; but is a spider's "vision limited" to one optic? Let not any skipper imagine that a mere cursory reading will enable him to pass an examination as to intricacies of plot. Here is a poser, put by one of the characters to another—"But were you aware of who the man was who was discovered dead in your room?" No wonder the reply is "No; not in the least." Those who remember *Dora* may think they are about to detect a criminal by "a faint odour of some sweet perfume, the same odour that permeated the drawer in which the handkerchiefs were kept"—but not a bit of it. This is only the trail of the red herring. The literary sensational sportsman who rides in Mr. LE QUEUX's country has his work cut out for him, but he will go right through from cover to cover, and will congratulate himself on a good run, even if it be not quite up to the best of what this Master has previously provided for him.



FACTS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

(From Informative Bits.)

PICKLED onions were introduced into England by the Crusaders.

The early Babylonians were unacquainted with the use of the telephone.

It is not generally known that by subtracting the number of wet days in a year from 365 you can ascertain approximately the number of fine days.

Motorists are said to enjoy more "fine days" than any other class of the community.

Fur is best removed from the inside of a kettle with a razor.

COLUMBUS discovered America towards the end of the Fifteenth Century, and was very properly punished by a long term of imprisonment.

There is no phrase in the Tibetan language which will exactly express the English term "Nonconformist Conscience."

No trace of any system of fire insurance has been discovered amongst the prehistoric relics of the cave-men.

It is not actually libellous to call a man a "newspaper interviewer." Before damages can be recovered it must be proved that the term was used maliciously.

In Spitzbergen frozen beer is sold by the yard, and *bonâ-fide* travellers always provide themselves with substantial beer walking-sticks to support themselves on the homeward journey.

Cabbage leaves are frequently used as umbrellas in the Solomon Isles.

Though it has often been pointed out that the Devil was the first Radical, yet many intelligent people are unaware that ADAM was the first Labour Leader.

Whilst England possesses 6,000 daily and weekly newspapers, still she has only 60 gaols. It is even more remarkable, if possible, to find that we have only 1,000 cemeteries for our 70,000 doctors to work in.

Blind people have frequently been

convicted of drunkenness, but none of our police courts has ever seen a deaf and dumb Passive Resister.

Fishmongers never advertise sales of old and soiled stock.

Nearly all the inhabitants of the Great Sahara are total abstainers.

Mr. SILAS HOCKING has not written more than 1123 novels.

IN CORPORE SANO.

MR. PUNCH'S HEALTH YEAR-BOOK.

In his "Daily Health Diary" Mr. EUSTACE MILES includes advice such as "Fourteenth week—Improve your looks," "June 20—Be and look ready to start in any direction," "Spend half an hour a day wishing good health to every one." We append a few exercises which

we have personally found useful:—

Jan. 1. — Dress in bathing-suit and stand on L. foot in ice-cold bath; R. leg extended backwards, R. eye closed; spread the toes, place the tongue in L. cheek and try to imagine what a fool you must look.

Feb. 9. Relaxation Exercise.—Sit in arm-chair by large fire, holding a full-sized Havana cigar in both lips.

March 25. Quarter-Day.—Draw in breath. Stand with feet apart, and keep on reading unpaid bills until the skin acts freely. Finish with a brisk walk to Scotland without leaving your address.

May 30. ALFRED AUSTIN born, 1835.—Roll the eye-balls in opposite directions, keeping the face as straight as possible.

July 8. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN born, 1836. Gymnastics for the head.—Stand on chalk line on the floor and study the fiscal question. R. and L. brows knitted; collar and tie removed; work the brain freely.

Aug. 9. — Dress in new, well-cut suit and jingle fifteen to twenty sovereigns in right trousers pocket (five times). Repeat with left. Think of the people you have avoided paying. This exercise has a reassuring and exhilarating effect.

Oct. 21. Trafalgar Day.—Fill the lungs and ponder for ten minutes over Lord NELSON, patriotism, the Empire, hearts of oak and the playing fields of Eton. Expel the air violently. Throw out the front of the chest and glare.

Dec. 25. Christmas Day.—Eat a generous meal. Stand erect on the hearth-rug and mention the name of your favourite enemy, adding, "A thoroughly good chap; I like him."



Amelia Jane. "STOP CRYIN', DO! DON'T BE A BABY!"

The eating championship of the world is held by an Austrian baron, who devoured fourteen geese at a sitting.

Mr. LABOUCHERE does not always write Truth.

When a guinea pig attempts to bite its tail it is suffering from hydrophobia.

NATURE IN MUFTI.—"The burglars were making good progress with the inner door when the detectives fell upon them like an avalanche in plain clothes." —*Evening News*.

THE LIBERAL SPLIT.

Miranda. "O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces."—*The Tempest*, Act. i., Sc. 2.

KEY TO ALLEGORY.

Antonio (Actual Duke) . . . Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.
Prospero (Rightful Duke). . . A. PRIMROSE, EARL OF ROSEBURY.
Miranda Almost any Unionist, disguised as a
Primrose Dame, in an Empire gown.

SCENE—*Cornwall. Rocky coast.*

WHEN Duke Antonio's ship in SHAKESPEARE's play
Was by the Tempest's violence abused,
There followed, so the stage directions say,
"A noise within," deplorably "confused,"
And, much concerned at losing wife and kit,
The crew remarked, "We split, we split, we split!"

'Twas then Miranda, from her rocky cell
Observing what was going on at sea,
Said she would thank her sire to go and quell
The blizzard raised by his own devilry;
And, pleading softly like a plaintive dove,
Threw off the passage which appears above.

An Allegory. Lo! the Liberal craft—
Lately through halcyon seas we saw her plough;
Tried Admirals controlled her fore and aft,
Six at the helm and seven at the prow,
When suddenly, at Prosperosebery's word,
Out of the calm a hurricane occurred.

Banished to solitude beside the wave
(Land's End, or else the Lizard) he had donned
Magician's robes, and from his seaward cave,
For so the fancy took him, fetched his wand
And called the whirlwinds out, and cried "What ho!
Send me yon Liberal lugger down below!"

There was aboard her, when the good ship brake,
A brother who had occupied his shoes;
The hermit may have wished for old time's sake
To show that he could shock him, should he choose;
That is, no doubt, C.-B. Antonio's view,
Explaining why the thing was split in two.

And sad Miranda—who assumes her rôle?
It couldn't be *The Westminster Gazette*,
For though that organ, like an injured soul,
Regards the split with infinite regret,
Still, for a daughter pleading with Papa,
Its tone is much too much *de haut en bas*.

I would, myself, engage to speak the part,
In Empire costume, as a Primrose dame:—
"Sire, you have given our nerves a horrid start;
You mustn't, please, repeat that jumpy game;
Spare the poor crew whom we would gladly see
Snug in the haven where they want to be.

"O by the name of PRIMROSE, which we share
(And we have tastes in common, more than one),
Do not, ah do not, damage past repair
Our prospect of a little quiet fun;
Bring them to land, and speed with timely aid
Our hopes of Opposition long delayed!" O. S.

WE are glad to learn from *The Times* that a Pan-Polish
Committee has been formed at Warsaw. This should brighten
things up a little.

THE DREAM AND ITS INTERPRETATION.

[Showing how successfully Mr. Asche as "Nick Bottom" makes an
Asche of himself at the Adelphi.]

MR. OTHO STUART has done a wise thing in anticipating
Christmas entertainments by a revival of SHAKESPEARE's exquisite
fairy comedy, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which, it is safe
to predict, will find favour with all playgoers. It will come
"as a boon and a blessing" to the puzzled parents and
guardians who, during the holidays, are so anxious to give
the young folks from school not only a real treat for their
present delectation but one which, when they arrive at being
laudatores temporis acti, will be to them ever memorable
among their recollections of the stage.

Messrs. HICKS and HARKER, the scenic artists, have done
excellent work for this production, *Carpenter Quince's* home
at Athens being a cleverly contrived interior, and the
Wood Scene as effective a "set" as has ever been placed on
any stage. When one remembers the woodland pictures at
other theatres that within the last few years have been
recognised as gems of scene-painting, to place this one among
them is to bestow upon it praise of a distinctly high character.

As the scenery in itself is an attraction contributing its
share towards the achievement of general success, so too is
the music under the direction of Mr. CHRISTOPHER WILSON,
ably seconded by his assistant Mr. FERRARI. MENDELSSOHN's
overture begins at eight punctually, and everyone, delighting
in this charming expression of the composer's fancy, should
manage to be quietly seated a few minutes before that hour,
in order to enjoy the delicious music that has now become
part and parcel of *The Dream*. The orchestra is just a trifle
too loud, but with this slight exception, a fault which it is pro-
bable ere now has been remedied, the instrumental music is
admirably rendered throughout, as are the songs and choruses.

As the first "Singing Fairy" (*Oberon and Titania* apparently
keep only three principal choristers, whose names do not
appear in the Fairy Court Circular, where only their special
qualifications as "first, second, and third, singing fairy"
are recorded) Miss ELIZABETH PARKINA sang the familiar
"*Over Hill, over Dale*" with great charm; and the ever
popular duet, "*I know a bank*," was so well rendered by
Miss PARKINA and the "Second" Fairy, Miss ETHEL JAMES, as
to be enthusiastically redemanded.

A little later Fairy PARKINA joined with a spritely friend of
hers, namely Miss PATTIE HORNSBY, the *Third Fairy*, in the
well-known duet "*You Spotted Snakes*." Subsequently did
this industrious and indefatigable vocalist, the Fairy PARKINA,
sing the solo and lead the chorus in "*On the Ground*," written by
Master CHRISTOPHER WILSON (the Musical Director who is "keep-
ing up the CHRISTOPHER"), finishing with the Mendelssohnian
"*Through the House*" which, with its chorus, gives so telling
a termination to the dramatic Fairy Tale. So Miss PARKINA,
tout-à-fait La Fée, having plenty to do and plenty to get, in
the way of applause, does her spiriting well and gracefully.

And now for the "*Immortals*," "*Mortals*," and lastly "*The
Clowns*," who are mentioned as some creation entirely apart.

Fairies first. Let us agree that the ordinary fairies
should be as small as possible. They ought to be so tiny
that the fur of mice would provide them with winter-coats,
and that for any one of them an acorn-shell would be an
ample hiding place. Granted. Well, such as these, any Act
of Parliament or of the L. C. C. "all to the contrary notwith-
standing," it is impossible to obtain. So we are treated to
the smallest size procurable, and merry little elves they are,
perfectly trained, thoroughly intelligent, and working with
a will. The mortal Indian boy, the cause of the domestic
squabble 'twixt *Oberon and Titania*, is a chubby little trot,
rather smaller than the least of the fairies, who wins the
hearts and "hands" of all beholders.

King *Oberon*, Mr. WALTER HAMPDEN, towers above his subjects



ONLY WILLIAM'S WAY.

MADAME LA FRANCE. "WHAT A VERY UPPISH PERSON!"

MR. JOHN BULL. "OH, I SUPPOSE IT'S WHAT HE CALLS BEING 'CORRECT.'"

["In foreign policy the relations of the German Empire with all the Powers are correct, and with most Powers they are good and friendly."
The Kaiser's Speech at the Reichstag.—"The Times," Wednesday, November 29.]



Groom (whose master is fully occupied with unmanageable pair which has just run into rear of omnibus). "WELL, ANYWAY, IT WASN'T THE GUV'NOR'S FAULT." "Bus Conductor. "NO—IT WAS YOUR FAULT, FOR LETTING 'IM DRIVE!"

by quite a couple of feet, but how otherwise could it have been, seeing that his jealous *Queen Titania* (sweetly represented, with delicate sense of humour, by Miss ROXY BARTON) reminds him of his *amours* with *Phillida*, and straitly accuses him of conducting himself in a rather unfairly manner towards "the bouncing Amazon" *Hippolyta* (amply represented by Miss CONSTANCE ROBERTSON), now about to become the bride of *Theseus*, who finds a stolidly dignified impersonator in Mr. ALFRED BRYDON. And no pigmy fairy could *Titania* have been, seeing that *Oberon* plainly accuses her of being a Fairy "with a past" in respect to this same redoubtable *Theseus*. So, as to size, we may consider the cast of the fairies so far satisfactory. Miss BEATRICE FERRAR is bright and lively as *Puck*, a character of which it is well-nigh impossible for anyone to give more than a fairly satisfactory impersonation.

As *Lyander* and *Demetrius*, Mr. H. R. HIGNETT and Mr. IAN PENNY are respectively deserving of much praise. Miss FRANCES DILLON is a comparatively quiet *Hermia* until aroused, when a tiger cat is not in it with her. This situation, the quarrel, a regular low vulgar slum-alley row between two young ladies, is one of the most telling in the piece. I do not ever remember having seen its force so strongly brought out as it is by Miss DILLON as *Hermia* and Miss LILY BRAYTON as *Helena*. Miss BRAYTON, looking so pretty and speaking so distinctly, does all that possibly can be done with the part.

Mr. CALEB PORTER bears himself well, not a very heavy burden, as *Old Egeus*, father of *Hermia*, who, it seems, held some official position at the rather meagrely attended court of *Theseus*, Duke of Athens.

And the mention of 'the court brings me in due course to "The Clowns." Mr. LYALL SWETE, to whom the character of *Peter Quince* is no novelty, resumed his old part to the evident satisfaction of the audience. Messrs. CHARLES ROCK, KAY SOUPER, and H. KITTS, individualised *Snug*, *Flute*, and *Snout* with considerable humour. Why *Starveling*, Mr. HERBERT GRIMWOOD, should be represented as stone-deaf, puzzles me. Is it an old stage tradition? If so it is a stupid one, and when overdone, as it is here, the business becomes tedious. Where is the authority for it in the original text?

As for the *Nick Bottom* of Mr. OSCAR ASCHE it is most artistic. His thorough enjoyment of his own importance, his assumption of superiority, his airs of condescension, his overweening conceit, as a theatrical amateur, evidenced in his thrusting himself forward to show his companions how every part ought to be played, are all phases of character perfectly true to nature, and not in the least overcharged in representation. Then his nervousness before the ducal audience, and, on its gradually wearing itself out, his vulgar familiarity with *Duke Theseus* and *Duchess Hippolyta*, are admirable. His utter absence of humour and his evident air of crediting himself with being an exceptionally entertaining personage, are finely brought out by Mr. OSCAR ASCHE. In that most difficult scene where he has to wear the pantomimic head of a donkey he is excellent, and to his signal success Miss BARTON's *Titania*, so madly in love with this utter ass, artistically contributes.

The management may be heartily congratulated on the production, and Mr. OSCAR ASCHE ought to have no reason for regretting it as an Oscar rash venture.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE LODGING-HOUSE "GENERAL."

I MADE her acquaintance in lodgings at Brighton, where she did all that was to be done in the house. She was very hard-working, and had, so far as I could judge, no repose, either in the limited sense of manner or in the general sense of taking rest. The staircase, the rooms and the passages resounded with her labour. If you can imagine a substantially embodied hurricane clattering up-stairs with a breakfast-tray in its hands, bursting with violence through a door, exclaiming "I done it quick that time," and then panting itself out as it arranged cups and dishes and the rest on the table, you will have some faint idea of the methods practised by this indomitable girl. Nothing ever pierced through the armour of her good nature. Once when, having all but reached the landing with her tray, she made a false step and rolled, like the shameless stone of Sisyphus, to the bottom, she rose from the welter of tea and buttered toast and poached eggs with a pleasant smile, remarked that she'd been bumped a lot worse than that many a time afore, and immediately began her cheerful preparations for restoring the feast. I cannot say that her immunity from hurt much surprised me, for her figure was one that nature seemed by way of precaution to have encased in oak and triple brass, over which her print dress fitted with a wonderful rigidity. Her slippers were down at heel, and the noise they made as she hurled herself across a room reminded her, she often said, of scaring rooks with a clapper—for she had originally come from a farm, and still had in her bearing something of the amiable ungainliness of the cows with whom her early days had been passed.

To my mother, who was with me on this visit, she took a great fancy. She would burst in upon her at odd times (always with a tray), and relate to her in a hoarse whisper many stirring incidents of her family history. One of these conversations I overheard: "I wonder," began CONSTANCE, for that was her name, "I wonder 'ow long I shall stay 'ere. There's only me, yer see—nobody to talk to—lor', it *is* dull—yer see there's nobody to call young in this 'ouse—my! it *is* quiet. There was three where I was afore, and we was company for each other. I was in the kitchen there. I can't get on with the stairs 'ere; soon shan't be able to get my boots on for going out—my feet do swell so. You never 'eard o' my brother GEORGE, I s'pose? Ah, 'e was a good un; 'e'd got a look o' your son, but bigger in the moustache and bolder lookin', and my brother was clever; 'e could write poetry, 'e could, but 'e's dead now. I've brought 'is likeness to show you—that's 'is young lydy beside 'im—and 'ere's the bit 'o poetry 'e wrote when my brother JACK died; they're beautiful, the verses are. Mother 'ad 'em printed orf, and I'll give you the copy 'cos you're kind." These were the verses, in which I keep the punctuation of the original:—

In memory of my brother dear,
These few lines I have composed:
He is not dead in our memory here,
Although this life is closed.

It was on board a barquentine,
Ann Humphreys was her name,
JOHN HARRISON sailed from Limerick,
His living for to gain.

It was on the nineteenth day of March,
They encountered a stiffish breeze;
He got wet through, then caught a cold,
Which never did him leave.

It was on the nineteenth day of April,
He came home too ill to work;
He came home to a mother's care,
Where he could breath his native air.

It was on the nineteenth day of August,
Just five months from the start,
Our dear lad died a happy death,
Although 'twas sad for us to part.

Dear friends, this seems a singular thing,
Each day of these months should be nineteen;
But wait, there's one more for this page,
For he was nineteen years of age.

Friends? why yes, I should think he had
For he found them on every hand;
They did their best for this poor lad,
Before he left his native land.

But still we know that he is better off,
Although a vacant place at home
Can ne'er be filled upon this earth,
For God has called him for his own.

"Ah," continued the girl, when my mother had finished reading these lines, "I can see you like 'em. We all think 'em beautiful. I went to the cemetery last Sunday with some flowers for 'is grave."

"Where is he buried?" asked my mother.

"What, GEORGE? Why atop o' JACK," and with that she hurtled out of the room.

BE IN TIME.

(Some Seasonable Warnings.)

THE Postmaster-General issued last week his usual despairing instructions to the public to post early for Christmas, to tie up parcels securely, to make sure postage is fully prepaid, to address letters clearly, to obtain ample supplies of stamps, to see that envelopes fit the stamps, and so on. There is nothing like being in good time, and Christmas gets earlier every year. The present-giving, card-despatching and holiday season now begins at the end of November, and we shall soon have it in mid-autumn. *Mr. Punch*, therefore, implores his readers to start at once out of town so as to avoid the rush three weeks later, to take care to buy their tickets and see that their luggage is correctly labelled, to provide themselves with sufficient money for a prolonged stay in the country or at Monte Carlo (say), and not to come back till the coast is clear.

All Christmas annuals should long before now be back numbers and relegated to the nursery or foreign parts, with the exception, of course, of a certain indispensable Illustrated Almanack which will retain its freshness till its successor arrives, and after.

"He gives twice who gives early" should be the motto for purchasers of presents. Select and distribute, therefore, your *étrennes* without further delay, and the *e* will then be ample time for their pleased recipients to pass them on three or four times over before Dec. 25th. Those who wait till the last moment and buy late will also, in accordance with the proverb, pay twice as much for being in a hurry.

Get your Christmas and New Year's Greetings over and done with as early as possible this week. This will show that you are alive to the situation and know how to avoid banalities on the dates in question.

If you are the Waits, amateur or professional, stop doing it At Once, and give up the practice altogether.

If you expect Christmas boxes of any kind, be sure to ask for them Now. This is a trying experience for all parties, and should not be allowed, through undue delay, to mar the season's festivities.

The observance of these simple precautions will enable the public to spend a quiet and unjostled holiday, and to attend to the turkey, the plum pudding and the pantomime in a proper frame of mind.



PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Master (exasperated by lady who has been over-riding hounds all day). "WILL NONE OF YOU GENTLEMEN TAKE THAT YOUNG LADY AWAY AND MARRY HER?"

THE ECONOMISTS; OR, 'WARE WIRE.

ANOTHER EXERCISE IN THE NEW
ADVERTISING.

THE following telegrams have been exchanged between the Manager of *The Banner* Circulating Library for Book-shovers and U. B. D., Bungay, an inquirer "in a desperate hurry for books."

MESSAGE. No. 1.

TO { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.
Contemplate joining Book-shovers.
Desperate hurry for books. Wire how long to wait and terms.
FROM { U. B. D., Bungay.

ANSWER.

TO { U. B. D., Bungay.
No waiting. Can join at once.
You pay £2 5s. a year and get *Banner* and two books a day shoved at you. Book-shovers two words. I had to pay halfpenny extra on your message.
Please be careful.

FROM { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.

MESSAGE. No. 2.

TO { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.
Not my fault about Book-shovers. Fault of telegraph operator. Get halfpenny back from G.P.O. Suppose I don't want *Banner*. What then? Reply instantly.

FROM { U. B. D., Bungay.

ANSWER.

TO { U. B. D., Bungay.
Must have it. No escape. You need not read it. Read books and throw away paper.

FROM { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.

MESSAGE. No. 3.

TO { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.
How much two books per minute? Am very quick reader. Cannot you make reduction if I don't want *Banner*? Very annoying to have paper one does not want.

FROM { U. B. D., Bungay.

ANSWER.

TO { U. B. D., Bungay.
Must have paper. Please take word for it. Telegraphing becoming very costly. Can have two books per minute by paying £50 a year extra. Better read pamphlet before telegraphing again.

FROM { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.

MESSAGE. No. 4.

TO { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.
Have not pamphlet. Please send one by special train. Must have books at once. Send sample novels by same train. £50 too much. You did not reply to question about reduction for rejecting *Banner*.

FROM { U. B. D., Bungay.

ANSWER.

TO { U. B. D., Bungay.
Am despatching pamphlet. Cannot send novels until you pay subscription. Must charge you for telegrams unless you stop soon.

FROM { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.

MESSAGE. No. 5.

TO { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.
Pamphlet incomplete. Two pages missing. Please send another by special train.

FROM { U. B. D., Bungay.

ANSWER.

TO { U. B. D., Bungay.
Sorry for mistake. Am sending complete pamphlet by special train. Read attentively. Full of advantages.

FROM { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.

MESSAGE. No. 6.

TO { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.
Have read pamphlet. Shall not join. Should never know what to do with *Banner*.

FROM { U. B. D., Bungay.

No REPLY.

MORE ENTENTE.

I.—NORWAY AND "THE TIMES."

A NORWEGIAN ship-owning firm is so enchanted by the tone of *The Times* articles on the formation of the new kingdom of Norway that it has asked permission to name one of its new vessels *The Times*, to which the powers of Printing House Square have graciously consented, on condition that the ship is never allowed to approach nearer than ten knots to the Maelstrom.

That, however, is not all. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* is to be the sole ballast employed; all the officers and crew are to subscribe to *The Times* library; and as a compliment to *The Times* staff various important parts of the vessel are to be named after the principal writers on the paper. The following is a list of some of the new names that have been decided upon:—

The Compass	{ is to be called }	The Buckle.
The Rudder	"	The Bell.
The Steward	"	The Walter.
The Foghorn	"	The Wynnard Hooper.
The Companion	"	The Supplement.
The Scuppers	"	The Cappers.
The Windlass	"	The Wallace.
The Anchor	"	The Amery.
The Binnacle	"	The Humphry Ward.
The Siren	"	The Maitland.
The Lifeboat	"	The Stars and Stripes.

Furthermore every A.B. on this vessel will be known as A.B.W.

II.—NEWFOUNDLAND AND "THE DAILY MAIL."

In connexion with recent political events which have led to the internal development of this interesting island, the Editor of *The Daily Mail* has received a signal compliment conveyed in the following letter from the Governor of Newfoundland:—

"During the negotiations which preceded the conclusion of the Anglo-French agreement, it has been a great comfort and satisfaction to us all to note the appreciation, sympathy, and support with which our case has been met in the columns of your highly esteemed and altogether coruscating journal. As the result of an unanimous *plébiscite* of the entire population, I am empowered to inform you that it is the intention of the Colony to rename all the principal towns, capes, &c., in your honour. The details are not all decided, but I may mention that it is practically settled to rename St. John's St. Alfred's, while Capes Bauld, Ray, and Race, will henceforth be known as Capes Harold, Hildebrand, and Cecil. The Annieopsquotch



[Japanese wrestling is now being taught in the night-schools all over the kingdom.]

Mistress. "MAY I ASK WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS DISGRACEFUL BEHAVIOUR?"

New Buttons. "THE BUTLER AND ME, MUM, 'AD A LITTLE DIFFERENCE OF OPINION, MUM. SO I GIVE 'IM A LITTLE 'JOO-JITSOO,' MUM!"

Mountains, hitherto sadly handicapped by their cacophonous title, will, it is confidently believed, take a new and more commanding position under the impressive cognomen of the Carmelite Rockies, and the Blownedown Mountains have been felicitously rechristened Begbie's Beacons. A slight *contretemps* has arisen owing to the fact that seventeen different towns have all clamoured for the honour of being renamed Answersville, but it is hoped that this difficulty may be arranged by the process of drawing lots amongst the eighty-three newspapers conducted under your management. But before going any further, we make free to ask your kind sanction to use the name of your revered family to replace that by which the island is at present known. 'Harmsworthland,' in the opinion of every thinking man, is at once a more concise, heroic and tasty appellation than that under which we now labour; and we foresee a time when no newspaper office in Great Britain will be complete without a Harmsworthland dog."

In reply the Editor of *The Daily Mail* has assured the Governor that he was honoured by the proposal, and gladly accorded whatever sanction might be in his power.

III.—QUEENSLAND AND "THE SPECTATOR."

Great exultation prevails at No. 1, Wellington Street, Strand, in consequence of the extremely gratifying cablegram recently received by the Editor from the Premier of Queensland. The message was as follows:—"Nothing has given greater comfort during prolonged drought than your matchless animal stories. Leading local millionaire offers to endow Professorship of Supernatural History at Never Never University, on condition it is called *The Spectator* Professorship, and that the holder shall be (1) an efficient member of rifle club, (2) Free trader. Shall be glad to hear whether you approve proposal." The Editor, we learn, has despatched a reply in the following terms:—"Delighted by generous and tactful compliment. By this simultaneous insistence on the paramount importance of free trade, the rifle, and the long-bow, another nail has been driven into the coffin of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S sinister proposals."

GIANTS AND GENII.—"Twenty Artistes and fifty other huge items."—(Extract from bill of touring company exhibited in Taunton.)

HORACE (NOT HUTCHINSON) ON THE LINKS.

THE swishing drive which lands you clean

Upon the stretch of turf between
The distant bunker and the green;

The coy approach which deftly hops
Into the atmosphere and stops
A yard or two from where it drops;

The putt along the well-trimmed lea
That consummates a perfect three—
Such things are good enough for me.

Give me a foe whose constant aim
Throughout the round is much the same
As mine—to win a sporting game;

Yet let him be, upon the whole,
A mild, unadjectival soul,
A monument of self control.

Give me a caddie disinclined
To fall unduly far behind
And sport with others of his kind.

Then, if the morning chance to wear
A countenance serene and fair,
With just a sparkle in the air,

I crave of Fate no more; for when
She smiles upon me thus, why, then
I am at peace with gods and men.



QUITE IMPOSSIBLE.

Motorist. "WHAT! EXCEEDING THE LEGAL LIMIT? Do WE LOOK AS IF WE WOULD DO SUCH A THING?"

THE AUTHOR'S DOOM.

[In an interview in *La Liberté* M. GEORGES ORNET complains that conditions have not changed in favour of the novelist since he began his career. These lines indicate the general tenour of his lament.]

TIME was when my works were awaited
 With eager expectant delight;
 'Twas woman's whole duty to rave of the beauty
 Of all that I happened to write.
 They read me with ardour unbated,
 Old frumps and delectable girls,
 The middle-class maiden, the dowager laden
 With adipose tissue and pearls.
 The publishers' they swarmed,
 They filled each thronging room;
 In bookshops, too, one found a crew
 Of ladies who fought all they knew;
 The libraries they stormed,
 Regardless of their doom,
 By hook or crook to get my book—
 In short, it was a boom.

But, ladies, I've passed out of fashion
 With dodos and Latin and Greek;
 Your reading consists of short snippets and lists of
 The notable books of the week;
 Rough games are your dominant passion,
 And every sweet hour when you're free
 From the Club or the City or Suffrage Committee
 Is given to sport—not to me.
 Across the links you stride
 In rugged Harris tweed,
 You swim, you float, you yacht and boat,
 You love to mope in great fur coat,

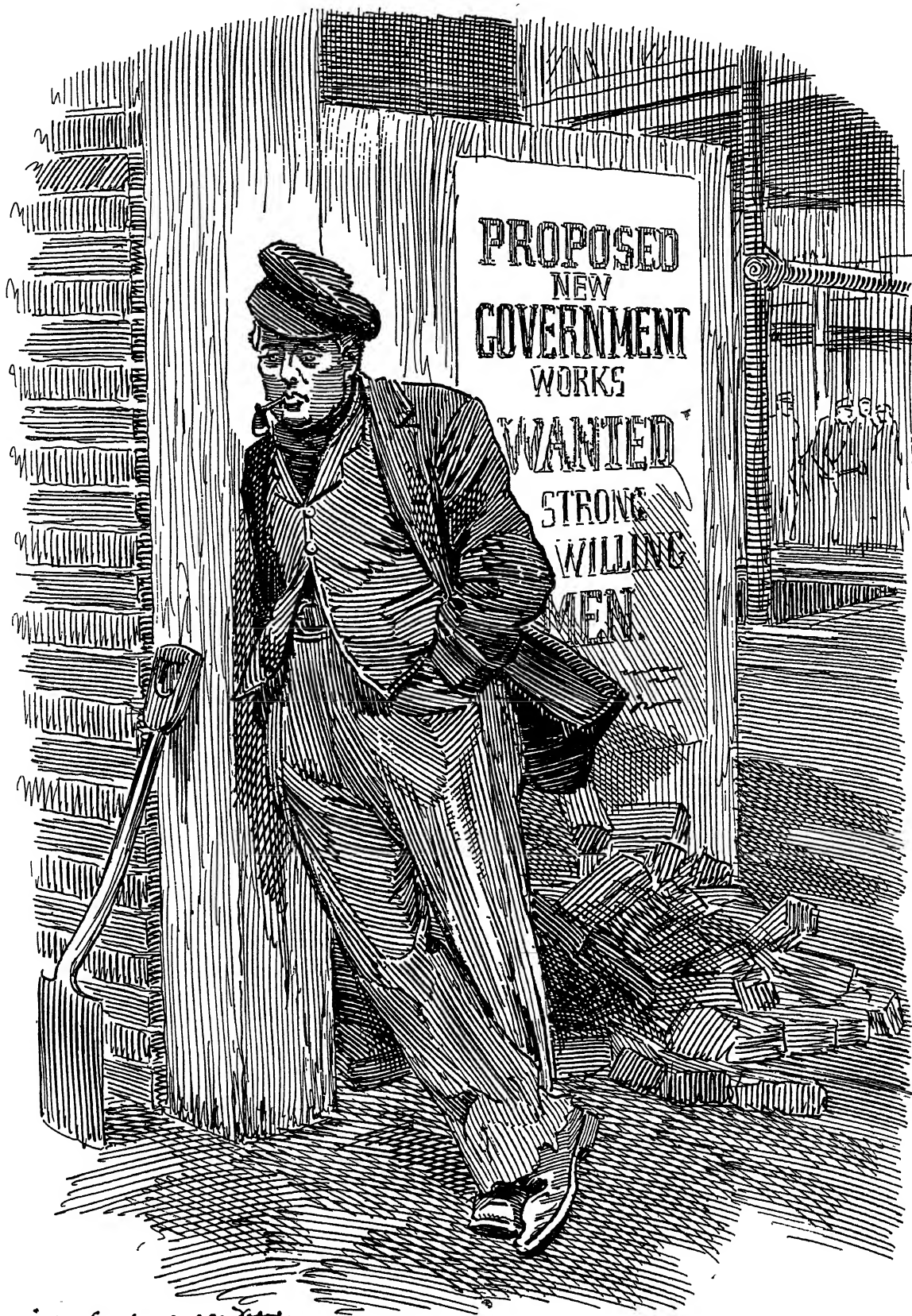
Mazeppa-like you ride
 To hounds at break-neck speed;
 There's one thing you refuse to do—
 You never, never read.

Nay, that's not the worst of the story;
 Not only on publishers' shelves
 Am I left forsaken, but, ladies, you've taken
 To writing your fiction yourselves.
 Each JANE has a perfect *furor*
 For scribbling long reams of MS.,
 And I don't know a FANNY, a KATE, or an ANNIE
 Who isn't just going to press.
 But all your toil is vain,
 And woe will soon begin,
 Your meal will fly, your cruse be dry,
 When none come nigh your wares to buy;
 Soon each must needs obtain
 Her neighbour's book to win
 Her daily steak, like those who take
 Each other's washing in.

If we may believe *The Daily Mail's* headlines,—
 "C.-B." SPEAKS,
 BUT SAYS NOTHING.

How seldom our statesmen lay their entire innermost
 thoughts before us in this frank and outspoken manner!

We glean the following advice from *The Farmer and Stockbreeder*: "There is great value in an occasional cup of hot water. Take it before retiring for insomnia." But why retire for insomnia? Why not go to sleep?



Sidney Sime.

THE UNEMPLOYABLE.

[Dedicated to Lord R-S-B-R-Y.]

IN THE NEAR EDUCATIONAL FUTURE.



"If you please, mother's got a slight inflammation of the pericardium. Can you give her a pennyworth of something to lower the action of the heart?"



"I stole 'em? Well, the *onus probandi* lies with you!"



"Not black beetles, Mum. Cockroaches. I can tell by the membranous character of the anterior wings."



"Permit me to remind you this isn't a plaice, Mum. It's a hallibut, *Hippoglossus vulgaris*. Belongs to the *Pleuronectidae* family. Only eightpence per pound."



"Yes, there was a lot of soot, Mum. I expect it was largely due to the bituminous character of the coal. You see it contains about eighty-eight per cent. of carbon."



"I should say, Mamma, from the occipital shape of baby's head, that the cerebellum is over-developed, and he rather exhibits neurotic tendencies."



"What's he done? Why, he's been and punched me in the intercostal region, and also caused an abrasion of my fibula!"

The New 'District' Developer.

WHY go to the expense of buying
A HERCULES EXERCISER
when you can strain every muscle in your body
By STRAPHANGING
every morning, all the way from Ealing to the City,
without any extra charge whatever.

"ONE great advantage of the 'Arrow' buses," said the old lady, "is that you can always tell in which direction they're going by the way the arrow points."

"BUILDING-GROUND at end of electric tramcar; fine, healthy locality."—*Advt. in "The Belfast News Letter."*
A good idea for the L.C.C. Why not let out the spare spaces on their steamers in this way?

THE "HOW TO" PAPERS.

No. III.—How to FURNISH A BEDROOM.

LET us suppose that your room is constructed with four walls, one floor, one ceiling, one door, one window, and one fireplace. A word about each of these.

Walls.—It is customary to have pieces of paper stuck on to the walls of a room. This is done by means of a substance called paste. You first buy enough paper for the purpose and then call in a tradesman known as a paper-hanger and say to him, "Hang this paper." You need only say it once, unless you decide to stick the paper on yourself, in which case you will say it more frequently.

Floor.—This is the part of the room you will walk on. In order to save wear of the wood of which it is made, you must cover it with a carpet. Carpets may be bought either at Wilton (near Salisbury), in Turkey, in Brussels, or in Pile. Pile is not shown on the maps.

Ceiling.—It is not necessary to carpet the ceiling. The flies prefer it white-washed.

Door.—A structure of wood made to open either outwards or inwards. Make up your mind whether you wish to enter your room or to leave it more frequently, and have the door hung accordingly.

Window.—A more inconvenient means of entrance or egress than the last, but preferred by burglars. "Window," like "orange," has no known rhyme in the English language, but there the resemblance ceases.

Fireplace.—This, as its name implies, is the place for a fire, but it may also be used as a fernery.

The most expensive article of furniture in a properly equipped bedroom is the bed, because it has to be made every day. It is usually made of wood or iron and, where thorough efficiency is required, it might be as well to keep a carpenter or a blacksmith on the premises to attend to the matter. The spread of technical education, however, has made it possible sometimes to find a housemaid who knows how to make a bed. A bed is intended to sleep in, and is generally considered the most suitable article manufactured for that purpose, although a well-cushioned pew is held by some to be an efficient substitute. It is not recommended, however, that a bedroom should be furnished with a pew. Where economy is a desideratum a water bed (not to be confounded with the bed of the ocean) might perhaps serve the purpose. These are recommended by the faculty, and are used by invalids. Where the water-rate is low this idea is worth consideration. Some doctors also recommend *hop pillows*. This recommendation is apt to be misunderstood and consequently resented.

Clothes are usually kept in a bedroom, and it would be obviously inconvenient to have them in a heap upon the floor, which is intended for other purposes. Nor is the ceiling available, for reasons connected with the law of gravity discovered by Sir ISAAC NEWTON. The ingenuity of ages has therefore brought to perfection various receptacles, of which the best known are the wardrobe and the chest of drawers. It would be an impertinence to describe either of these pieces of furniture, and impertinence is no part of the design of these papers.

We now turn to the washstand. To obviate the necessity of performing the customary matutinal ablutions under a tap in the kitchen or the stable-yard, it occurred to some ingenious inventor in bygone years to provide a basin and ewer in the sleeping-chamber itself. The ewer is filled with water at stated intervals, and from it the basin can be charged with a supply sufficient for all practical purposes. The corollary idea of elevating both basin and ewer to a convenient height soon brought about the discovery of the washstand as we know it to-day, the whole process being a remarkable instance of the evolution of ideas. It does not seem to be necessary to say anything more about the washstand.

The question of the dressing-table is a more complicated one, but it is useless to try and burke it. Hairpins, we suppose, must be kept somewhere, and the same may be said of silver-topped scent bottles. Then why not on a dressing-table? The problem, if problem there be, thus simply stated, solves itself. Upon the dressing-table, sometimes a component part of it, stands a looking-glass for the purpose of reflecting the form and features of him or her who uses it. A lady's dressing-table is usually provided with two small drawers, in one of which she may keep her watch and her fringe-nets and in the other her purse. When pockets again come into fashion the second drawer will become less necessary.

Every bedroom should contain a chair or two. It is well to be provided against all contingencies, and it may very well happen that the occupier of the bedroom at some time or another may wish to sit down. He or she would then be in a very awkward predicament if these useful articles of furniture had been left out of account when the room was being furnished.

We have said nothing about the decoration of the bedroom, and intend to say nothing. This may be left entirely to the preference of the occupier. If your tastes run in the direction of plush brackets and peacocks' feathers, by all means have them. If not, leave them

out of your scheme of decoration. It is your room, and nobody else has the slightest right to criticise. We speak strongly on this subject because we feel strongly. More harm is done by ill-considered advice than is generally supposed. We, for our part, know where to stop, and we stop here.

THE DARING DAMSEL.

["Young ladies are the only people nowadays who have the courage of their opinions, and all the daring books are written by feminine pens."
—*Lady Violet Greville.*]

NOWADAYS, where can you find
Men who dare to speak their mind?
Only ladies who are young
Have a quick, courageous tongue.

Who, amongst the modern men,
Wields a ready, fearless pen?
Only maids of seventeen
Dare to scribble what they mean.

Literary maidens write
Daringly, with all their might,
And, presumably, intend
That our hair shall stand on end.

I have often thought of them,
Sitting down at nine A.M.,
And endeavouring to shock
Somebody, till one o'clock.

I can almost hear them laugh,
As they pen a paragraph
Full of wicked little bits
Guaranteed to give us fits.

Maidens, I believe you make
An excusable mistake.
You are very young and so
Cannot be supposed to know.

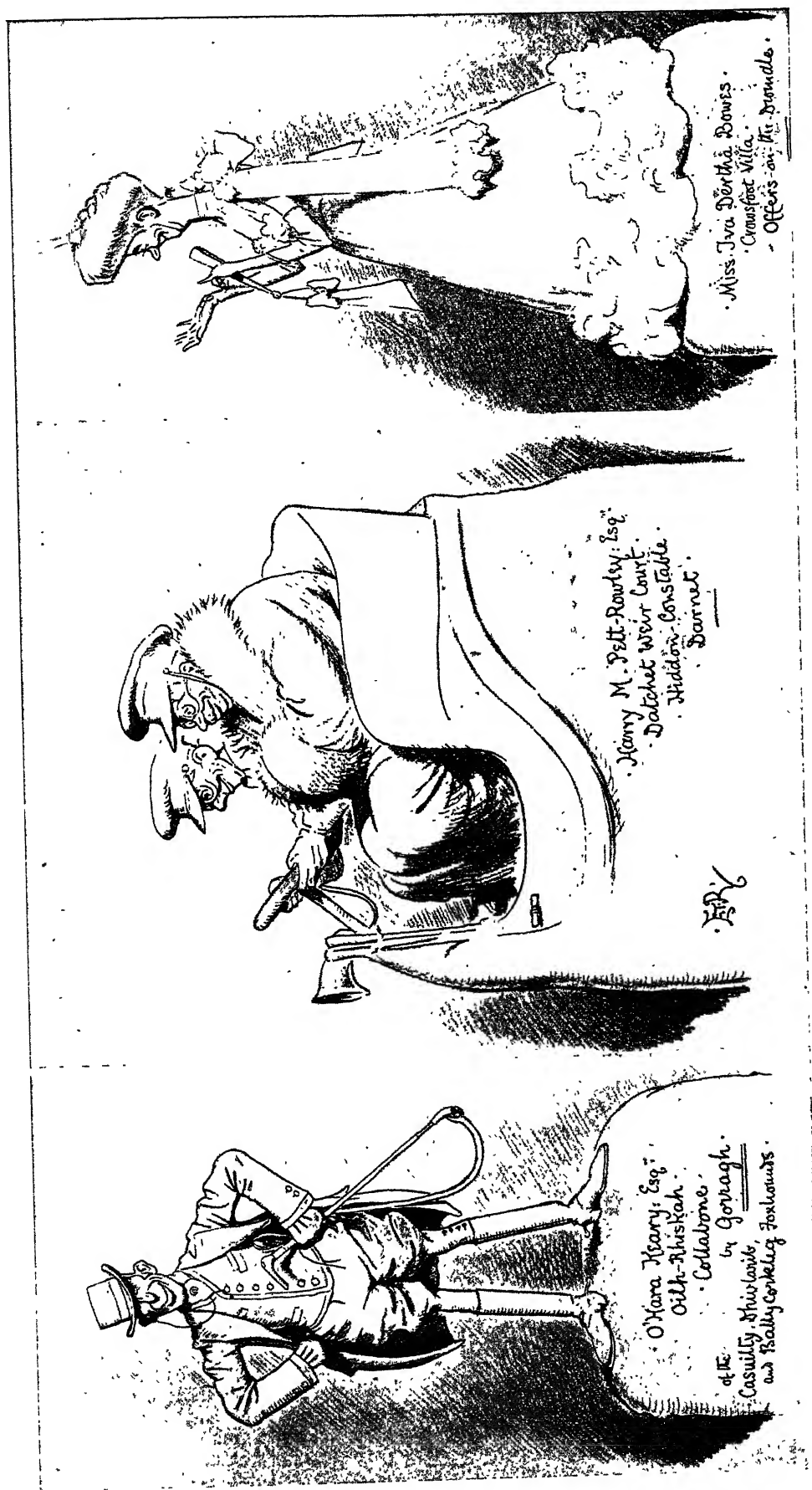
But the things that seem to you
Daring are not *very* new,
For the newest, I believe,
Is about as old as EVE.

If you ever make our eyes
Bulge a little with surprise,
It is when you illustrate
Maiden English up-to-date.

You unquestionably can
Startle the grammarian
In a way that puts to shame
Any man that I could name.

You accept no aged rules
From academies and schools.
Fearlessly you stand alone,
With a grammar of your own.

THERE was a young lady of Condoover
Whose husband had ceased to be fond
of her:
He couldn't forget
That he'd loved a brunette:—
And peroxide had since made a blonde
of her.



ONE MAN ONE MONUMENT.—NO. 5.

Further Designs for Statues of Private Individuals who, but for the enterprise of *The Times* in inaugurating a "Hall of Heroes" in connection with its Book Club Scheme, might easily have escaped national recognition.

CHARIVARIA.

WE are in a position to state definitely the truth about Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Home Rule. It is unfair to Sir HENRY to assert that he is an out-and-out Home Ruler. The matter depends entirely upon the size of his majority at the General Election. It is quite possible that this majority may be large enough to enable him to scout the idea. Sir HENRY hopes that the last may now be heard of a discussion which was not of his own choosing, and is distasteful to him.

The CZAR, it is stated, in view of the general situation, has decided to cancel all State ceremonies—including a great popular demonstration on the anniversary of his accession.

The Powers have taken charge of some of the SULTAN'S customs. We know of another monarch whose manners need overhauling. The SULTAN might drop his friend a hint.

According to an official return, there are 330 men and women in Bulgaria who are between the ages of 100 and 110. Their longevity is attributed to their good teeth and excellent digestion, and to their not being monarchs of a neighbouring State.

"Electric cars," it is announced, "will begin running from West Green to the Alexandra Palace on December 6." We are not told by what date the course is to be finished.

The Local Government Board has refused to allow the expenses incurred by the Urban Council of Clacton in telegraphing weather reports to the Press. In consequence, unless other arrangements are made, Clacton will have no weather in the future.

The London County Council, we hear, are now prepared, during the winter months, to let out some of their steamboats to private persons, at a moderate charge, for picnics, water-frolics, &c.

The Mayor of ISLINGTON is about to make an experiment which will be watched with great interest. He has determined to do without the formal announcement by the mace-bearer at the council meetings that "The Worshipful the Mayor of ISLINGTON is about to

take his seat." The idea of dispensing with this formality is, we believe, an American one. We say this without any wish to detract from the Mayor of ISLINGTON'S pluck.

The Mayor of ISLINGTON has also proposed that the various Borough Councils shall have a central intelligence exchange. The difficulty here would be that some of the Borough Councils might have nothing to offer.

Lord STANLEY has now stated that postmen are not blood-suckers, and has thus deprived bus-drivers of a great advantage in the discussion which ensues

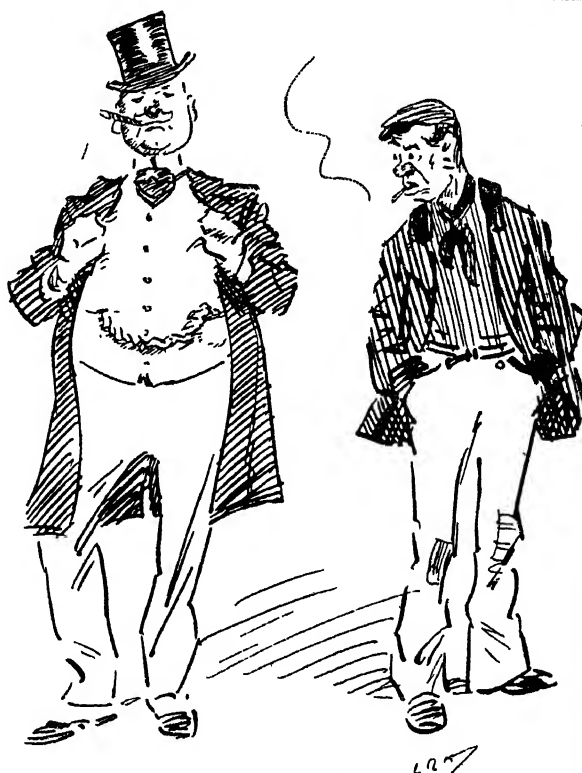
National Dog Show at Birmingham was the sole survivor of the dogs attached to the Ziegler Arctic Expedition. He was surrounded all day by a number of other dogs who listened to his yarns and politely pretended to believe them.

Owing to the comparative failure of the sardine fisheries, thousands of sprats are being pressed into the service of foreign sardine merchants, but, if we are to believe a story which reaches us, class feeling survives death. Our correspondent declares that, on opening a tin last week, he found, on the top of a number of sprats, a family of six sardines, huddled together for social warmth.

"May I ask what becomes of all the waste food of the hotels, clubs, restaurants, &c.?" asks a gentleman who writes to *The Daily Mail*. The naïveté of some persons is astounding. Has this correspondent never heard of Curried Mutton?

Considerable indignation was apparent in the omnibus world last Thursday, when it became known that Sir EDWARD ELGAR, lecturing at Birmingham University as Professor of Music, had been speaking against English Conductors.

What is this we read? We knew that only scanty clothing was required for certain sports, but we were not prepared for the following development of the idea. "Fifteen hundred men," states *The Express*, "are now engaged in fitting up Olympia for the Winter Sports Club, and they are working in day and night shifts." The Simple Life again, we suppose.



THOUGHTS FOR NON-THINKERS.

A CARELESS WATCH INVITES A VIGILANT FOE.

after a collision between an omnibus and a mail-cart.

"Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER," it is announced, "was quietly married on November 25." Are we to understand that most actresses are noisily married?

A bomb-shell has fallen in the ranks of the young ladies who are engaged to Militia and Yeomanry officers. "The period of attachment for officers of Militia and Imperial Yeomanry who are candidates for commissions in the Regular Army has been reduced from four to two months," says an Army Order.

The most interesting exhibit at the

Sir WILLIAM BROADBENT has denounced the use of india-rubber "comforters" for babies. We were under the impression that they had been discarded long ago in favour of cigarettes.

Sensationalism in the Evening Press.

ACCORDING to *The Westminster Gazette*, "the army of tourists among whose recollections of Switzerland the old Rhine bridge at Basle is not the least interesting or picturesque feature of the somewhat dull patrician town, must now be numbered with the things that are no more." We are happy to be able to state that this is an exaggeration of the facts: quite a number of survivors have since turned up.

MAIL-CART DIALOGUE.

III.

"HADN'T you better give that to me, dearie?" remarked Twoyears, in a tone of indulgent patronage, as, leaning suddenly forward, he endeavoured to wrest a woolly sheep from the grasp of the recumbent infant.

The baby frowned but tightened its grip too late, as with a sudden jerk the toy changed hands, leaving only a few fleecy shreds in its owner's dimpled fist. The bare branches of Kensington Gardens moved slowly by overhead as the mail-cart passed beneath them, and from Nurse's end of it came sounds of vivacious repartee and the clank of spurs.

"That's my sheep, and you know it," exclaimed the baby, dropping its lip.

"Yes, my pet," returned the other coolly. "I'm only keeping it for you till you are old enough to appreciate it, as Mummy does with my birthday presents. It is a sheep, as you say, but I very much doubt if you recognise its connection with nursery dinner."

"Ah well," replied the baby, "I'm going to have some jam to-night anyhow, in a spoon."

"Are you, though?" said the other with a lofty smile; "poor little kid!"

"Why — you always told me jam was nice."

"Yes, but there's jam and jam," replied Twoyears; "there's the kind that grown-up people have on their plates and refuse to part with, and the kind they bring you in a teaspoon at night which always leaves you under the impression that you have made a fatal mistake in swallowing it."

"Very well then, I sha'n't take it."

"Oh, won't you? You're as helpless in the matter as I am when they put me in the bath first to see if the water is too hot for you."

"It's a remarkably good test, I notice," retorted the baby with a smile.

"It's a most unjust proceeding!" replied the other hotly, "and you'll find I shall kick at it one of these days."

"But you do that every night," sniggered the baby; "and, by the way, you haven't got a pair of legs like I have. You should hear the ladies go into raptures over mine when I'm taken down on Mummy's 'At Home' day."

"Why, bless your little heart!" sneered Twoyears. "It's not your legs they're interested in *really*, it's the kind of stuff your petticoats are made of. One of my earliest recollections is of old

mark my words!' and though I did 'hot pies' repeatedly with both hands, it failed to amuse her."

"I don't wonder; you're getting a bit above yourself over that 'hot pies' business; but it's no good to you as an exercise—you can take it from me. 'Hot pies' will never fit you for the battle of life, or enable you to drop the cat in the water-jug as I did yesterday."

"Possibly not, but I am by no means so helpless as you imagine. Have you noticed Daddy's nose, for instance?"

"Yes, I saw it was badly barked, but thought he'd been knocking it against the table leg by mistake, like I do sometimes."

"No," announced the infant triumphantly, "that was me. Yesterday Mummy took me into the library to show Daddy my new bonnet. It was after lunch, and he was lying on the sofa playing tigers with his eyes shut. When Mummy said, 'Wake Daddy up,' it was my intention to open his eyes with the silver rattle I had in my hand, but somehow I missed my aim and brought it down on his nose instead."

"What happened?" said Twoyears.

"He woke, and began to talk in such a lively manner that Mummy took me out of the room."

"I daresay you hurt him," remarked Twoyears, "they are always sensitive over trifles like that. But hullo! don't look over the way, whatever you do—there are the next-door children and their nurse, and Mummy doesn't wish us to know them."

"Well, our Mr. ATKINS has gone across to walk with them, anyhow," said the baby.

"In that case," said Twoyears apprehensively, "look out for squalls! Doesn't NAN-NA look angry? You can see her better than I can."

"No," said the baby, "she's smiling at something in front."

Twoyears peered forward, then sank back with a sigh of relief.

"Saved!" he said. "It's a policeman!"



Mr. O'Rourke (who has been quarrelling with a Visitor). "Now, REMEMBER, JANE, THE NEXT TIME YOU LET THAT MAN IN YOU'RE TO SHUT THE DOOR IN HIS FACE!"

Grannie shedding a tear in private over the lace edging on my petticoat because it was imitation torchon, and she said she little thought to see a child belonging to her come to such beggary. That was before we made our money."

"Ah, she's altered her tone since then, for only last week she was examining my clothing on the quiet, and when she came to some garment or other (about the thirteenth in order of putting on) I heard her say to herself, '*Real Mechlin!* There'll be a smash presently,

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE appearance of the *Memoirs of Sir Wemyss Reid* (CASSELL) was looked forward to, in political circles, with exceptional interest. For a quarter of a century he had established personal relations with public men that gave him insight to the working of the machinery of politics. In succession he enjoyed the confidence of Mr. W. E. FORSTER, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Lord ROSEBURY. Beyond these he knew all who were worth knowing among lesser stars of the political firmament. A keen observer, a trained writer, it was reasonable to suppose that his memoirs, written and prepared for publication before his death, would be a valuable contribution to the history of our own time. The anticipation will doubtless be realised when the publication is completed. In the volume just issued the narrative does not extend beyond the year 1885, comprehending a comparatively humdrum epoch. It was in the following year that Mr. GLADSTONE, nailing the Home Rule flag to the Liberal ship, completed its hopeless wreckage. "For political reasons" the editor, Mr. STUART REID, brother of the memoirist, defers publication of what was written after that date. This has something of the effect of making a sort of one-horse shay of the book. Yet, regarded solely on its merits, the instalment is interesting and excellent. The struggling journalist slowly making his way in an honourable career will find much encouragement. REID began without the aid of adventitious circumstances. By sheer capacity, indomitable energy, tireless industry, he won his way to the front rank. As he tells of his own life, its early difficulties, its latest successes, he introduces many piquant portraits of public men met by the way. Amongst other things the memoirs bring into powerful light the immense strides the provincial Press has taken during the last thirty years, bringing some on a level of equality with their metropolitan contemporaries. To this end, REID, during his editorship of *The Leeds Mercury*, appreciably contributed. His familiar friends, among whom my Baronite is proud to have counted himself, will agree with Lord ROSEBURY in recognising in him "the high example of a brave and unselfish life."

The Baron's heart mightily rejoiceth at the reappearance of good old *Gammer Grethel*, with all her familiar fairy tales. Would that the reproductions of the illustrations were more satisfactory, for are not the pictures GEORGE CRUICKSHANK'S? Assuredly so. CRUICKSHANK was never, as an artist, "a lady's man" (note his failure with *Rosebud* and *The Goose Girl*), nor ever the best kind of Fairies' man, being, in this line of business, but a poor second to DICKY DOYLE, while as to humorous and grotesque drawings he was nowhere near Sir JOHN TENNIEL, the inimitable creator of *Alice-in-Wonderland's* queer people; yet for genuine drollery there have been few who could give us such a laugh as CRUICKSHANK does with, for example, his illustration to the story of *The Jew in the Bush*. Could the idea of swift travelling be more clearly expressed than it is by CRUICKSHANK in his picture of the Prince seated on the brush of the running fox? His "Pe-wit" and his "Heads Off" are simply delicious. The Baron is aware that there are two ways of spelling this artist's name, but prefers the above, for which there is excellent authority. The full title of the book is *Gammer Grethel's Fairy Tales* (THE DE LA MORE PRESS).

For some years Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL has delighted the readers of a widely circulated weekly paper with a lay sermon. The subjects have ranged from eels to CHARLOTTE BRONTË, from spectacles to Dr. GEORGE MACDONALD, from potatoes and cabbage to GEORGE ELIOT and JANE AUSTEN. In the interim divers topics suggested by recent reading or the events of the day are dealt with in chatty, withal cultured fashion that instructs while it charms. Dr. NICOLL has made a selection

of his essays, which HODDER AND STOUGHTON publish under the title *The Day Book of Claudius Clear*. My Baronite assures those who have not come across the papers in the weekly aforesaid that the pages of *The Day Book* are well worth turning over.

A pretty little portable *Pocket Diary for 1906* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE) can be recommended by the Baron as practically useful, and for its quotations interesting. Get some of these by heart and you will never be at a loss when asked to write a few lines in an album.

Two volumes of *A History of Our Own Times* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) complete Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S *magnum opus*. They cover the period between the Diamond Jubilee of Queen VICTORIA in 1897 and the accession of King EDWARD VII. Whilst presenting a comprehensive narrative of events closely concerning the British Empire during those dates, the volumes include a review of changes through which public life, Literature, Art, and Science, passed during the long reign of Queen VICTORIA. My Baronite notes a marked difference of style in these supplementary volumes compared with those that went before. They are much quieter in tone and colour, thereby even exceeding the quality of impartiality which marked the earlier instalments. In increasing measure Mr. MCCARTHY discloses his conviction that it is the historian's business to narrate, not to argue. The result is the presentation of a dispassionate survey of public events happening through a critical epoch in the history of the Empire and the world. The narrative, thus concluded up to recent date, will be a prized acquisition to the library not only of those who study history but of those who make it.

Mr. HALDANE MACFALL'S *Sir Henry Irving* (T. N. FOULIS) is to a certain extent valuable as a contribution to our information concerning the life of the great actor whose loss we all deplore. As a frontispiece there is a satisfactory reproduction of an impressive photographic portrait of Sir HENRY, but the queer caricatures of him by Mr. GORDON CRAIG seem to be somewhat out of place.

A book entitled *The Recollections of an Eton Colleger* (SPOTTISWOODE & Co.) by C. H. M. ("M. or N. as the case may be"), though utterly lacking in humour and making no pretension to literary merit, is calculated to interest Etonians generally, but particularly the majority of them, who, having been "Oppidans," i.e. residing in tutorial houses and not in College, know very little, as a rule, of the routine of life within the College walls. Strictly speaking, only the Collegers, or "Tugs," are genuine Etonians, as the Pious and Royal Founder contemplated simply a Monastic College under the rule of "Learned Benedictines," and the idea of "Tutors" and "Dames," with their profitable houses and pupils, never occurred to him. The "Tug" life is in this book minutely described by one who was "in it" from 1898 to 1902. "Oppidan" existence is mentioned incidentally. The text of the Eton Boating Song, which has obtained popularity, but was certainly unknown in the days of Dr. KEATE, Dr. HAWTRY, Dr. GOODFORD, and probably under Dr. HORNBY, is given in full. This book is worth adding to any Etonian collection that already includes *Recollections of Eton* (1870), *About Some Fellows*, and *Memories of Eton and Etonians in the Forties*.



CHARIVARIA.

In their forecasts as to who would fill the various offices under the new Government, all the papers—and especially the Liberal ones, as an Irishman points out—made one curious omission. We refer to the Premier of Ireland (and adjacent islands)—Mr. W. REDMOND.

We think that, when there was a question of a change of Government, Lord ROSEBERRY was quite right to keep himself before the public, but it is questionable whether he need have adopted such a drastic measure as being thrown out of a phaeton. He might have hurt himself.

The Royal Marines, it is stated, are to be withdrawn from our ships, and located on land. "His Majesty's Jollies" will not, we fancy, be averse to the change, for the treatment they generally received afloat was that of Snubmarines.

No system, we suppose, has ever been devised which has been found capable of meeting all requirements. An economical school-boy who wrote to the manager of *The Times* Library asking whether he could be supplied with a penny book of arithmetical tables subject to the discount as advertised, has, we hear, received no reply.

By-the-by, it is alleged that there is an American millionaire behind *The Times*. If this be true, it is a position in which an American very seldom finds himself.

At the fire which took place at Shrewsbury School last week, the boys assisted in saving some valuable books from the library. In this, according to our information, the lads showed a nice discrimination, Latin grammars, Euclids, and the like being allowed to burn.

Apparently regattas in Australia are as dangerous as football matches in America. *The Melbourne Herald*, a copy of which has just reached us, informs us that at the Henley-on-Yarra regatta "the river was thickly covered with pleasure boats, human hands, oil, steam and electricity being the motive power employed to drive the craft."

The announcement is made that a substitute for tobacco has been dis-

Owing to the practice of throwing stones at motor-cars, which has become very common in Berlin, many cars are now fitted with thin wire-netting to protect the windows, and there is a renewed outcry against those who interfere with the simple pleasures of the poor.

Snake-skin clothes are mentioned as a novelty by a contemporary. As a matter of fact they have been worn by snakes for years.

Madame SARAH BERNHARDT, on leaving Quebec, was pelted with eggs by Canadians, who were indignant at her criticisms of their lack of culture. It seemed a queer way of trying to convince the gifted actress that she had made a mistake.

It has transpired that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, who was at one time reputed to be a Scotchman, paid the cabman who drove him to Buckingham Palace in gold.

A Testimonial— But which way?

FROM the advertisement of Mr. MARTIN HARVEY's engagement in *The Birmingham Evening Express*:—"During one of the most powerful scenes in *The Breed of the Treshams*, a gentleman left his seat in the dress circle and, staggering to the

bar, asked for a whisky-and-soda. Before it could be supplied he fell fainting to the floor, and it required considerable effort on the part of the attendants and his friends to bring him back to consciousness."

The Spread of Education.

SCENE—Hair-dresser's shop.

Little Girl. I wonder why it's called a rotary brush.

Hairdresser. I don't know, Miss. Perhaps because it stimulates the roots of the hair.



HUNTING IN HIS DREAMS.

(Lady singing takes a high note.)

M.F.H. (enjoying a post-prandial nap). "HARK TO DAIRYMAID! HUIO! HUIO! HUIO!"

covered. It was found, we imagine, inside a penny cigar.

The fact, elicited in the course of a trial last week, that the heartless fraud of pawning imitation gems is sometimes practised with success, has not called forth the outburst of public sympathy which the pawnbrokers expected.

The City Police propose to reduce the number of motor-omnibuses running through their territory, fearing that otherwise the motor-omnibuses may reduce the number of City Police.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

[DECEMBER 5.]

Two spectacles to-day invite compare,
 And each superb in its peculiar line :
 One is at Smithfield, one in Belgrave Square,
 At No. 29 :
 Here, the great C.-B., prime among his peers,
 Is busy probing warriors for the battle ;
 And there, the connoisseurs of sheep and steers
 Are proggng fattened cattle.

May not a faint similitude be traced
 In these two shows that fill the London stage ?
 Both exhibitions equally are graced
 By Royal Patronage ;
 Each cast's a bit above its normal size—
 Here swelling chests, and there a paunch distended,—
 And some have got a first or second prize,
 And some are just "commended."

For me, I own I draw a larger mirth
 From where the new-made Order ousts the old ;
 Oxen and swine may strain their tripled girth,
 Yet leave my marrow cold ;
 But, where the all-green Home Rule banner waves,
 And ROSEBERRY'S Leaguers stand and blink thereunder,
 I have to let off steam in joyous staves,
 Or simply burst asunder.

Not for a decade have I felt so fat
 With human joy ; indeed there seems to be,
 Judging by jocund brows, this side and that,
 A general jubilee ;
 For these have pouched the booty, long their dream ;
 And those, that craved the sweets of Opposition,
 May cross their legs and watch the other team
 Work out its own perdition.

Give me, for two brief years—I ask no more—
 Beneath the new *régime* to live and laugh,
 And then, ere yet the thing becomes a bore,
 To tag its epitaph ;—
 And I'll not do as some ungenerous foes
 That stamp to-day upon the dead or stone 'em,
 But sing their virtues, letting silence close
 On all that isn't *bonum*. O. S.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

A HARMLESS mathematical reader has been endeavouring to propound a new theory of probability. The following are examples :—

$$C-B = P-R$$

reduced to simple terms reads :—

$$\text{Campbell—Bannerman} = \text{PREMIER.}$$

Again

$$C-B = P-R$$

reduced to simple terms reads

$$\text{Chamberlain—Balfour} = \text{PROTECTION—RETALIATION.}$$

Transposing these terms we get

$$B-C = R-P$$

$$= \text{Balfour minus Chamberlain} = \text{Retaliation minus Protection.}$$

Q. E. D.

FROM a Highland plumber's bill after the allaying of suspicions concerning the drains :—

"To man and boy looking for smell, 2s. 6d.

NATURE STUDIES.

DECEMBER FAIRIES.

THE other day, being in search of a lost and long-forgotten document, I came by chance upon a large and evidently an ancient box, which appeared, from the dust that lay upon it, to have passed many undisturbed years in the situation in which I found it. It was not locked, and I opened it. I need not make a list of all the frayed and musty and discoloured objects, fragments of things that had had their use and given pleasure long ago, which I discovered in it. But at last there appeared a certain something which, as it were with a shock and rattle, drew back the curtains of an old mystery and brought up a memory in a flash of light. What the Something was I shall say later. The memory I shall now relate :—

It was evening, about six o'clock, I fancy,—at any rate it was a good bit before bed-time, which in those remote days was fixed at seven. We were on the ground floor in the drawing-room, ROSAMOND, I and the baby. We were there because in a few minutes we were going to look out of the window and see fairies. We knew they were coming, because Papa had had a letter to that effect, and had read it out to us. Baby must have been two years old or a little more. She was bobbing about amongst the chairs and tables and us like a cork on the surface of the sea, never still for a moment. She simply wouldn't be left behind when there was any excitement—just insisted on going with us, and we had to take her whether we liked it or not. Mamma came in and said, "They'll be here soon. When you hear a bell ring you'll know they've come." Papa wasn't there ; he never was when the fairies were expected. He said they were very shy and didn't like people who wore trousers. I thought this was very hard on him, and had told him I was sorry for him, but he said he must try to bear it. At any rate, he wasn't there.

Suddenly the light went out in the drawing-room, and ROSAMOND (whose age, I suppose, was four to my own five and a half) began to whimper. She never at any time really cried right out, but she stood still with her shoulders high up, and twisted her hands together and untwisted them, and her face seemed to crumple up into the queerest shape, and in a moment she had a bucketful of water in each eye. This was her way of crying. She was crying now, not because she was afraid of fairies, but because she was convinced that whenever it was dark in the drawing-room three ferocious bears began to live in it. Somebody (it may have been I—I suppose it must have been, because it certainly wasn't the baby, who paid no attention to ROSAMOND, and it wasn't Mamma, I'm sure) somebody told her not to be silly—and at that moment there was heard outside the tinkling sound of a bell, and baby fell down over a footstool with a loud bang and began to yell. She was picked up and soothed, and all this time the bell tinkled away like mad, as if it was very impatient. I can hear it still in my mind's ear : it sounded rather like the silver bell Mamma used to ring in the dining-room when she wanted JAMES to take our plates away. Anyhow, it was tinkling and tinkling, and at last Mamma drew up a blind and we made a rush for the window. Baby fell down again, but somebody picked her up and she got there first, making an awful chatter.

When we looked out through the window on to the lawn we saw—at least I saw, for ROSAMOND was still under the influence of imaginary bears—a wonderful sight. Three perfectly beautiful little fairies with lovely shining wings were dancing up and down and round and round, and curtsying and bobbing and fitting, and glancing and pirouetting as if they wanted us to admire their skill and beauty. I wished to call LIZZIE's attention to them—LIZZIE was our nurse and didn't really believe in fairies—but she wasn't there. Mamma said



Bernard Partridge.

REST, NOT RUST.

LORD CURZON. "UNARM . . . THE LONG DAY'S TASK IS DONE."

MR. PUNCH. "BETTER KEEP YOUR WEAPONS NEAR YOU, SIR. YOU MAY BE NEEDED AT ANY MOMENT."



Visitor. "I'M SO GLAD TO FIND YOU GOING ON SO NICELY, MRS. JENKINS! AND IS THIS THE DEAR LITTLE SOUL? I WOULD SO LOVE TO SEE HIM!"
 Mrs. Jenkins. "LOR, NO, MUM! THAT'S MY 'USBAND TAKING HIS BIT O' REST. HE'S A POLICEMAN ON NIGHT DUTY."
 [Quick exit, with promise to look in again.]

she was upstairs, and baby fell down again. By the time we had picked her up the fairies had vanished—all except one, who lay huddled on the ground. Somebody said, "Poor thing, she's broken her wing," and somebody else said, "But the fairy-doctor will mend it," and then the blind was drawn down, and when we peeped through the chink a moment afterwards the poor broken-winged fairy had vanished too. ROSAMOND said, "I don't want them to come back," and baby fell over the Dandie Dinmont dog, who yelped. At this moment Papa came rushing in (the lights had been turned up) and asked if he was too late, and I told him of course he was. He seemed to be very greatly disappointed, and said he never had any luck with fairies. There the memory ended

Now what I had found in the old box was nothing very rich or rare. It was this: on a layer of tattered nursery books lay three little dolls dressed in linen and muslin that had once been white. They were tied to a long piece of string, and there was a knot where the string had been broken between the first and second doll. I saw it all. Out of sight of the darkened window Papa had held one end of the string while LIZZIE held the other, and thus the fairies were made to bob and dance. Papa must have pulled too hard and broken the string, so that two fairies disappeared, while one fell down and remained lying. I wish I hadn't found the dolls. I preferred the fairies, if only because ROSAMOND has always maintained that she never saw any. But she can't go on maintaining that in face of the dolls. I must write and tell her about my find and confute her scepticism.

THE MEN THAT FOUGHT WITH DIZZY.

An echo of Mr. Kipling's "Men that fought at Minden."

THE men that fought with DIZZY, in the grand old Tory times,
 And them that fought with SALISBURY yesterday,—
 They didn't shirk the fight, for they held together tight,
 And they learnt to play the game and to obey.

The men that fought with DIZZY, they were smartly disciplined,
 And they had to lump the things they didn't like;
 But they didn't effervesce in the columns of the Press,
 And they didn't let the Party go on strike.

The men that fought with DIZZY, they were fanciful, maybe,
 And some of them had funny little fads;
 But they closed their ranks and cheered when the enemy appeared,
 And they left the petty squabbling to the Rads.

THE men that fought with DIZZY, they had quarrels now and then,
 But they dropped 'em when they heard the bugle blow;
 And it wasn't *then* they sparred, for they hit uncommon hard
 When they got to striking distance of the foe.

The men that fought with DIZZY, they were swift to realise
 That a disunited force is always beat;
 And *that's* the reason why, now Election times are nigh,
 You must set the good old Party on her feet.

THE NEW INDUSTRY FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.—Cabinet-making.

A NEW PROFESSION.

THE question of "What to do with our sons" is one of those ever present conundrums, which can only be solved by time or *The Daily Telegraph*. Doubtless in the near future, the proprietors of that Journal will turn their attention to this most pressing of problems; but until that fortunate hour arrives, parents and guardians will still be faced with the difficulty of providing suitable careers for those committed to their charge. Under these circumstances we feel that it would not be out of place to draw attention to the great advantages attached to the vocation of a Champion Wrestler. For an ambitious young man of gentle birth, good appearance, and sound health, it would be difficult to find a more agreeable profession. The demand for champion wrestlers is greatly in excess of the supply; and the work itself is healthy, honourable, and lucrative. The most conclusive evidence can be brought in support of these statements.

To start with, there are more than 3,000 places of variety entertainment in the United Kingdom, for each of which the presence of an "Undeclared Champion of the World" is an absolute necessity. It is roughly calculated that, at the present time, there are not more than fifty-six wrestlers who can lay claim to the above distinction. That the work is healthy is incontestably proved by the fact that scarcely one of these fifty-six wrestlers has ever refused a challenge or been defeated by an opponent, which speaks for the remarkable state of physical perfection in which they must invariably find themselves. A glance at the police records for the last five years will show that the honour of the profession is practically unstained; while a salary of £300 a week is the usual remuneration for a music-hall engagement. To anyone doubting this last assertion, we are willing to forward, free of charge, a copy of *Footlight Flashes*, containing an interview with "a well-known music-hall comedian." The above statement was made by him to a representative of that journal.

Under the supervision of Mr. ISAAC ISAACSTEIN, "The Horrible Hebrew," late Champion of the World, an Academy of Wrestling has recently been opened in South Kensington, where, for the modest outlay of a guinea a week, a young man may be trained in every branch of the profession. Two years' tuition is all that is necessary for the creation of a fully qualified champion of the world; and an engagement is guaranteed to each pupil who successfully survives that period. The permanent staff of instructors includes the well-known ANTONIO CHUCKEMOFF, "The Awful Armenian,"

sixteen-stone champion of the world, and his famous nephew, CONSTANTINE CHUCKEMOFF, "The Monstrous Macedonian," 2 cwt. champion of the world. Novices are under the special care of M. HENRI BOULEVERSER, "The Frightful Frenchman."

Special attention should be drawn to the Literary Department, presided over by Mr. CZECHORY PESTHELENSKI, "The Brilliant Bohemian," who has been engaged to give instructions in the difficult art of writing challenges, one of the most important and onerous duties in a professional wrestler's career. The capacity to make a tasteful and dignified speech at the successful conclusion of a match being also more or less of a necessity, permission has been secured for all pupils to have free access to the Strangers' Gallery whenever Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is addressing the House.

There is an excellent hospital and a charming little graveyard in connection with the Academy; all funerals being carried out with luxury and elegance at the expense of the management.

PLASTIC.

"Lovely woman has found an alternative to the camera. She has discovered that she can be modelled in wax, which is tinted according to the colouring of the individual."—*The World*.]

I HAVE my lady's head in wax,
A thing it is of wondrous glory,
No single point of her it lacks
Of all the thrilling inventory.

The full round cheeks of her are there,
The dimples in them slyly hinted,
Her high, smooth forehead, and her hair—
All modelled and superbly tinted.

I have, of course, her photo, too,
But that is now unheeded lying—
A photo gives but just one view,
And one view's scarcely satisfying.

The model, on the other hand,
Provides me endless variation—
The front face irks? I twist the stand:
The profile soothes my irritation.

The profile bores me? I recall
The living head's divine completeness,
And turn the face against the wall
To revel in the coiffure's neatness.

Then, if my passion should expire,
A photo has no use without it;
I can but put it in the fire,
And when it's burnt forget about it.

Whereas the model, melted down,
And dabbed on deftly with a duster,
Will give my meerschaum's golden brown
A wholly novel lease of lustre.

SIR GARGLE.

(A Study in the New Advertising.)

SEE THE PLETHORA MAGAZINE.
CHRISTMAS TREBLE NUMBER.

Too much of everything.

SIR GARGLE.

By SIR A. SALA DOYLE.

The Middle Ages brought to our doors.

SIR GARGLE.

A good pull-up for manacles.

SIR GARGLE.

Matchless for the complexion.

SIR GARGLE.

Babies cry for it.

SIR GARGLE.

Portcullises on easy terms.

SIR GARGLE.

Book early.

SIR GARGLE.

See that hump? SIR GARGLE will dissipate it.

SIR GARGLE.

For the dignity of letters.

SIR GARGLE.

Good wine needs a forest of bushes.

SIR GARGLE.

This way for the milky cocoa-nuts!

SIR GARGLE.

Sir A. SALA DOYLE says it is his best work.

SIR GARGLE.

No others need apply.

SIR GARGLE.

Where's your WALTER SCOTT noo?

SIR GARGLE.

Try it in your bath.

SIR GARGLE.

By SIR A. SALA DOYLE.

"Ods bodkins, varlet, I'll dust thy jerkin for thee and give thee a ruddy scone to boot, quotha," said he. "Nay," said the other, "marry but there are two to such bargains, forsooth! But what have we here? Of a verity 'tis a franklin and a scrivener, to say naught of a fat monk and a wheezy-seneschal. What ho, there!"

The above is a sample passage from SIR GARGLE, Sir A. SALA DOYLE's new and sumptuous romance, offered free. For first chapter complete see the Christmas Treble Number of the *Plethora Magazine*.

SIR GARGLE.

By SIR A. SALA DOYLE.

Note the name on the label.

None others genuine.

THE PLETHORA MAGAZINE.
CHRISTMAS TREBLE NUMBER.



Violinist (one of trio of amateurs who have just obliged with rather lengthy performance). "WELL, WE'VE LEFT OFF AT LAST!"
 Hostess. "THANK YOU SO MUCH!"

THE DOOR-SLIDER.

(By the author of "The Straphanger.")

I AM the door-slider.

I slide open the doors of the long red cars, the long red cars that pitch and pulse, clatter and rattle.

I slide open six doors: two doors to give entrance, two doors to give exit, two doors to prevent a corridor-car being a corridor-car.

I slide open six doors, I say, but if I can possibly forget one or two, I do. I believe in the Simple Life.

I do not doubt that I am overburdened with sliding doors, nor that the cars are overcrowded; in vain I try to think how overcrowded.

I do not doubt that people will go out by the entrance doors and come in by the exit doors, nor that the straphangers will oscillate.

I tell the people with first-class tickets they may ride in a first-class car.

I tell the people with third-class tickets they may not. They do, but I tell them they may not.

I say to them, "First-class only in this car," and they enter and sit down.

I do not doubt that one day they will make a mistake and get into a third-class car.

I am the door-slider.

I ring a bell, slide the doors and call out the name of the next station as a signal for the train to start. (The train remains motionless.)

I fall over when the train does start, the train that is so abrupt, so impulsive, so sudden in its motions.

I do not tell by the stations when the train will stop, for we frequently stop in the tunnels. Often, I think, we are not sure of the way, we hesitate so.

I tell when we shall stop by the angle to which the passengers are brought.

I do not doubt that when the passengers are slewed violently forward the train is beginning to stop.

I do not doubt that when the passengers are slewed violently backward the train has stopped stopping.

I do not doubt that a few will be jerked off their feet. (The strapless ones, I mean.)

I am the door-slider, the bell-ringer, the station-teller, the passenger-packer.

(Mine is one car in a million and a million in one car.)

I see the crowded, the crushed, the jerked, the shamefully-mauled.

I see their measureless shame and

humiliation, their indignation and fume-emitted anger.

I do not doubt that this sort of thing cannot last, that a better system will be organised, that somehow I shall obtain more hands or fewer doors, the cars more seats and fewer straps, the system more honour and no less profit.

"Let Youth but Know."

First School Boy (reading a placard).

I say, the KING's sent for C. B.

Second School Boy (also in the Eleven.)
 Good old Fry!

Overheard at a Motor Meeting.

Inquirer. I wonder what they call those large, long cars?

Well-informed Friend. Those? Oh, I believe those are the Flying Kilometres, a French make.

A Reasonable Request.

WANTED, a quantity of Ladies' Tongues, bound by the binding machine.
 Write, &c.—Northampton Chronicle.

Why is the Premiership like an old song?

Because it's "Not for Joe."

SOME ACTING AND MUCH TALKING.

SUCH play-goers as may be interested in the artistic progress of Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT should take care to be at the Comedy Theatre by 8.30 sharp in order to see an effective and interesting "costume" piece, in one Act, by Messrs. OSBOURNE and STRONG, entitled *The Little Father of the Wilderness*. In this, as *Père Marlotte*, a missionary, Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT shows himself a genuinely dramatic artist. He plays without the slightest exaggeration, with a remarkable absence of self-consciousness, and the naive simplicity with which he invests the character, commands our tenderest sympathy, and gives real dignity to the person of the humble priest. It is a fine performance, but in it, and in the piece itself, there is a glaring error which the authors should never have perpetrated, and which it is marvellous that so experienced a stage manager as Mr. DION BOUCAULT should ever for one minute have permitted. It is this. Here are two poor simple, religious clerics, a missionary and a Franciscan friar, summoned to Court; and in an ante-chamber of the Palace at Versailles, these two, actually trembling at the mere idea of their being about to be received in audience by King LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH, suddenly, when alone, play at pretending to be the *King* and *Père Marlotte*, and rehearse the scene twice over as they think it will be in reality! Both in turn occupy the *King's* chair; both in turn enact the part of his Majesty; the friar at one time representing *Père Marlotte*.

This extravagant situation would be fatal to the serious character of the piece, were it not that we hasten to forget it on the arrival of the Court, and are assisted in doing so by the thoroughly good acting of Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE as the *King*, by Miss ADA WEBSTER as *Henriette*, by the soldier-like bearing of Mr. CHARLES BRYANT as the *Chevalier de Frontenac*, and by the telling effect of the *ensemble*, admirably arranged by stage-manager BOUCAULT, that brings down the curtain to the heartiest applause. Certainly this is a piece to see, and it may be hoped that Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT will, at some future time, show us what he can do in comedy-dramas of the kind that offered opportunities for the development of "Little ROBSON's" eccentric genius. At all events, let him eschew such utterly nonsensical business as he gives us in *The Mountain Climber*, a three-Act farce that would not go for much were it not for the delightful humour of Miss LOTTIE VENNE as the hero's wife, *Mrs. Montague Sibsey*.

Now for a *matinée* at The Court, where Mr. BERNARD SHAW's case comes on at 2.30 p.m. He describes it as "A Discussion." As such we will take it. It is illustrated by living figures, occasionally changing their attitudes, forming tableaux, and listening with the greatest attention to whatever harangue may be in progress, delivered by the principal character, or occasionally joining in and taking part in the conversational "discussion." Play it is not, nor was it by Mr. SHAW ever intended to be, although he divides it into "Acts and scenes." This would seem inconsistent, were it not that such division is equally applicable to a Session of Parliament, accountable for its "acts," and memorable for such "scenes" as may have taken place within the precincts of the House.

Well, *Major Barbara*,—such is the title of the "discussion" (which is "much ado about nothing"—only not SHAKESPEARE'S)—consists of dialogue, without action, beginning brilliantly, descending melodramatically, and finishing, not dully—it is never that,—but fatiguingly; so that only a few, of those who were evidently among Mr. SHAW's most enthusiastic supporters in that crowded audience, had sufficient energy left in them to applaud at the fall of the curtain.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW, if he may be judged by this "discussion," is our English IBSEN, or more correctly, perhaps, IBSEN Junior.

At this "IBSEN Junior" *matinée*, the female element in the audience preponderated over the inferior sex by something like twelve to one, but of course such an excess might be expected during the business hours of the day "when men must work" and women may go to the play. But this audience had not a theatre-going, but rather a lecture-going, sermon-loving appearance. It was difficult to tire them out, but they did become wearied: they forgave the extra half-hour of weariness in the last scene of all, for the sake of the inspiring and sometimes even enlivening (for there is ultra farce and burlesque too in this "discussion") episodes in the preceding Acts.

Welcome indeed was the "comic relief" so cleverly given by Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER as *Adolphus Cusins*, Greek Professor and Fellow of some university, throughout the "discussion," and most gratefully was received his burlesque performance on the Salvation Army's drum; while for his energetic waving of the drumsticks everyone was distinctly thankful. He contributed largely in successfully "curtaining" the Second Act, and he lightened up the First Act much as the old humbug *Aminadab Sleek* used to enliven the *séance* in the First Act of *The Serious Family*, which situation, by the way, Mr. SHAW's "Discussive" Act I. will forcibly recall to some experienced playgoers; while Miss ROSINA FILIPPI's clever representation of *Lady Britomart Undershaft* may remind them of the severe female head of the family in the same piece. Then again, the entrance of *Andrew Undershaft*, a character strongly contrasted with everyone else of the *dramatis personæ*, in its way resembles the unexpected arrival of *Captain Maguire*, who contrives to disarrange "The Serious Family" and finally sets everything to rights.

Mr. LOUIS CALVERT as *Andrew Undershaft* deserves the highest praise. As an actor he must have had to go to any "lengths" in studying this prodigious part. When in MS., or in type, it must have inconveniently bulged out his pocket, and how he got it all into his head is a marvel which has probably surprised the actor himself. His performance is artistically perfect. He has nothing to do, but a lot to say; indeed, it may be doubted whether *Puff*, in the original version of *The Critic*, has so much, and *Hamlet* himself cannot have more. He talks when the "discussion" is practically over; and actors and actresses have to remain, mumchance, on the stage for about half an hour after all their work is done, simply (very simply) to listen to the pointless preaching of *Andrew Undershaft*; and during his tedious discourse (or sermon) they are allowed to throw in an occasional remark, which just serves, as does a match to an expiring coal fire, to set the preacher going again. Oh that this ability should be wasted on such interminability! Oh that this too, too solid talk would melt, thaw, and dissolve itself in five minutes, instead of weighing upon even the most Ibsenitish-Shawish audience for an extra half-hour.

Miss ANNIE RUSSELL as *Barbara*, the protagonist, is simply perfection. Mr. OSWALD YORKE gives us a life-like rendering of *Bill Walker*, the low, bullying blackguard; and *Snobby Price*, the sneaking hypocrite who gammons the Salvation officers, is strikingly impersonated by Mr. ARTHUR LACEBY. Mr. DAWSON MILWARD makes a most amusing character of *Charles Lomax*, and this is "where the laugh comes in." In fact, all who get the slightest chance do their very best to give this "discussion" the semblance of a real play, and the VEDRENNE-BARKER management is to be honestly congratulated on its choice of accomplished actors, and on its possession of a stage-manager, Mr. WILFRID FRANKS, who triumphs over the great difficulty of keeping principals on the stage doing absolutely nothing at all, veritably the "unemployed," merely "feeding" the monologist so that he may start afresh, and go on until even the author himself has got tired of him. N.B.—The "discussion" is now being given at the evening show.



A CAPITAL METHOD OF PREVENTING YOUR BEING RUN INTO IN A DENSE FOG IS SAID TO BE TO CARRY A LOUD MOTOR-HORN, AND TO SOUND IT EVERY FEW SECONDS AS YOU WALK ALONG.

JEAN AND JINE.

ELIZA JINE of Stepney, E.,
Taught in a school of the L.C.C.,
And in the self-same school as she
Was JEAN McCORQUADALE from Dundee.

JEAN and JINE soon came to be
Friends and capital company.
Their cultured tastes were as like, you see,
As a couple of plums from the same plum tree.
They asked each other in to tea,
They worked together at rule of three,
They analysed *Hamlet's* speech "To be,"
And parsed each word of GRAY's *Elegy*.
They nature-studied the household flea,
The French French bean and the sweet sweet pea,
And it goes without saying they held the key
Of ancient and modern philosophy,
For JINE said, "PLITO's the man for me,"
But JEAN said, "HEGSEL maun bear the gree."
In short, it was clear that Stepney, E.,
Was hand in glove with fair Dundee.

Alas, that our joys should begin to flee
As the sum of our knowledge increases and we
With clearer vision begin to see!
It suddenly dawned on JINE that she,
Who spoke the purest of Stepney, E.,
Was catching the accent of vile Dundee:

While JEAN was alarmed, as she well might be,
Lest the beautiful flow of her pure Dundee
Should be fouled by the mixture of Stepney, E.

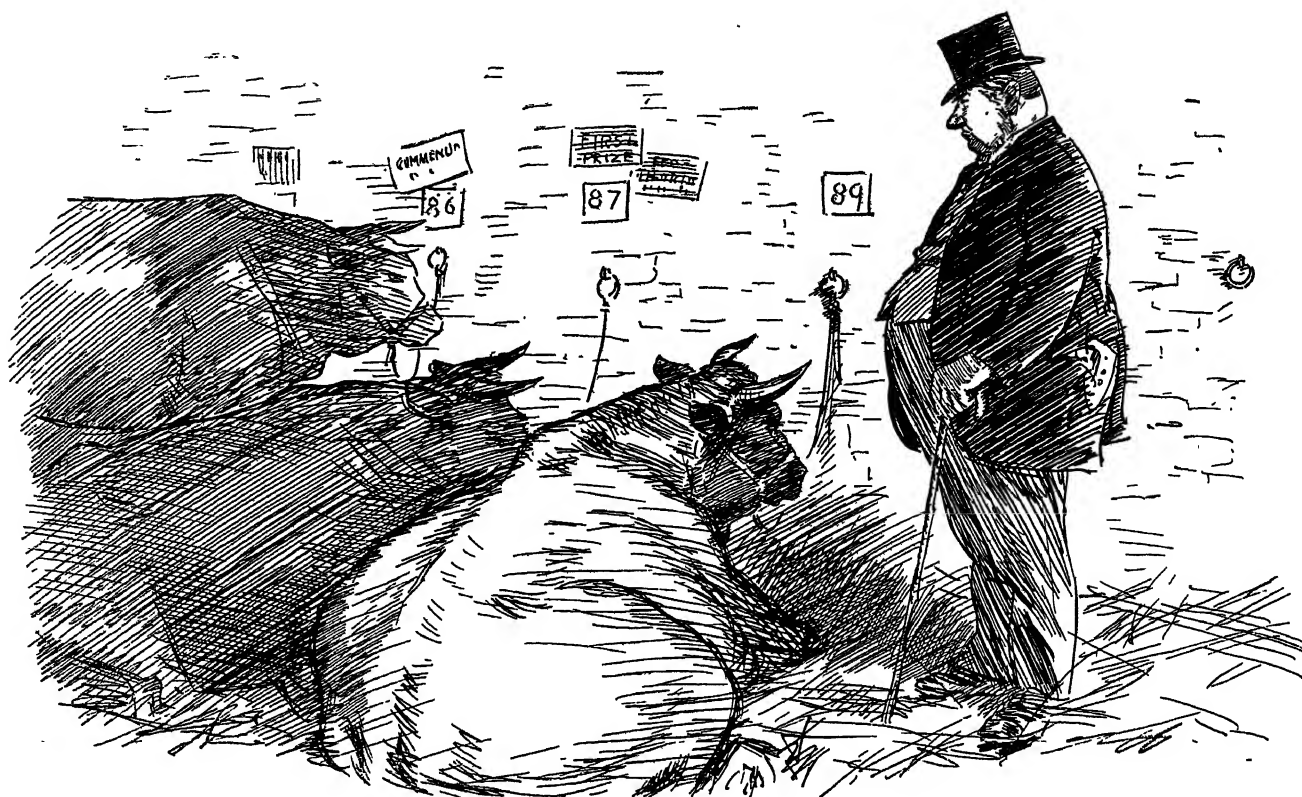
In a very short time, by Fate's decree,
Their love grew as cold as the Polar Sea.
When JEAN was invited by JINE to tea
She much regretted she was not free,
As she had to analyse *Annabel Lee*.
And when JINE was asked to a similar spree
She concocted an equally flimsy plea.

And now these two, though their tastes agree,
When they meet in the street or a B.T.T.,
Just stare at each other stonily:
And JEAN wishes JINE in the Zuyder Zee,
And JINE that JEAN were in—well, Fiji;
For JINE is scared at the thought that she
Should catch the accent of vile Dundee,
While JEAN is alarmed, as she well may be,
At the prospect of talking like Stepney, E.

All Blacks all forlorn.

Irishman (on hearing of the high prices offered for tickets for a recent big football match). Sure, thin, everybody'll be after sellin' their tickets and it's nobody there at all there'll be!

AN IRRESISTIBLE INVITATION (*on the door of a city restaurant*).
—"Please knock the bell out of order."



"LIKE MASTER LIKE MAN."

Unsuccessful Exhibitor. "TOO FAT, EH? WELL, THEY MAY SAY WHAT THEY LIKE, I LIKE 'EM FAT!"

CHRISTMAS POSTAL GUIDE.

CHRISTMAS Day, as in last year, falls on the 25th of the month, but letters and parcels which are intended for delivery in foreign countries or the colonies on Christmas morning, should be posted before that date.

Stamps for foreign countries are issued at all Post Offices, and are very similar to those used for Inland postage. They are now being supplied in perforated sheets, and the prices will be found to suit all purses, varying, of course, according to the special design and colouring desired.

Parcels and letter packets for abroad should, if possible, be legibly addressed on the *outside*. This method, it has been found, greatly reduces the labour of the officials, and goes a long way towards securing ultimate delivery.

Plum-puddings concealed in half-penny newspapers cannot be accepted for transmission at newspaper rates. They may, however, be packed flat, and sent by book post, if left open at each end, or in an envelope which can be easily opened for examination without breaking the seal.

Turkeys must on no account be dropped into the pillar-boxes. They should be handed over the counter to an

agent of the Post Office, together with a certificate of death, and they must contain no printed or typewritten matter.

The following articles cannot in any circumstances be accepted for transmission by Parcels Post,—viz. Bombs, Live Rails, Boa Constrictors, Naked Lights, or Plays by Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW.

Parcels addressed "— P. O. till called for" are charged at the rate of 1d. per day. Fresh eggs, however, and other perishable goods, if not claimed within thirty-six days, will be sold to defray expenses.

THE WINTER HAT.

Will purple or blue be its feathers?

A "cocher," "three-cornered," or "toque?"

Will it do just as well for all weathers?

Will it "go with" a jacket or cloak?

Will the "fall" that encumbers the neck be

More awkward or easy to fix?

Will the total amount of the cheque be
Five guineas or fourteen-and-six?

* * * *

On the mutable mind that is making

The purchase, we cannot rely:

This only is certain—it's taking

Three hours and a quarter to buy!

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is, we learn, bearing up well under the terrible shock consequent on his not being asked to form a Ministry.

Asked by our representative to state his views in regard to the situation, Lord HALSBURY replied, "It isn't the confounded situation, but the want of a situation, that bothers me."

The dulness of the new Parliament is assured. Mr. J. L. WANKLYN announces that he will not seek re-election.

It is rumoured that a Liberal M.P. has been discovered whose name was not mentioned in connection with any of the Ministerial offices.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, remembering a recent hostile demonstration, is said to have decided for a battle-cry upon "Every vote given to the Liberals is a vote given to the boo-ers."

TRUTH WILL OUT.—From a recent examination paper on religious instruction at a boys' school:—"Holy matrimony is a divine institution for the provocation of mankind."



AT LAST.



PROVERBS REVISED.

"THINGS ARE SOMETIMES WHAT THEY SEEM."

Short-sighted M.H. "CONFOUND YOU, SIR, WHY DON'T YOU TELL US WHERE THE HARE HAS GONE, INSTEAD OF STANDING THERE HOLDING UP YOUR HAT LIKE A BEASTLY SCARE-CROW!"

THE C.-B. ANALOGY.

It is conjectured that on the accession of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN a strong wave of double-nomenclature will sweep over the country. The following styles are recommended:—

For a Conqueror.
CROMWELL-TAMERLANE.
For an Athlete.
DUMBELL-SANDOWMAN.
For a Burglar.
TREMBLE-JIMMYMAN.
For a Glutton.
SCRAMBLE-INNERMAN.
For a Critic.
GRUMBLE-DAMNAMAN.

For a Poor Relation.
HUMBLE-STAMMERMAN.

For a Bridge-player.
GAMBLE-SLAMAMAN.

For a Dentist.
GUMBOIL-JAMAMAN.

For a Sultan.
STAMBOUL-CRAMMERMAN.

An Exacting Wooer.

MATRIMONY.—Gentleman, 40, with attractive home, good income, would like to make the acquaintance of a Lady, about 30-32, with full-faced features preferred, &c., &c.—*Yorkshire Post.*

No profiles need apply.

A Tempting Invitation.

(N.B.—Not at Letchworth.)

CALL AND SEE THE NEW COTTAGE SINK.
J. BLANK, BUILDER.

Macclesfield Courier.

It's never too late to Mend.

PHYSICAL-HEALTH CULTURE

"CREMATION."
Lantern Lecture by
Mr. J. HARVEY-SIMPSON,
of the Manchester Crematorium,
at &c., &c.

Manchester Evening News.

TO A DISUSED GROWLER.

["A hundred years have now elapsed since the first public conveyance commenced to ply for hire in the streets of London."]

WHAT do you here, old friend,
Prone on the scrap-heap's comprehensive limbo,
With ribs all ghastly bare, and spokes akimbo?
Is this a fitting end
For you whose charms have held our hearts in thrall
Since 1805—one hundred years in all?

Oh, in those days of old,
With what a pomp and circumstance you joggled
Down Regent Street, and how the people boggled
At your incongruous mould:
Voicing an admiration past all bounds
With cries of "La now!" or (more tersely) "Zounds!"

And oh! with what a zest
The local youth essayed the pungent quip,
And when required to stow their blistering lip
Simply pursued the jest.
How blithe you bounded down the public way
With ne'er a constable to say you nay!

How well I seem to see
Some festive party pent in your inside!
The stout mamma, inflate with anxious pride,
Dressed to the nines—and he,
The prosperous cit, his whiskers all awry,
Quizzing the vulgar throng with nonchalant eye.

And sandwiched in between,
The buxom KATE, the stately JANE, and may be
Their aunt JEMIMA, and of course the baby,
And TOMMY, brushed and clean.
I might enlarge upon the theme, but I've
Mislaide the "atmosphere" of 1805.

Alas! for you are gone,
Capacious growler, and the panting steed,
Fleet in his prime, but slightly run to seed,
That drew you gently on,
Has passed to where the Brunswicker decoys
All flesh into his toothsome saveloys.

He was a gentle nag;
His master loved him though he called him names,
The children loved him too and called him JAMES.
He was besides a wag,
Spurning with ribald tail and well-bred grin
The strictures of the explosive fare within.

And what of that old bird,
Whose ill-kempt lid and pessimistic air
Concealed a thirst for twice his proper fare,
Whose virile utterance stirred
Qualms in the breasts of matron and of maid
Should he (with matchless eloquence) upbraid.

Say, is he still alive,
Who lately drove thee, and is he the same
Methuselah of whom the youths made game,
Early in 1805?
Had he, as local humorists maintain,
Observed a dozen decades wax and wane?

Alas! he's dead as you.
Yet 'twas not age cut short his fair young life,
But competition's all-pervading strife,
From which his soul withdrew.
"Dog's nose" and disappointment laid him low
At the ripe age of six score years or so.

The engines of offence
That roar and rumble down the busy street,
Noisy and odorous but passing fleet,
Hurt his artistic sense.
And so he left us, but his memory dear
Wrings from moist eyes the sympathetic tear.

Quaint vehicle, good bye.
You have no part in such a feverish age:
Time in the book of Progress turns a page,
And you are history!
New monsters petrol-driven roar and rave
A thunderous dirge above your restless grave.

GIFTS AND GIVERS.

(With acknowledgments to "The Daily Express.")

THERE are signs on all hands that this Christmas, in the matter of presents, will be remarkable chiefly for the introduction of the "personal note." Silver hot-water bottles with jewelled screw-tops are warm favourites with smart women, as gifts for their men friends. A few daring girls, it is said, are even working spun-silk "Slumber Slippers" with dainty clocks appliquéd in ormolu.

Motor accessories make exceedingly useful presents, and there is a great demand for artistic novelties in sparking-plugs, differential casings, gear-boxes, radiators, ignition-levers, &c. It is just as well, however, to find out if the intended recipient is the possessor of a car before sending any of the above, as if not they merely become "Accessories before the fact."

For those who prefer their gifts to take the form of books, there are this year ample opportunities. Everyone can be his own CARNEGIE for a trifling sum. All you have to do is to pay the preliminary half-crown, and a complete library of sixteen handsome volumes—not to mention the inevitable fumed-oak bookcase—will be delivered carriage paid to any address. Your friend would be a churlish fellow indeed if he resented having to pay the remaining monthly instalments—but that is his affair!

Of course a certain amount of tact and discretion is required in the selection of gifts.

For instance, to send your aged uncle (from whom you have, perhaps, expectations) a copy of *The Gollypug of What*, or *Our Moo Cow Book*, would savour almost of disrespect, and again you would certainly get yourself disliked if you presented your little four-year-old niece with MAHAFFY'S *Progress of Hellenism in Alexander's Empire*—however tastefully bound. Remember also that Brazil is well supplied with nuts (that being, in fact, the country whence they come), and that ordinary coal is not now looked upon as a novelty in Newcastle.

Do they do him?

(Extract from "Vanity Fair's" *Navy Notes*, December 7, 1905.)

"THE fact is that since the introduction of nucleus crews, the three Lieutenants, the Marine Officer, and the Commander lie in port with nothing to do in the afternoon, except the Officer of the Day."

More Commercial Candour.

(From the *Circular of a Leicester chocolate maker*.)

"We guarantee all our Chocolates freshly made and direct from our factory. We solicit a trial and have no fear of giving satisfaction."

No ALTERATION.—Up to last Friday it was expected, in Holborn, that "Gray's Inn" would have to be changed to "GREY's Out."

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



TWENTIETH FRAGMENT.

1. In the fifth year of the reign of Edwād the king

2. the maker of treaties with Ispal-Mutsubito

3. (the Jappi-mikadoh) and Sher-Émil (—that's Loubet),

4. lord of Madjik-bonommi, a

5. *nashun-al-assett*,

6. the taker of prizes for

7. *adhipoz-kattul* (at the *rhoilagrík-ül-tural* hall

8. at Islintan) for *plethorikh-stertoruz* objects

9. like sofas, that lay on the ground triumphant but

10. breathless, all richly *rozettid*; . . .

11. in the days of the Mhoturz, when the *Shofurzin-gogulz*

12. the turners of handles, and their lords

13. the Bit-munnid, the Bit-uppish, the Ueltuddu-klassiz,

14. the payers of fines, did scour

15. the country; in the dust did they come and

16. the *ódurov-petrol* was *purfekli-sikknin*,

17. while the farers on foot, the holders

18. of noses, the payers of rates for maintaining the

19. highways, *skedaduld-laikr-abhits*,

20. did rush into *héstakhs*, and up sides of houses,

21. making way for their betters; . . .
22. when the dwellers on opposite sides of

23. the Tchánul, the players of *bridj*

24. and the makers of *bhulvarz*, the

25. Biftéks and the Phrögiz, went in

for

26. the Ontont-kordiyal *et-settrah*

27. and loved one another with

28. *almozd-nurotikhli-phrenzid-afek-*

shan;

29. When *afabul-tóriz* from Balam-

anishar

30. walked about *ahminahm* with

soshalizd-djonniz

31. of *forrin-ekstrakshun* (in *traikala-*

sashiz) . . .

32. in fact *communed* with them . . .

33. making *phibulr-imákz* in a lan-

guage they fondly

34. imagined their guests would

—(shade of Littreh forgive me!)

35. —“*komprennih*” . . . “Regardih-

sett-plasslar

36. *Sehlur - manshanous - stéshan*.”

(“*Ahvrémon*

37. *mondyöh kersejôli*!”) “*Oratha!*

O-wi! Yes,

38. we think so.—*Prennihgâd-dellur-*

tramkar!”

39. *et-settrah, et-settrah*; . . . and doing

their best

40. with a *takhtphul-islanted-ambrela*

41. to cut off the view of the statue

42. of Nelsun, so as not to recall that

43. extremely unpleasant affair at

44. *Traf-al-gar!*

45. In the days of Horlkehn and of

Mahrík-orélih

46. (*relidjan-kum-laímlait-kum-Djórdj-*

al-eksander

47. and *ammatur-sérmunz* from Sdrad-

fad-onévan,

48. —bruted broadcast beforehand

with methods they

49. borrowed from Lhiptan and Kōdi,

—not to name certain

50. *ensaikloh-pidyaz* and *mhit-jūs*)

51. of Djórdjb-urnad-Shah, Kapen-

tommi, and Uinstan;

52. the great Shuvmenébar, whose eye

looks through

53. crystal, the lord of the Tariffs,

the

54. settler of colleagues, the lord of

Jo-jitsu, of

55. Hammür and Dukkim, of Chivvi

56. and Chukkum, and Djossul-

milidah,

57. did snatch up the banner with

sinewy

58. fingers, and summoned all Izpals

to follow

59. instanter, — sublimely ignoring

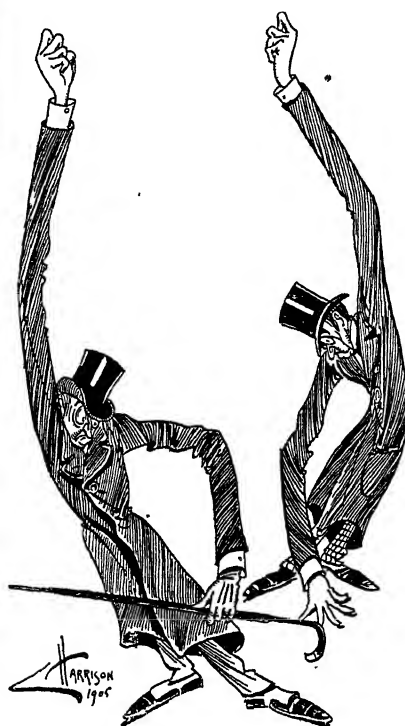
poor dear

60. Arthab-al-phur, who'd a quaint

pridilekshan

61. for taking the bulk of his troops along
 62. with him . . . to battle, and meeting the foe man
 63. with most of them
 64. present! . . . Shuvmenébar's *stratidjik-el-methad*
 65. was diff'rent.
 66. Give him nine or ten horsemen like Orstin
 67. and Djessi, Hauad-vinsent and Tchaplín,
 68. Ghilbât-parkah, and others, he'd hurl
 69. himself headlong, with gleaming *monókul*
 70. on Kamm-el-banraman, on Asguith-theloryah
 71. (whose glacially cold unimpassioned employment
 72. of *eksréz* and *skalpel*
 73. seemed to get on the nerves of the great
 74. Shuvmenébar, . . . he really got *shirtih* and
 75. talked about "manners" and seemed almost sorry
 76. to mention a vulgar, professional person who fell so
 77. far short of the recognised standard of decent
 78. behaviour as known in the Midlands.
 79. Then dear Arthab-al-phur
 80. more in sorrow than anger
 81. found this *justabhit-tu-thikh!* . .
 82. and started to pack up his books and
 83. his *musikh*,—his Bakh- and his Shūman,—
 84. his *shenékhtedip-uttah*
 85. and the *restav-isbaggidj*, then,
 86. tipping the butler, he promptly vacated
 87. the somewhat constricted, *raît-hon-rabul* lodgings
 88. allotted to premiers; while
 89. Kamm-el-banraman, advancing elated
 90. with a snatch of a *slogan*, a swing of his
 91. kilt, a skirl of his sporran (I hope
 92. that is roughly what people in Stirling
 93. *do* do with their sporrans!) . .
 94. he planted his battle-worn, trusty
 95. claymore in the stand in the hall where a certain
 96. historic umbrella had rested aforetimes,
 97. and as soon as the butler had shut the
 98. front-door, the gallant Banraman did give
 99. himself over to *strathspeys*, *schottisches*
 100. *skean-dhūs*, and well! all those
 101. exuberant symptoms of pleasure
 102. that Scotchmen indulge in, . . . on the

103. *dhūrmats* and *karpets*, up and down the
 104. *sterkésiz*. Well! I'm sure I don't
 105. wonder,—he's waited such ages.
 E. T. R.



AN AWFUL WARNING.

MEN OF THE STRAPHANGING AGE.

(From a Print of the Period, 1905.)

DREAM CORRESPONDENCE;

OR, "LETTERS WHICH NEVER REACHED THEM."

I.

(From Mr. Chamberlain to Mr. Balfour.)

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—I have just read B. of B.'s speech at Glasgow, and hasten to associate myself with its sentiments. What he says about your penetrating loyalty strikes me as peculiarly happy, and I cordially agree with him when he says that you are the only possible leader of the Conservative Party. I cannot give a better proof of the genuineness of these sentiments than by informing you that it is my intention at an early date to appear on the same platform with HUGH CECIL and RITCHIE. RITCHIE, I admit, is rather hard to swallow, but at this Christmas season it is only right that one should practise a thorough-going altruism,

Ever cordially yours,

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

P.S.—I played my first game of golf in the garden at Highbury yesterday. As AUSTEN humorously remarked, I am not at all a bad player "through the green(house)."

II.

(From Mr. J. Redmond to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.)

DEAR SIR HENRY,—You will, I am sure, be relieved to hear that on second thoughts the Nationalist Party have decided to withdraw from the attitude outlined at the Convention of the United Irish League. On further consideration we have unanimously decided that it would be most unfair to expect a Liberal Administration, returned with a Free Trade mandate, to bring in any sort of Home Rule Bill. In evidence of my friendly feelings I am venturing to send you a Christmas present of a barrel of Guinness's Stout and an Irish grammar.

Yours most sincerely,

JOHN REDMOND.

III.

(From Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to Mr. Winston Churchill.)

DEAR MR. CHURCHILL,—I trust you will see your way to join my Administration as Secretary of State for War. It is imperatively necessary that we should keep a tight hand on KITCHENER, and you are the only man to do it. Otherwise I should have preferred to offer you the Chancellorship of the Exchequer or the Foreign Office. Perhaps, however, you could manage to take all three?

Obediently yours,

HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

IV.

(From G. Bernard Shaw to the Hon. Stephen Coleridge.)

DEAR MR. COLERIDGE,—*Peccavi!* My letter to the *Neue Freie Presse* was a grand mistake; even worse was my attempt to palliate my initial error by throwing the blame on the German translator. After all, we are both sound on the question of vivisection, so I trust you will let bygones be bygones, and accept the enclosed order for a box at the Court Theatre.

Yours penitently, G. B. S.

To satisfy a general demand for a compact list of Turkish territories at present occupied, or about to be occupied, by the Concerted Fleets, *Mr. Punch* has pleasure in publishing the following mnemonic hexameter, modelled upon the famous list of the reputed birthplaces of HOMER:—

Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Lemnos,
 Tenedos, Mitylene.

"And we had a rattlin' day."

(Extract from the "*Bolton Daily Chronicle*," December 4, 1905.)

THE Holcombe Harriers ran from the White Horse, Edgworth, on Saturday afternoon, under the Master, who was supported in the saddle by several members of the regular riding party.

UN-COMMON-LAW PROCEDURE.

["HIS HONOUR'S TEST.—The question whether it was possible for a man to pick up his hat without bending his knees arose in the Nottingham County Court. To test the matter the judge made an experiment and was successful in picking up his handkerchief from the floor without bending his knees. On a lawyer suggesting that his Honour had not kept his knees rigid the judge performed the feat again."—*Evening Standard*.]

Before Mr. Justice DARING.

Mr. Skill, K.C. (an amateur acrobat and counsel for plaintiff). This is an action for personal injuries caused by the plaintiff falling over a bucket on defendant's staircase. It is agreed that the only questions to be decided, are: first, was the plaintiff guilty of contributory negligence in descending, three steps at a time; secondly, is his present inability to turn a back-somersault evidence of his spine having been injured as we allege? The test in both questions is the ease with which these feats can be performed by a person in ordinary condition.

The Judge. Was not the first question settled in the negative by my Brother BUCK-JUMPER in *Tripp v. Stumble?* (To the Usher) Get me *Chitty on Frauds and Tricks*.

Mr. Skill. Yes, m'lud, but in deciding that case his lordship broke his leg, and I do not rely upon it.

The Judge. But was it not followed in *Cropper's case?*

Mr. Skill. No, m'lud; all that that case decided was that a person with his heels to a wall is estopped from picking up a coin from the ground. The judge also demonstrated, as a *dictum*, that a person whose left heel and cheek about upon a wall has no power to raise his right leg. The cases, m'lud, are collected on page 30 of *Farwell on Powers*. Now, m'lud, here is a full-size model of the staircase, and, as your ludship will observe (mounting the stairs and jumping down three steps at a time), nothing—could—be—simpl—(slips and descends to bottom with a run)—er—er—r—r—r—r!

Mr. Wily, K.C. (for defendant). I ask your lordship to take a note of that.

Mr. Skill (rising and examining stairs). Also, m'lud, of the fact that the twelfth step has been greased.

The Judge. I will. Now for your second point.

Mr. Skill. May it please your ludship. (Stands on desk and executes a back-somersault.) That is my case, m'lud. (Loud and continued cheering.) I must

ask you to excuse me, Ladies and Gentlemen, as I have a turn to do in the Appeal Court in two minutes.

The Judge. Now, Mr. Wily.

Mr. Wily. M'lud, as to the first point I simply rely on my friend's own demonstration. As to the second, I submit that not one man in a thousand can turn a somersault, and it was decided in *Overanover's* case that a person's inability to do so was not evidence of any physical defect.

The Judge. I fancy that the judge in *Overanover's* case only demonstrated that point by way of an *encore*, which I am not bound to follow, especially after Mr. SKILL's express feat to the contrary. However (rising and disrobing) we'll see.



SIMPLE SAYINGS FOR THE SILLY.

BAD AS IT IS TO BE FAWNED UPON, IT IS BETTER THAN TO BE BITTEN.

(To the Usher) Hold my wig a moment.

[*Essays a back-somersault and is carried out of court insensible.*]

(Twenty minutes later.)

The Associate (speaking with much emotion). His lordship's last words were, "Judgment for the defendant, with costs on the higher scale."

ILLUSTRIOUS INANITIES.

["The Emperor of RUSSIA is reported to have said to Count WITTE: 'We are living in stirring times.'"—*Daily News*, December 7.]

THE utterance of soul-shaking verities is not the monopoly of Continental potentates. By means of inquiries conducted in a variety of quarters, Mr. Punch has been enabled to glean a goodly crop of wise, pregnant, and caustic sayings

which have emanated from the lips of prominent public men in this country.

Perhaps the most impressive of all these weighty observations was that which Mr. BALFOUR is asserted to have let fall last Saturday morning at the close of a long conversation with his Private Secretary. "If I am not mistaken," said the outgoing Premier, "to-morrow will be Sunday." Mr. SANDARS, a man of great perspicacity, is understood to have signified his acceptance and endorsement of this momentous proposition.

Hardly less striking in its grasp of the essential facts of the situation is the remark which is credibly attributed to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on learning of Mr.

BALFOUR's resignation. With an inimitable gesture the ex-Colonial Secretary—so we are assured by an informant whose cousin married the niece of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's coachman—turned to his son and said, "Well, well. We shall see what we shall see."

Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN, as is well known, has a great reputation for concise and epigrammatic comment. But he has seldom equalled and never surpassed the felicitous phrase in which he summed up the true inwardness of the present crisis. "If only, as I have every reason to hope and believe, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN ultimately succeeds in convincing the entire electorate of the necessity of his policy, the success of Tariff Reform will be virtually assured."

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, who inherits the gift of trenchant speech from his father, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, is alleged to have created a profound impression at a recent meeting in Manchester by observing,

in tones charged with emotional intensity, "We are on the eve, I may say we are on the brink, of a General Election."

Lord CURZON, whose speedy return to the arena of active politics is confidently expected by his numerous readers, signalled his arrival in England by an observation teeming with transcendent significance. A few days after reaching London he was walking down Pall Mall when he chanced to meet an old acquaintance. We have it on the authority of the crossing-sweeper in Waterloo Place, who witnessed the *rencontre*, that Lord CURZON without a moment's hesitation greeted his friend with the poignant *cri de cœur*, "Well, I suppose there's no place like home, as the saying is."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHERE did Mr. WELLS acquire the intimate acquaintance with life behind the counter in a draper's shop graphically portrayed in *Kipps* (MACMILLAN)? There is something about it recalling the intensity of CHARLES DICKENS's narrative of boyhood's days in the blacking factory that suggests it is autobiographical. The story of *Kipps's* schooldays is also so vivid that my Baronite is constrained to the belief that Cavendish Academy, its principal, and the young gentlemen educated by him, in some modified form actually existed. It is not alone in respect of suspicion of incorporating autobiography with fiction that the author of *Kipps* makes one think of the author of *David Copperfield*. DICKENS has found innumerable imitators, successful chiefly in producing echoes of his more boisterous manner. Whilst free from imitative effort, Mr. WELLS has much of that humour, high spirits and daring fancy that, exercised by the Great Master, still delight mankind. *Kipps* himself, an illiterate youth, to whom there unexpectedly comes a legacy of "twelve fousand pounds," is a character so skilfully drawn through varying circumstances that he is never inconsistent with his introduction as "a simple soul." Mr. *Chester Coote* is excellent, and so, in quite another way, is *Chitterlow* the dramatist, who at length turns up trumps and makes lavish return to *Kipps* for a loan bestowed in darker days. The story rattles along with unfailing vigour, taking unexpected turns that maintain interest to the last.

Maitland Major and Minor (HEINEMANN), by CHARLES TURLEY.

Boys, if you wish to let your fathers know
The path in which a parent ought to go;
Parents, if you would give your growing boys
Something to crown all other Christmas joys;
Masters, if you would learn unwritten rules
Touching the etiquette of private schools;
And, General Public, would you ease your brain
And for one careless day be young again;—
To each and all of you I say, "Go early
And buy the latest tome by Mr. TURLEY."
This is no amateur: there's not a doubt
He knows his tricky subject inside out;
Here is no maudlin tale (it's much too big)
Of virtue championed by the hero-prig;
The boy who tells it, on his proper hook,
Talks like a boy and never like a book;
Nor lets his humour range one little bit
Beyond the natural bounds of boyish wit;
I've seldom sampled better stuff or saner,
So says the Baron's Nautical Retainer.

In *The Art of Portrait Painting* (CASSELL) the Hon. JOHN COLLIER has made one of those incursions into the sister-kingdom of literature so dear to the heart of an artist. He justifies a rather ambitious title by including a learned, brightly-written, and discriminating survey of the work of the great portrait-painters written some years ago. Some of his opinions make one lift one's eyebrows, as for instance where he ascribes the fading of a Leonardo da Vinci portrait to "his pernicious habit of glazing thinly over a preparation in monochrome." The illustrations are in most cases well-chosen and well-printed. Some of those printed in colour, notably the MILLAIS portrait of "*Miss Tennant*" and ORCHARDSON's "*Viscount Peel*," are as near perfection as possible. Each of them is well worth the price of the whole volume, and the "*Lord Peel*" should be possessed by every Parliamentarian. The book contains most valuable hints for the art student.

There are two delightful little kittens on the first page of *Pussy's Mixture* (E. NISTER); but the very best illustration of all, and we haven't seen one with more real go in it for some

time, is on the title page at the very commencement of the book. Don't miss it. It's "*The Cat and the Fiddle*." The *Postcard Book* from same firm is a novel idea. Dainty are *Pansies for Thoughts* and *Forget-me-nots for Remembrance*.

In a handy volume Mr. SEYMOUR LLOYD writes about *Elections, and How to Fight Them* (VACHER). The book comes out opportunely when the country is on the eve of what promises to be a historic struggle at the poll. In chatty manner, lucid phrase, Mr. LLOYD gives practical hints relating to the preliminaries of the struggle. Almost everything a candidate should know with respect to the business in which he is embarked, is here set forth. The Appendix contains a summary of the sections hidden away in the Corrupt Practices Acts relating to the conduct and management of elections. Having learned all this handy book tells him, the honest candidate can go ahead, none daring to make him afraid.

Since *Alice* wandered through Wonderland no such pretty fairy tale has been written as Lady RIDLEY presents in the *Sparrow with the White Feather* (SMITH, ELDER). The sparrow, grateful for kindness received in early youth, conducts little *Jean* to Fairyland, leaving her at the entrance to the glow-worm-lit tunnel that leads to the demesne, for it appears nor sparrows nor other birds are permitted to enter. What *Jean* sees and hears is narrated in fashion of fascinating simplicity. The book, which is illustrated by Mrs. ADRIAN HOPE, is primarily designed for children. My Baronite testifies it may be read with delight by grown-ups.

Virtue is its own reward. This one work, *The Art Journal* for 1905, is VIRTUE (& Co.)'s own reward for the continued success of the series founded in 1839. It is a handsome volume, and some handsome people in it too, commencing with a delightful portrait of "MARY" (evidently the MARY of "MARY MARY, Quite Contrary," which will strike you at once, as would *she*, if when she were alive you examined her face too closely) sent by Mr. JOHN LAVERY to the Autumn Salon in Paris. Then look at JOHN TAYLOR's portrait of *Joan Nixon*, very witchlike, book in hand, and peaked hat on head. No relation presumably to the "Red-faced Nixon" mentioned by *Sam Weller*. The picture is delightful. In the literary accompaniment to this volume there are most interesting articles, long and short, by SIDNEY COLVIN, CLAUDE PHILLIPS, A. G. WEBSTER, PAUL WATERHOUSE, and others.

Brief as this notice must necessarily be, neither the delicate reproduction of THEODORE ROUSSEAU's *Forêt de Fontainebleau*, nor the delightful "*Gossips*" of SYLVIVUS D. PAOLETTI, must be omitted from our general laudation.

The Face of Juliet, by L. T. MEADE (JOHN LONG). Would not the impressionable *Romeo* have been bothered entirely had *Juliet* possessed a twin sister! He would have sung, *con amore*, "How happy could I be with either, Were t'other dear charmer away!" The reader of this novel will appreciate the applicability of this familiar quotation. But further than this the Baron, who knows the secret, may not go. He strongly advises his friends and followers to look into *The Face of Juliet*, and to hold it before their eyes until they shall have learnt what *Juliet's* mother has to impart. The story is well and clearly told, the scenes are dramatic, the descriptions graphic, and there is not a page that would warrant calling in the aid of a professional skipper.



APPROACH SHOTS.

["The question of municipal golf—the providing of it where there is none, and the improvement of it where it exists—is being made a big feature at several of the elections in Scotland."—*Golf Illustrated.*]

1. From a speech by the Rt. Hon. A. J. B.

... "accused of considerable, and even intentional, ambiguity. Gentlemen, on the eve of an election, I admit that frankness on so vital an issue may well be demanded from the leader of a party. But, indeed, I have never made any secret of my opinion on this important matter—the question, as I need scarcely add, of the desirability or otherwise of protecting the greens with artificial bunkers. (*Hear, hear.*) But, since my opponents are incapable, or feign incapability, of understanding my previous utterances on this question—pellucid as I should have imagined them to be—I will restate them once more, in the clearest, the shortest, the most emphatic language at my command. (*Applause.*) On the one hand, we have the belief freely expressed that any but natural hazards disfigure a golf course. The truth of that sentiment appears to me indubitable. (*Cheers.*) On the other hand, there are those who assert that, unless you make artificial hazards, the scores returned will be far below their proper total. With that opinion, Gentlemen, I sympathise to the fullest extent. (*Cheers.*) And now at last, as I hope, I have made it impossible for the least scrupulous of my opponents to accuse me of ambiguity on this great, this tremendous question." (*Loud and continued cheers.*)

2. From a speech by the Rt. Hon. J. C.

... "Well, we will turn to figures.

What do we find? In the south-eastern portion of England, the average monthly return in competitions is 85. The average bogey score—mark this—is but 84! Yes, Gentlemen, here is the state of things—your average is reduced to within one stroke of bogey—and yet there are besotted intellects which shrink from facing facts, and object to my

3. From a speech by Mr. W-nst-n Ch-rch-ll.

... "a more pitiful set of foolzers never disgraced the land! When they do not pull their drives, they slice them. When they do not top their iron-shots, they miss them clean—the only 'clean' feature about these gentlemen! (*Loud*

laughter.) In fact, to describe the insufferable ineptitude of their pseudo-athletic performances aright, the exigencies of accurate terminology compel me to classify such persons as the most piffing set of rotters I've ever struck! (*Renewed laughter.*) And yet these, Gentlemen, these are the creatures who declare that the average golf-course is too easy, and propose to make their abominable bunkers, to desecrate the gracious grass with the sacrilegious spade!"

4. From the correspondence column of "The Spectator."

SIR,—I venture to suggest that—

[We greatly regret that pressure upon our space forbids us to print the remaining portion of our esteemed correspondent's letter. But whether TAYLOR's opinion on the deflection of iron shots can be accepted without some considerable reservation is, obviously, a disputable point. It is approximately certain that the distance from tee to green in the

case of the penultimate hole varies greatly on different courses. We are mindful, however, of HERR's performances, and, while convinced of the soundness of our own view, we shall continue to afford [those who, like our correspondent, hold other opinions, every opportunity of expressing their sentiments in the columns of this journal.—*Ed. Spectator.*]



"No, no. I DON'T WANT THESE COMMON ONES. THEY'RE NOT FOR A PRESENT, YOU KNOW. THEY'RE FOR MYSELF!"

scheme of protection by the introduction of artificial bunkers... possibly not live to see it, yet assuredly the day will come when our motto of 'protection for the home green' will prevail. And not for home greens only: nay, in that glorious age, every green in the Empire will rest secure against unskilful approach, guarded on all sides by a sandy and salutary bunker!" (*Great cheering.*)

LEST YOU REMEMBER.

[To be sung in recitative by Tory waits outside the banqueting-hall of the New Ministry.]

Now sit ye close about the festal board,
And of the turkey's stuffing take your share;
Let every face with absolute accord
Glow in the spicy pudding's brandied flare,
And each his hand apply
And seize a plum and say, "How good a boy am I!"

Now, while your jesters fling their final sneer
At captive warriors and a broken cause,
And scarce acknowledge, save with burning ear,
The gallant foeman's chivalrous applause—
Upstand on all your legs
And drain a Liberal bumper, drain it to the dregs!

Drink to the hour that is, and shout *Waes hael!*
And let no man too curiously forecast
The doubtful vista hid behind the veil,
Nor draw its safety-curtain from the past,
Lest haply he should jog
Thoughts that are best left lying like a dormant dog.

Lest you remember how your victory came,
How battlements that long defied your wit
Fell not by patient siege, or sword and flame,
But owing to a sad internal split;
So were the gates flung wide,
And you were asked if you would kindly step inside.

Lest you remember certain awkward facts
Let drop in many a too-expansive speech,—
Immutable committals, solemn pacts,
Private and contradictory each to each;
And how on every pledge
This clique or that will ultimately have to hedge.

Here's one that's sworn to run at REDMOND's heel,
And there another, bound by equal oaths
To have no hand in any Home Rule deal,
Or wink at what his loyal nature loathes;
Surely between these two
I may detect a slight divergency of view?

Here's one again that marks with angered eyes
"Our Chinese brothers" wearing "slavery's brand,"
Or takes an all-black attitude and cries
"Whip me yon yellow devils off the Rand!"
While others disagree,
Saying, "They're neither slaves nor devils; let 'em be!"

This type's a King's man; that's a frank pro-Boer;
And some are Liberals born, and others made
Such by desertion. Here's a Scot's claymore
That has *Retrenchment* chiselled on the blade,
While BURNS (of England) gloats
Over the damnable expense of paddle-boats.

Therefore, lest you remember facts like these,
Feast while you may, and take a cheerful tone;
Soon you will sit not quite so much at ease,
Eating your winged words, each man his own,—
Tough fowls that you have loosed,
Which have a horrid knack of coming home to roost.

O. S.

THE SORROWS OF GENIUS.

BY A-DE-W C-RN-G-E.

[Dedicated to Miss MARIE CORELLI, author of an article on "The Sorrows of a Millionaire," in *The Daily Mail*.]

THERE are some people in this world who actually envy men, and even women of literary genius. I wonder why? How can anyone possessed of a modest competence, with a seat in a Free Library, and entertaining sound democratic sentiments, envy the merely "talented" man, or woman?

To me the genius, especially the romantic genius, is an object of sincere compassion. His popularity is a perpetual incentive to pot-boiling. He is the slave of fashion. He is at the mercy of unscrupulous critics, reviewers, and ink-slingers, of vulgar lion- and lioness-hunters, photographic friends, interviewers and paragraph-mongers. He (or she) cannot rely upon friendship, for he (or she) always suspects friends of ulterior designs—generally matrimonial. Indeed I know of one extraordinarily gifted authoress who receives on an average 500 offers of marriage in the week, and is still unmarried from the utter impossibility of choosing out of this bewildering *embarras de richesses*.

Again, the literary celebrity, pursued by the unrelenting purveyors of personal details, cannot escape the devastating penalties of success. Isolation, privacy, and repose are impossible. She (if he be a she) is forced by the obligations of greatness to live in the limelight of publicity, to enter the controversial lists at the shortest notice, and fight to the death with rival authors; to champion the fame of the mighty authors of the past against the insidious attacks of acid pedants and pedagogues, unprincipled town councillors and greedy jerry-builders. Then there is the ceaseless strain of bearing aloft the banner of the Simple Life against the combined forces of Mammon and Gastronomy—against the delirious devotees of the gold craze and the porcine worshippers of appetite. It is a terrible responsibility, and there is no respite or relief in the struggle. Genius is ever the victim of jealousy, misrepresentation, and spite, ever bound to be on guard against the onslaughts of brutal and insufferable millionaires.

Again, the rewards of genius, though appreciably larger than in previous epochs, are still pitifully insignificant alongside of the accumulations of the magnates of the mercantile world. I am afraid that MILTON, if he were to revisit the world, would be quite unable to dine night after night at the Carlton, and that SHAKESPEARE, if he were now residing at Stratford-on-Avon, would not find himself in a position to keep a reliable motor-car or to entertain Mr. SIDNEY LEE and Miss CORELLI in a manner worthy of his guests. Of course there are exceptions, and Greeba easily outshines Skibo. But the rule remains—the lot of genius is hard and toilsome. To quote from a personal experience, I once went to a musical reception at the house of a certain latterday *Mrs. Leo Hunter*. The greatest living woman of letters had entered just before me, and was met on the stairs by a lady interviewer, who greeted her with a suave yet sinister grin. "So glad to meet you here!" she said. "Mrs. Z— gives most delightful parties! And she has so much *influence*,—she will speak of your books to so many people." That was quite enough for the affronted genius. Promptly realising the view taken of what she had thought to be merely a courteous response to a friendly invitation, she quickly slipped away from the festive scene, and never darkened the doors of that "influential" house again with her dainty, ethereal shadow. Too proud, you will say? Oh, no! But proud enough to hold the profession of literature as too high for the "patronage" of any lesser power than the universal Public.



GETTING TO WORK.

THE RIGHT HON. J-HN B-RNS. "I CAN TAKE OFF *THIS* COAT JUST AS WELL AS ANY OTHER."

THE FINAL STAVE OF "A CHRISTMAS CAROL."

(With profound apologies to the Genius of Charles Dickens.)

STAVE FIVE.

SCROOGE was certainly under the impression, on going to bed after returning from that wonderful Christmas party at his nephew's, that he would not be required to have any further intercourse with Spirits, and would live henceforth on the Total Abstinence Principle.

But in this he was mistaken. There was no doubt about that. For barely, or so it seemed to him, had he laid his head on his pillow, when the curtains of his bed were once more drawn aside by a spectral hand.

However, on this occasion, he felt no solemn dread. Not a bit of it! On the contrary, he skipped out of bed as lively as a sandboy—or rather several dozen sandboys, every one of them endowed with preternatural agility.

"I know what *you're* here for," he chuckled. "Come to take me out to some *more* Christmas Parties, eh? All right, I'm ready for you. I feel equal to facing any number of them *now*!"

"I am the Ghost of Christmas more than sixty years to come," announced the Spirit in sepulchral tones.

"My dear Sir," said SCROOGE heartily, "delighted to see you—delighted! Thank'ee. Let us be off at once. Do we go out of the window, or through the wall, this time? Whichever it is, Spirit, lead on, and I shall be most happy to follow you anywhere you like!"

"Touch my robe!"

SCROOGE did as he was told, and held it fast. The city had entirely vanished; they stood upon an open country road, before some tall wrought-iron gates, flanked by pillars, upon which a pair of heraldic griffins ramped—but amiably, as if even their stone hearts were softened somewhat by the influence of the Season. Through these gates they passed, and up a stately avenue to the portico of a noble mansion.

"One of the country seats of Lord BREDANBOURNE," the Ghost explained.

"But why bring *me* to such a place, Spirit?" asked SCROOGE, feeling slightly puzzled. "For really I can't recollect ever to have heard of his lordship."

"Have you so soon forgotten your fellow 'prentice, DICK WILKINS?" inquired the Spirit. "He married, as you are doubtless aware, the eldest Miss FEZZIWIG, and died Sir RICHARD WILKINS, having been knighted during his Lord Mayoralty by His Gracious Majesty, King WILLIAM THE FOURTH."

"So he was," cried SCROOGE. "Bless his heart! So he was! Dear, dear! And yet, even now, I don't *quite* —"

"His son, GABRIEL," pursued the Phantom (who, by the way, was less reserved than any of its forerunners) "developed the warehousing connection of the firm of FEZZIWIG & WILKINS to such a prodigious extent that [he eventually became a

Baronet. The second Baronet, Sir PEVERIL, in return for important services rendered to his party, was raised to the Peerage under the title of Baron BREDANBOURNE."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed SCROOGE, rather impressed, "what services, Spirit?"

But the Phantom answered not. It is very possible that it did not know.

"The Lord BREDANBOURNE of the period we are now in," it continued, "does nothing whatever but enjoy himself. He is at this particular moment entertaining a houseful of the smartest people in London for Christmas week."

"Is he, though?" cried SCROOGE, rubbing his hands with the delight of a boy. "What a feast he must be giving them, eh, Spirit? What a capital Turkey! What a wonderful Pudding! What bowls of seething Bishop! What pyramids of oranges and piles of chestnuts! Do let us go inside and

look on, Spirit! Just for an hour or so!"

"I fancy they will have finished feasting by this time," said the Spirit. "We shall probably find them all in the Long Drawing-room, playing—"

"Forfeits, I'll be bound!" said SCROOGE, eagerly. "Oh, I *must* go in, and see the fun! Make haste, Spirit, make haste! Hallo here! Whoop!"

Unseen by any there, they entered that lofty and splendid room—but scarce had they done so, ere SCROOGE's heart grew strangely chill within him.

The walls were decked with Christmas here and there, but yet resounded to no echoing ring of joyous Christmas laughter. SCROOGE noted next that all these guests who sat, in groups of four, at little tables were so deep engrossed in studying the cards that fell—in such a solemn silence, too!—that they were blind and deaf to aught besides, unheeding holly—aye, and mistletoe! From time to time a hollow voice would

cry, "I leave it!" Or one would quit his seat and wander around, like some uneasy soul that finds no rest, and then return, as powerless to resist the spell for long! Young girls there were, who, risking stakes that they could ill afford, doubled "No trumps," and paled as Dummy's hand, displayed, revealed the guarded King that doomed them to inevitable disaster!

"I suppose, Spirit," said SCROOGE, "they'll have in the fiddles and begin to *enjoy* themselves presently, eh? They *can't* keep up this sort of thing *much* longer! *can* they?"

"They *are* enjoying themselves," replied the Phantom. "And they will keep it up till one or two in the morning, at least."

"Then I don't wish to see any more," said SCROOGE. "Remove me, Spirit. Let me see my dear nephew's descendants keeping up this Festival in the time-honoured fashion with 'How, when, and where,' and 'Blind-man's buff.'"

Back to the town the Spirit led him next, and to a fine house in a terrace hard by the spot where Tyburn Tree once



bore its ghastly fruit. There might have been a dozen people, old and young, in the solidly furnished drawing-room SCROOGE and the Spirit visited next—but not one among them all was engaged in blind-man's buff! He saw the same small tables, with similar unsmiling parties of four seated at each—the very silence might have been the same! In one group SCROOGE particularly noticed a grim hatchet-faced elderly gentleman who somehow rather reminded him of his former self. "Your great-nephew, Mr. Justice MERRYWEATHER," explained the Phantom; "he is more learned, though perhaps slightly less genial, than his Early-Victorian father. That pallid young gentleman whose play he is just criticising with such refreshing candour is *his* great-nephew by marriage, young TOPPER, who has lately been called to the Bar, and has a case—his first brief—coming on in his relative's court early next Hilary term. He has just remembered that circumstance."

"Spirit, show me no more!" entreated SCROOGE, "I cannot bear it. In mercy's name take me from this hideous travesty of Christmas cheer to some humbler home, where all the dear old customs are not quite forgot! Let us drop in upon the descendants of my worthy clerk, BOB CRATCHIT! For I tell you plainly, unless I smell roast goose and hot punch, and hear a toast proposed, if not a song, within the next few minutes, I have a feeling that I might relapse into the man that I was wont to be!"

The Phantom inclined its head . . . Their way led them past a row of spacious shops, above which SCROOGE could read, in bold and glittering letters, the words, "Cratchit's Cash Stores, Limited."

"Yes," remarked the Spirit airily, "the CRATCHITS have got on, too. The business is vastly improved since old PETER CRATCHIT first founded it in the early sixties. . . . No, the present people don't live over the shop; they occupy a villa residence called 'Chatsworth,' in a new but highly select suburb, where they are known as the 'DE CRESPIGNY-CRATCHITS.'"

To this suburb they repaired. But, as SCROOGE passed through the stained-glass portal, his nostrils were not greeted by the savour for which he hungered, Mrs. DE CRESPIGNY-CRATCHIT being much too refined a woman to allow a roast goose to appear at *her* table, whether with or without such ungenteel appurtenances as sage and onions.

The party he found in the "Art" Drawing-room to the right of the hall were all in the most correct evening costume, and far too fashionable to be festive. They passed no punch around, proposed no toasts, nor sang a single song. On the contrary, they were engaged in precisely the same occupation as were the two parties at which SCROOGE had previously assisted.

"Spirit, I can't stand it!" cried SCROOGE. "In Heaven's name, *what* is this fell pursuit that, in the space of sixty-odd short years, will banish harmless mirth and jollity from every hearth alike?" . . . "They will call it 'Bridge,'" the Spirit answered.

"Ghost of the Future," cried SCROOGE, quite agonised, "I fear you more than any Spectre I have seen! You seem to delight to torture me! If there is any respectable home in the town on which this fearful blight has not yet fallen, show that home to me, Spirit, I beseech you!"

"I cannot do so," was the Phantom's sorrowful reply, "for I know of none!"

"Then, for the love of Pity," SCROOGE implored it, "conduct me back to bed—and let me wake, to feel all this is but a dreadful dream!"

This time his prayer was granted. . . . He positively frisked out of bed next morning. "Why, bless me, it's Boxing Day!" he shouted. "What ridiculous nonsense I've been dreaming! Christmas blighted, indeed! And by a thing called 'Bridge,' too! Pooh!! Stuff!!! That punch at my nephew's last night must have been stronger than I fancied!" F. A.

SCENT PER SCENT.

A TERRIBLE danger threatens the noble and national sport of Fox-hunting; a danger hitherto unseen, or perhaps we should say unsmelt. And yet how heedlessly we have ridden in its very midst, reeking—we mean recking—nought of the potent evil lurking among us. Then, suddenly, forth bursts the warning in the daily Press. Hark to the prophet of *The Daily Telegraph*. In solemn type that cannot lie he tells of "*the mischief caused—particularly when a cast is being made down-wind of the field—by an atmosphere laden with the scent of countless fragrant cigars, and with the varied pungent perfumes emanating (delicate word) from many feminine handkerchiefs.*" Here, then, is the deadly secret.

Masters, who mop your puzzled brows when the keenest nose in the kennel scours the plain in vain—huntsmen, whose commentaries, not loud but deep, have blanched the cheeks of youthful second whips, when your most cunning casts went unrewarded—know, suffering souls, that all the mischief lies in baccy and bouquet.

What can be done? The strongest varmint fox is whiffless among such redolent rivals. Even the good red herring, the prey of the furious fish-dogs, must pale his ineffectual fumes before these powers of stamped box and stoppered bottle; he is not worth a red scent.

Alas! what disaster do we see before us! Each hound, in time, will run a particular label, and refuse all imitations. By natural selection the lady hounds will speak to the dainty perfumes of the *mouchoirettes*, whilst the sterner sex will give tongue to the rank and vile of the cigar brigade. Then, as the peculiar *penchant* of each of the pack becomes known to their keen-nosed huntsman, every hound, to save confusion, will of course be named after his or her favourite smoke or smell.

Mournful, indeed, to those who have loved the accustomed sounds of the chase (especially if non-smokers) will be the day when our woodlands echo to the cry of "Tally-ho, Bock!" or "Have-a-care, Borneodoro!" A crack of the whip and a "Gently, Jockey-Club," to some eager queen of the kennel will at first fall strangely on the ear, whilst a cheery "Hark to Eau-de-Cologne" answers a well-known note in the whins, proclaiming that the unerring nose has winded its own triple-extract.

And when, at some future revelry by night, the sounds of music rend the odorous air, shall we recognise an old, old tune through these balmy words?

"Yes, I ken Henry Clay, and Auld Reekie too,
Ranker, 'Rose Royale,' and Smellman so true;
From the fag to the case, from the case to the 'pew!'
From the 'pew!' to the ash in the morning."





BREAKING IT GENTLY.

Passer-by. "IS THAT YOUR PORK DOWN THERE ON THE ROAD, GUV'NOR?"

Farmer. "PORK! WHAT D'YE MEAN? THERE'S A PIG O' MINE OUT THERE."

Passer-by. "AH, BUT THERE'S A MOTOR-CAR JUST BEEN BY."

COLD COBFORT.

(Sobe Adti-Rheub Bethods.)

[Medical experts, according to *The Daily Mail*, are calling the attention of the public to the importance of performing the nose-blowing operation in a scientific and hygienic manner. First one nostril and then the other should be blown without undue violence, otherwise the compressed air and the microbes may be driven through the Eustachian tube into the middle ear with serious results. It appears, indeed, that a great authority on the subject used to forbid his patients to blow their noses when suffering from a cold.]

BISTER PUDCH, havigg beed recedtly laid up with this seasodable but distress-igg ailbedt, has a bore tedder feeligg for hubad weakdness, add is accordiggly boved to frabe the followigg sibple regulatiods for sibilar idvalids:—

1. First catch your catarrh.
2. Dod't let it develop idto idfluenda, as this is dow udfashiodable—deuralgia is a buch bore sbart cobplaidt.
3. Avoid usigg ady words which cod-taid the codsodadts "ebb" or "edd";

this becobes sobewhat tryigg add tire-sobe to your fably add frieddts.

4. Refraid frob cobparigg your dose to *Charley's Audt*, because it is "still ruddigg."

5. Take probtly sobe correspoddedce lessods in Sciectific Dose-blowigg, but you deedd't do it id the Agody Colubds of *The Tibes*, *The Daily Bail*, or *The Bordigg Post*.

6. Give up sdiffig, sduffigg, sdoozigg, sdeerigg, sdorigg, sdarligg, sdigerigg, sdiveligg, sdortigg, sduffigg, add sdeezigg—that is, if you cad!

7. Sboke the stroggest tobacco you cad fidd—it will sbother the bicrobes add sedd igquisitive (add huborous) acquaidtadces to a safe distadce.

8. Practise abbidexterity id puttigg your figgers add thubbs to your dose—first ebploy the right hadd, thed the left, uttil proficiedt. You cad thus cobe out as ad edtertaider add bake a lot of bodey.

9. Dod't let your bedical bad gabbod you by calligg it a "coryza." You bight hidt to hib that the lagguage of *The*

Ladcet is very idterestigg, do doubt, to the gederal practitioder, but the ordidary iddividual dowadays is dot to be taked id by the blessed word "Besopotabia."

10. Whed you have fidished with your cold, or sooder, be sure to pass it od with idterest. Jourdey, therefore, persistedtly add oftet id obdibuses add uddergroudd traids, add thus origidate, à la sdowball, a regular Loddod epidebic.

Br. Puch, as will be seed above, has dot edlarged od the less robadtic, though hygidic, details of dostril add hagker-chief drill. He hopes, deverttheless, that these few elebedtary baxibs will, if duly cobplied with, codduce to a Berry Christbas add a Birthful Dew Year abogg his bady fellow-bartyrs of the Egglish clibate—Er-tish-oo!

Zig-Zag.

"HASTA MAÑANA."—A new newspaper has been recently started in Paris, entitled *Demain*. Not very happy this for subscribers at a distance, as *Demain* n'arrive jamais.

NATURE STUDIES.

CHRISTMAS BIRDS.

THERE is a great gathering of birds every morning now in the bare trees and bushes close to the house, for they know that as soon as breakfast is over some one will step out either from the front door or from one of the French windows on the other side of the house and scatter crumbs for them. The uncertainty as to the spot at which the ceremony will take place keeps them in a fine flutter. I can imagine the sparrows (who, if all accounts may be trusted, have all the vices of men with some particular feathered wickednesses in addition) laying the odds to the solemn rooks or the fancy-waistcoated thrushes with a shrill "Six to four the front-drive!" or "Two to one the back-lawn," and being occasionally taken, let us say, in bread-crumbs or fragments of toast, while the robins, those dainty bird-aristocrats, hop about in disdainful aloofness from the busy throng of little chatters. At last, however, when the suspense is becoming almost too great for chirps, the door (or, it may be, the window) opens, and out steps the little fair-haired distributor of largess. Then what a fluster there is to be in good time. The air is alive with excited wings, and all the twigs of vantage become thick with birds. They are, however, too cautious to descend to the ground until the scattering is finished and the human being removes herself within the house.

In London streets, where the traffic is frequent and the pedestrians innumerable, you will see the sparrows, grown contemptuous with a long familiarity, hardly deign to hop aside when a horse or a man comes upon them; but here in the country their native wildness still maintains itself, and it is difficult to coax them to leave their branches until you have withdrawn yourself from their gaze. But when once that is done they waste no time. Down come the sparrows in their swarms, impudent companies of sturdy little fighters, each one intent both on filling his own gullet and preventing his companion from getting his or her fair share. There is no nonsense of gallantry about a sparrow. If he sees a tiny hen of his breed struggling with a crust of bread as large as her body he is down upon her in a moment, thrusts her furiously aside, lifts the crust in his beak, rises with it (an incredible feat) in the air, and abandons his prey only when three other sparrow-raiders pounce upon him and dispossess him.

In the meantime there has come an incursion of starlings. They arrive with an extraordinary bustle and quickness, determined not to be too late for the feast, and at once begin waddling swiftly to the best bits, their funny bob-tailed bodies simply quivering with excitement. They make no bones at all about shouldering the sparrows aside, and the quarrelsome little fellows seem to respect their size and their gluttony, though I doubt not they make many a sarcastic remark about their awkward gait, so different from the sparrow's graceful rhythmical hop. Two or three blackbirds, gaudy with their yellow bills, and a few thrushes add themselves to the meeting, and here and there a stray robin pecks with dignity on the outskirts. A gentler looking, softer bird than the robin does not fly, but you should see the little beggar when a sparrow really gets in his way. With a rush as swift as the flight of an arrow he scatters the enemy and secures what he wants. If I were a sparrow I should certainly keep my distance from a robin, and guard myself against being betrayed by his blushing breast and his liquid eye into any false notions about his fighting quality.

During all this time three gigantic rooks—gigantic, that is to say, by comparison with the industrious swarm of little birds below—have been perched in observation on the tops of some young poplars. You would think that a bird so black and so portentously beaked could not help being brave, but he certainly is not. On the contrary he is as timid as a fawn, and it is a ludicrous sight to watch him trying to make up

his mind for a swoop on a tempting crust, half letting go of his perch, then convulsively clutching and flapping himself back again into security, looking nervously to right and left, and then at last deciding on the dreadful venture and launching himself downward. He too is a waddler, more ungainly than the starling, since there is more of him to waddle, and he has an absurd false air of dignity and dauntlessness as he stalks at his selected crust, seizes it, and makes off with it to his tree. None of the little birds pays the least attention to him. He is a wasteful mischievous bird, but I can't help pitying him, for his looks belie him so largely, and he is obviously so greatly terrified of men.

The gardener shakes his head over the daily bird-feast, and prophesies that we shall have no fruit next year if the thieves are thus encouraged; but he prophesied the same gloomy things last year and many years before, and in spite of his warnings we have not done so badly. At any rate I cannot find it in my heart to refuse my surplus crumbs to these merry, comfortable little folk. A garden without birds would be sadder than a garden without fruit—but on this point I cannot hope that the gardener will agree with me.

MORE DREAM CORRESPONDENCE;

OR, "LETTERS THAT NEVER REACHED THEM."

I.

(From Mr. Brodrick to Lord Curzon.)

MY DEAR CURZON,—I am extremely sorry that I was unavoidably prevented from going to Charing Cross to welcome you on your return to London, though I need hardly add that I was better employed elsewhere. But it has always been a rule with me never to allow personal predilections to interfere with the discharge of public duty, and I had a long-standing engagement to open a Primrose League Bazaar on the same day. The news of the collapse of the station roof next day gave me quite a shock. Just think what it would have meant for the Empire if it had happened twenty-four hours earlier and I had been there! However, all's well that ends well.

Yours very sincerely,
W. ST. JOHN BRODRICK.

II.

(From Mr. Balfour to M. Ritz.)

DEAR SIR,—It is at once my privilege and duty to inform you that it is the intention of the KING to confer upon you the honour of a dukedom in recognition of the services which you have rendered the country in connection with dietetic reform amongst the governing classes. Malnutrition is at the root of the physical deterioration of the nation, but none of those who frequent the splendid establishments of which you are the presiding genius has ever complained of being inadequately nourished. You will, I trust, allow me to congratulate you on your well-deserved honour, and to felicitate the House of Lords on a recruit whose aim has always been to reconcile parties on the common platform of gastronomy.

I am, &c., yours faithfully,
ARTHUR J. BALFOUR.

III.

(From Sir Lewis Morris to Mr. Alfred Austin.)

DEAR MR. AUSTIN,—Hastily glancing at the new Honour List this morning I caught the name ALFRED, and at once jumped to the conclusion that you had been elevated to the peerage. Closer scrutiny, however, revealed the fact that the honour had been bestowed, not upon you, but upon another person with the same Christian name. Still I thought it only right to let you know of my mistake, as an indication of the friendly feeling, irrespective of our political divergence, entertained for a brother bard by

Yours faithfully,
LEWIS MORRIS.

A RECORD MOVE.

[Mr. BALFOUR removed his goods from Downing Street in a motor-car.]

OTHERS may plan their moves by van
With slow and careful art;
Who flits by night may expedite
His progress with a cart;
I that am flying from durance vile,
I that have crossed the Bar,
Manage the thing in a bolder style—
Move in a motor-car.

Then, chauffeur, go, and to and fro
Your frequent course begin;
You need not wait for straw and crate
To pack my chattels in.
What does it matter if things go wrong?
'Tisn't the point just now;
Damage them, lose them, but bring them
along—
Shove them in anyhow!

If you exceed the legal speed,
If peelers take your name,
It shall be mine to pay the fine,
And bear the public shame.
Things at the bottom no doubt may
break;
Those at the top may fall;
Never you mind—but for dear life's sake,
Put on the pace—that's all!

For now at last my toils are past,
Now have I won release,
And with resigned and equal mind
Possess my soul in peace.
Now there are others to work the wheel,
Ready to take their turn,
Let me get out of it—let me feel
Clear of the whole concern.

Then, chauffeur, fly, your courses ply
With all the speed you may,
And get my chattels out of that
Before the close of day.
Tell me as soon as the job's complete—
I shall feel easy then;
I shall forget about Downing Street—

* * *

Praise to the gods! Amen!
DUM-DUM.

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Colonial Office is becoming the preserve of those who bear names distinguished in national pastimes. Mr. LYTTELTON, once a great cricketer, resigns in favour of Lord ELGIN, whose name is closely associated with Marbles.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN too, it will be recollected, played the well-known game known as "his own."

It is earnestly hoped by Mr. ROBERT SPENCER that the announcement that he has been appointed Lord Chamberlain will finally remove the impression that he is an agricultural labourer.

Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN is stated to have encountered considerable difficulty, when making up his Ministry,



POPULARITY.

Bishop (to little visitor, who has asked him to sign post-card portrait of himself). "BUT—ER—SURELY, I SIGNED ONE FOR YOU THE OTHER DAY?"

Little Visitor. "YES; BUT I SWAPPED YOU FOR TWO NEW ZEALANDERS, YOU KNOW!"

in overcoming the scruples of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL as to his fitness for office.

To what lengths some editors are prepared to go in their craze for originality is evidenced by the fact that one London daily paper tried to make itself conspicuous by omitting to state that Mr. JOHN BURNS, when attending at Buckingham Palace, wore a bowler hat.

ACCORDING to *The Globe* "the President of the Republic ought to be elected by open vote and not by the ballot." We have nothing but praise for this sentiment, which seems to us to be based upon sound morality.

A Hardy Annual.

THE MONSTER CHRISTMAS CAKE.

It is 54 years since —'s Christmas Cake was first placed on the Market.

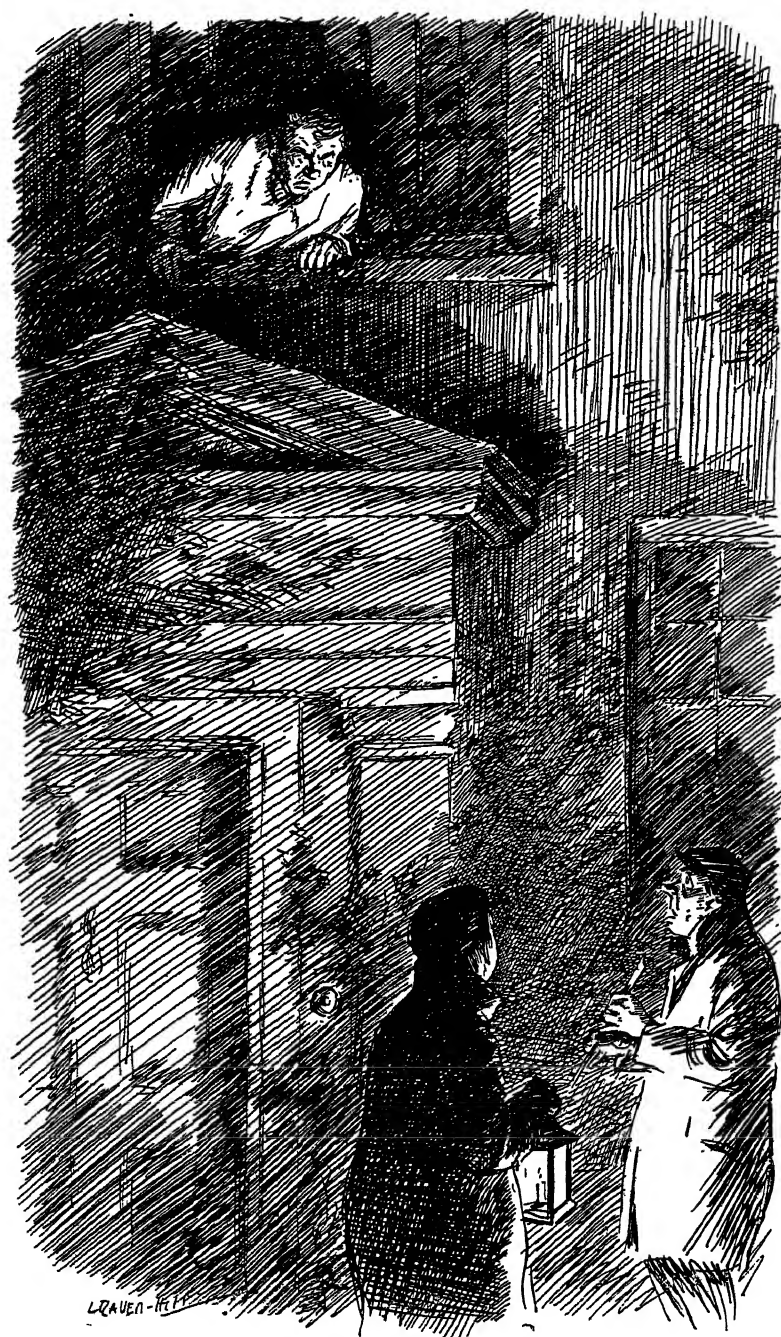
Dundee Advertiser.

Will no one take this cake?

FROM the — Library's free book of illustrations and extracts:—

"Each article in the — Library is quite complete in itself. Wherever it has been thought advisable in other cases to take the best part of the book only, the part taken is always the best part of the book."

As the poet says, "We needs must lift the highest when we see it." The difficulty is, of course, to see it. The lifting is easy enough.



THE WORM TURNS.

Misguided Waits (of slender repertoire but vast persistence). "Noël! Noël! No-ël!"

Saturnine Householder. "Isn't there? If I come down to you I'll make you alter your opinion!"

CHARIVARIA.

A WAG, last week, affixed to the railings of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S house a placard bearing the inscription, "No more hands wanted." Nothing was said about heads.

The Daily Mail is cheaper than ever. It is now being controlled by a Baron, without any extra charge whatever.

A complaint reaches us from a recently-

made Knight which strikes us as not being unreasonable. Our correspondent points out that when he signs letters, &c. there is nothing to indicate that he is a Knight, and suggests that it would be a welcome reform were all of his rank to append the title "Sir" to their signatures.

It has been calculated that, during the recent spell of foggy weather in London, 57,615 drivers of vehicles asked a like number of other persons similarly employed where they were coming to, and

that only in a very small percentage of cases did the answers give satisfaction.

At Billingsgate the fog was so dense that a drunken man lurched into a coffee-tavern.

And, in the neighbourhood of Wormwood Scrubs, a respectable citizen hailed a passing omnibus, which stopped for him, and it was only when a door closed that he discovered he was in a vehicle vulgarly called a Black Maria. Efforts to obtain his release are now on foot.

An interesting attempt to disperse the fog was made in Sloane Square. A German band played there for over half-an-hour.

The announcement that a miniature zoological garden will shortly be established by the London County Council at Golders Hill is supposed to be responsible for the rumour, current last week, that the County Hall was to be erected there. One sees how the error arose, but it is none the less regrettable.

A motor-omnibus caught fire in St. Martin's Lane last week. The old vehicles certainly used to be disagreeably cold in winter.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has obtained three months' imprisonment for a woman who persistently bullied and nagged her child. Once again, nothing is being done for husbands.

The *Chemnitzer Allgemeine Zeitung*, whose enterprise we admire, is the first to inform us that Great Britain is about to make war on the Ashantis in order to obtain possession of their golden throne. It is just possible, however, now that the vile scheme has been exposed, that nothing more will be heard of it.

It is, we hear, possible that the General Election will not, after all, take place in the first week in January. There is just a chance that *The Daily Mail* General Election may not be concluded by then.

A charitable lady is said to be raising a fund to give a dinner on Christmas Day to strap-hangers.

Motor-mask parties are the latest novelty in entertaining. The effect of a room filled with goggleywogs is said to be most *bizarre*.

The statement that Mr. HALL CAINE'S constituents are showing discontent at his absence from their island is denied by Mr. CAINE'S agent.



THE SLIP-KNOT.

(After the late Sir John Everett Millais' well-known picture "The Huguenot.")



Hostess. "AND DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE IN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE?"

Visitor. "WELL, YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN GETTING RATHER STOUTER LATELY, AND IT'S SUCH A COMFORT TO KNOW THAT I REALLY HAVE NO BODY!"

GOVERNMENT BY MOTORITY.

ACTING on the suggestion made by Sir ALFRED HARMSWORTH in *The Daily Mail* that motor-owners who are being asked by Parliamentary candidates for the loan of their cars during the forthcoming Election should guarantee to take joint action to alter the unfair legislation that now controls the liberty of automobiles and thus put the industry in England on the same footing as that in France, a gentleman has sent to a "political friend" the following letter, which he hopes may be useful in promoting further "joint action."

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your request I regret to say that, although fully recognising that at least 25 motor-cars are essential to the success of any electoral contest, I cannot lend you even that small number without requiring you to give me an undertaking to sup-

port certain reasonable measures of which I happen to have a rough draft in my pocket.

I was formerly in the habit of lending automobiles to every man who said he was "blue," without exacting any pledge as to how he would vote if elected, although in some cases, especially in Ireland, there was considerable risk of the varnish on a new car getting scratched; but would you believe what happened? An M.P., who was simply motored into his seat by one of my cars, afterwards had the audacity—not to mention bad taste—actually to say in the House that he approved of some limit being placed on the speed of motors when driven on public roads! I was in the Speaker's Gallery at the time and simply stood aghast. Did this gentleman stop to consider, before using such rash and intemperate language, the effect it might have on the business of undertakers?—a grand industry in

France, but already languishing here through our short-sighted policy.

Now, Sir, I am not going to be duped in this sort of way any more, so unless you are prepared to give me the above-mentioned pledge (of which I will forward you a form on receipt of 6d. in stamps), I must reluctantly leave you to flounder outside Westminster Palace without attempting your motor-curricular rescue.

Yours affectionately,

MERCEDES.

P.S.—*Mercedem qui meruit ferat.*

THE Berlin correspondent of *The Daily Mail* announces the following important item of international news:—

"Frisco Kid, the champion boot-polisher, whose great aim in life is to polish the boots of crowned heads, has arrived here from London."

"Uneasy," we are told, "lies the head that wears a crown;" but far, far uneasier must lie the head that wears a boot as well.

"C.-B.," PREMIER.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

PLEASANT to note cordial reception with which C.-B. is greeted on accession to office. Political friends and foes applaud his Cabinet-making. All he does is well done. Happy send-off for a new Premier.

'Twas not always thus. Those who have dwelt in House of Commons these last six years have pained memories of quite other things. When at Reform Club meeting at opening of Session of 1899 C.-B. had the Leadership pressed upon him by belated Liberal Party, it was a proof not only of high esteem of business capacity, but of exceptional personal popularity. Those who knew him in private life justly regarded him as an ideal Leader of the Party in the circumstances of the hour. Courteous yet canny, long schooled in politics and Parliament, suffused with mellow humour and the gift of expressing it in happy phrase, he seemed the very man for the place.

He gave early testimony of insight when, acknowledging the unanimity that marked his election and the enthusiasm attendant on his acceptance of the thankless office, he insisted, as an essential condition of success in the arrangement, that the Leader of the Party really must be allowed to show the way. Enthusiastic Liberals cheered this novel sentiment. Before the Session had closed, C.-B. on at least one memorable occasion found his authority openly flouted. The Party divided in the face of the common enemy, marching in sections into opposite lobbies.

Beyond ever-seething revolt in his own Party C.-B. has, through his term of Leadership, been hampered by quite unusual hostility displayed towards him by Right Hon. Gentlemen on the Front Bench opposite. PRINCE ARTHUR in particular gleefully seized opportunity of belittling the authority of the Leader of the Opposition. The cue was promptly taken by Ministerialists on back benches and below the Gangway. The manner was adopted by Ministerial organs in the London Press.

C.-B. faced the conspiracy with a quiet dignity and unruffled patience that would have disarmed more generous assailants. He winced once last Session when, on his misreading with comic effect a word of his written speech, the Right Hon. Gentlemen seated opposite broke forth in boisterous laughter. For the most part he passed unnoticed the jeering references—PRINCE ARTHUR here again frequently striking the note—levelled at his habit of carefully preparing in MS. his more important speeches.

Whilst these things happened in the House of Commons, in Printing House

Square, in Fleet Street and its precincts, C.-B. was conscious of being buttressed by support of Liberals throughout the country. Having the advantage of perspective, they formed a juster view of his actual proportions. He is Premier by choice rather of the sturdy Provinces than of the fickle Metropolis. Now that he has come into his own, both applaud success achieved by sterling capacity, unfaltering courage, unflinching political honesty.

In the first Session of a new Parliament we shall find C.-B. blooming amid



THE TRIUMPH OF C.-B.

circumstances wholly different from those patiently endured during six years of probation. Having uncomplainingly, doggedly, made his way through the bleak winter of Opposition, his constitutionally genial nature will expand in the sunshine of prosperity that awaits his return to the familiar scene at Westminster.

May it be Averted!

IN *The Daily Mail* of December 11 there was a paragraph to the effect that a possibility existed of Mr. BEERBOHM TREE with his entire company visiting Germany next April. It was not stated that the performances would commence on the first of that month. But is it not the best policy for England that all Englishmen should refrain from acting in any manner that might admit of a wrongful interpretation? Why do anything in any way to irritate the Germans? Let Mr. TREE, our ever-green Christmas Tree, reconsider the matter, and promote brotherly feeling between the two nationalities by remaining, and giving us the pleasure of his company, at H.M.'s Theatre, Haymarket.

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS AND CARDS.

WHERE THOMAS—beg pardon, we should say Tom—comes out extra well this year with his Crackers for Christmas is with his Table Decorations. Of course anything Japanese must be very popular just now, and however business-like TOM SMITH's designs may be for drawing on purchasers' purses his Jap designs are most fancifully original. "Bridge" too is archly presented, while the Calendar Crackers combine utility with ornament, and the *Quick Change* specimens are fascinatingly attractive! Tom's Christmas stockings are enormous! They are meant for the very biggest calves; or, each one of them might be used as offering retirement to some hundreds of Midsummer Nights' fairies after a Christmas Night's festivity.

MCCAW, STEVENSON AND ORR apparently take the place of MARCUS WARD; and keep the old reputation up to its high standard with a Poetical Calendar charmingly designed, and full of poetical reminders, very interesting. Quite a short cut to the poets. ERNEST NISTER is, to this present Xmas Xaminer, a new name. Congratulations to him on his most artistic calendars.

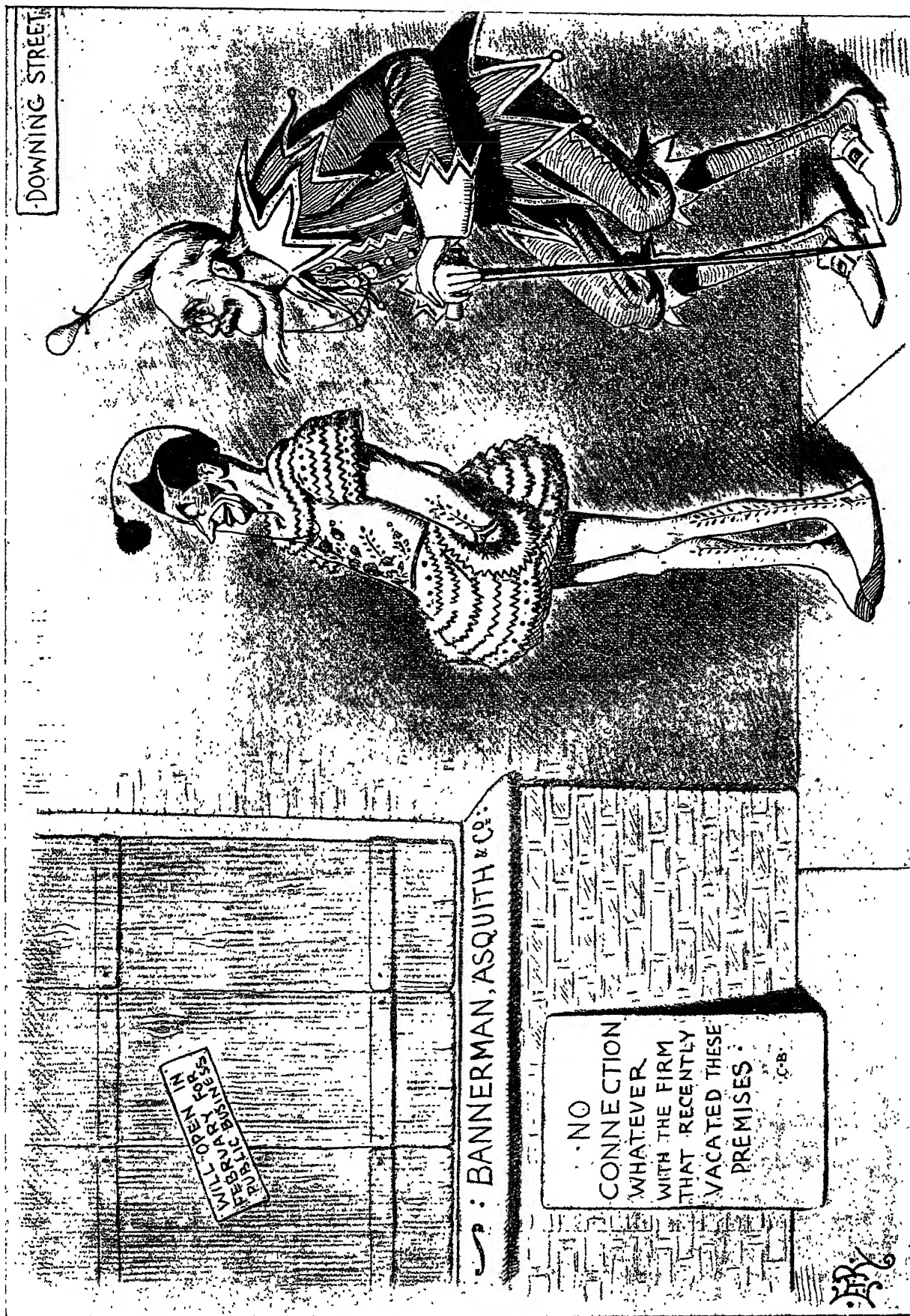
The man in the street, *L'Homme à la rue* (shall we say rightly or wrongly?) will find the *De la Rue* pocket-books of all sorts and sizes as serviceable as ever. By the way *L'Homme à la rue* won't be a purchaser; he will only regard them with appreciation through the shop window, but the public will step in. And of all the other pocket-books, whose shall we indicate as appearing, at least to us, as most serviceable? It sounds, or looks, as if we didn't mean it when we give the name of their publisher and say—"WALKER!"

An Unconsidered Trifle.

HAPPENING to be looking over Sir GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN'S *Interludes* the Baron DE B.-W., while renewing his acquaintance with "HORACE at Athens," was struck by the following lines, so appropriate to this season when pantomime is upon us:

Like the clown
Who lies with fiendish craft athwart the floor,
Then knocks at some innocuous tradesman's door.

Now, marvellously acrobatic as the most modern clowns may be, the Baron ventures to defy anyone of them while "lying athwart the floor" to knock at a door,—that is, in the ordinary acceptance of "knocking at a door," even with his heels. It recalls that famous impossibility of a sentinel "lying prone" and keeping his eyes fixed on the stars.



Joey. "Oh! I say, Arthur! Won't we just have jolly larks with their windows when they get the shop open? I've got my pockets full of chestnuts to shy at 'em!"

Pantaloen. "So have I, Joey!!"

LILLIAN.

VIII.—THE CHIROPODIST.

"THE Great Annual Rummage Sale and Bazaar," said LILLIAN, "will be held in the Schools on Thursday evening, under the distinguished patronage of the Vicar, Miss MALLEY, Mrs. JOHN MARGETTS (who won't be there, luckily), Mrs. ARTHUR MEADOWES, Miss — oh, I forget the rest."

"Do you really come second on the list, or is it just side?" I asked.

"Alas, it's alphabetical. As a distinguished patron, DICK, I feel bound to ask you what you propose to do to help us on this auspicious occasion."

"I hadn't really proposed anything."

"Well, hurry up and begin."

"What does one do at a Bazaar? You can't sing very well——"

"You don't sing very well," corrected LILLIAN.

"My voice may be untrained," I said, "but it has power, not to say volume. I can give you some old clothes of ARTHUR's."

"Do, and anything of your own you can spare. And try and think of some other way of making money. It's for cassocks."

"Cassocks?"

"Or is it hassocks? I really forget. Anyhow they want a lot."

That evening I went over ARTHUR's summer wardrobe, and found quite a lot of old things that he couldn't really have been keen on—except for the associations, and there must have been lots of those.

I made a heap of them without any remorse, feeling sure of his approval as soon as he heard of the noble object in view—cassocks, or hassocks. I mean one *must* sacrifice for the cause of charity. I confess that I did hesitate for a time at a flannel suit (grey with a light blue stripe); but I had certainly never seen him wear it since his marriage, and ante-nuptial garments are unlucky or something, aren't they? Anyhow, I got him on the list.

Of course I gave some of my own things too. In particular I remember a pair of evening socks, very fine, with open work down the front. (I may say here that the bidding was very brisk for these, JOHN CLAYTON securing them eventually for threepence.) Also I thought of an idea.

"It's just this," I said to LILLIAN. "I'm going to tell fortunes. Observe Professor FORTUNO, the Famous Chiropodist. Séances, 3d. Ordinary aunts, 2d. Children Half Price."

"I say, that's rather a thought."

"I shall disguise myself in a long beard, and you can erect me a little tent in a corner of the room."

"Right you are. I'll tell COBB." COBB is not only a churchwarden, but also a handy man with the adze, being by birth a carpenter.

"Yes, do. By the way," I added, "did you ever see ARTHUR in a flannel suit—grey with a light blue stripe?"

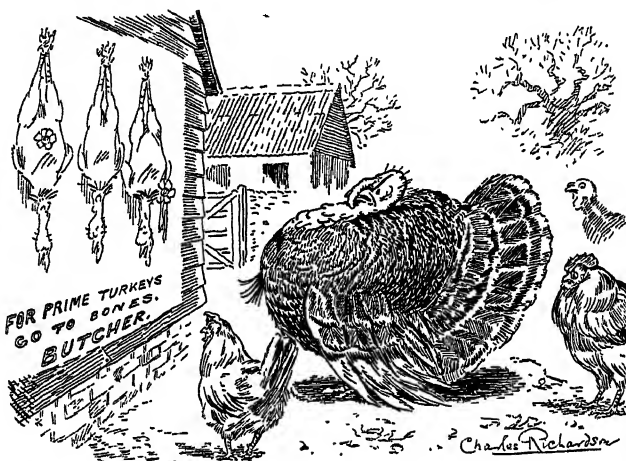
"Grey with a — Isn't that the new one he was so proud of?"

"Oh, is it?"

"I think so. He bought it at the very end of the season for that garden party, and only wore it once. Yes, of course. Why?"

"I knew I hadn't seen him in it often," I murmured.

"Grey, I think, suits ARTHUR, don't you?"



Mr. Turkey-Gobbler. "PON MY WORD! THESE FEATHERLESS PICTURES ARE POSITIVELY INDELICATE! I SHALL CERTAINLY FORBID MY CHILDREN TO COME ROUND HERE!"

"What does the Vicar do with all the clothes?" I asked anxiously.

"They put the best up for auction, and the others have a fixed price," explained LILLIAN.

Mr. COBB is a worthy man and a good carpenter; but he was a fool to label my tent as "Professor FORTUNO, the Famous Chiropodist," though it does show the spread of education. However, the mistake was soon remedied, and I did much good work for the cause. Personally I must have made several hassocks myself.

Of course I hoped that LILLIAN would come in to have her fortune told, and I meant to give her a good one, too. However, it never came off properly. She dashed in suddenly with, "Oh, DICK, what do you think?"

I seized her hand.

"You will marry a young and handsome man of the name of RICHARD," I began, quickly. "You will have——"

"Oh, I didn't come for that. What do you think has happened?"

"I'm telling you what will happen. You will marry—oh, I said that. I see land, pasture land, in your palm. You are not a farmer yourself. Then perhaps you know somebody of the name of MEADOWES?"

"DICK, stop it. GRACE and ARTHUR are here. And I saw ARTHUR's flannel suit on the auction stall."

"Oh lord!" I said. I got up and sat down again. "Of course you told ARTHUR that I'd gone up to town for the day? H'sh, look out." I took her hand again. "An aunt," I said loudly, "who will die in an Eastern country." And ARTHUR entered.

"Is that yours, LILLIAN? I didn't know you had an aunt. Who is the Professor?"

"Are you going to be told? How splendid! The left hand's best."

I took ARTHUR's hand. The future was easy to read. "I see trouble before you. Disappointment and wrath are written. Great vexation will be yours shortly. There will be an estrangement between you and a dear friend. A friend? No—no—it is surely a relation."

LILLIAN laughed suddenly. "Poor old ARTHUR!"

"You are gifted with a charitable nature," I went on. "Quite lately you have made great sacrifices in the cause of charity. As yet you do not realise how great."

I peered into his hand again.

"I can see no more," I said.

"Except that there is this trouble before you. The rest is—blank."

My next visitor was ETHEL WILLEY, and then I had a brilliant idea.

"It is decreed," I said, taking her hand, "that you will do a work of great kindness in the immediate future."

"But I wanted the past," she said.

"The past is past," I said, impatiently. "Let us leave it there. Now do attend carefully to the prophet." Whereupon I gave her most careful instructions. "Do be a dear and do it for me," I implored. "There's the auction bell. Run."

I had told ARTHUR that there was trouble ahead, and the rest was blank; but when he caught sight of his best suit on the auction stall he started straight off with the blank part. He stood there beginning all sorts of inarticulate protests, until the bidding reached ten shillings, and then GRACE drew his attention to the practical, if expensive, way.

"Twelve shillings," he growled.

"Thirteen," said a voice.

"Twenty," said ARTHUR.

"Thirty."

"Two pounds."

"Two ten."

"Confound it," said ARTHUR, "there's somebody running me up on purpose because she knows I want it. Three."

"Guineas."

"I won't be cheated. I won't go a penny further. I won't—"

"Going for three guineas!"

"Four pounds," shouted ARTHUR, "and I'll talk to somebody about this."

LILLIAN and Miss WILLEY came into my tent.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. DICK," said Miss WILLEY, "I was just going to get it for ten shillings, when some man started bidding against me. And you said I wasn't to go more than three pounds."

"Oh help. What will ARTHUR say?"

"ARTHUR was the man," said LILLIAN, beginning to laugh. I glared at her.

"Why ever didn't you stop Miss WILLEY then? You knew she didn't know all the—er—the circumstances of the case—"

"I couldn't. I was laughing too much."

"Laughing!" I said bitterly. "It was your duty to—"

LILLIAN sat down and shook with laughter.

"It was," she said between shakes, "my duty—as a patron—as a distinguished patron—to help—the cause—of charity."

"Wait till I get my beard off," said the Chiropodist.

He uses a tortoiseshell comb, and prefers BEETHOVEN to WAGNER. In matters of gastronomy he has his own opinion, but the statement that he eats a Haggis every Saturday night is unfounded. Before he took the name of BANNERMAN he was never known as C.-B.; although now even the policemen on duty in the House call him nothing else. The nickname originated with one of our wittiest M.P.'s.



TIME—Christmas Day.

Benevolent, but somewhat deaf old Gent. "HA, THERE GO THE DEAR OLD CHURCH BELLS, RINGING OUT THEIR MESSAGE OF CHARITY AND GOOD-WILL TO ALL MANKIND!"

MR. JOHN MORLEY

is generally considered to be the most intellectual member of the new Cabinet, although there is a difference of opinion as to the precise meaning of the word. He is one of the few members who are not Scotch, and his features are easily distinguishable from those of both Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Mr.

JOHN BURNS. Mr. MORLEY rarely plays golf when in Opposition; it remains to be seen what he will do in Office. He knows India like a book, but was quite ready to be the Chancellor of Exchequer if necessary. Mr. MORLEY may be seen riding in the Park every morning on a short cobby-built nag named *Pongo*. He uses a J pen and Indian ink.

MR. JOHN BURNS

is the first Labour Member to enter the Cabinet. Few of his fellow Ministers are better known, and none hit harder in the nets in Battersea Park. Mr. BURNS dresses in blue serge and a grey beard. At the time of his summons to the PREMIER's house he was at work on a scheme to convert the L.C.C. steamers into motor omnibuses. This must now stand over for the present. Mr. BURNS strikes a heavy blow, and rarely gets his umbrella stolen. His favourite flower is the little fragile wood-anemone, the wind-flower of the poets. He eats heartily. Mr. BURNS is thinking of giving up Bridge now that he has so many new duties, but so much pressure is being brought to bear upon him that he may change his mind.

SIR EDWARD GREY

is not really grey, except in name. He is still a young man, although older than Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. His title came not from journalistic enterprise or the promotion of music-hall companies, but was inherited; in other words, he is a baronet, thus giving the lie to the old adage, "All cats are grey at Knight." Sir EDWARD is fond of fishing, and has now and then caught something. He breakfasts usually at nine, but on occasion, when, for example, he has to catch a train, can be earlier. Being a Director of a great Railway Company he is rarely asked for his ticket. His favourite colour is blue, and he always says that pure Latakia is too strong for steady smoking. In all other respects he is a model English gentleman.

MR. JAMES BRYCE,

who is perhaps the ablest Irish Secretary since Mr. GERALD BALFOUR, has been long before the public as a climber and publicist, but this is his first serious attempt to rule the country which gave him his admirable brogue. A man of medium height, he has read much. His interest in life is wide and vivid, and pickled walnuts, he has been often heard by eavesdroppers to declare, have more fitness with cold mutton than cold pheasant. Mr. BRYCE dresses simply in clothes. No member of the new Cabinet spends so much money on hansoms, and few have a wider knowledge of Esperanto. He is sixty-seven.

LORD ROSEBERRY

is not in the Cabinet.

ALL ABOUT THE NEW CABINET.

(Reprinted from "In the Know.")

At this moment, when it is impossible to be told too much about the members of the new Cabinet, the following particulars concerning some of them cannot fail to be interesting.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN

is scrupulously careful in his attire. It was noticed when he called on the KING last week that he had not forgotten his coat or omitted to lace his boots. He has never been known to walk down Pall Mall wearing only one spat, however strong the temptation may have been.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"BRAYVO, THACK, my boy!" quoth the merry ANDREW ARCEDECKNE, addressing WILLIAM MAKEPEACE after the great novelist's first lecture on the *Four Georges*. "Brayvo, THACK, my boy! First-rate! Why don't you follow 'em up with the Two CHARLIES, the Eight 'ENRIES, and the Sixteen GREGORIES?" And to Mr. JOHN LONG, who has just published among *The Carlton Classics* a clearly printed, quite pocketable, and therefore companionable, edition of THACKERAY's *Four Georges*, the Baron makes a suggestion similar to ANDREW ARCEDECKNE's. Give us many standard works in this handy and inexpensive form.

Mr. HERBERT PAUL devotes a considerable portion of his *Life of Froude* (PITMAN) to the scarifying of FREEMAN, who pursued with bitter acrimony the successive literary efforts of his brother historian. Whenever FROUDE added a chapter to his *History*, or contributed an article to a periodical, be sure FREEMAN was down upon him with pen dipped in gall. He was largely responsible for establishing the charge of inaccuracy which still attaches to FROUDE's work. "I do not suppose," he wrote in one of a long series of assaults in the congenial columns of *The Saturday Review*, "that Mr. FROUDE wilfully misrepresents anything. The fault seems to be inherent and incurable. He does not know what historical truth is, or how a man should set about looking for it . . . His book is not written with that regard for truth with which a book ought to be written." That is plain speech, perilously approaching libel. My Baronite only half wonders what would have happened to FREEMAN had he been brought into court before Mr. Justice DARLING and a special jury approaching the average of intelligence. Having effectively disposed of FREEMAN, Mr. PAUL himself takes FROUDE in hand, and in language less coarse, not therefore less effective, sides with the assailant. "FROUDE," he writes, "was an advocate rather than a Judge. He held so strongly the correctness of his own views and the importance of having a right judgment in all things, that he sometimes gave undue prominence to the facts which supported his theory." When FROUDE, having completed his *History of England*, turns his gaze across the Channel, his biographer's flail falls with increasing severity. Mr. PAUL writes: "The book is really an Orange Manifesto. Such works have their purpose and FROUDE's is an unusually eloquent specimen of its class. But they are not history." Thus was FREEMAN justified of his criticism. Had he had the opportunity of tasting both doses FROUDE would probably have preferred the *Saturday Reviewer* to his biographer. It is to Mr. PAUL's credit that he is not influenced in passing judgment upon the subject of his biography by the parental fondness of the biographer. This stern quality increases the value of the study, and adds piquancy to a valuable addition to the personal history of literature.

It was a great pleasure to read, and it is as great a pleasure to recommend to everyone, an historical romance so simply told and so thoroughly interesting as *The Idol of the King*, by Captain CURTIES (HUTCHINSON & Co.). The King is GEORGE THE THIRD, who, when Prince of WALES, loved HANNAH LIGHTFOOT the Quakeress, "to whom" (the Baron is quoting THACKERAY) "they say he was actually married (though I don't know who has ever seen the register)." For HANNAH our author, who "wishes it to be distinctly understood that he does not vouch for the historical accuracy of all he here describes," substitutes a perfectly charming heroine, *Miss Olivia Everett*, of Old Walsingham Grange, a true gentlewoman of ancient lineage, staunch to the old faith at a time when to profess and practise it was to incur the greatest

possible risks. With her the PRINCE fell in love at first sight, as did she with him. Their marriage was indeed a veritable love-match. On this basis of probability our author, following the example of Sir WALTER SCOTT in his historical novels, builds up a touching romance. Probably the old Norfolk family, of which Captain CURTIES is a member, has in its possession a store of most interesting documents that may serve him for another novel as interesting as this.

Interludes, "being three essays and some verses by HORACE SMITH" (MACMILLAN & Co.). The Baron reading these three chattily-written essays has come across several good old stories, but he gives the palm to such new ones as are of the worthy magistrate's own personal experience.

Some time ago there was published, in bulky volumes necessitated by the long record, the autobiography of Sir HENRY KEPPEL, Admiral of the Fleet. Sir ALGERNON WEST, brother-in-law of the old sailor lately paid off, has supplemented the statelier frigate by something in the shape of a brisk and handy cutter. *Harry Keppel* (SMITH, ELDER) is a memoir including the later years of the typical British sailor of whom Her Majesty Queen VICTORIA spoke as "my beloved little Admiral, best and bravest of men." Born when GEORGE THE THIRD was King, and having held commission on the active list of the Navy under four Sovereigns, KEPPEL lived to see his affectionate friend EDWARD THE SEVENTH crowned in Westminster Abbey. With light touch Sir ALGERNON WEST brings the personality of a simple-hearted yet capable man home to the reader who knew him only by name. He shrinks from attempt to define "that nameless magic, that infection of geniality" which made HARRY KEPPEL equally attractive to his Sovereign and his midshipmen. Happily he makes it clear enough in the pages of his book. The earlier history recording KEPPEL's gun-room days vividly recalls the experience and adventure of *Midshipman Easy* and *Percival Keene*. Thirty-three years ago, when he was in command at Plymouth, Lord CHARLES BERESFORD was his Flag Lieutenant. My Baronite notes many points of resemblance between the young 'un and the old 'un. Beyond the Flag Lieutenant, now Vice-Admiral, the type is almost extinct.

Kitty and the Viscount, by MULVY OUSELEY (GAY AND BIRD), is a novel that the Baron may (under reservation) recommend as a fairly interesting story that might have been really good, had the construction of the plot been reconsidered, and the style of writing very carefully edited. To believe that a stranger, introduced by the secretary of a West-End swell-mobsmen's Club to its members, should, at his very first visit, be taken aside by one of the biggest criminals present and be fully confided in, is so improbable as at once to upset the entire scheme. The introduction of the man who ought to have been *Kitty's* husband is awkwardly managed. Yet has the Baron a good word for the equivocal *Kitty* and her Varying *Viscount*.

The Baron DE BOOK-WORMS begs to announce that during this Christmas season he is giving his Baronite, his Retainers generally, and himself, an entire holiday. On the re-opening of the office, after the holidays, in the second week of the New Year, "Business will be carried on as usual."



NATURE STUDIES.

MIDDLE AGE.

I HAVE heard many men talk very seriously about middle age, but it was generally the middle age of other people, not their own. In referring to their own years they usually spoke with an air of jocoseness which did not well conceal their anxiety to be reassured. What, as a matter of fact, they wished the friend whom they addressed to say was something of this kind:—"Middle-aged, my dear chap! You! Why, you're younger than you ever were in your life. It'll be time enough to talk about middle age in another ten years."

And the friend, if he had a grain of tact, would certainly come up to the scratch gallantly with some genial remark of the sort. If such things happened to be said to you, don't you find yourself afterwards walking with a springier step, as if you were prepared to ruffle it with the best of them in any of the bold and dashing adventures specially suited to youth? Honestly it's not a bit of use. Look at that grey-haired old servant pottering about the Club library. You can remember him when his hair was black and glossy, when his waist was slim in the Club livery, and when he bustled as if nothing could tire him. How long ago was that? And how old were you at that time? It is a shock to observe these living and palpably aging reminders of one's own vanished

elasticity, but the shock is probably good for you.

Or you can pay a visit to your old University and plunge again into that fountain of perennial boyhood. Those were the rooms JACK used to keep in. You remember with a shudder the night when in mere wantonness you let yourself down from them into the Court by means of sheets knotted together. What would you take to do it now? And JACK? Last week the newspapers announced his elevation to a bishopric and gave him high praise for his learning, his piety and his doctrinal orthodoxy. Who else kept in the Court? EDWARD was one, and now he is a headmaster; and TOM was another, and you are godfather to his boy, who rowed last summer in his College Eight. There are ghosts in the Court, too, ghosts in flannels and football boots, or in the easy suits of dittoes that the young affected many years ago, and they are shouting and laughing and trolling songs, and altogether behaving as if nothing in the wide world mattered—not Deans or tutors

or lecturers or even the inexorable years themselves. Yes, it was a delightful time, and its memory cannot fade, but to come upon it like this is a little disconcerting.

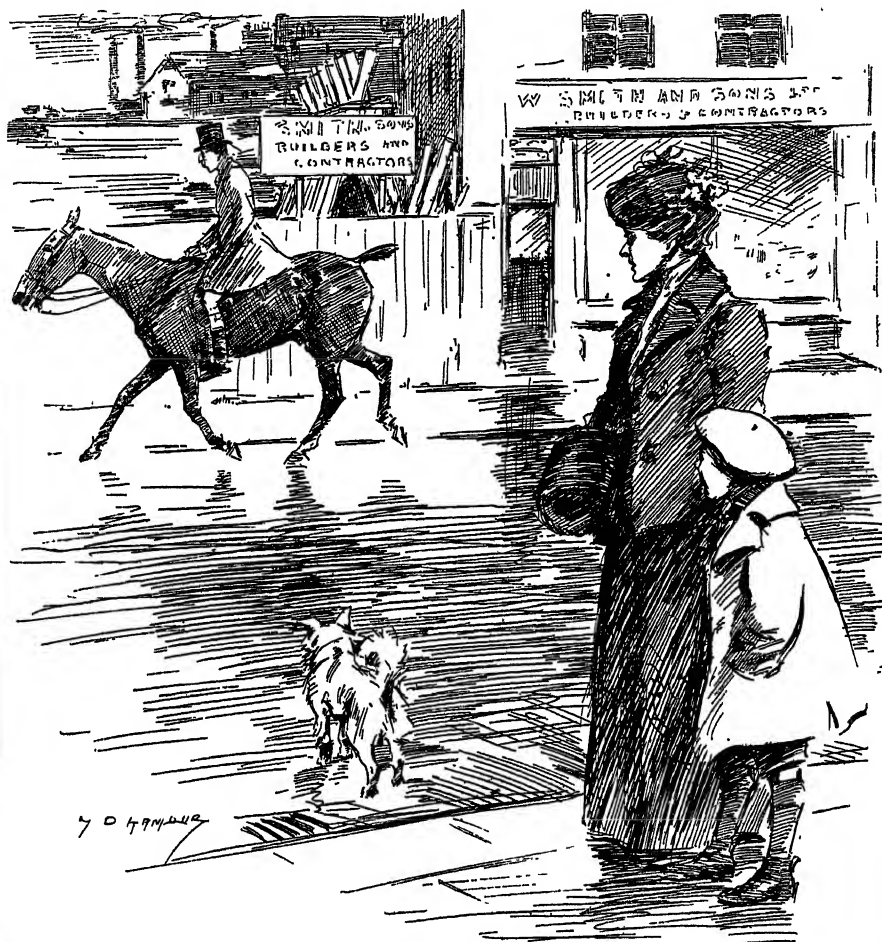
I met, not long ago—it was a distinguished, a never-to-be-forgotten honour—an undergraduate, a great athlete and, I must add, a thoroughly pleasant companion. What, however, pleased me chiefly about him was, not the list of his triumphs, but the extraordinary vivacity of his youth, both as to bodily enterprise and as to animal spirits. He could turn the most beautiful somersaults on a lawn or on the floor of a room; he could throw cart-wheels; he could walk on his hands for fifty yards and then, with a swift convulsion of his being,

could erect himself suddenly on his feet; and he held and expressed the opinion that at the age of twenty-eight it was still, perhaps, possible for a man to be fairly active. Beyond this he would not go. He bore his part with animation amongst his elders, though he was often heard to say that politics were in his judgment a dull and confusing pursuit, and that literature was even worse as a subject for conversation. He was happiest when he was playing with the small children of the house, and I never knew his spirits and his gay self-confidence to be depressed except upon the rare occasions when he was forced to a desk in order to write a letter, a pursuit which he frankly abhorred. "I say, old chap," I have heard him call out

on such an occasion,

"do you spell 'bicycle' with an *i* or a *y*?" When the answer came, "With both," he ejaculated, "Oh, Lord!" in a tone of such deep despair that one might have supposed the very foundations of his world to be crumbling beneath his feet. Yet he was twenty-one years old, and responsible in the eyes of the law for such debts as he might incur.

For myself, I could wish to lose a certain amount of my poor ability in spelling if I could lose with it some of my encumbering years and be a barbarian once more. But I am under no illusions, for it was but a short time ago that an amiable young man—a German he was, but not otherwise hostile—rose as I approached, and offered me his chair. On my protesting that I couldn't think of taking it, he smiled a very pleasant smile and said, with polite insistence: "Pray sit down. For me it does not matter; I have young legs and can stand, but it would not be right that you should remain standing." I thanked him, and took the chair.



"I SAY, AUNTIE, WHAT'S THAT FUNNY MAN WITH THE RED COAT?"

"HE'S BEEN HUNTING, DEAR."

"OH,—HE HASN'T CAUGHT MUCH, HAS HE, AUNTIE?"

WHY WALES WON.

DRUIDICAL AND BARDIC INFLUENCES.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE AND WELSH RABBIT.

ARE THE NEW ZEALANDERS A DEGENERATE RACE?

EFFECT OF GEYSERS AND FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

MR. SEDDON AS A PHYSICAL IDEAL.

[NOTE.—Mr. Punch cannot necessarily guarantee the statements or endorse the conclusions which appear in this article. But he is confident that the general sense of it is as sound as that of other articles, published elsewhere, in which the previous successes of the representatives of New Zealand have been explained on the ground of that country's superiority, physical, social, and moral, over the degenerate Motherland.]

WHILE the echoes of the Welsh triumph are still ringing through the mountain fastnesses of the Principality, the student of ætiology will not be content to dismiss this remarkable occurrence as a mere detached incident in the everyday world of sport. He will look deeper; he will investigate causes, primary, secondary, and immediate. He will say: Here is the spectacle of a country of the most exiguous area inflicting a crushing defeat (by however small a margin) upon another country almost

TWENTY TIMES ITS SIZE.

Here is the spectacle of a practically untried combination overcoming one that for the last two months or more has been steadily perfecting itself in competition with teams of every variety, including scratch fifteens representing Scotland, Ireland, and the amateur section of England. It is impossible to explain this overwhelming superiority without scientific reference to racial characteristics, the influences of tradition, physical environment, and so forth.

And, in the first place, we must remember that the Cymry have always enjoyed a certain sense of confidence born of the success of their defensive tactics against the Saxons, who constantly failed to defeat them on the home ground. Then, again, football was the

NATIONAL GAME OF THE DRUIDS.

The influence of hierarchies on the sports of a people can never be overestimated. The popularity of Ju-jitsu is directly traceable to the ancient Shinto cult; the Olympic Games were under the habitual patronage of the priesthoods of Zeus and Hera; and it is from the ritual of Odin that the Scandinavians derive their passion for Ski-ing.

Secondly, the influence of the Bards cannot be ignored. Ear-witnesses of the impromptu Fisteddfod which was so remarkable a feature of the Cardiff match, after enjoying the privilege of comparing the Maori war-song with the national hymn of Wales, as

POURED FORTH FROM 50,000 PATRIOTIC THROATS,

assert that so paralysing was the domination of the latter that victory was already won before the leather was so much as set in motion.

Thirdly, there is the question of language. It has been well said that a man who can conquer the difficulty of the Welsh tongue can conquer anything. Further, its effect upon the

DEVELOPMENT OF THE MAXILLARY ORGANS

has no parallel in history. And it must not be forgotten how big a part is played by the jaw-bone both as a propelling force in the scrimmage, and as an instrument for use in colloquution with the referee.

Among immemorial traditions conducive to patriotic fervour in the football field may be mentioned the Welsh Rabbit, symbol of fleetness; and the tale of Taffy, Welshman and Thief, an obvious gloss upon that national reputation for sleight-of-hand which has fallen to the heritage of the present three-quarter line.

Passing from prehistoric origins to the lower middle ages, we have

OWEN GLENDOWER LEADING THE WELSH SORUM

to victory in a long series of international games, and to the end undefeated by the combination which overthrew the famous Hotspur team (at that time playing under the Rugby code) in the match at Hateley Field by Shrewsbury.

In more recent times Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE (a local hero) has taken Cabinet rank; and the Lord Mayor of CARDIFF (a still more local worthy) has made himself conspicuous in other ways.

The pride of memories such as these, both old and new, must have acted as a powerful stimulant to the nerves, and added something to that virility which one invariably associates with an atmosphere of anthracite coal-dust.

Turning to the New Zealanders, we have to ask ourselves whether the quality of degeneracy (a term usually employed in explanation of British defeats) can fairly be predicated of so young a race. I am rather inclined to attribute their débâcle to

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT.

But it is not to their history and traditions (still in the elementary stages of construction) that we must look for the causes of this arrest, but rather to natural environment and social and political institutions. Under the first head I have only time to mention the Geysers, or boiling springs, which are a feature of those unfortunate islands. I know of

NOTHING MORE ENERVATING THAN A GEYSER.

No country that produces them has ever become a First-Class Power without a desperate struggle.

Iceland has Geysers, and that is where the Prodigal Son came from. Further, in New Zealand, as in Iceland, you have those extremes of heat and cold which are so injurious to the system: Geysers at one end of the thermometer and Frozen Lamb at the other.

Then there is the institution of Female Suffrage. Where the women of a nation become men, its men are apt to become women. No less a person than KLERXES is my authority for this generalization, based on a remark let fall by him, from a safe distance, at the battle of Salamis.

Finally, in the person of the Right Hon. RICHARD SEDDON, New Zealand's ideal figure, we have a standard of physical culture which

MAKES FOR NATIONAL OBESITY.

His bodily dimensions (quite apart from his tendency to mental tumidity) cannot but have exerted a baleful influence upon his loyal subjects, discouraging that abstinence and self-restraint which are essential to a perfect training, and more than counter-balancing the admirable example offered by the svelte and almost ascetic figure of the Hon. W. P. REEVES, High Commissioner for the Colony.

These drawbacks notwithstanding—and, after all, though the football-players of New Zealand may have had a hand in the establishment of Female Suffrage, Frozen Lamb, and Mr. SEDDON, yet they cannot be held

RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR PREMIER'S PROPORTIONS,

nor for the Geysers—I must believe that this promising young country, by strict attention to its physique, will eventually distinguish itself and send out a combination worthy to cross shins with the all-conquering Cymry. O. S.



A GOING CONCERN.

SNOW MAN (*to himself*). "I WISH SOMEONE WOULD GIVE ME 'PROTECTION' AGAINST THIS SORT OF THING!"



Hostess. "DON'T YOU SING, MR. BINKS?"

Binks. "NO—ER—I—HUM—ER—"

Hostess. "OH, I'M AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T BE HEARD IN THIS LARGE ROOM. THANKS, SO MUCH!"

[Terrible disappointment of Binks, who was simply dying to recite "Tam o' Shanter."]

WHITEWASH.

[In his new tragedy, shortly to be presented at His Majesty's, Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS is understood to have attempted the rehabilitation of the character of NERO. So desperate a task is beyond the powers of the present writer. He is content to bring forward one circumstance in that monarch's earlier career, which should add something of compassion to the resentment with which we regard his deplorable lapses from virtue.]

FRIENDS, Readers, Countrymen, lend me your ears!
I come to whitewash NERO, not to praise him.
His was the first of criminal careers
(Unless the lurid record of his years
Wrongly portrays him).

Slain at the age of rising thirty-two,
He filled the Cup of Vice to overflowing:
Much that was better left unknown, *he* knew;
And what he didn't know, if tales be true,
Was not worth knowing.

But as a youth he was not wholly bad;
When he was crowned, men said to one another,
"By Jove! A worthy and a studious lad;"
And so he *was*, until—oh passing sad!—
He lost his Mother!

That was the turning point. While she was there
He lived comparatively free from scandal;

He knew the sweetness of a Mother's care;
Felt the correcting arm, that did not spare
A Mother's sandal.

Who knows? Perchance, had she been near to guide,
His reign had been less lamentably shady:
But, on the morning of his regal pride,
With disconcerting suddenness, she died!
The poor old lady!

Oh, not to trespass on an orphan's grief,
'Twas from that time he took to paths of error
(Thinking, no doubt, that change would bring relief),
Made it a habit, and became, in brief,
A holy terror.

I say no more. But though his deeds were dark
They hold a pathos that no crime can smother;
Young NERO would have doubtless made his mark
Had he not, in a mad, mad, boyish lark,
Murdered his Mother! DUM-DUM.

At Cardiff.

Welsh Farmer. Cootpye, Mr. SHONES, cootpye. I will see
you on Montay, whateffer.
Excursionist from Yorkshire (to friend). Haow foonyy t'
fowks do tark in this paart t' coontry!

THE SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



A CHERISHED MEMORY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"Labby" speaking from the corner seat below the Gangway.

Monday.—Another figure vanishing from a corner seat below the Gangway. Ghosts haunt it. In succession men as diverse as DILWYN and GRANDOLPH sat there. The last to go (from the opposite side) was JEMMY LOWTHER. Now the SAGE OF QUEEN'S ANNE'S GATE withdraws, happily no further off than Florence, but still too distant to be in time for prayers at Westminster and so secure his coign of vantage.

Mr. GEDGE carried into his retirement pained conviction that the SAGE's tenure of the place was not founded on constitutional usage. According to unwritten law of Parliament, private Members secure for current sitting a particular place by attendance at time of prayer. Then and then only are cards procurable, which, stuck in the back of the seat with the Member's name writ upon them, mark it for his own. Mr. GEDGE, who missed no gathering where "Amen!" might be loudly said, was constant in attendance at prayers. In course of time he was struck by recurrence of strange thing. He never observed the Member for Northampton among his fellow devotees. Yet

at question time there he was, in the corner seat mocking at Ministers.

Mr. GEDGE smelt a rat. Nay, he saw it moving in the air. Resolved to catch it. One day at prayer time he, with innocent air of casualty, moved from his accustomed seat to one below the Gangway in full view of LABBY's seat in which, at that moment, DILKE chanced to be. (When he came to think of it, DILKE always *was* there at prayer time.) Covering his face with his hands in devotional attitude, Mr. GEDGE strategically opened his fingers so that he might see what passed. What he beheld was DILKE furtively sticking a card at the back of the corner seat and another for himself in the seat adjoining!

When at question time the SAGE entered and took the corner seat, Mr. GEDGE peached. The House laughed, the SPEAKER solemnly shook his head, and characterised the procedure as out of order. All the same, the SAGE kept the corner seat, rising thence on the eve of Prorogation last August to deplore afresh the conduct of the Government.

Through six Parliaments he has been triumphantly returned by the men

of Northampton. A strange alliance, the grim cobblers and the cynical man of the world. But it was firmly welded and, come what might, in whatsoever low-water the Liberal Party might droop, LABBY was Member for Northampton. Of late years he has not been much to the fore, but to the end he remained a Parliamentary institution. Between 1886 and 1892 he was in his prime, and did much to contribute to the downfall of the SALISBURY Government which befel in the latter year. It was naturally expected that he would gain the customary reward by the proffer of office in the new Ministry he had helped to create. But something happened. He was left out, and in spite of cynical indifference to place and rank he was never the same man in the House of Commons.

At his best he delighted a staled assembly with the freshness of his views, the piquancy of his criticism. He cherished a generous forbearance for sheer incompetence. That no man so doomed could help. But for pretence or fraud, hypocrisy or self-seeking, he had a keen eye, swooping down upon the sinner with a sweet smile, a soft voice that made more effective the ruthlessness of attack.

The House could better have spared a duller man. The MEMBER FOR SARK goes about with saddened mien, murmuring his "Lament for LABBY":

But now they are moaning on ilka green loan-ing,
The Flower of Northampton is a' wede away.

HONoured IN THE BRIDGE AND ITS OBSERVANCE.

MR. RAVEN-HILL exhibits his *Bridge Problems* (LAURENCE AND JELlicoe) in four tableaux which have already appeared in these pages. For this show he has touched 'em up with a paint-brush. They are very effective, and having already secured popularity in black-and-white attire they will be especially well received, at this season of the year, as excellent specimens of *rouge, noir, et couleur*. At a moderate price they will be dear, in another sense, to Bridge players, just as are JOHN LEECH's inimitable hunting scenes to all sportsmen, ancient and modern.

Each picture tells its own story, though some of them may cause discussion among Bridge-players as to the artist's intention; but there will be no difference of opinion as to the meaning of "*Why did he declare hearts?*" which situation speaks for itself, as evidently the male partner intends to speak for *himself* when the play is over, and the words have to be spoken in earnest. Anyone who wants to have "a real good set" in his house at Christmas time could not do better than offer the hospitality of his walls to these Bridgers.



MINISTERIAL MILLINERY.—No. 1.

IN THE DISCOMPOSING ROOM.

THE Russian paper the *Razsvet* has ceased for the time being to appear, because, says a special correspondent in St. Petersburg, "the printers refuse to work unless their own comments are inserted in the political articles." The simplest causes, it will be seen, may paralyse the Press. Why so reasonable a request should be refused we fail to see.

Our attitude is shared by the Editor of *The Daily Chronicle*, who tried the experiment of allowing the compositors who set up the article on Mr. JOHN BURNS in the issue of December 18 to interpolate whatever criticisms they wished. The article, as a matter of fact, got into the paper in its original form, but at one time it ran like this, i.e., the comments of the printing staff being here given in italics for the sake of clarity:—

Critics of Mr. (?) Burns.

Some of the Socialist newspapers are girding angrily at the President of the Local Government Board. "Quite right, too." "Who says so? If it's Jim Black that said that, let him come outside." Mr. JOHN BURNS has not been in office a week, but already he is described as "a traitor," an "apostate," and a "backslider." "So he is, the blighter." "No, he's not, he's a true patriot if there ever was one." "How about that £2,000 salary? Calls himself a Socialist, does he?" These abusive—"They're not abusive, they're just. Abusive yourself"—epithets are not likely to disturb the equanimity of a man who is only anxious to serve his fellows—"Oh, is he?" "Yes he is"—and who has not renounced any of his democratic ideals. "What about that £2,000, I keep asking?" "Well, you wouldn't have the man work for nothing, would you?" When will these acidulated critics understand that if there is anything in Socialism it must consist of constructive action, organisation, and administration? "Who's acidulated? Think we're drops, I suppose." "I tell you I know John Burns through and through, and he's all right. He's a good man." "Honest John." Mr. BURNS has never departed from the ideals of social well-being which he held when he began his public career. While his detractors have been talking and talking he has been working. "Talking, indeed! Haven't we been working too? I know jolly well I have!" He can look back upon eighteen years' arduous toil on the London County Council for the benefit of the whole community, and particularly of labour, while his services in the House of Commons

have been of incalculable value to the working classes. "Have they? I'd like to know how." "Well, so you shall: Johnnie Burns has..." "Time, Gentlemen, please. You can't hold the pen all night, Mr. Clever, you know. I want my turn too." He now occupies a position where his practical knowledge of local government and his administrative ability will have free play. "Yes, at £2,000 a year. What I want to know is, what price £2,000 a year for a Socialist?" "Go and boil your head." His detractors might at any rate wait until Mr. BURNS has had his oppor-



Dick and Harry (who have lost themselves).
"PLEASE, MR. POLICEMAN, COULD YOU TELL US
THE WAY TO THE THEATRE?"
Policeman (in surprise). "THEATRE!"
Dick. "YUS. WE'RE THE TWO HIMPS OF
MERRIMENT AT THE PANTERMIME."

tunity before launching their arrows against him. The accession to Cabinet office of a champion of Labour and a constant friend of the poor like JOHN BURNS ought to rejoice the heart of the Social Democrat and the Independent Labour man. "Why? That isn't what we sent Burns to Parliament for. We sent him there to be a working man like us, not a blooming toff." "You silly ass, how can he do you so much good as a private member as in the Cabinet?" Instead of thankfulness we find bitterness; instead of gratitude, reproaches. To win the confidence of English Socialists you must talk and theorise. To attempt action is an unpardonable sin. "Well, well. Next article, please." "Down with John Burns!" "Three cheers for John Burns!" "Good old Burns!"

The experience of the Editor of *The Daily Telegraph* was much the same, the article on Mr. BALFOUR's speech at Leeds having been originally set up in the following form:—

It has been the affected habit of members of the present Ministerial party and of their faithful shadows in the Press to pretend that they did not understand the attitude which Mr. BALFOUR has assumed with regard to the Fiscal problems which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, with characteristic vigour and ability, has brought once more within the range of practical politics. "Faithful shadow yourself!" "What price the Duke, and George Hamilton, and Balfour of Burleigh and Arthur Elliot?" "No blooming side about any of them." "Who's he getting at, then?" "Joe's the man for me!" There is enough intelligence at the command of the Radicals—there is not a plethora—to compel our belief that this failure to understand is as much a pose as that of a well-known sporting Judge, who asked counsel "What is a bookmaker?" "Look here, I'm not going to stand being called a plethora!" "Why can't he say 'Aukins and have done with it?'" "He's got hold of the wrong end of the stick. It was 'Who is Connie Gilchrist?'" Affectation carried to extremes becomes stupidity, and if, after last night's speech, the Radicals still plead inability to comprehend, there will be nothing left for us to do but apply to them the epithet bestowed by VOLTAIRE on the second author who compared his mistress's lips to a rosebud. "Roundabout, longwinded talk when carried to extremes becomes bunkum." "If you want to call a man an ass, why not say so instead of dragging in Voltaire?"

The talented Editor of the *Outlook* published in his issue of the 16th inst. an article headed "Fair Play and No Quarter," the first proof of which read as follows:—

"Although the duty of the new Opposition is to oppose with at least as much energy, vigilance, and resource as the Ministerialists have employed against them, there are some things in which Unionists will set a better example than they have been shown. They will not forget the public interest; and they will not dip their weapons in that venom of personal rancour with which Mr. BALFOUR, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and Lord MILNER have been assailed. "Oh, won't they! Just you wait a bit until you've got into your stride." "Well, anyhow the Tories didn't forget the 'public' interest." . . . Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, always a vastly over-rated critic, has been in the last few years an exceptionally

industrious and offensive partisan; we can only regret that the Radical party's universal provider of ordinary platform fustian should be made Minister of Education. "*That's more like fair play, ain't it?*" "*What's the matter with the Universal Provider? He's all right!*"

The troubles of Tsardom formed the theme of a recent article in *The Spectator*, which, when first set up, presented the following appearance:—

THE STATE OF RUSSIA.

A far-away memory comes to us of an eminent explorer's description of the doubts which for some time he entertained as to whether a body of water that he was following was a tributary of a great lake which he had lately left, or an outlet from that inland sea towards a distant ocean. "*A trifle foggy that for the opening par.*" "*What has Stanley in Central Africa got to do with the state of Russia?*" "*O never mind, he'll get there in another stick or two.*" At one spot the current, such as it was, seemed lakeward; not very far away it was plainly flowing in the opposite direction; while between those points there was a dense growth of reed and cane which made any certain observation practically impossible. "*Rather like one of Mr. Balfour's fiscal speeches.*" "*Cheer up, mateys, we shall get to Russia in time.*" Somewhat similarly, those who now watch the Russian situation—so distant and obscure, though the telegraph, when working, gives it a delusive appearance of nearness—are unable to form any clear conclusion as to the direction in which events will ultimately be determined. "*Then why did you sit down to write an article on 'The State of Russia'?*" In a few months' time, it may be, there will be no doubt as to the future set of the current of Russian national life—"Yes, that's quite on the cards,"—but at the present moment it is impossible to say with any confidence whether it is heading backwards towards the sands of reaction, or moving forward to become a fertilising river of liberty, or gathering force for the rush of a wild torrent of destruction. "*Heading backwards—sounds like a football match.*" "*Oh, Lor! there's another column yet to come!*" "*Chinese labour's nothing to this.*"

"As a matter of fact, electricity is absolutely the only safe means of electrically lighting a railway train."—*The Electrical Review.*

Mr. Punch, though not in possession of technical knowledge on this point, hazards the belief that the above statement is correct.



THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Cabby. "I 'AD A BEARD LIKE YOURS ONCE, BUT WHEN I FOUND WHAT IT MADE ME LOOK LIKE, I GOT IT OUT OFF."

Bussy. "AN' I 'AD A FACE LIKE YOURS ONCE, AN' WHEN I FOUND I COULDN'T GET IT OUT OFF, I GREW A BEARD."

FAILURE.

Now the Old Year in senile weakness lies,
Fast drawing to his close;
And in my bosom bitter thoughts arise,
That make me dash the tear-drops from
my eyes,
And fiercely blow my nose.

It is not that in this sad hour I weep
For each forgotten vow;
'Tis not remorse that will not let me sleep
For broken promises I swore to keep;
I'm used to that by now.

It is not that I mourn for chances tossed
Without a thought aside,

For Fortune's proffered gifts supinely
lost;

I very much prefer to blow the cost,
And let such matters slide.

But this regret within my bosom gnaws,
That, though I've made prodigious efforts to assimilate its laws,
With patience worthy of a better cause,
I have not learned to Bridge!

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ARCADIAN FANCY DRESS BALL;
WAYERLEY ROOMS, CHELTENHAM.
Dress optional.

This is indeed your true Arcadia.



OUR ELECTION.

Giles. "I DON'T KNAW WHICH ON 'EM I SHALL VOTE FOR. THEY BOTH BIN ROUND 'ERE, AN' NEITHER OF 'EM CAN TELL I WOT'S THE MATTER WI' THIC THER' FIG!"

AN EXACT SCIENCE.

[Miss EMILY HOLT has written a book entitled "The Secret of Popularity," in which the road to social success is described as "An Exact Science." Some of its more valuable rules are here reproduced.]

WOULD you, O my Sister, have the women hand-in-glove with you,
All the men in love with you,
Thinking you divine;
People thronging round your door in infinite variety,
Seeking your society,
Begging you to dine?
Then come—nay, do not turn from me—I'll teach you charm
and tact:
As you will shortly learn from me, the Science is exact.

Practise with a looking-glass the graceful art of meeting friends,
Fancy you are greeting friends,
Aim at glad surprise;
Cultivate a happy smile, catch your breath, look rapturous—
That's the way to capture us—
Welcome with your eyes,
And learn to gush "How sweet, my dear, to see you up in
town!
It's really quite a treat, my dear! And how is Mr. BROWN?"

Ply with utmost diligence the subtle art of listening;
Sit with eyes a-glistening,
Lips the least apart.
Never mind however much your visitor is boring you;
Know he is adoring you
And grateful in his heart.
Be sure that he will gad about and sing aloud your praise,
Till all the world is mad about your sympathetic ways.
When you meet a friend at tea who's been to Rome or Hanover,
Call that bashful man over,
Draw your frills aside.
Bid him share your sofa with a little gesture prettily,
Ask about dear Italy;
"Was it azure-skied?"
"Was Jupiter so Pluvius?" and punctuate his prose
Account of Mount Vesuvius with little "Ahs" and "Ohs."
Laugh, too, when he tells you tales of continental travelling.
Never take to cavilling,
However old the brand.
When he takes his leave of you, at once assume an attitude
Of deferential gratitude,
And warmly press his hand.
This way lies popularity. Of course, there's none who thinks
You savour of vulgarity, and are, in short, a minx.



A CHRISTMAS TOAST.

MR. PUNCH. "NOW THEN! BUMPERS ALL! TO PEACE AND GOODWILL!!"

CHARIVARIA.

As a reward for beating the "All Blacks," plucky little Wales, it is said, is to have Disestablishment.

"Your Imperial thinkers, your Imperial drinkers, your landlords, your Randlords, your philosophic doubters, your Imperial shouters, your shufflers, and your scufflers—there they lie in one mingled mass of misery." The foregoing is an extract from a speech by Sir WILFRID LAWSON, and one can well understand that anyone who sets himself the task of delivering such elaborate *jeux d'esprit* after dinner does well to be a teetotaler.

"A Mother of Three" writes to protest against the proposed change in our sailors' costumes, as she considers due notice has not been given. She has just had her little boys (whose long curls are always so much admired) rigged out as able-bodied seamen, and it will be a cruel hardship if they are now to become "back numbers."

At many British military messes, we hear, officers are fined by their comrades if they appear in a "made-up" dress-tie. We believe there is no similar regulation in the Japanese Army, and, if this be true, the successes of our allies in the recent war become all the more remarkable.

Upon being served with some stale fish in a restaurant in Paris, a Mexican threw the dish at the waiter, the water-bottle at a gentleman who interfered, and afterwards fired his revolver at the proprietor. It is supposed that the Mexican must have lost his temper.

The coolness of our firemen has often been admired. At a recent conflagration some of them were observed to be actually playing on the flames.

With reference to the police constable who was seen running in a West-End street last week, a satisfactory explanation is now given. The officer was going off duty.

Some excitement, we hear, was caused at a Charity Bazaar, last week, by the appearance of an old gentleman, of weak intellect, in bathing costume. He explained that he had come for the six-penny dip.

A pretty novelty has just been placed upon the market in the form of a dainty gold chain for attachment to false teeth. It is pinned to the lapel of the coat or hung round the neck.

A Chinaman has been sent to prison



HARD TO PLEASE.

Lady (to Shopwalker, who has personally conducted her on grand tour round toyshop for the last hour or so). "No, THANKS. I DON'T THINK I CARE FOR ANY OF THESE. PERHAPS YOU'LL HAVE SOMETHING FRESH TO-MORROW!"

at Bangkok for stealing clothes by means of a fishing-rod. The custom of catching fur-coats in a butterfly-net has long been *démodé* in the best circles.

We hear that a new monthly to be devoted to the interests of violinists is in contemplation. Suggested title; *The Strad Magazine*.

At last, we hear, a satisfactory title has been found for a play to succeed worthily "The Worst Woman in London." It is so simple that one wonders that it should not have occurred to anyone before. It is to be "The Worst Woman in England," and the new play is to be followed successively by "The Worst Woman in England and Wales," "The Worst Woman in Europe," and "The Worst Woman Anywhere."

At a meeting of the shareholders of BARNUM AND BAILEY, Limited, it was declared that showmen received salaries almost as large as those of Cabinet

Ministers. The scandal just now, in the opinion of many, is the other way round.

In reply to "Anxious Enquirer," we think that no present is appreciated by a smart young man quite so much as a worked smoking-cap. In fact, the majority of our bachelor friends have three in constant use. They put on a richly embroidered one when smoking a cigar, a less elaborate one for cigarettes, and, for pipes, a quite plain one, with no trimming at all.

We are now in a position to state the real facts about the King of SPAIN. It is true that HIS MAJESTY is engaged to Princess ENA of BATTENBERG, but at present it is a secret.

Friendly messages have been exchanged between Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and the German Government. It will be remembered that they have interests in common. Both are in favour of Free Trade—for Great Britain.

THE "HOW TO" PAPERS.

No. IV.—HOW TO WRITE A LETTER.

A LETTER is a written document, passing from A. to B., or *vice versa*, at a time when these two persons are precluded from communicating by word of mouth, either by distance or because they are not on speaking terms.

The origin of the art of letter-writing is lost in the mists of antiquity. JOSEPHUS mentions it as a well-known practice in his day, and later on in the world's history we have the well-known lines:

I had a letter to send her,
To her whom my soul loved best,

showing how the same idea occurred to different minds in ages far apart.

In order to write a letter recourse must be had to the materials acknowledged by the experience of ages to be the most suitable for the purpose. These are as follows:—

Paper.—This should be white, or any other colour the writer may prefer. It may be, and amongst the highest in the land usually is, stamped with the address of the writer, with any information relative to the distance of railway stations, telegraph offices, golf links or licensed houses that may be necessary. A crest also, preferably the

writer's own, a coat-of-arms or a neat monogram, may be added for the sake of ornament or self-advertisement.

Pens.—These, originally constructed from the quill of the goose, or *anser vulgaris*, can now be purchased in boxes at the low price of three pence a dozen, while a handle of wood, metal, or some other hard material, is to be procured from most stationers at an inconsiderable sum.

Envelopes.—These are either square or oblong. The flaps are usually supplied with a coating of adhesive gum, to be moistened in a way which need

not be further particularised, in order to keep the communication private.

Ink.—This is a fluid of a dark colour, said by some to be extracted from the fish immortalised by *Captain Cuttle*, and is held in a pot of glass or metal. The supply can be replenished when it has run low.

Blotting-paper.—This preparation is called in French *papier buvard*, but the writer once heard of an Englishman

refuses to accept payment for them, and need not be pressed to do so. There is a cheaper form of stamp sold at a half-penny, but its colour, which is green, is not so pleasing to the eye.

Dictionary.—This will supply the writer with the proper spelling of the word "affectionately," or any others upon which he may be shaky.

Armed with these adjuncts to the art of letter-writing the student will now be in a position to get to the business of inditing an epistle.

There are people who write their letters in bed after breakfast. This posture is not to be recommended as a convenient one on account of bread-crumbs. Far better to sit down comfortably at a desk or table, square the elbows, hunch the shoulders, slightly but gracefully protrude the tongue, draw a long breath and set to work.

The chief lesson the novice must learn before he or she can hope to become an expert letter-writer is to adapt the tone of his or her correspondence to the different people to whom he or she may wish to write. Thus, a letter addressed by a lady to a draper complaining that the eight yards of *ruching* delivered did not come up to sample, and it is surprising that a

respectable firm should carry on in that way, must not be written in such affectionate terms as to bring the head of the establishment hurrying round with a proposal of marriage. Nor, on the other hand, should a letter in reply to a proposal from an acceptable suitor begin, "Dear Sir,—Yours of 30th ult. to hand and contents duly noted."

Bearing these simple directions in mind, the letter-writer may proceed to exercise his art with the hope of soon becoming, as the manuals put it, complete.



"GOOD GRACIOUS, MASTER TOMMY, WHATEVER ARE YOU DOING?"

"CAN'T FIND MY BEST BAGS ANYWHERE. IT'S JUST LIKE THE PATER TO PUT THEM ON BY MISTAKE, AND THEN GO TO CHURCH IN THEM!"

who entered a stationer's shop in Paris with the request, "*De la blosk, s'il vous plaît*," and was immediately supplied.

Stamps.—When the letter is sent by post it is usual to affix a small portrait of the reigning monarch to the right-hand corner of the envelope, out of respect and loyalty. These little portraits are appropriately named "stamps," and, like the envelopes, are supplied with adhesive gum. Very good ones for the purpose can be purchased for one penny each at any post-office, or they may be borrowed from a friend, who usually



"AH!" said Mr. PUNCH with satisfaction, as his mind passed rapidly over the events of the preceding twelve months. "Ah! There's another year nearly done. I feel that I have very little to complain of. Take it all round, although there has perhaps been a shade too much Parliamentary indecision, it has been a good year, and it is closing very happily, for we have a new Cabinet, we are teaching our policemen Jujitsu, we have beaten the New Zealanders at last, and there is no influenza epidemic apparent."

"No," continued the Sage, "I think I have very little to grumble at, and I hope I am not singular in that belief."

It was at this point that Mr. PUNCH was made aware of the proximity of a stranger, apparently in the depths of perplexity, who approached him with extreme difficulty, owing to the burden of literature under which he staggered.

"Help! help!" cried the stranger. "Help! help!"

"My dear Sir," said Mr. PUNCH, "is there anything I can do for you? You seem to be burdened by books!"

"Indeed, I am," the stranger replied. "That is my complaint. I am burdened by books. I cannot get into my house for books. I cannot move about it for books, and I cannot leave it for books."

"How is that?" asked Mr. PUNCH. "Are you so inveterate a collector?"

"A collector? No, Sir. A collector is a happy man compared with me. A collector owns his books and can sell them. These are library books."

"But why do you have them?" the Sage inquired.

"Why, Sir? Because I cannot help it, Sir. Unlike Mr. BALFOUR, I am a reader of the newspapers, and every newspaper now forces library books on its patrons. I take in six daily papers; I therefore belong to six libraries. My wife and family take in eight weekly papers; they therefore belong to eight libraries. That, I think, makes fourteen libraries altogether, unless so much literature has ruined my arithmetic. Each of these libraries insists upon our having three books a day—forty-two in all."

"But you could discontinue your subscription," Mr. PUNCH gently suggested.

"No, Sir; impossible. This is an age of perusal. Burdensome as these books may be, I feel that it is my duty as an Englishman to try and master them. I feel that I ought to keep abreast of the intellectual life of the time. I ought to know what people are thinking. Even to expect to understand the differences between Protection and Retaliation is, I know, too much; but I think I ought to know the difference between conscription and universal military service. I ought to know whether the Man in the Iron Mask was JUNIUS. I ought to know the relative merits of petrol and white steam. I ought to know whether BACON wrote *Hammurabi*, or SHAKESPEARE wrote Mr. HALL CAINE; and if not, why not."

I ought to know how to keep a motor-car on an income of £800 a year. I want to belong to my age and choose a new religion. I want a new diet. I want to become a millionaire. And to do this I must read first the papers, and secondarily the books. I understand that one is not properly civilised unless one belongs to several libraries."

"Do you read old books as well as the new?" asked Mr. PUNCH.

"Oh no!" replied the heavily-burdened stranger. "The old books are no good; I am told by the assistants at the libraries that every writer who is dead or over forty is a back number—only the books which have been issued in the last two publishing seasons are of any use, have any real snap. Mental pabulum must be fresh if it is to nourish the brain and promote efficiency, or, I should rather say, effectiveness, for efficiency as a cry is more than nine months old. But even so it is hard to keep pace with all the new books. For instance, before I go to bed to-night I must finish a new treatise on Christian Science as applied to Voice Production, a new monograph on Manchuria, and a new novel called *The Sands of Bliss*."

"It seems to me," said Mr. PUNCH, musingly, "that, much as the excesses of the past are abused, and rightly too, I would almost rather be a three-bottle man than a three-book man."

"And that is not the worst," continued the stranger. "I can manage to get an idea of what the books mean; but there is Mr. SHAW as well. Nowadays, all persons with any claim to culture must keep abreast of Mr. SHAW, for does he not reign at the Court? Can you tell me what he is driving at?"

Mr. PUNCH having tactfully parried the question, his interlocutor proceeded:

"My wife goes to Mr. SHAW's plays, and is delighted when a character on the stage describes her and her fellow-women as harpies, or as *succubi*; but it does not amuse me. It enrages me. What am I to do? Is it I who am wrong, or Mr. SHAW? I don't know where I am, Sir. I don't know where I am. What we want is someone to point the way; to provide us with a straightforward road; to make most of all this literature unnecessary."

"Well," said Mr. PUNCH, straightening himself, "you need not go so very far to find that guide, philosopher and friend. You want cheery, salutary, and genial satire; you want the best reading in small space; you want the cream of the journalistic record of the day; you want a healthy yet pungent criticism of life; you want wit without offence and humour without ambiguity? Very well, Sir. One man one vote may be a good cry in Politics, but one man one book is a better in Literature, when it is the right book. Allow me, therefore, ----" and with a gracious gesture he handed to the stranger his

One Hundred and Twenty-Ninth Volume.





Cartoons.

SAMBOURNE, E. LINLEY

Allies	245
At Last	423
Beginning at the Right End	389
Bewildered	209
Breeches of Promise	47
Christmas Toast (A)	461
1905-1906	290, 281
Eleventh Hour (The)	353
Fogged	371
Gold Standard (The)	299
Last Weeks!	11
Lord High Obstructionist (The)	65
Melodrama in the Baltic	83
Parting (The)	227

SAMBOURNE, E. LINLEY

Peace - and After!	173
"Punch" d'Honneur (A)	101
Release (The)	335
Sensational Press (The)	817
Slip-Knot (The)	443
Temptress (The)	29
Triumph of Innocence (The)	191
Unemployable (The)	407
Why Not!	263
Yield of the Year (The)	119

PARTRIDGE, BERNARD

Call to Arms (The)	111
Chauffeur at the Gate of Paradise	3

PARTRIDGE, BERNARD

Getting to Work	435
Give and Take	57
Giving Concern (A)	453
India's Homage	345
In the Baltic	165
L'Amitié Oblige	89
Nearly Done	93
New John Boulevard (The)	273
Not in the Picture	21
Only William's Way	399
On Tour	3-1
Optimist (The)	363
R-st, not Rust	417
Shelved	165

PARTRIDGE, BERNARD

Sower of Tares (The)	187
"Tariff-ho!"	327
To the Memory of Henry Irving	291
Two Demand Notes (The)	349
Unlocked Cub (The)	255
Waiting his Turn	75

RAVEN-HILL, L.

Dream of Power (A)	163
"Edinburgh Review" (The)	201
Is it the Dawn?	147
Lightning Change (A)	247
One who Knows	219
Reticence à la Russe	129

Articles.

BEAMISH, H.

More Jiu-Jitsu Tricks	16
-----------------------------	----

BLAYLOCK, MISS

"Train up a Wife," &c.	100
------------------------------	-----

BOOTH, J. L. C.

Scent per Scent	438
-----------------------	-----

BRETHERTON, C. H.

After the Long Vacation	316
Garden Cure (The)	126
Lays of a Londoner .. 16, 26, 41, 98, 1-1	
To a Dressed Growler	428
Tragedy and its Sequel (A)	383

BRIDGES, VICTOR

End of a Record Ministry (The)	157
Football of the Future	332
Forgotten History	214
New Profession (A)	420

BROOKFIELD, C. E.

"Oh dear! Where can the Motor be!"	52
--	----

BURNAND, SIR F. C.

Afterthought (An)	144
Cap'n Drew Draws	366
Christmas Crackers and Cards	446
Dickensian Carr-Actors	54
Dream and its Interpretation	398
Evenings Out	319
For the Benefit of City Business Men	128
From a Heart of Oak at Brest	60
Holiday-taker's Petition (A)	180
Honoured in the Bridge and its Observance	456
Lost Chance (The)	90
Operative Notes .. 17, 35, 53, 71, 269, 297, 302, 311, 339, 350, 362, 387	
Our Booking-Office .. 13, 36, 54, 72, 90, 108, 126, 144, 162, 180, 198, 216, 252, 270, 284, 298, 324, 342, 360, 378, 396, 414, 432, 450	

"Pilgrims of the Night"

Private View of "Public Opinion"	278
--	-----

"Prodigy Son" (The)

Some Acting and Much Talking	432
------------------------------------	-----

Something Wanting

Voyage to the Vines (A) .. 237, 275, 296, 312, 330	
--	--

BURNET, W. HODGSON

Christmas Postal Guide	424
Fly Leaves	131
Gifts and Givers	429
Legal Intelligence	215
Motor Notes of the Future	218
Self-Elevator (The)	307

BUTTERWELL, B. R.

Government by Motority	445
------------------------------	-----

CAMPBELL, A. J.

Art in Arcady	114
---------------------	-----

CAMPBELL, GERALD

August Idyll (An)	132
-------------------------	-----

CARRICK, HARTLEY

Counter Attractions	334
---------------------------	-----

COCHRANE, ALFRED

Men that Fought with Dizzy (The)	419
--	-----

COCHRANE, ALFRED

Perils of the Road (The)	168
--------------------------------	-----

COX, F. J.

To Chloe	338
----------------	-----

DARK, RICHARD

Any Bard to any Typist	225
------------------------------	-----

DAVIS, R. K.

At a Test Match	88
-----------------------	----

DEANE, A. C.

Horace (not Hutchinson) on the Links	405
--	-----

DEANE, A. C.

To a Fair Botanist	252
--------------------------	-----

DONALDSON, W. L.

Our Village Eleven	70
--------------------------	----

ECKERSLEY, ARTHUR

Fairy Tale (A)	178
----------------------	-----

EDMONDS, F.

Idea Exchange (The)	108
---------------------------	-----

EDMONDS, F.

What to Do with Our Sons	104
--------------------------------	-----

EDMONDS, F.

Canine Wonder (A)	242
-------------------------	-----

EGREMONT, G.

Reminiscence (A)	236
------------------------	-----

ELIAS, FRANK

Indulging in Personalities	398
----------------------------------	-----

EMANUEL, WALTER

Parliamentary Intelligence .. 424, 441	
--	--

ENGLEMAN, SYDNEY C.

Charivaria .. 7, 24, 37, 61, 78, 96, 114, 127, 145, 178, 185, 208, 233, 250, 260, 288, 308, 323, 325, 343, 376, 379, 412, 415, 442, 463	
---	--

GARVEY, I.

Charm of the Charmer (The)	39
----------------------------------	----

GLOVER, EVELYN

Perfecting the Parent	263
-----------------------------	-----

GLOVER, EVELYN

Music Pirate (The)	36
--------------------------	----

GLOVER, EVELYN

Not Guilty	116
------------------	-----

GLOVER, EVELYN

Recipe for a Social	118
---------------------------	-----

GLOVER, EVELYN

Shocking Exposure (A)	331
-----------------------------	-----

GLOVER, EVELYN

Society Chatter	814
-----------------------	-----

GLOVER, EVELYN

To a Fashionable Beauty	349
-------------------------------	-----

GLOVER, EVELYN

Urbs in Bure	124
--------------------	-----

GLOVER, EVELYN

Geometrical Boarding	88
----------------------------	----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

All about the New Cabinet	449
---------------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Artless Conversations	594
-----------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Art of Letter Writing .. 203, 243, 259	
--	--

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Ayeburiana	19, 55
------------------	--------

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Bright Rosaleen (The)	183
-----------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

C-B. Analogy (The)	427
--------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Dainty Animals	96
----------------------	----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Dead and the Quick (The)	234
--------------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

"Dimes" (The)	348
---------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Dream Correspondence	430
----------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Dual Debates	289
--------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Economists; or, 'Ware Wire	404
----------------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Extracts from the Diary of a Lively Schoolmaster	314
--	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Extracts from the Diary of a Student	153
--	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

For Heroes and Leaders	151
------------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Golfers' Protest (The)	274
------------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Great Literary Mystery (A)	216
----------------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Half-Seas-Over Edition (The)	388
------------------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Illustrations	431
---------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Imitable Percy (The)	232
----------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

In the Discomposing Room	458
--------------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

John Bull Junior	132
------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Jumbomania	10
------------------	----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Latin on the Links	26
--------------------------	----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

"Life Below Stairs"	42
---------------------------	----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Lines on the Links	80
--------------------------	----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

List, ye Ladies	199
-----------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Looker-on sees Life (The)	79
---------------------------------	----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Millionaires at Bay	218
---------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

More Dream Correspondence	440
---------------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

More Belphege Humours	187
-----------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

More Entente	404
--------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Mr. Bigtree Brand's New Play	348
------------------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Mr. Cary's Post-Bag	92
---------------------------	----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Mr. Punch's "First Treatment"	392
-------------------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Mr. Swinburne's Novel	2
-----------------------------	---

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Musical Notes	266
---------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

New Cricket (The)	107
-------------------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

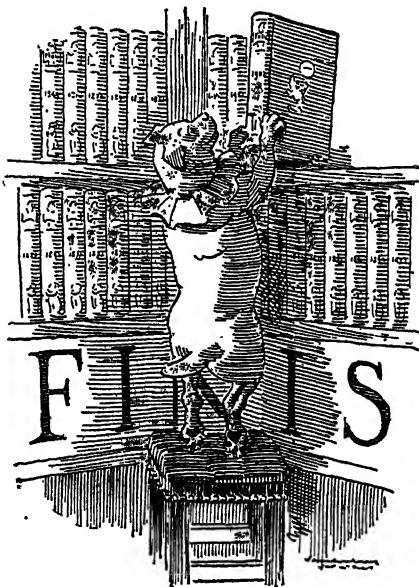
New

Articles—continued.

GUTHRIE, ANSTLEY	LEHMANN, R. C.	MILNE, A. A.	SEAMAN, OWEN
By the Round Pond	Autumn Thoughts	Authority on Education (An)	Seamy Side of Motley (The)
Final State of "A Christmas	Coming of "Togo" (The)	Last Test (The)	Tonic for the Dumps (A)
Carol" (The)	Five o'Clock at Olympus	Lillian	"Twixt the Cup and the Lip"
Lights of Spencer Primmitt's Eyes	Freetraderreform	196, 224, 240, 304, 322, 340, 391,	Why Wales Won
Magic H's (The)	Kaiser (The)	448	Yerkes's Jerkers
More about the "Psychic Parcel	Little Boy Blues	Place of Wild Nonsense (The)	SENIOR, W.
Post"	Nature Studies	24	Blank on the 'Scutcheon (A)
Our Booking-Office	204, 254, 272, 308, 326, 402, 418, 440, 451	SOLEICISMS	Professional Matinée (A)
Political Economy in the Park	Our Booking-Office	215	SMITH, R. MUDIE
Rather Remarkable Regiment (A)	Past and Present	PALK, ROBERT	Church and Stage
Unhonoured Heroes	Queen's Gift (The)	Seal and the Polar Bear (The)	Definitions
HANKIN, ST. JOHN	Wonderful Boy of Old (The)	PARRY, B.	SYKES, A. A.
Hard Case (A)	LISTER, BERTRAM	Un-common-law Procedure	All Hands to the Boats
HINCKS, C. MALCOLM	Young Ideas (The)	POPE, JESSIE	Cabs à la Russe
Journalism Up-to-date	LUDGE, A. A.	Bathing Machine (The)	Cold Cobfort
HOBBS, J. DOUGLAS	Editor's Regrets—and Mine	Bilkington Squire	Dust-bin Era (The)
Change and Rest	LUCY, H. W.	Everlasting Test (The)	Economics of Tipping (The)
Cricket of the Future (The)	At Anchor	How to Beat the New Zealanders	Fate of London (The)
Marriage Market (The)	By the Waters of Windermere	How to Give a (Back) Garden Party	Holidays at Home
Masculine and Feminine	"C. B." Premier	Mail-Cart Dialogue	In Defence of Fairy Tales
Military Notes	Essence of Parliament	New Zealand Zigzags	Just 12-5 Years more!
Should Millers wear White Hats?	85, 103, 121	REED, E. T.	No-Hat Crusade (The)
HOME, ALICE	George Again	Tablets of Azit-tigleth-Miphansi,	Questionable Style (A)
How to Keep Cool	Our Booking-Office	the Scribe	Ripe Years
Ladies' Column (The)	144, 162, 198, 216, 234, 251, 270, 288,	198, 429	Simian Muse (The)
Nerves in Nubia	306, 324, 342, 360, 378, 396, 414, 432, 450	ROBINSON, MRS. NORMAN	Spade's Progress (The)
HOPKINS, E. T.	"Pussy"	Golden Rules for the Nursery	"Suds" Tripos (The)
Angling Notes	Sage of Queen Anne's Gate (The)	ROWAN, HILL	TABOR, R. M.
HUGHES, C. E.	LUMLEY, LYCIPH	In Corpore Sano	Cricket
Great Handkerchief Problem (The)	Ripples from the Piers	New Litera Humaniores (The)	New Broom and the New Birch
Plastic	MAAS, W. H.	Riviera "Petite Vitesse" (The)	TAYLER, SYDNEY J.
Problems and Surprises	Door-shder (The)	ROWE, J. CLIFFORD	Child Poetry
Public Buffoon (The)	Straphanger (The)	Modes for Men	Comp'aint of Kind Inquiries (A)
HUTCHINSON, A. G. M.	MACKENZIE, A. G.	RUSSELL, FOX	THOMAS, LESLIE
What to Eat and Drink in Hot	International Twosome (An)	Vi et Armis	Modern Knight-errant (A)
Weather	Winter Hat (The)	SEAMAN, OWEN	THOMSON, W.
KENDALL, CAPTAIN	MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD	Blue Peril (The)	Pet-Dog's Manual of Etiquette for
Birthday Song (A)	"How To" Papers (The)	Corrective for the Gods (A)	Visitors (The)
Coming of Autumn (The)	410, 464	Debt of Honour (A)	TURNER, DENIS
Golf Habit (The)	MARTIN, N. R.	Doge pour Rire (A)	Too Much Strain
Love's Colours	Facts you Ought to Know	England expects!	WATT, H.
My Corn dy	MAY, RUPERT	Great Expectations	Industrious Hen (The)
My Tailor's Bill	Answer to Correspondent	Horrors of Peace (The)	Question (A)
Record Move (A)	MENZIES, G. K.	How to Behave at Bridge	WHITE, E. P.
To a Fur-lined Coat	Age of Education (The)	"Independence Day"	Esquimaux Revival (The)
Whitewash	American Modernity	In Memoriam—Henry Irving	WHITE, R. F.
KINROSS, CHARLES	Author's Doom (The)	In Memoriam—Thomas John	Failure
"Mésalliances"	Bondmen Free	Barnardo	WILKES, HENRY E.
KNOX, E. G. V.	Cautious Lover (The)	Intelligent Anticipations	Idyll of the Cricket Field (An)
Alchemy of Ink (The)	Domestic Life	Inward Beauty	WILLIAMS, F. HARCOURT
Amazon's Complaint (The)	Exact Science (An)	Lest you Remember	Sheep in Wolf's Clothing
Crossing the Channel	From High Altitudes	Liberal Split (The)	WODEHOUSE, P. G.
Gentle Craft (The)	Highland Housekeeping	Missing Word (The)	Hero and his Price (The)
New Guide to the Lakes (A)	Il Rustico	Old Songs (The)	WOODHOUSE, C. A.
Odontological Evolution	Jean and Jine	Oral Questions and Written An-	Fashion's Phases
Young Idea	John the Post	swers	WOOD, LAURENCE
LANGLEY, F. O.	Neurasthenic Bee (The)	Our Booking-Office	Daring Damsel (The)
Interview that Failed (The)	Telephone Triolets	324, 432	
	Undesirable Ideal (The)	Personal Note (The)	
		Richard above himself again	

Pictures and Sketches.

ALDIN, CECIL	99
ARMOUR, G. DENHOLM	5, 25, 37, 51, 69, 87,
105, 118, 136, 154, 167, 195, 208, 232,	
244, 265, 283, 301, 337, 349, 365, 388,	
403, 427, 451	
BAUMER, LEWIS	9, 77, 149, 271, 311
BOOTH, J. L. C.	459
BOWRING, W. A.	109, 142
BROOK, C. E.	117, 133, 297, 421
BROOK, H. M.	45, 52, 63, 81, 169, 187, 333,
395, 413, 439	
BROWNE, TOM	139, 207, 217, 243
CLEAVER, REGINALD	19
COWHAM, HILDA	79, 464
GREIG, JAMES	261
GREY, R.	376
HARDY, DUDLEY	17, 35, 53, 71, 89, 115
HARRISON, CHARLES	197, 251, 340, 409, 430
KING, GUNNING	33, 41, 113, 175, 190, 211,
247, 267, 275, 295, 319, 329, 355, 373,	
391, 397, 423, 445	
KIRKPATRICK, W.	97
LEETE, ALFRED	377
LEWIN, F. G.	268
MILLS, WALLIS	43, 59, 91, 151, 171, 225,
259, 313, 369, 405, 463	
NORTON, VAL	124
PEGHAM, FRED	7, 131, 253, 441
RACKHAM, ARTHUR	15, 127, 161, 163, 221,
232, 269, 289, 347, 394	



RAVEN-HILL, L.	10, 28, 34, 46, 64, 82, 100,
123, 172, 179, 250, 262, 278, 298, 316,	
334, 352, 370, 385, 406, 412, 424, 431,	
437, 438, 442, 460	
READ, HOPE	239, 305, 325, 359
REED, E. T.	13, 14, 31, 32, 49, 50, 67, 68,
85, 86, 103, 104, 121, 141, 157, 159, 177,	
193, 213, 231, 249, 285, 303, 321, 339,	
357, 375, 393, 411, 429, 446, 447, 456, 457	
RICHARDSON, CHARLES	88, 286, 304, 448
RICHARDSON, R. J.	415
ROWLAND, RALPH	196, 214, 233, 287, 323
ROWNTREE, HARRY	143
SAMBOURNE, E. LINLEY	1
SHAW, BYAM	361
SHEPPERSON, C.	23, 185, 205
SMITH, A. T.	107, 125
SOMERVELL, HOWARD	61, 189
SPURRIER, W. R.	449, 458
STAMPA, G. L.	27, 153
STOKES, VERNON	322
SULLIVAN, J. F.	181, 223, 315, 387
THACKERAY, L.	135, 145, 160, 178, 179, 203,
229, 341, 358	
THOMAS, BERT	235, 351, 379
TOWNSEND, F. H.	73, 95, 226, 241, 257, 277, 293,
307, 331, 343, 367, 383, 401, 419, 433, 455	
WILLIAMSON, F. M.	215
WRIGHT, ALAN	55
WRIGHT, FRANK	199

